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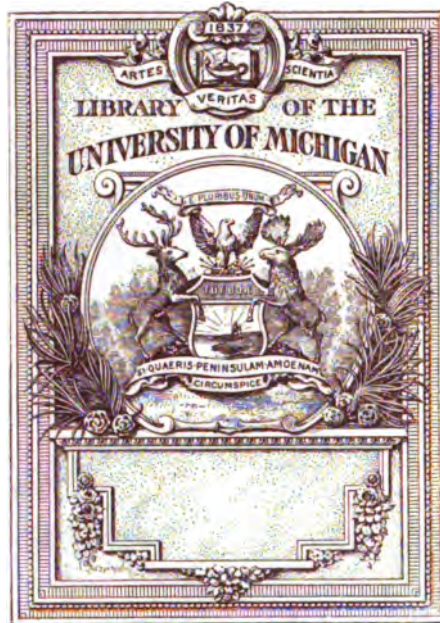
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**APPLETON'S
MAGAZINE**

**VOLUME X
JULY-DECEMBER
1907**

**NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY**

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A WEEK IN A PEON CAMP

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

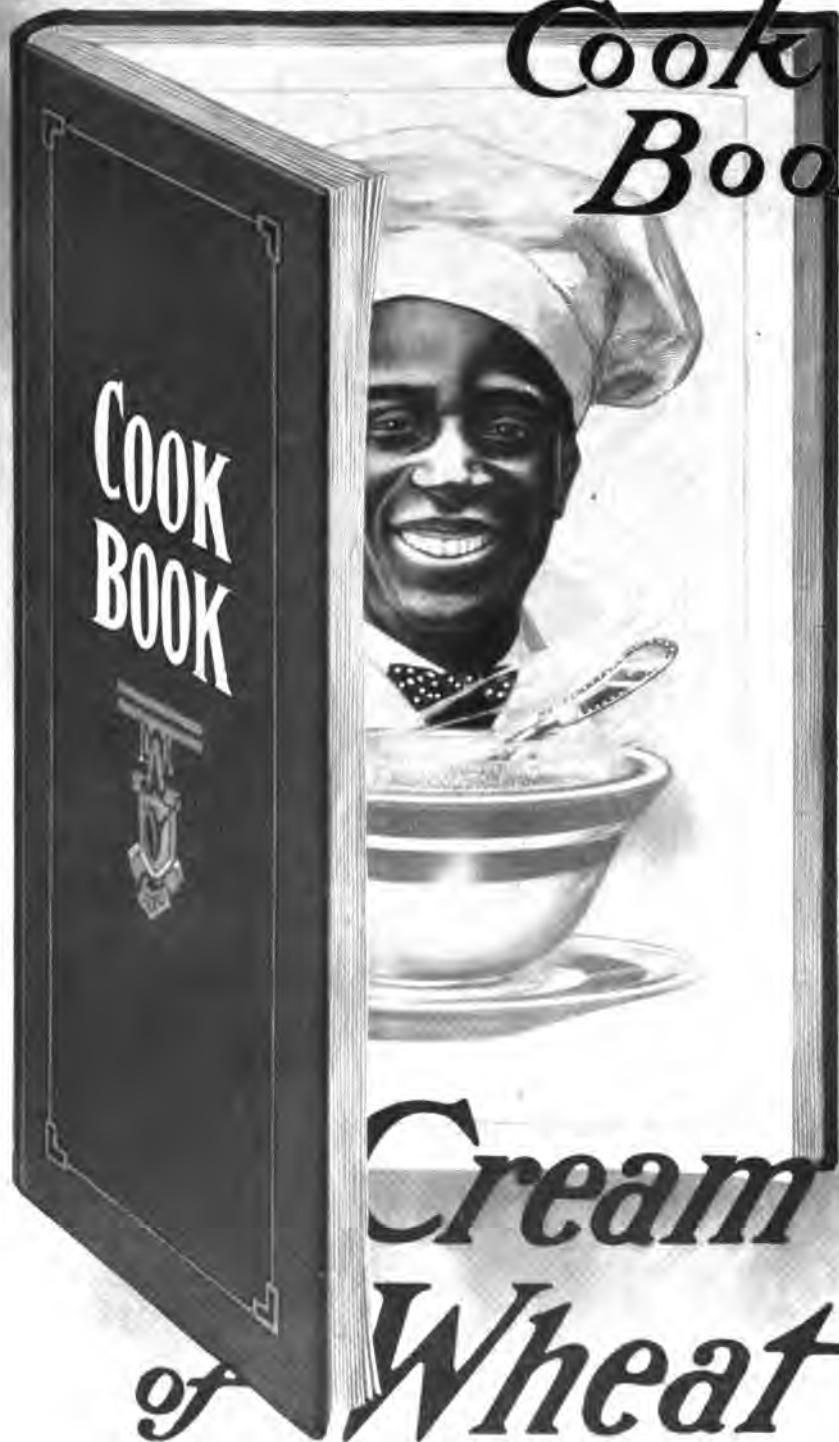
JULY, 1907.

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MRS. KENNETH BROWN

*Author of sketches of Turkish home life, now appearing in
"Appleton's Magazine."*



Drawn by Arthur Reicher.

"Harry gave a deep groan, covered his face with his hands, and fell upon the bench."

—"The Red Desolation," page 115.

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. X

JULY, 1907

NO. 1



THE CAMP AND THE CREW

MY LIFE IN PEONAGE

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

II. A WEEK WITH THE "BULL OF THE WOODS"



HE camp is called "Gallagher's Hell." It was christened in the United States Court in Pensacola by a peon. He meant to say "Gallagher's Hill," but made it the other place, and the name stuck. It is better so; more characteristic of both Gallagher and his camp. Gallagher is woods foreman of the logging camp of the Jackson Lumber Company of Lockhart, Ala. The camp is eight miles from Lockhart, where the sawmills, etc., of the company are situated. The bosses of this lumber company have been sentenced to servitude in the federal prison at Atlanta

for conspiracy to violate the antipeonage law. Gallagher goes for fifteen months. It was his guns, whips, sticks, and bloodhounds that sent him there and named his camp.

Around the logging camp in various directions there are several turpentine camps belonging to the same company. The camp is the center of the forest activity. On a spur track there is a train of box cars in which nearly a hundred men find bed and board. There is a large stable, a blacksmith's shop, and a shanty or two, with a detached car marked "Gallagher." This is the camp. The old camp is a mile away and deserted now, but in the summer of 1906 it was the scene of the most brutal law-

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THREE OF THE FOUR WOMEN IN CAMP

Mrs. Gallagher is on the right of the picture.

lessness and disorder. The new "Gallagher's Hell" is but a few months old. With a hundred men, half of them negroes, Gallagher gets out 100,000 feet of lumber a day.

He has an understudy—Archie Bellinger—who was known during the trial as the "whipping boss." They set a fast pace, these men of the woods, and it is maintained. The stories told on the witness stand in Pensacola gave the camp the reputation of being the toughest labor pen in the South. So, unkempt in appearance, with a yellow bundle in my hand, I penetrated the forest and announced to Archie my intention of going to work. That was on Saturday night, and on Monday morning before daylight I stood before Gallagher's understudy awaiting an assignment.

"Can you drive a team?" he asked.

"Certainly!" I replied. I never had, but I had nerve enough to begin.

"The driver is on a drunk," Archie said, "and you can take his place until he returns."

The horses were harnessed and

ready. I took my team—the best team in the camp—a tall, powerful, steel-gray four-year-old horse called "Steel" and an older horse called "Larry." I backed Larry against a pine stump, and after several awkward plunges succeeded in mounting in time to catch up with the end of the cavalcade that jogged down through the valley to the edge of the pines, in the mist of the early morning.

About a mile from the stable we watered our horses in a shallow ditch, through which they pranced and splashed as the drivers jerked and swore at them. I discovered later in the day that it was from this ditch that the camp was supplied with water for both cooking and drinking purposes. Two wells had been sunk, but very little water could be obtained from either of them. A negro teamster put the finishing touches to my "hitch-up," and I drove in for my first truck-load of lumber.

The "drift" is a section of the woods. Each drift has its "crew." The "sawyers" cut down the pines, the "swamper" trims them, the "skidder" "skids" or "snakes"



SOME OF THE COMPANY'S EXECUTIVES

Le Maistre, Straus, Grace, Gallagher.

them into position, the "chainer" adjusts the chain, and the "cross-hauler" with his team loads the logs on the truck. Our crew consisted of five men, five teams, and a chainer. Bob Anderson, a colored man, and I were the teamsters of our drift. The "ramp" where we deposited the logs for shipment was at the railroad, a mile away.

We were a strange mixture—a Dane, a Virginia "cracker," a Michigan lumber jack, two negroes, and an Irishman. Bob Anderson met Gallagher in Jersey City. He was thirsty at the moment and was easily taken in tow. When he fully awakened he was in Gallagher's place working out the passage money. Bob gets drunk twice a month regularly and as regularly gets locked up. Gallagher always pays the fine, and from one year's end to the other poor Bob is kept paying up old scores. We were good friends from the start, but it was difficult to find things in common with them all. The vocabulary of our drift, indeed of the

whole camp, was distinctly theological. I seemed to them a novice in that direction. I did not use a whip—I did not swear. They advised me to use a whip, but determined to make me swear by provocation. When it came my turn to load I found mighty logs skidded across my pathway. "Larry, old man," I said, "these fellows want to make

you swear; but forbear. Step over these logs slowly and, I beseech you, forbear."

Though getting old for a lumber camp, Larry is still a very powerful horse; but for some years he has been mentally unbalanced. Larry came from Michigan; came as a foal and grew up to the work of skidding logs. He had many drivers, of many nations, and

they treated him with varying degrees of consideration. One of his drivers made a bet with another teamster that Larry and his mate could skid more logs than any other team in the camp. The bet was made and a day appointed for the test. From the gray dawn until the going down of the sun, that day, the horses were under the lash, and when the day's work was done it was discovered that Larry and his mate had carried to the ramp 862 logs, measuring nearly seventy thousand feet of yellow pine! That was the biggest day's work ever done in the camp. Next day when poor Larry was led out of the stable he was



THE SAWMILL.

stupid. He did not understand a word that was said to him. His strength was not impaired, but his mind, so horse doctors said, was a blank.

He was so stupid that they could not work him. Gallagher's assistant, seeing Larry in the stable and not knowing his condition, took him out to ride him to the woods.



INSIDE THE BOX CAR

The author's bunk was the top one on the left of the picture.

Larry stood like a post. He hung his head and let the man tug at the bridle. Then, infuriated, the "boss" mounted Larry and gave his orders, but the poor brute stood still. He was dazed. Then in rage he coaxed Larry to a tree, tied him there by a strong bridle—got a dogwood skid, and by a terrible blow on the head felled poor Larry to the ground, where he lay bleeding at the nose and ears. For a while it was thought he was dead. Why he was not dispatched, or who came to his rescue, is not recorded, but Larry regained consciousness and in course of time his bodily strength; but his mind was a thing of the past. What became of his mate or of the other team nobody seemed to know. Larry carried all the honor. He carries now the scar.

Then came "Ollie," who is now and has been since his arrival the biggest man in camp; and to his care was given old Larry, and as a mate for him the majestic young four-year-old Steel. Steel seemed to understand Larry, and Ollie understood both—

treated them kindly, and now they haul more lumber than any other team in the camp.

Each box car is fitted up with rude bunks—clumsily put together, tier above tier—and accommodates forty-eight men. There is a small space in the center which serves as a lavatory, dressing room, barber shop, and sitting room. It measures about twelve feet by nine. In the center is a stove, and around the edges of the space there are several small benches. Small as this space is, two doors open into it and four windows, one on each side of both doors. Near the door on a bench sits a small wash basin in which all of us, one after another, wash, if we wash at all. At night a little hand lamp throws its yellow rays over the space, and except when the clotheslines around the stove are full, it is sufficient for ordinary purposes to see our way about. If a man wants to read or write, he provides his own light. The car had the tang and odor of a stable, but was less comfortable—less moral. "Carl," a powerfully built young man who had come

straight to the camp from a German university, was the chore boy of the camp. One of his duties was to make the beds in the cars. His method was simplicity itself. He selected the best-looking piece of covering in each bunk, spread it over the unpleasantness as best he could, and let it go at that.

Beside me slept Pat Murphy, an Irish Fusilier, who marched to the relief of Lady-smith, and in the next car there was a Boer, who as a yeoman in the war paid his respects to Pat from many a Mauser-swept kopje. Pat had several holes bored through him in those experiences, but the Boer was unscathed. They belonged to the same army now and were the best of friends—save occasionally when Pat oiled his vocabulary and said things of the Boers not lawful to utter.

Next to Pat slept a man, about fifty years of age, who had squandered several fortunes. He expected another, but was meantime sawing logs, at which he earned more than any other man in the camp. Sunday afternoons he spent in making wedges for his work. It was "equivalent to a church service," he told me.

Jerry Clifford, a Jerseyman, who was the "wag" of the woods, was a bunk neighbor of mine. Jerry was more like an old sea dog than a lumber jack. The quid in his cheek and the nervous twitching of his waistband were some of the milder symptoms. As a stylist in profanity he stood next to Gallagher.

There were several young men with an East Side accent. There were Germans,



THE COMPANY'S BLOODHOUNDS

Hungarians, Americans, Swedes, and a sprinkling of Irish.

Having no bathing facilities, our bodies had a sickening, sweaty odor. This, with tobacco and the fumes of beer and whisky, made the night unwelcome and the day, with its labor, joy. For fifteen minutes, three times a day, we used the big dining car.

It was an eating place, that was all. It might have been a place where the men could read and write and perhaps smoke. The food was good and there was plenty of it. Hughie, the cook, kept his kitchen immaculately clean. Everything was done well and promptly. Hughie had a lot of experiences in lumber camps, which perhaps accounted for his faith in dogs. He



THE HOME OF THE "BULL OF THE WOODS"



THE AUTHOR'S TEAM AT THE CAMP
Arthur Bellinger, the Author, "Steel," "Larry."

had a pup on which he lavished affection. Next to the pup stood an old sow called Nellie, and when an engine cut her in twain Hughie almost had a fit. He had a corps of camp followers, assistants, water boys, wood boys, etc. We were called to meals by the rattle of a dish pan—in the old camp it was a bell. We needed no warning of any kind; we usually hung around the dining-car door or on the steps, awaiting the opening of the door. It

took us about five minutes to devour what satisfied our hunger. It was like a military maneuver—fifty white men, hands busy, heads down and close to the table. No conversation for five minutes. Then heads up again and conversation resumed. Then up and out to smoke in the open. An occasional strain of a Hungarian air was all the music the whites ever had, but from the negro car came the sweetest of the old plan-



THE CAMP AS THE CYCLONE LEFT IT

tation melodies. The negroes, when they were not singing, were playing "craps." When the white men—the "superior race"—were neither working nor eating, they were telling smutty stories, stories that would make a negro blush. It was amusing to hear the men who were held in the woods by fear talk of the "nigger's" inferiority, in the face of the fact that the "nigger" was doing the best work in camp.

Above the foreigners there was a small class of Southern lumber jacks who talked of these "superior" men as "dagos" and "sheenies." These men were bunched together in a car by themselves.

Gallagher is an Irishman, a generation or two removed from the sod. He looks like a Brownie; long legs, thick round body, small head. He has a talent for profanity and his power as a labor driver amounts to genius. He has a big voice, but he talks also with his hands—often with his feet. For his wife and himself he has a detached box car, but he dines often with the men. When he does, he sits at the head of the table. He sits with his elbows on the table, his head down, and shovels his food into his mouth as often with his knife as with his fork. Nothing escapes the vigilance of his small, sparkling eyes as he presides at these hurried feasts—feasts of necessity. Occasionally he gives lessons in table manners to the negroes in the next car.

"Mo' fish, please!" called a negro to the waiter one night at supper.

"Clean up them scraps on yer plate," said the waiter.

Hughie was an expert in the cooking of fish. It was delicious always, and all of us, white and black, felt alike on this question.

Gallagher appeared on the opposite side of the table, took in the situation, and said: "Eat them scraps up, you —— nigger!"

The negro looked dumbly at the "Bull."

"Don't you like what I say, you ——?" he said as the blood rushed to his little round, red face. Then he skipped around the table and smashed the black man on the side of the head. The blow could be heard all through both cars. One blow did the work. All the black men looked cowed in submission. They hung their heads very low and squinted out of the corners of their eyes. Gallagher went on swearing.

On another occasion he brought back into the dining car fifty negroes, and at the point of a revolver made them scrape up all the potato peelings and other refuse and scraps

and eat them. This was a ludicrous sight for the "superior race."

Gallagher was not much of a sportsman, but he exulted in the terror of death as he saw it in men's faces. He produced it often himself, but he enjoyed it more when he was merely a spectator. Two negroes entered one day into a deadly conflict. They were separated by the bystanders, but Gallagher appeared on the scene.

"Let them alone!" he roared. "Go it! you —— niggers! Go it!"

He pushed the peacemakers to one side rudely and sicked the negroes at each other again as though they were dogs. Each of the combatants had an iron bar. Their heads were cut and their faces and clothing were red with blood. Gallagher laughed loudly, he danced, shouted, and roared. It was an ecstasy of joy to him. The men were exhausted utterly, they reeled and tottered like drunken men, they could scarcely stand. Then one pulled a gun. That suggested to Gallagher the care of his own skin, and of that he was always careful.

"That'll do, niggers!" he shouted, as he made the man give up his gun.

There was a difference of opinion in the camp about Gallagher. There were those who said "Bob has a big heart." They cited a case where he gave \$5 to help take a man to Hot Springs, Ark.; and he could always be relied upon to get men out of the "jug." He paid their fines. Of course it was always deducted—so much a month—but to those relieved it was a pure philanthropy.

There had been a wreck on the Dixie route, the private railroad of the company, and when Ollie returned to his team I was made a member of the "wrecker crew," of which Gallagher himself was the boss. I had been studying Gallagher at close range for a week, and now came into still closer touch with him. A train of loaded cars was sidetracked, involving some danger; that started him going. Then a crane broke and involved more danger. The engineer misunderstood Gallagher's order. The whole series of blunders threw the little man's mental machinery out of kilter and produced some pyrotechnics which the men said were characteristic.

The sources of Gallagher's profanity were manifold, and in these he wallowed. With a fearful scream he hurled an oath at the engineer. His face turned purple. He shook his fist and with the other hand he tore his hair.

The foam flew from his mouth. Then suddenly he dropped on his hands and knees to give full vent to his vulgar tirade. Raising one clinched fist and his little blazing eyes toward heaven, he sputtered out a string of vile and blasphemous oaths. Half an hour later I found him in a roar of laughter—laughter so loud and so genuine as to bring tears to his eyes. He was laughing at a slight misfortune to one of the crew.

It was immediately following this period of laughter that I almost came into violent contact with him; and as I neared the crisis, like a drowning man who is overtaken with resurgent memories, I thought of the scores of helpless peons he had flogged and beaten, and all the physical belligerency in my mind came to the top. I had a passion to meet him at his own game! Indeed I provoked him to take the initiative and was chagrined beyond measure when he turned away and tackled a weaker man.

A thick pine stump stood outside our box-car door, and one night we made a camp fire of it. As we sat around the fire, I volunteered to tell a story. "Who knows Victor Hugo?" I asked.

"Isn't he the duffer what writ 'Three Men in a Boat'?" asked a lumber jack.

"Aw, fur —'s sake, shut up. Don't ye know the difference betwixt Mark Twain an' Vict'ry Hugo?" said Bob Anderson.

I launched into the story of "Les Misérables." The men were intensely interested. Among the listeners was Gallagher himself. He looked at me curiously, wondering about the voice, a voice that was not tuned either to the camp or to the clothes.

It was almost midnight when I finished the story, and the blazing pine log, the yellow glare against the box cars, the crowd of rough-hewn men sitting against the car and around the fire, made a wonderful picture to me; and I attempted to photograph it. I made an exposure of about five minutes, during which time Gallagher inspected the camera and asked a number of questions about it. It was all a mystery to Gallagher, and I could see very plainly that I was more of a mystery to him than was the camera.

No one is ever quite sure at Lockhart whether there are 700 or 1,000 employees in the lumber company, but the company physician testified on oath that \$450 was a fair estimate of the monthly collection from the workers for medical care. Out of that amount Dr. Trammel gets \$150. In the

summer of 1906 twenty-six men were ill at Lockhart with fever. Most of them came from the camp. Two of them died. It seemed to puzzle the physician, but it was as plain as a pikestaff to the men. They all guessed, and very likely guessed correctly, that the trouble came from the stagnant ditch. Before I was twenty-four hours in camp I was attacked violently with an intestinal disease. The men in our box-car domicile observed the symptoms, and all of them laughed. It was one of the camp jokes. Only intestines of tin could withstand the conditions. The men told me it was the water. It may not have been, but I saw with my own eyes the excrement of both men and beasts dissolving in the ditch from which we got our drinking water—water that was neither filtered nor boiled, but passed from one unclean vessel to another, until we drank it.

Joe Hooly, a big, powerfully built Irishman was ill with a fever in our car. The dirt, the odors, and the noises annoyed him, but he was very patient and uncomplaining.

"What is he giving you, Joe?" I asked, referring to the physician.

"Pink wather, egad!" he said. "But Oi'll ax him to change it the furst toime he turns up."

"How often does he turn up, Joe?"

"Aw, wance or twict a week or so!"

"And how often has Gallagher been to see you?"

"Wanct!"

"In three weeks?"

"That's it!"

Every man in the camp paid \$1.10 a month for insurance and medical care. Sixty cents of that for insurance. It was the law of the camp.

I asked Joe what benefit the insurance was to him. He gave me his understanding of it. If a tree had fallen on him in the cutting, or if he had been hurt by accident doing the company's work, then he would get half pay while ill. But he was dying of a disease contracted by foul and indecent conditions, and his pay was stopped and the woods foreman had been once to see him, and the physician had been twice a week or thereabout. The company clerk had promised to pay for a quart of milk a day if Joe's brother would go for it several miles each way. Milk we never saw at the camp. I complained bitterly of keeping Joe in such foulness, but the poor patient soul himself made no complaint. The morning I left they were going

to remove him to the watchman's hut behind the bloodhounds. They did remove him a few days after I left, but it was too late; the work was done. Then, after paying to the company thousands of dollars for insurance that never insured, and for medical care that never came, or came too late, the men in the camp took up a collection to bury Joe Hooly.

The blame is not wholly the medical officer's. He is a business man, engrossed with the cares of a growing business. He has little time for pills or poultices. He operates a fruit-canning company. He has recently been appointed postmaster at Lockhart, and still more recently has purchased twenty head of oxen, and is now in the business of skidding logs at so much per thousand for the Jackson Lumber Company.

"What do you want?" the clerk asked as I appeared with others at the office for a Saturday-night loan of what I had already earned.

"I want all that the law and your conscience will allow me."

"My conscience has nothing to do with it!" he said sharply.

Inside there were a dozen white men, and outside the car windows were more than a score of negroes.

Pay day comes once a month. That saves bookkeeping and makes money—for the company. Ten per cent is charged on every dollar borrowed between pay days. All the negroes and most of the whites borrow money every Saturday night. Bellinger helped the clerk—rather he helped the company.

"Ah worked fo' days, mistah, an' ah've jest got tickets fo' three!" said a puzzled darky.

Bellinger snatched the tickets from him, made a pretense of adding up the figures, and handed them back hastily. "That's O. K.! You go to h——! Who's the next son of a ——?"

I was sent to Gallagher to get my rating. Gallagher sent me to Bellinger, and Bellinger in turn sent me back to the clerk; and the clerk rated me at \$1 a day. I had been driving Ollie's team and Ollie received wages at the rate of \$50 a month, but then there were other things that Ollie did. Ollie was a company man, and when there was a peon to be flogged Ollie could be depended upon to hold the victim while somebody plied the lash. It was Ollie who, when the blacksmith had half killed one of the smaller men of the camp, smashed him with an ax handle to the

earth. Perhaps it was little services like these that made the difference between my \$30 a month and Ollie's \$50.

The clerk gave me a ticket for \$5, keeping \$1 in reserve. The cards issued at the camp must be cashed at the company's office at Lockhart. Married men who get tickets on the company store do not have to pay ten per cent. They pay from fifty to one hundred per cent. If they want part change and part merchandise at the store, they get for change company currency, which can be cashed only at the company store.

There was quite a crowd taking the journey to Lockhart that Saturday night. Indeed it seemed as if the whole camp had borrowed of their own money and was *en route* to Lockhart. We climbed into the tender of the engine and got a free ride to Lockhart with the prospect of a walk back through the woods.

The activity of the town centers around the company offices. These, with the store, the lodging house, and the post office, are the only buildings of a public character.

Floralia is a mile away. It is a license town where the lumber jacks exchange their hard-earned money for liquor and lewdness. It is where a justice of the peace, a deputy sheriff, and others, in the past, have helped the company to hold ignorant laborers in peonage. The Floralia saloons were stuffed with boisterous men that night.

I looked around for a companion for the journey back through the woods, but they were all drunk. About 10 P.M. I found a farmer with a horse and cart going in the direction of the camp. The cart was filled with cattle feed and he had a friend on the front seat with him, so that I did not ask him for a ride, but for permission to walk close behind. I only wanted to be helped in the matter of direction.

Just before the camp was reached we heard loud yelling and the firing of guns. It was a party of six men from my car who had hired a buggy and were reaching camp. The drunken men raised pandemonium in the car. Poor Joe Hooly groaned and begged them to be quiet; but incapable of any thought or reflection, they turned things upside down. Drunken stragglers were arriving at all hours of the morning, and each of them succeeded in arousing the entire car on his arrival.

A thick gray mist lay low in the valley in the early part of the morning. The dark-green pine tops were just emerging from it

when the sun shot through the clouds about the hour of nine. The air was balmy and the odor of the pines invigorating. It was in early January, but as warm and beautiful as a Northern summer morning. In the open, everything was calm, solemn, beautiful. In the box car, chaos, junk, effluvia! It was Sunday morning. Three of the men whose bunks adjoined mine were making up a washing party. I asked permission to make it a quartet, and they were glad to have me. We went to what they call in that region a "branch"—a rivulet worming its way sluggishly through the woods. Pat Murphy was there. There was a young Dane, an old lumber jack, and myself. At the most open and deepest part of the branch we halted and prepared to wash. The water was about twelve inches deep. We lit a fire and proceeded to heat a boiler of water. Each of the three men had brought with him a quart of whisky. By the time the water was ready, the men had lost most of their enthusiasm for clean shirts. Only one could wash at a time, the boiler was so small. By the time two men had washed, or washed at, his share, Pat Murphy was all warmed up and was fighting the Boers over again under Buller, Gatacre, and Baden Powell—"Bathin' Towel" Pat called him. No power that any of us possessed could restrain him from stripping himself to show the scars where the Boers had perforated him.

"Say, stranger," said the young Dane to me next day, "did ye notice where we left our shirts yesterday?"

There were four women in camp. Three of them were wives of foremen—Gallagher, Bellinger, and Fagar. The fourth was the wife of the blacksmith. Mrs. Blacksmith was the mother of the only child in camp. Three of them lived in detached cars, and the blacksmith had a log cabin near his shop. My introduction to them was by means of a camera. It was a new thing in the woods, and they wanted to use it. They all had a hope of some time getting away to where they could "neighbor" and "see things." They were fine women of the working class, all of them. Mrs. Bellinger told a funny story of how Harlan, the general manager, trained and tested the bloodhounds. It appears that he started a negro off on a journey, and when he was several miles on the way he put the hounds on the trail and let them go. "They treed the nigger all right," said Mrs. Bellinger.

I expressed an admiration for dogs, and was told that one of the bloodhounds in the camp, a few yards away from Bellinger's box car, cost \$500.

"Why doesn't Mr. Harlan keep the hounds at his house?" I inquired.

"Oh, there was a fuss at the trial about them," was the reply.

I made my way to the kennel of the bloodhounds. The door was open and I walked in and sat down on the ground and played with them. Later I photographed the hounds and the watchmen in a corner of the kennel.

The most interesting place in camp was the negro car. It was a new thing for a white man to invade their territory. They were having a card game; half a dozen men were playing. There was intense excitement. A score of men had lost all they had and were now lying around the car. There was a group of singers around a banjo, and evidently the financial losses of the singers added color to the words of the song.

When I entered my own car—the box car of the "superior race"—there was a fire in the wood stove, and around it half a dozen men; five of them almost helplessly drunk. Jerry Clifford was barbering; a few men were lying in their beds reading. There was a continual jargon in several languages. It was loud, boisterous, and profane. Joe Hooly was dying, but only his brother seemed to think or care. I climbed to my bunk out of the way. I just turned my head in the direction of the stove when one of the men fell; and as he fell, his face struck the edge of the red-hot stove with a thud, and when they helped him up, his skin peeled off his cheek. It was a gruesome sight, but he felt it least of all. He laughed and said: "Poor shot, poor shot! By——! I thought I could hit the stovepipe wi' m' head. But—hic, hic—I dropped short—lemme try again!"

The fumes grew stronger and stronger and the noise louder. I took my camera and went out into the woods. It was toward sunset when I crossed the ditch—our water supply—on my way home. While yet in the woods I heard some splashing in the water. It was Carl, the chore boy. He had come with a horse and buggy for his afternoon water. In the buggy were two large barrels, which he was filling with a bucket. He was in the ditch to his knees, and on the bank sat Pat Murphy. They were both drunk. I watched them for a while as they took turns in the bailing of water. About one bucketful

in five got into the barrels. Most of it got into the buggy. They soon tired. Carl seated himself in the water and called loudly to Pat for a cigarette. Pat waded in with one in his hand, but it was soaked, as he was, with water. When it occurred to Carl that it was getting dark, he arose, tumbled one of the barrels out, and, with Pat's help, tried to dip it. They got it partly full, and several times to the hub of the wheel, but each time it dropped. Then they tried the buckets again, and, failing, Pat left in disgust. Several men at supper that night remarked on the "thickness" of the water, but Carl was out of reach. He was sleeping off his debauch in his wet clothes in the stable.

The bunk car was quieting down for the night. Four men lingered around the smoldering embers in the wood stove. They were sober and talked of the more somber aspects of life. Joe Hooley's cough grew worse. The smoke affected it. And in turn the men were affected by it. Their conversation somehow drifted into serious channels—the brevity of life, the inevitableness of death. The game was over in the next car. The money had changed hands, until two negroes possessed it all—which was not much. Then around a fire of blazing pine knots they swayed to and fro and sang, far into the night. From my bunk, as the door opened and shut, I caught snatches of their last refrain. It was the lullaby of death:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Goin' fur to carry me home.

Carl, the German student who was the camp chore boy, informed Hughie that the "man with the yellow bundle" was going away. Hughie and his Boer assistant paid me a visit in the box car and invited me to the kitchen, where I was treated to hot pie and rich coffee. I photographed Hughie with his pets and his assistants.

I sat on the edge of Joe Hooley's bunk for half an hour. They were to remove him that morning, but Joe did not care very much what they did with him.

"If you don't pull through this, Joe," I said, "Dr. Trammel should be tried for manslaughter."

"Well," said Joe, "if that ud bring me back whin I'm a goner it ud be worth while; but whin ut wouldn't, what's the use?"

I pressed gently his fevered hand. "Farewell, Joe," I said, "farewell; and peace to you on the long journey."

"S'long," he said, "an' begorra, it's me-self as ud loike to be goin' wid yel!"

Bundle in hand, I climbed to a seat on the rear of the engine tender and was fortunate to get a ride to Lockhart. Lockhart is the center of the company work. It is one of those ready-made, bargain-counter towns that spring up in a day around a mill or a mine. There is one house in Lockhart—that is Harlan's. The others are the homes of the "hands."

I had been rated at \$1 a day; and having borrowed \$5 of the money earned, I went to the office with my check.

"What do you want to do with this?" asked the clerk. "We don't cash these on Mondays. We pay once a month an' we accommodate you fellows on Saturdays and Wednesdays. But as you're a new man, we'll do it this time for you."

So he took my \$5 check and handed me for it \$4.50. The dollar retained at the camp was later forwarded to me by way of the justice of the peace in Florala. By that time they had learned of my real mission, and not only did not discount it, but paid the charges on the postal order.

A small pine grove divides the races in Lockhart. The streets are wide and there is a prophecy of trees for future generations. In the white section there is a schoolhouse for children, operated at the expense of the county or district. This school is the center, too, of a joint missionary enterprise by the Florala churches. The ministers take turns. The black folks fare better. They have a church and a pastor. The pastor earns his living by driving a team. They have a hall, too, where "frolickin'" goes on, so they told me. The white laborers of Lockhart do not feel the need of these things. Whatever else their means will allow, they get at Florala. For the commercial returns, Florala furnishes Lockhart laborers with the opportunity to violate any canon in the moral law. There are no saloons, jails, justices, or "red-light" districts in Lockhart. It is a model town in that respect. But Florala furnishes them all and accepts the record. It is a matter of business.

As it began to dawn, I passed over the bridge by the mill on my way to the station. The men had been at work some time. The big electric lights were burning, the waste pile on the log dam was ablaze, and behind the mill and the dam there was a bank of thick, white mist. There was a subtle fas-

cination in the scene, but it was soon dispelled by the thought that it was the center of a dead democracy, a town where men were parts of a machine—a machine to grind out profits for men who never saw the place, who never sensed its dull brutal life.

Two of my fellow-passengers to Pensacola were Le Maistre, the boss of the turpentine camps of the Jackson Lumber Company, and Sandor, one of the sentenced officials. I introduced myself to Le Maistre, and courteously he entered freely into discussion of the company's affairs. He was the only man I ever heard defend Harlan. I heard later that they were brothers-in-law. He defended also, of course, the entire policy of the company, admitting only the whipping of peons by Gallagher. He informed me that he was taking Sandor to Pensacola to deliver him up to the judge. He said the company suspected a plot between Sandor and his friend Newlander for the former's escape. Harlan had signed Sandor's bond.

"The court has had knowledge for some weeks that Mr. Sandor desired to surrender himself and serve his sentence," said Judge Swayne next morning in the court as the case was called. "In consideration of this disposition, and in consideration also of the fact that you are a stranger in the country, Mr. Sandor, I remit the \$1,000 fine and a month of your imprisonment."

He was to leave for Atlanta next day. That night I spent the evening with him in the Escambia Hotel. He was in charge of a deputy marshal.

"Why didn't you await the result of the appeal?" I asked him.

"I prefer to await it in the penitentiary."

"Isn't this a change of mind?" I asked.

"Yes, it is."

"When did this change occur?"

"Immediately after the trial," he said.

"I saw that it was impossible to remain longer with the company. I was sick of its shams. I had played a part in a dishonest concern and I was anxious to get away!"

"What do you mean by 'dishonest'?" I asked. "Were they dishonest in business?"

"We were dishonest in our treatment of the men. We had a system of labor checks which we gave out at the close of the day. In so many hundreds of men it happened frequently, of course, that men forgot or neglected to get the check for the day's work. If a man did so, the chances of his getting it later were very slim. We had an under-

standing about it in the office. If he stoutly persisted, we had to give him what belonged to him, but I have collected as many as 700 days' labor in one month. We might as well have put our hands into men's pockets and extracted from each of 700 men the price of a day's labor.

"Our system of monthly payment was another source of revenue. Of the hundreds of men in our employ, very few could stretch over the month without borrowing. Of course it was their own they were borrowing, but we charged them ten per cent.

"Another source of revenue was our insurance; we insured all our employees for our own benefit. We made \$300 a month out of them by a medical tax. This sum was net after paying a physician.

"In our store we made from fifty to a hundred per cent on our goods, and in it we had our own currency for change, so that the people would have to come back to spend it.

"All of this was merely business. I thought the limit was reached when I was called a coward for refusing to ride on an expired railroad pass on the company's business; but it was not. It came on a summer's evening when a few of us officials sat outside the office on the steps. We were discussing the escape of several laborers when again I with others was called a coward, not because we lacked commercial acumen, but because we had not shot down like dogs in the forest those helpless, fleeing men.

"That," said he, "is the spirit of Harlan; and Harlan is the soul of the business at Lockhart."

Gallagher is Irish, and on St. Patrick's day the camp was decorated with Irish and American flags. The taste of the decorators reached its highest in the dining car. There was a tablecloth on the table, the first that had ever been seen in camp; there was more than that—there were Japanese napkins. The essential thing in this celebration, however, was not the patron saint of Ireland, but the vindication of the "bull of the woods." So the *Lumber Trade Journal* of New Orleans sent their reporter to set down the doings of the day. Gallagher was in his glory. He was photographed in the dining room and out in the open, with the pug dog of the camp. There were other photographs—of the visitors who sat at the camp table, of the children who came with the visitors. There were photographs of men unknown to the lumber

jacks; there was even a full-sized picture of Dick Penton, the saloon keeper—but of the lumber jacks in the camp, either black, or white, or yellow, not a picture of any sort or description. The entire gallery of pictures might illustrate somebody's back yard in the heart of a city, but of the lumber camp there is not the faintest suggestion. After the visitors were feasted on a white tablecloth, the jacks ate theirs off tin plates; but they did it when the visitors had finished. I showed this gallery of pictures to an escaped peon who had worked there, and the only faces he knew in the entire lot were Gallagher and a clerk out of the office at Lockhart.

The tax on the second part of the celebration, which was to take place later on Sunday in Lockhart, was \$2—it was levied on Jew and Gentile alike—but when the lumbermen of the woods got to Lockhart for the wind-up, the door was shut. "This ain't for youse fellows!" the doorkeepers told them.

The *Lumber Trade Journal* reporter said that if the judges could see Gallagher in his glory, they would reverse their judgments.

After the "vindication" of Gallagher, a cyclone struck the camp, and Hughie, the cook, and his kitchen were the only items spared. Hughie has sent me a photograph of the wreck and a few details of the catastrophe. He says:

There is no more camp. Only the kitchen. It struck just after supper and only cot a few of

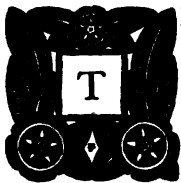
the boys in bed. No one was killed, but some are badly hurt. We had a very bad night; it rained pich forks. The colored sleeping car cot fire, and burnt up. We had a hard time saving one of them dusky boys—George Jackson—he had a broken leg and was in that part of the car that was on fire. Carl was hurt all over, but nothing broke. Louie May and his house went clean over the kitchen to the main line, but he had no bones broke, but he's shook up very bad. In fact every man in the cars got more or less cut up.

I have written to Hughie:

DEAR HUGHIE: Your account of the cyclone at hand. I admire the discrimination with which the thing left undone those things which it ought not to have done and finished with neatness and dispatch the only logical thing there was for it to do. Hughie and the kitchen were the only commendable institutions in the forest. If I could have a cyclone made to order, I think I could suggest some added attractions and improvements on the antics of the last one. I would have Gallagher in the watch-house instead of Louie, and would change the direction of the wind, so that the hut would have a free course to bump on the railroad ties the seven or eight miles to Lockhart at the rate of sixty miles an hour! I would arrange what the circus people call a "thriller" for Dr. Trammel. It would be a spiral antic pirouetting round a seven-mile radius. It would catch on its way the doctor—say in his post office—and it would take to the ties, naturally, and bump back over the road through and beyond the camp to the big dirty ditch where you get your typhoid and diarrhea germs! An experience like that might help the doctor in the burning desire of his life—viz., the discovery of the germs that killed a few men last summer and half killed a hundred more. It would be a revelation to him—it might be to the germs also.

AÏSHÉ HANUM, THE OFFICIAL WIFE*

BY DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



HE Sultan of Turkey, when particularly desirous of honoring a courtier, presents him with one of the beautiful women who adorn his palace and who have not become his wives. Thus he had given Aïshé Hanum to Selim Pasha, who, according to the Osmanli customs, had

to free the young girl and make her his wife. But Selim Pasha, being an old-fashioned Mussulman, did not believe in "gift wives"; and hence Aïshé Hanum had become his wife in name only.

She was liked and loved by the other three wives and especially so by the youngest, my friend Djimlah, who, feeling sad at the fate of the young Hanum, gave her her second

* This is the fourth of Mrs. Kenneth Brown's articles describing the intimate domestic life of Turkish women as she observed it during a recent visit to her girlhood home in Constantinople.

son, as soon as he was born, so that she might know the joys of motherhood.

After I had been visiting Djimlah for several days, Aishé Hanum invited me to spend a day with her. I had just finished my morning toilet when a slave came to conduct me to her mistress, from whom she presented me with an indoor veil. To show my appreciation of the gift I arranged it on my hair and followed to the floor below where Aishé Hanum lived.

When I entered her apartments I found her kneeling before an easel, deep in work. As the slave announced me she rose from the ground and came to me with outstretched hand. It struck me as curious that she offered to shake hands, instead of using the *temena*, the Turkish form of salutation, since I knew her to be extremely punctilious in the customs of her nation. I suppose she did this to make me feel more at home.

"Welcome, young Hanum," she said after kissing me on both cheeks.

"Do you paint?" I asked, going toward the easel, disguising my surprise at meeting with such disregard of Mussulman customs in this orthodox household.

"No, not painting, just playing. It is only an *impression*, not a reproduction of one of Allah's realities." Good Mussulmans do not believe in "reproducing Allah's realities"; yet there stood on the easel a charming pastel. Even orthodox Moslems, I saw were not above beating the devil round the stump.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Aishé Hanum, you are an artist."

"Pray, pray, young Hanum," she protested, a little frightened I thought, "pray do not say such things. I am not an artist. I only play with the colors."

"Let me see some more of your playing," I persisted.

Rather reluctantly, though wishing to comply with her guest's desires, she brought out a large portfolio, containing several pastels and water-colors, and we sat down on a rug to examine them.

Whether they were well done or not I cannot tell; but they were full of life and happiness. The curious part was that, whenever she painted any outdoor life, she painted it from her window, and on the canvas first was the window, and then through it you saw the landscape as she saw it.

The more I looked at her work the more enthusiastic I grew. "You must be very

talented," I said, turning to her. "It is a pity that you cannot go abroad to study."

"But I have studied many years here."

"That is all very well," I said, still busy looking at the pictures; "just the same you ought to go to Paris to study."

"What for?" she asked.

"Because I think you have a great deal of talent which unfortunately is wasted in a harem." As I spoke I raised my eyes.

Ordinarily I am not a coward, though I do run from a mouse; but when my eyes met her finely penciled ones, there was a curious look of anger in them that made a shiver go down my back. "If I have said anything to offend you," I said, "I beg you to forgive me. Believe me it was my enthusiasm."

She smiled in a most charming way. If she had been angry it had gone quickly by.

"But why do you wish me to go to Paris?" she asked again.

"I don't know," I said, "except that Paris is nearer Turkey than any other great center, and I feel that you ought to have the advantage of being where you could get all the help possible."

"What for?" she inquired.

I began to feel uncomfortable. I knew her very little, and this was the first time I ever visited a former "*Seraigli*" (one who has been an inmate of the Imperial Palace).

"Because," I answered lamely, "when a person has a talent she generally goes to Paris or to some other great artistic center."

"What for?" again insisted the question.

If I had not been in a harem and in the presence of a woman of whom I was somewhat afraid, my answer would have been, "Well, if you are foolish enough not to know, why, what is the use of telling you?" Instead, while that exquisite hand was lying on my arm and those big almond-shaped eyes were holding mine, I tried to find a way of explaining.

"If you were free to go, you could see masterpieces, you could study various methods of painting, and if it were in you, you might become great in turn."

"What for?" was the calm inquiry.

She was very beautiful; not of the Turkish type, but of the pure Circassian, with exquisite lines and a very low, musical voice, and of all things on this earth I am most susceptible to physical beauty. At that particular moment, however, I should have derived great pleasure if I could have smacked her pretty mouth.

"Well," I said calmly, though I was irritated, "if you had a great talent, and became very famous, you would not only have all the money you wanted, but glory and admiration."

"What for?" she repeated with inhuman monotony.

"For heaven's sake, Aïshé Hanum," I cried, "I don't know what for; but if I could, I should like to become famous and have glory and lots of money."

"What for?"

"Because then I could go all over the world and see everything that is to be seen and meet all sorts of interesting people."

"What for?"

"Hanum *doudou*," I cried, lapsing into the Turkish I had spoken as a child. "Are you trying to make a fool of me, or——"

She put her palms forward on the floor and then her head went down and she laughed immoderately. I laughed too, considerably relieved to have done with her "what for's."

She drew me to her as if I were a baby, and took me on her lap. "You would do all these things and travel about like a mail bag because you think it would make you happy, don't you, yavroum?" she asked.

"Of course I should be happy."

"Is this why you ran away from home—to get famous and rich?" She was speaking to me precisely as if I were a little bit of a thing, and was to be coaxed out of my foolishness.

"I have neither fame nor riches," I answered, "so we need not waste our breath."

"Sorry, yavroum, sorry," she said sympathetically. "I should have liked you to get both; then you would see that it would not have made you happy. Happiness is not acquired from satisfied desires."

"What is happiness then?" I asked.

"Allah kerim [God only can explain it]. But it comes not from what we possess but from what we let others possess; and no amount of fame would have made me leave my home and go among alien people to learn their ways of doing something which I take great pleasure in doing in my own way." She kissed me twice on the cheek and put me down by her. "You are a dear little one," she said as she began to prepare a cigarette.

"Aïshé Hanum," I asked, "don't you really sometimes wish you were a free European woman?"

She wet the tissue paper of her cigarette and gave it a careful twist. "I have never

seen a European man to whom I should like to belong," she informed me.

"Goodness gracious, why should you belong to any man at all?"

"But I should not like to be one of those detached females that come to us from Ingleterra and your America. They are repulsive to me. A human being is like a tree or a flower; it must be productive and useful. A woman must have a lord and children."

"But you have no children," I could not help saying.

"Have I not, though?" She clapped her hands, and to the slave who came in she said, "Bring in my son, please."

A few minutes later the young Bey was brought in. He was a sturdy little fellow, full of health and good looks. No sooner was he in sight than mother and child were kissing and loving. When after a few minutes he was taken away, Aïshé Hanum informed me that till he was twelve years old she was to teach and instruct him herself. "We are always together except when I have guests. Then the child is out to play. You say I have no children! I wish you would stay here till the day I am to give my daughters away."

"Your daughters?" I repeated.

"Yes, I am liberating two of my young slaves. I bought them when they were ten years old. I instructed them myself; and now they are going to be freed and given into marriage, to be happy in the love they will give and take."

I thought that in her voice there was a sad note as she said the last words; but then I am a very imaginative person, and my imagination is apt to play tricks with me.

"I am going to stay," I said. "The Validé [the first wife] asked me to wait for the wedding, and also for the arrival of her son and his young wife."

"Oh! I am indeed very pleased. You know, yavroum, we all like you, and should be very glad to have you be happy in the love of a good man."

"Aïshé Hanum," I asked, "are you happy?"

She looked at me for a minute or so while she inhaled and then exhaled the smoke of her dainty cigarette.

"Would you like to know?"

I nodded.

"I will tell you all about myself—but you must not make me forget that you are my guest, and that I must look after your com-

fort." She clapped her hands and a young, pretty slave came in to take orders. I fancied that the slave had been crying.

"You are not the one I called for," said Aîshé Hanum; "and what is more, you must stop coming in when I call." The tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the young girl. I was quite surprised. In all my experience with Turkish women I never saw them stern with their slaves, and this young girl looked particularly miserable.

The official wife clapped her hands again and this time another slave came in.

"Bring us in some sherbets and some cakes and cold water."

The slaves departed, and in a little while the one who had been crying returned. Aîshé Hanum looked at the girl, who, elaborately unconscious of the stern look, put her tray down, brought near us two low tables, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and disposed the eatables on them.

"Have I not told you not to wait on me?"

The girl crossed her arms on her breast and stood motionless. She was very pretty; rather tall, with glorious copper-colored hair, and luminous eyes.

"What will the young Hanum here think of your disobedience to me?" the mistress asked.

The girl looked at me through her tears.

"I am sure that if the young Hanum knew of the sorrow that is eating my poor heart she would take my part," she said with great pathos in her voice.

"I am inclined to think she would," said her mistress, "for I am afraid the young Hanum is not very practical."

In an instant the young girl was prostrated before me, kissing my hands, kissing my feet, and imploring me in the name of all the flowers that grow on great Allah's land to hear her and intercede with her mistress.

I took the child's hand into mine and tried to comfort her; then turning to her mistress I begged to know the cause of her grief.

"I will tell you, though I am afraid you are the wrong person."

At a bound the slave was by her mistress. Her greenish eyes were dark blue and fiery. "If *you* present my case it is lost. Let me have the word; let me show her my heart; for it is my heart she is to judge, not yours. Be just, my mistress, since you give me this chance."

"Suppose we put it off. Suppose Hanum

Djimlah be the judge, and not this Hanum here. She does not know our ways very much. She is not of our faith, and she is young in experience. She has not yet a lord to her heart," the mistress explained.

The slave drew herself up and fairly towered above us. Her little hands were clasped tightly on her bosom. She threw her head back and looked at her mistress. There was defiance in her whole attitude.

"You might just as well say that you want to cheat me out of the chance you offered to give me."

Aîshé Hanum sighed and gave in. "Serve us first with something, for we are thirsty." The slave poured out some sherbet in the tall golden goblets—a present to Aîshé Hanum from the Palace—and ministered to our wants; then she took her place on the floor, crosslegged, and said to her mistress:

"You are not to speak, beauty, at all till I have done."

"Very well, foolish," said the mistress.

"Young Hanum, my story is not very long, so I will not tire your kind ears with my miserable woes. I only want justice, and may Allah help you to help me. I was five years old when I was given to my mistress here. I have been faithful, good, patient, obedient, loving to her. I have never vexed her. When I was fourteen years old she wanted to free me and give me as a wife to a man. Why should I be given to a man when I want to stay here? I pleaded and pleaded, and she said that I might stay two years more. The two years passed as a day, and I was again to be given as a wife. I pleaded and cried again, and my mistress said that I might have two years more. Young Hanum, have you ever watched the clouds on Allah's blue rug [the sky]? Those years granted to me, faded from my unhappy eyes as quickly as they, and for days now she will not speak to me because I will not go. But I stay outside this door and wait on her just the same. She says that this time it is to a very nice, young, wealthy man she is going to marry me. But what is a man to me? It is my mistress I want; it is her face that must gladden daily my miserable existence. It is here by her that I want to live and die. Oh! young Hanum, give me justice; and may the cypress tree that grows by the grave of your dear ones defy all the winds!" Thereupon the girl began to cry; and between her moans she continued: "This mistress is for me what to the trees are the

leaves, what to the birds are the wings, what to the little babies is a mother. She says if I do not marry she will sell me to some one."

I can give here the words, but they cannot show the pathos, the passion that the girl put in them. It made my heart melt within me, not from pity for the slave, but from envy for the mistress. Think of owning such a faithful creature!

"I have heard your side," I said; "and now you would better go, and I will talk it over with your mistress."

The slave came to me, kissed my hand ever so tenderly, and left the room.

"Aïshé Hanum," I asked, "why do you want the child to be married and leave you, since her happiness is with you?"

"You do not understand all the circumstances, yavroum; that is why you ask me. You see she is mine, and I can free her and make a home for her. If I die to-morrow, what will become of her? She might be freed, and she might not. In the last case she would have to belong to some one else for seven years before being freed. Or she might be changing hands all the time. I love her; she is my little girl, for I brought her up; and I want to see her marry and have babies of her own. She can see me all she wishes to. But what she wants is to feel that she belongs to me. She is getting old. It is time for her to be wife and mother. She is so beautiful; her figure is so perfect. It would be a pity to waste all that beauty in life."

"But she will be unhappy if she goes away from you."

"No; she does not know. A woman is never so happy as in the love she bears to her little ones and to the giver of them."

"What will you do?" I asked. "Will you really sell her to somebody else?"

"No, indeed; but I was going to send her away for a while. Only she is of such a passionate nature she might do violence to herself. I have to act with great discretion."

"What manner of man is the one you want to marry her to? She probably does not fancy him."

"I have tried hard to have her see him from the window," said Aïshé Hanum laughingly; "but every time I take her to the window and bid her look, she closes her eyes. She will be very happy indeed, and will have a slave of her own, but she is obstinate."

"Why not let her wait for a while?" I suggested.

"I am afraid of losing this good chance. I want to see all of them that are of age well provided for."

"Suppose," I said, "that I decide that you are to let the girl alone?"

She laughed her merry little laugh, and looked so beautiful that I wondered how a woman with such a wonderful beauty as hers could be given to two men and still remain unloved by them.

"Yavroum, you would not really decide to do anything so foolish, and destine such a beautiful handiwork of Allah's to barrenness? Besides, while she was telling her woes to you, I found a way out of the difficulty. I am going to offer to let her live with me after her marriage. At the end of a year she will know that I was right." She clapped her hands. The girl came in.

"Come here, Kioutchouk-Gul." (The slaves often are given fancy names by their mistresses. This one meant Little Rose.)

The slave came and made herself ever so little at the feet of her beloved mistress.

"I think Allah has shown me a way out of our troubles." She took the girl's hands into hers. "It is not marriage you object to so much as leaving me?"

The girl nodded.

"Then how would you like to marry and still live with me? We both would have our way." In a second the girl was in the arms of Aïshé Hanum, calling her all sorts of endearing names, in which the Oriental language is so rich.

Thus the incident ended. The sight of the tremendous love she had inspired in her slave gave me an idea of the beautiful character Aïshé Hanum must have.

"Aïshé Hanum," I said when we were left alone, "you promised to tell me all about yourself. Will you do so now?"

"Yes, yavroum; but will you tell me all about yourself and your life in America afterwards?"

I promised.

"I was born in Roumely, where my father was a nomadic chief," she began.

The mere word Roumely to those who are born in the East is full of suggestion of ballads of valorous deeds and supernatural doings. Aïshé Hanum became to my mind a more romantic figure than before.

"I remember quite well the way we lived. All we possessed was done up in bundles, for we moved from one place to the other constantly. At night if it was rainy or cold

the men would pitch the tents; and while the women and children slept inside, the men would sleep outside, one always on guard. But generally we all slept under Allah's own eyes. Life was like a dream, and like a dream it quickly vanished. My father died, leaving my mother alone to care for six little hungry mouths. We left the mountains and walked for days to reach a town. When there my mother took to doing all kinds of work to support us. I was only six years old. All I remember of that time is like another dream, only this time a bad one and it lasted longer, though as days and nights count, not as many as five hundred I think. My mother's life became a sad one, and there was no longer sunshine and music. We lived in a little house which to me was like a wooden box, and soon we all became ill, and were very miserable. I do not think Allah meant his people to live in houses. He made the world so beautiful that we might live in it and be happy. To this minute I cannot accustom myself to live in one room. That is why I have this big space."

In fact she had taken three rooms, sixteen by twenty, and had them thrown together, slender columns supporting the ceiling. I was wondering what she would say if she saw a few of New York's apartments, where even Allah's sun is not potent enough to pierce high walls and enter.

"One day, however, my mother came to us with joy in her face and said to me: 'My children, your father must be having in his favor the ear of the Prophet. Here comes to us a miraculous help. A rich Hanum wishes to buy six or seven little girl slaves. I am going to sell you three little girls, and with the money go back to the mountains to bring up your brothers as true Roumeliotes, not like mice in a city.'

"We were very happy. I did not know at the time what slavery was; but my mother explained it, and we were glad of the chance given to us."

I must explain here that slavery in Turkey is not what the word implies in Christianity. A slave in Turkey is like an adopted child, to whom is given every advantage according to her talents. If she is beautiful, she is brought up like a young lady and is given as a wife to a noble and rich man; if she is plain and clever, she becomes a teacher; if she is plain and not clever, she learns to do the manual work, sewing or domestic labor. According to the Koran, a slave must be

freed after seven years of servitude and be given a dowry of no less than \$250. Slaves always fare better than if they stayed at home. Generally they are drawn from the people who have been slaves themselves, or from orphans. To a Turk who is poor, selling his children into slavery means giving them advantages which he could not possibly give them himself.

"Were you sorry to leave your mother?" I asked.

"How could I be sorry," was her reply, "since I was giving her back to her mountains and her sunshine? My two little sisters and myself journeyed for days, sometimes on the backs of animals, and sometimes in what seemed to me then wooden boxes on wheels.

"In the house of my new mistress I remained with my sisters for seven years. She was lovely to us, and although we did not live out of doors all the time, we lived in a large house, in a very large garden, and by the water. It was in Smyrna. We had never seen anything before except mountains and trees. When we came to Smyrna we were afraid of everything, even of the commonest things. After we had learned that all the strange things would not hurt us, we were taken out on the water in a small boat, and after a time we were taught how to make it go ourselves. We also learned to read and write, and we were taught French, and to paint and play the guitar, and to dance. They were not as strict there as they are in my household here. When I was fourteen I was spoken of as a very beautiful person, and a Hanum who came to see me once said I was only fit for the Sultan. My beauty traveled from Smyrna to the Palace, and some one came out to our house to see me. That is how I was given to the Sultan on his anniversary."

"Were you sorry to be sent to the Palace?" I asked.

She looked at me as if I had asked something that only people out of their minds could ask.

"I was so happy," said she, as if speaking to herself, "that for nights I could not go to sleep. At last the day came when I was to see the great ruler of the greatest nation of the living world." She crossed her hands on her lap with a far-away look on her face, as if gazing on her dead youth and its dreams.

As I looked at her I was wondering whether she had ever had any happiness, and

unconsciously I found myself asking her, "Were you happy in the Palace?"

My question brought her back to the earth, and she laughed her gay little laugh, and patted my hand.

"You dear yavroum, you are such a little baby, why should I not be happy? To me was given the honor of being sent to the Kalif, which was no less an honor to my new mother than it was to me."

"Did you see the Sultan?" I asked.

"Y-e-s. When I reached the Palace I was taken to my rooms; and after a few days, when I was sufficiently rested, they dressed me ever so beautifully for the Pattissah to see me."

Again that far-away look came into her pretty face, but she went on with her story.

"It was in a large living room, we were all assembled—such beautiful women and so many. I was by the chair of the Sultana when he, our ruler, came in. I was presented to him, and he smiled kindly at me, and said that he hoped I should be happy in the Palace. I was given by his order many gems and costly robes and slaves of my very own, but Allah never meant for me the honor of wifehood with the Master. *Kismet, Ne apeym.*"

"Oh! Aïshé Hanum!" I cried when she stopped. "Do tell me more of Palace life."

"No, no, yavroum, you cannot know that. It is not spoken out of the Palace; but you may see the little girl I am hoping some day to send there."

I gasped. "You don't mean to say that you are going to send somebody to the Palace?"

"Why, you dear little crest of the waves, why should I not, when I find a little girl who I think is going to be most gloriously beautiful."

She clapped her hands and Kioutchouk-Gul came in beaming with smiles. Her mistress returned the smiles as she said:

"Bring me in Gul-Allen" (Rose of the World).

A few minutes later a little girl was marched in. She was tall and well shaped, and carried her head magnificently. She was four years old, but looked seven. If she grows up to be as beautiful as she looked then she will make a stunner. The curious part was that she looked like her mistress. Her eyes were that almond shape, the color, as Rossetti expresses it, like the sea and the sky mixed together, only in theirs the landscape was mixed in too. Every feature in her face seemed to have been nature's great care. The color of her skin was clear white, and

you could see the veins as if they were finely traced with a blue pencil, and her mouth was cupid's bow.

"Aïshé Hanum," I begged when the child left us, "please don't send her to the Palace. Suppose she never becomes his wife. She will be happier with a young man for a husband."

Aïshé Hanum looked puzzled at me.

"Suppose you had a great talent, and your mother never gave you a chance with it, would you think her just? You see, yavroum, I am giving you an example from your own standards to judge. Tell me, wouldn't you blame her all your life?"

I acquiesced.

"It would be the same with my little Gul-Allen."

"But suppose when she grows up she refuses to go like the other?"

"Oh, she will not; for she will be brought up with this idea in mind. Her education is to be very careful. Besides, in the heart of every Mussulman woman, the highest honor on this side of the earth is to give a son to the Pattissah. You have to be a Turkish woman to understand this. And now you must see my Palace robes and my gems."

Kioutchouk-Gul received her orders, and in a few minutes she came in, carrying on her head a bundle thick by two feet and long by four, and in that space carefully folded were twenty most gorgeous garments! Think of the space twenty of our stupid gowns would require!

Kioutchouk-Gul opened the Persian shawl, and as she unfolded each garment she paraded it on her slim shoulders. In my childhood I was put to sleep with Oriental tales where the princesses wore magnificent clothes that only a fairy queen's wand could produce. Those garments belonged to that category. Bright silks represented sky and stars worked with silver and gold and fastened with precious stones. There was one of dark red on which were embroidered with silver thread, white chrysanthemums, and the heart of each flower on the front border was a topaz!

Think of having all these clothes and the jewelry to go with them because the Sultan cast his eyes five minutes on you. No wonder that in the heart of every Mussulman woman the desire to go to the Palace is so great. Though it is religion that prompts them, where is the truly feminine heart that is indifferent to beautiful garments?

THE FINDING OF RALEIGH'S LOST COLONY

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD



THE mystery of mysteries in our American chronicle has been solved at last. The famous "Lost Colony of Roanoke" has been traced; and its descendants found in an obscure region, where they still retain the ancestral names, cherish traditions that explain many of the gaps in history, and preserve customs brought over by their forefathers, who vanished utterly from the ken of the mother country. I have been among them and talked with them. So far as I can discover, this will be the first article describing them ever published in a general magazine, and these photographs the first ever published anywhere.

The story of the Lost Colony is familiar to every student of American history. It will be remembered that Queen Elizabeth granted to Sir Walter Raleigh a patent "to discover, searche, finde out, and view such remote, heathen, and barbarous lands, countreys, and territories not actually possessed of any Christian prince."

The first expedition landed on Roanoke Island July 4th (old style), 1584, but without making a settlement; a second group gave up in a year, and returned; later, fifteen men left by Sir Richard Grenville to hold the place were either drowned or massacred. In 1587 the indomitable Raleigh sent out 100 men and seventeen women, with John White as governor. This was the memorable "Lost Colony," which, contrary to Raleigh's counsel, settled on the ill-starred Roanoke Island described as "very sandy and low toward the water side, but so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plenty that in all the world like abundance is not to be found."

Thus began the acquaintance of the

Raleigh Colony with the American scuppernong. The three finest native grapes, the Catawba, the Isabella, and the Scuppernong are indigenous to and thrive best near Roanoke, and, strange to say, the most delicious of these, the white scuppernong, which will not bear transportation a day's journey, is interwoven by every tradition with the arrival of the white men on Roanoke Island.

Here was born the first white American grape, as well as the first white American child, Virginia Dare, daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare, and granddaughter of Governor White. The scuppernong has spread westward along the trail followed by Virginia Dare and the Lost Colony, and is to-day found most luxuriant where they went.

Here grows the great "mother scuppernong." Report says that it covers an acre.

In August, 1587, the colonists needing supplies and other necessities, the governor was "through their extreme entreating constrained to return to England." Before he could get back, the great war with Spain broke out. In 1588 Raleigh sent two ships with Governor White, but Spanish war vessels boarded, rifled, and drove them back. It was 1591 before another attempt could be made. This time Governor White reached Roanoke. He describes what happened in phrases of unconscious poetry, giving a strangely vivid picture of the loneliness of the New World and the Lost Colony:

"We let fall our Grapnel neere the shore & sounded with a trumpet a Call, & afterwarde many familiar English tunes of Songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer."

The next day they landed, and—we may quote further, without keeping to the quaint old spelling:

"As we entered up the sandy bank, upon

a tree, in the very brow thereof, were curiously carved these fair Roman letters, C. R. O., which letters presently we knew to signify the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last departure from them; I willed them that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, that then they should carve over the letters or name, a cross + in this form; but we found no such sign of distress. . . . And having well considered of this, we passed toward the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the houses taken down, and the place very strongly inclosed with a high palisade of great trees, with curtains and flankers, very fortlike, and one of the chief trees or posts at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off, and five feet from the ground in fair capital letters was graven CROATOAN without any cross or sign of distress. . . . I greatly joyed that I had safely found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

The governor was prepared to sail down the sound to Croatan, but a heavy storm rose, he lost his anchors, and narrowly escaped wreck. The weather "grew fouler and fouler, our victuals scarce, and our cask and fresh water lost." It was necessary to make sail to St. John to refit. Believing the colonies safe, he set sail for the Indies in search of Spanish prizes, intending to return in springtime.

He never came back. Governor White gave up the search for his daughter, and nothing more is known of him. Raleigh, ruined financially, having spent \$200,000 on his colony without a penny of recompense, turned over his grants to the London Company with the advice that they seek to colonize Chesapeake Bay, and later the settlement at Jamestown was made. Raleigh urged the new colonists to seek the old, but both the Croatans and the colonists had totally disappeared.

I first heard the tradition of the present existence of Raleigh's Lost Colony here at Manteo, named after the old chief who went to England and was made "Lord of the Island of Roanoke and Dasamonguepec"—the first of all American titles. He returned to be baptized only a few days before little Virginia Dare was born.

If Governor White had sailed down Pamlico Sound, doubtless he would have found

his Lost Colony. It was southward and up the Cape Fear River to its head waters, where all tradition still locates Raleigh's Lost Colony and the descendants of Virginia Dare. She being a granddaughter of the first American governor was more truly aristocratic than even Pocahontas, who was not baptized until Virginia had attained womanhood. And perhaps she married a young brave of Roanoke long before the daughter of Powhatan wed an English gentleman—finally to fill an unmarked grave in Britain as the English girl Virginia fills an unknown grave in America—Pocahontas to give among her descendants a great general (Baden Powell) to the English of to-day, and Virginia Dare a governor of North Carolina in our own times.

When the English settled at Jamestown in 1607, it was still further corroborated that the Lost Colony had intermarried among the Indians—although those that had gone northward among Powhatan's people were cruelly massacred, at the instigation of Powhatan, about the time of the arrival of the white men at Jamestown. Only seven of them, four men, two boys, and a young maid, had been preserved from the slaughter, by a friendly chief, and from these was descended a tribe of Indians found in the vicinity of Roanoke Island a century later, and then known as Hatteras Indians; they had gray eyes and claimed to have white ancestors.

Again, in 1607, Captains Newport and John Smith found at an Indian village below the falls (at Richmond) a lad of about ten years of age with yellow hair and white skin, who, it has been assumed, was the offspring of some representative of the ill-fated Roanoke Colony. Captain Francis Nelson, who left Virginia in 1608, took back to London a chart on which he marked at one inland place: "Here remaineth four men clothed, that came from Roanoke to Ocanhawan (which information Powhatan confirmed). At Peccarecmek and Ochanahoen (on the Neuse) the people have houses built with stone walls, the one story above the other, so taught them by the English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke."

At this time there was a well-authenticated story of a part of the Lost Colony living in what is now Sampson County, North Carolina. In 1609 word was received in London that "some of our nation sent to Roanoke by Sir Walter Raleigh are yet alive within fifty miles of our fort (Jamestown). Two of our colonists sent out to seek them (although denied by the savages speech with them) found

crosses and letters and characters, assured testimonials of Christians, newly wrote on the barks of the trees." The early Virginians did not know then that they were most probably in touch only with a few straggling groups of the Lost Colony, although, even in 1608, it was believed that farther south a large body of their unfortunate countrymen might still be found.

In 1660 the Rev. Morgan Jones, of Virginia, was captured by the Tuscarora Indians living in North Carolina along the Neuse River. After some time in captivity he returned to civilization to make the solemn statement that he found a tribe settled on the Pantego River, near Cape Atros (Hatteras), known to their neighbors as the white Indians on account of their light color; he tells that they spoke British, in which language he preached to them three times a week.

From now on, all traces of the Lost Colony are to be found in North Carolina west and south of Roanoke. An old Indian trail led from the fishing and hunting grounds at Roanoke Island to the head waters of the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville. Along this trail Indian settlements still exist, and where it ends in Robeson County is the largest Indian settlement east of the Mississippi River. Along this trail have congregated the traditions of the Lost Colony for 300 years.

We hear no more of the "white" Indians from 1660 until 1709. In the mean time they had moved to Robeson County, where the French Huguenots of South Carolina found them in that year—long settled in the country, intelligent farmers who had built everywhere magnificent roads. In 1729 English settlers penetrated to Robeson County, where they found light Indians on Lumber River who spoke English, tilled the soil, owned slaves, and held land in common. They claimed to be descendants of English who came over the sea in great swan boats, and in 1732 King George II gave land grants to Henry Berry and James Lowrey, the two leading men of the tribe. Henry Berry claimed lineal descent from the Henry Berry of the Raleigh Colony, and James Lowrey married Priscilla Berry, sister of Henry Berry.

In 1711 the Indians of Robeson County had aided the whites against the Tuscaroras, in the great Indian War; from Mattamuskeet they brought back Indian slaves who had traditions of the time when the Croatans and the Mattamuskeets lived together, and knew of the white blood in the other tribe. In fact,

they claimed that many of their people had also married among the descendants of the English in the Croatan tribe.

Lawson, who wrote the first history of North Carolina, in 1709, speaks of "the Hatteras Indians who lived on Roanock Island, or much frequented it. These tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do, the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found among these Indians and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly office. It is probable that this settlement [of Raleigh's] miscarried for want of timely supplies from England, or through the treachery of the natives, for we may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with them for relief and conservation, and that in process of time they conformed themselves to the manners of their Indian relations."

As Professor Weeks, of Trinity College, North Carolina, observes in a paper on this subject: "It is impossible for the story told by Lawson to be a tradition not founded on the truth, for he wrote within 120 years of the original settlements at Roanoke, and he may have talked with men whose grandfathers had been among the original colonists."

In the War of the Revolution, the Robeson County Indians bearing English names inclined to be Tories, in the belief that they were English, and we find many names familiar in the list of Raleigh's colonists on the side of the British; but in 1812 these were all on the side of the American forces, even to the Dares, who claimed descent from Virginia Dare, "the White Doe" born at Roanoke. Many of these Indians bearing English names received pensions from the government for their services.

In 1835 the ungrateful North Carolinians disfranchised their Indian allies who, at that time, owned schools and churches. It was now a crime to teach a dark person to read or write; hence, only the traditions of the old, old chroniclers survived. It was not until 1868 that the Robeson County Indians were restored to full rights of citizenship, after their glorious defense of the Confederacy.

During this war, one of the chiefs, in defending one of his men accused of crime, said in a public speech: "We have always been friends to the white man. We were free people before the white man came to our land. Our tribe was always free. They lived at



A TYPICAL HOUSE AMONG THE CROATANS

Roanoke in Virginia. When the English came to Roanoke our tribe treated them kindly; one of our tribe went to England and saw the great country. We took the English to live with us. There is white man's blood in our veins as well as Indian. We took the white man's language and religion. We fought with the white men, yet white men treat us as negroes."

And so in all the centuries their tradition that they are the descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony will not down, and even the State recognizes their claim. Their traditions state that they came from Croatan, south of Roanoke, that their leading man was made Lord of Roanoke, by name Mayno (Manteo), a name still common among them.

I started to follow the trail, and throughout tidewater North Carolina met everywhere the tradition that the "Raleigh Colony Indians" had gone either across the mainland, or by water to the great hunting grounds near the hills. Besides the water pathway, there was a direct well-kept trail from the Roanoke region to the present site of Fayetteville, where all the great pathways of the Southern Indians met. From South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia, the remnants of the various tribes

that receded before the scourging Iroquois and the white man, followed the diverging trails to the great settlement just beyond Fayetteville, that extended to the South Carolina State line. In this area there still live some 5,000 red men, descendants, perhaps, of almost every Indian tribe that populated the Southern seaboard and mountains. Among these people are the traditions of Raleigh's Lost Colony, and hundreds of men, women, and children bearing the very names of the Roanoke colonists and still earnestly believing that they are descended from the English men and women whom their Chief Mayno (Manteo) adopted into his tribe.

It was as an explorer that I retraced the old Indian trail across country and at last arrived among these strange people.

In Green County, yet farther westward, may be found to this day Croatan Indians who still use the old Saxon crossbow, which, their tradition narrates, the Roanoke colonists taught them to make and use to bring down their quarry silently.

Sampson County, between Green and Robeson, is richer still in Indian legends: it was here that a large number of the lost colonists were reported to John Smith in 1608,



CROATANS WALKING IN SINGLE FILE

and there were, up to half a century ago, old men and women of the Croatans, hereabout, who recalled hearing that the Dares, the Coopers, and the Harveys of Raleigh's Colony who had intermarried in their tribe were the pioneers of migration westward, and brought a part of the tribe here. And to this day the Harveys, the Dares, and Coopers are to be found among the Croatans to the farthest end of the trail. To the Harveys, by the way, was born the second English child in America.

Beyond Sampson County is Cumberland, in the direct pathway of the Lost Colony and the Croatan Indians. Here, near Fayetteville, on a creek emptying into the Cape Fear River, may be seen to this day the remains of the "Indian Stone House," which was still standing in 1832, and which tradition says the Roanoke colonists taught

their Indian allies to build. Old water mills for grinding maize and a well-constructed dam were found here by the first whites who entered the region. And then the Indians acted as millers.

A walk of a very few miles along the old Indian road brings you into Robeson County, where live 3,500 Croatan Indians who claim descent from the lost colonists.

The last tradition among the Croatans of Robeson County dates back but a year. One of their delegates, a descendant of one of the lost colonists, was sent to Washington to invite the President to visit the tribe at the great gathering at Roanoke Island this summer. The President set aside five minutes for the reception, but kept the Croatan guest for an hour plying him with questions and seeking to learn all he could about the descendants of the Lost Colony. He did not invite the red man to luncheon.

But why plod through traditions longer? I was among these people, face to face, here at Red Springs in Robeson County, where 10,000 Indians had often encamped at a time; I had but to look out of the window of my hotel to see the Croatans by the hundred, following each other in single file up and down the main street of the little village, for young



THE GREAT "MOTHER SCUPPERNON" BENEATH WHICH VIRGINIA DARE WAS NURSED

and old were coming to town to do their Christmas shopping. Some of the visitors to town were as dark as any Indians in America, some so light as to have red hair and blue eyes. Yet, one and all walked on the sidewalk or in the roadway in single file.

I tried to be friendly, but the Croatans are uncommunicative with strangers. They consider that the whites treated them badly: at

colony moved away, slips were taken along and planted wherever the colony rested. The white scuppernong is an accident and grows only from slips; but it is doubtful if there is a Croatan Indian anywhere in North Carolina who does not rest under his own vine, and drink the juice of the scuppernong after he has fermented it according to the manner taught him by the white man.



OLD DIEL, THE CENTENARIAN, AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

Descendants of Henry Berry of Raleigh's Lost Colony.

one time disfranchising them and placing them on a level with the negro; and they have never forgiven the insult. The children I found even less communicative than their elders. The Croatans make their own liquor, keep their own secrets, and ignore the Federal authorities. Every Croatan grows the scuppernong.

It is in their traditions that the white men taught them the art of distilling wine from the "mother" vine at Roanoke, and when the

The whites of Red Springs looked at me almost scornfully for talking with the Indians.

"But they are the descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony," I explained to one in excuse.

"Oh, yes, that's what they say!"

"Don't you ever go among them?"

"What, me?—no, siree; they don't like white men to go into their settlement. They tell a man to keep away once; and after that—they shoot."

"You ought to see Hamilton McMillan,"

suggested one of the village storekeepers; "he knows more about the Croatan Indians than they know about themselves."

I found him to be a scholarly old gentleman, a college graduate, and prominent lawyer who was once a State senator. He had located at Red Springs in his younger days to study the strange red people near by who claimed to be descendants of the famous Lost Colony. Mr. McMillan is one of the few white men who have taken the pains to investigate the traditions and legends of the Croatans, and it is due to his research that the proof of their claims was made so clear to the State Legislature that North Carolina to-day officially recognizes these people as the descendants of Raleigh's Colony. For a quarter of a century, Mr. McMillan has been the best loved man among the Croatans. The one thing they could never forget was the fact that he had secured for them separate schools from the negroes; for, rather than let their young attend negro schools, they had permitted them to grow up in pride and ignorance. Mr. McMillan gladly consented to take me visiting among the Croatans; so, bright and early one Sunday morning, we made our first excursion into the most forgotten part of these United States, and among the most neglected of all the red men in America.

We started out toward the old Indian trail, that still traverses the State of North Carolina from the mountains to the Roanoke country. Here in Robeson County it is still known as "the great Lowrey road," because two hundred years ago the famous Indian

chief, Henry Lowrey, put it in its present magnificent shape.

The Croatans are still the best natural road makers in America. Road building is a mania with them, and has been ever since the lost colonists taught them the art. They are always at work on their roads, voluntarily and without pay.

The first house we stopped at was that of Jim Diel, whose wife is a great-granddaughter of the famous old Indian road builder. These Lowreys have given a senator from Mississippi, Hon. Hiram R. Revels, born in North

Carolina. Governor Lowrey Swain, of North Carolina, was also of the tribe. Some of them have gone to other States and are men of fortune; one, in Florida, is a millionaire, a leader in society and business.

Jim Diel was out when we arrived, so his wife and niece received us.

Everything around the house showed signs of careless prosperity. In the back yard an extensive scuppernong yielded enough grapes annually for a hundred gallons of fiery wine.

We had passed through a typical negro settlement on our way to "Scuffletown," as the Indian settlement is commonly called by the Indians themselves, in memory of one "Scoville" who led them to battle a century or more ago. What a contrast between the negro and the Indian. Shiftlessness was written everywhere about the negro possessions. On the other hand, an Indian house could be detected from afar. Everything in repair, outhouses kept up, all the necessities for making life in the country comfortable; beehives, stables, wells, corn cribs,



THE SPINNING WHEEL IS STILL IN VOGUE



PRIMITIVE MORTAR AND PESTLE IN A CROATAN HOME

cider presses all in active use. As the fringe of Scuffletown is left behind, the negro disappears completely.

We met Jim Diel down the Lowrey road, and great was his concern that he had not been at home to meet us. He was a magnificent specimen of Indianhood, almost a full blood; proud of his descent from the early English colonist, firm in his belief that the only white blood in the tribe entered through the Lost Colony. He spoke in a high, almost falsetto voice, peculiar to all these descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony, who still use the old Saxon English.

It was with regret that we parted from Jim—although at every home where we stopped the door was opened to us, as we knew it would be. Often when I knocked alone, the door was opened grudgingly, and I saw that the white stranger was unwelcome, but invariably there came forth from within that high rich falsetto—"Walk in, mon; sit thee by my fire and warm."

The speech of the Croatans, by the way, is unlike that of either the whites or blacks around them. It shows traces of the language of 300 years ago. "Man" is pronounced

"mon"; "father" is called "fayther" (there were many Irish names among the Roanoke colonists); "measurement" is called "men-sion"; their plural for hose is "hosen," for house, "housen," etc.

Professor Weeks in his paper states that the strongest evidence of all is furnished by the family names. The 117 Roanoke settlers had 95 different surnames: of these 41 "or more than 43 per cent are reproduced by a tribe living hundreds of miles from Roanoke Island and after a lapse of 300 years—and the traditions of every family bearing the name of one of the lost colonists point to Roanoke Island as the home of their ancestors."

At the outer edge of the settlement we found many of the poorer and most illiterate of the tribe; some of these had completely lost caste by marrying among or associating with mulattoes. In fact those who have neglected to observe the color line are compelled to worship by themselves. They have a church on the Great Lowrey road where the aristocracy of Scuffletown is never seen. Since 1887 the State has made marriages between the Croatans and negroes null and void.

At last we reached the homes of those who



MONUMENT MARKING THE SPOT WHERE VIRGINIA DARE WAS BORN

The small stones outline the fort built in 1587.

still treasure the old traditions. At the spacious log mansion of one of the old chroniclers who has lived a full century on the Great Lowrey road, we were made welcome. The ancient chronicler, grandfather of "Jim" Diel, totters now as he walks, but he remembers still the War of 1812, although many events since rest dimly upon his enfeebled brain. The things of his childhood are easiest for him to recall, and so it is that he remembers still many of the old traditions that link the Croatans with the colony of whites that Raleigh sent to Roanoke.

A daughter of this old sage married the present lord of the log mansion, a Lowrey, a white-haired man of eighty years now. Some time ago he followed the old Indian trail out through the gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains and across country to the Indian territory where many of the friends of his youth had migrated. In Lincoln County, North Carolina, he found descendants of the Dares who were still remembered by his father, though they had left Robeson County after the War of 1812, in which, according to the State records of North Carolina, the men of the family fought bravely against the English.

The last of the Dares eke out an humble living now in the iron mines near Crouse, in western North Carolina; they have almost forgotten that they came from Robeson County, and the story of the "White Doe of Roanoke" is seldom told among them now. But the two white-haired veterans of the Great

Lowrey road in Robeson County know it well.

They both recall how, twenty-five years ago when Hamilton McMillan first came among them, he mentioned one day the name Virginia Dare in the councils of their people. The old chroniclers remained silent or shook their heads; but when Mr. McMillan pronounced it Darr, "Ah's" came from many an old throat, and soon the chroniclers were busy narrating traditions of the little white fawn by the name of Darr, who was born far off in Roanoke, Va., and when she grew up married one of their young braves; how her people were skilled and brave and fighters. But, alas! years before they had gone westward along the great trail—no one in the tribe knew whither. While the old chroniclers talked, the Indian women in the gathering bent back and forth moaning in rhythm, as they do to-day when tales of the old times are told.

There are those to-day among the Croatans who, if you ask of Virginia Dare, shake their heads or remain silent, but say Virginia Darr, and there will be an eager "Yes, yes—we know Virginia Darr, she is our mother way back." A few there are still who remember the old, old traditions they heard in bygone days from the real chroniclers who have passed away, that told how the baby white girl was taken with the white men and women from the Island of Roanoke and grew to womanhood on the banks of the Burnt Lake (Mattamuskeet).

The mystery of the disappearance of the colonists is solved plainly and simply by the traditions of these Indians. According to one legend, at that time only a marsh separated Roanoke Island from the mainland, and when the good hunting was over, and the tribe homesick for the hills, their white brothers—unable to wrest a living from the wilds alone—asked that they might go with their red brothers and remain with them until they received their supplies from the good queen, whom Chief Manteo had once gone over the sea to meet. So the white men left signs on the trees, and there being too many women and children to take in the canoes, a march was begun overland.

A long, long stop of many years was made at a lake which the Indians called in their tongue Burnt Lake, and which modern science says was created by a great fire that ate down through the dry swamp. Here the Croatans rested, and here the white people expected that the messengers from over the sea would follow. But time passed and no one came—perhaps those who came and read the word Croatoan carved on the trees did not know of the great road from Roanoke to the Hill Country, and turned their eyes to the spot then known to the English as Croatan on the sand bank near Hatteras. There was no one left to tell of the great trail—perhaps all the English-speaking Indians migrated with the tribe.

We followed the Great Lowrey road for miles. Every here and there we stopped at a neatly built log house or a frame dwelling erected by the Croatans, for they never go outside for any necessity. The State has supplied a Normal School, but the Croatans built it and built it well.

The Normal School is the pride of every one of the 3,500 Croatans in Robeson County. When Thanksgiving and closing days come, around the school is a scene of wild activity; the entire tribe camps and picnics without, while within there are elocutionary efforts; without there is feasting and foot racing and elocutionary narratives of the past glories of the Croatans.

At a little log house that spread out in wings and outhouses like a veritable village, we caught one of the old men at work at a pine-stump mortar beating with wooden pestle the corn into meal for the daily food.

It was not only the numerous Sampsons—the richest of the Croatans (and claiming descent from the John Sampsons, father and son

of Roanoke)—who grew their own tobacco. Every Indian in Robeson County is as ambitious to have his own little tobacco patch as were his ancestors from whose front yards on Roanoke Island the first colonists secured and carried back to Sir Walter Raleigh seed from the tobacco plant, grains from the ripe maize, and potatoes from the soil, three Indian names that have gone around the globe from Roanoke Island, and three commodities still grown by the Croatans, who alone of all the Indians in the world still plant, as they did 300 years ago, their private patches of the weed that helped to make Raleigh's name remembered the world around.

The Ethnological Bureau at Washington itself is authority for the statement that the Croatans have been absolutely passed over and neglected by the white men in search of historical and scientific data relating to the American Indian.

A modern poem tells of a young Indian swain who fell in love with Virginia Dare, and being rejected, used sorcery to change her into a white doe, and of a rival who shot the white doe with an enchanted silver arrow, when she at once, instead of, as he expected, turning again into a maiden, died upon the spot and from her blood sprang the "mother" scuppernong, with its pale grape and white "blood." But as we know that the "mother" vine antedates the arrival of the colonists, this tradition may be dismissed in its entirety as of modern invention. Certain it is, however, that the great scuppernong vine did play a part in the story of Virginia Dare; its seeds still grow vines that bear red grapes, and the white men who liked the "white blood" of the "mother" vine, took slips with them wherever they went. The Lost Colony might have been found long ago by merely following the white scuppernong across the State.

I had tasted of the fruit of the vine at the spot where Virginia Dare was born; I drank her last health from an ancient vine in far-off Robeson County that her hands—who knows?—may have planted. It is certain that the vines that bear the white grapes in distant Robeson County are descended only from the "mother" vine at Roanoke; it seems certain, too, that the pale-faced Indians at the end of the trail are also the distant offspring of those fair-faced foreigners who joined with the native Americans at Roanoke when both bade farewell together to the "mother" vine, to carry white blood into the regions of the west, there to mingle with the red.



Drawn by G. C. Hinchhurst.

"Turning she looked straight at Selwyn, the splendor of her young eyes starred with tears."

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER V

AFTERGLOW



"PHIL," she wrote, "I am a little frightened. Do you suppose Boots suspected who it was? I must have been perfectly mad to go to your rooms that night; and we both were—to leave the door unlocked with the chance of somebody walking in. But, Phil, how could I know it was the fashion for your friends to bang like that and then come in without the excuse of a response from you?"

"I have been so worried, so anxious, hopping from day to day that you would write to reassure me that Boots did not recognize me with my back turned to him and my muff across my eyes.

"But scared and humiliated as I am I realize that it was well that he knocked. Even as I write to you here in my own room, behind locked doors, I am burning with the shame of it.

"But I am *not* that kind of woman, Phil; truly, truly, I am not. When the foolish impulse seized me I had no clear idea of what I wanted except to see you and learn for myself what you thought about Gerald's playing at my house after I had promised not to let him.

"I wanted to see you, that is absolutely all; I was lonely for a word—even a harsh one—from the sort of man you are. I wanted you to believe it was in spite of me that Gerald came and played that night.

"He came without my knowledge. I did not know he was invited. And when he appeared I did everything to prevent him from

playing; *you* will never know what took place—what I submitted to—

"And *that* is all I can say. Oh, I know what it costs you to be mixed up in such contemptible complications. I, for my part, can scarcely bear to have you know so much about me—and what I am come to. That is my real punishment, Phil—not what you said it was.

"I remember what you said about an anchorage; I am trying to clear these haunted eyes of mine and steer clear of phantoms—for the honor of what we once were to each other before the world. But steering a ghost ship through endless tempests is hard labor, Phil; so be a little kind—a little more than patient, if my hand grows tired at the wheel.

"*What* do you think of me? Asking you, shows how much I care; dread of your opinion has turned me coward until this last page. *What* do you think of me? I am perfectly miserable about Boots, but that is partly fright—though I know I am safe enough with such a man. But what sets my cheeks blazing so that I cannot bear to face my own eyes in the mirror, is the fear of what *you* must think of me in the still, secret places of that heart of yours, which I never, never understood.

ALIXE."

It was a week before he sent his reply, but at last he forced himself to meet truth with truth, cutting what crudity he could from his letter:

"You ask me what I think of you; but that question should properly come from me. What do *you* think of a man who exhorts and warns a woman to stand fast, and then stands dumb at the first impact of temptation?"

"If words of commendation, of courage, of kindly counsel, are needed by anybody in this world, I am not the man to utter them. What a hypocrite must I seem to you! I who sat there beside you preaching platitudes in strong self-complacency, instructing you how morally edifying it is to be good and unhappy.

"You are—you; I am—I; and we are still those same two people who understood neither the impulse that once swept us together, nor the forces that tore us apart—ah, more than that! we never understood each other! And we do not now. We were too near together again; the same spark leaped, the same blindness struck us, the same impulse swayed us.

"We cannot venture to meet again—that way. For I, it seems, am a man like other men except that I lack character; and you are—you! still unchanged—with all the mystery of attraction with which you enveloped me the first moment my eyes met yours.

"There was no more reason for it then than there is now; and, as you admit, it was not love—though, as you also admit, there were moments approaching it. But nothing can have real being without a basis of reason; and so, whatever it was, it vanished. This, perhaps, is only the infernal afterglow.

"As for me, I am, as you are, all at sea, self-confidence gone, self-faith lost—a very humble person, without conceit, dazed, perplexed, but still attempting to steer through toward that safe anchorage which I dared lately to recommend to you.

"So now I end where I began with that question which answers yours without the faintest suspicion of reproach: What can you think of such a man as I am?

"PHILIP SELWYN."

That very night brought him her reply:

"Phil, dear, I do not blame you for one instant. It was entirely my fault. But I am so happy that you wrote as you did, taking all the blame, which is like you. I can look into my mirror now—for a moment or two.

"It is brave of you to be so frank about what you think came over us. Still, whatever spell it was that menaced us I know very well could not have threatened you seriously; I know it because you reason about it so logically. So it could have been nothing serious. Love alone is serious; and it sometimes comes slowly, sometimes goes slowly; but if you de-

sire it to come quickly, close your eyes! And if you wish it to vanish, *reason about it!*

"We are on very safe ground again, Phil; you see we are making little epigrams about love.

"Rosamund is impatient—it's a symphony concert, and I must go—the horrid little cynic!—I half believe she suspects that I'm writing to you and tearing off yards of sentiment. It is likely I'd do that, isn't it!—but I don't care what she thinks. Besides, it behooves her to be agreeable, and she knows that I know it does! *Voilà!*

"By the way, I saw Mrs. Gerard's pretty ward at the theater last night—Miss Erroll. She certainly is stunning——"

Selwyn flattened out the letter and deliberately tore out the last paragraph. Then he set it afire with a match.

"At least," he said with an ugly look, "I can keep *her* out of this"; and he dropped the brittle blackened paper and set his heel on it. Then he resumed his perusal of the mutilated letter, reread it, and finally destroyed it.

"Alixe," he wrote in reply, "we had better stop this letter writing before somebody stops us. Anybody desiring to make mischief might very easily misinterpret what we are doing. I, of course, could not close the correspondence, so I ask you to do so without any fear that you will fail to understand why I ask it. Will you?"

To which she replied:

"Yes, Phil. Good-by.

"ALIXE."

A box of roses left her his debtor; she was too intelligent to acknowledge them. Besides, matters were going better with her.

And that was all for a while.

Meanwhile Lent had gone, and with it the last soiled snow of winter.

Spring, with that nameless fragrance in the air
Which breathes of all things fair,

sang a young girl riding in the park. And she smiled to herself as she guided her saddle mare through the flowering labyrinths. Other notes of the Southern poet's haunting song stole soundless from her lips; for it was only her heart that was singing there in the sun, while her silent, smiling mouth mocked the rushing melody of the birds.

Behind her, powerfully mounted, ambled the belted groom; she was riding alone in the golden weather because her good friend Selwyn was very busy in his office downtown, and Gerald, who now rode with her occasionally, was downtown also, and there remained nobody else to ride with.

She, therefore, galloped conscientiously every morning; sometimes with Nina, but usually alone; and every afternoon she and Nina drove there, drinking the freshness of the young year.

It was near Eighty-sixth Street that a girl, splendidly mounted, saluted her, and wheeling, joined her—a blond, cool-skinned, rosy-tinted, smoothly groomed girl, almost too perfectly seated, almost too flawless and supple in the perfect symmetry of face and figure.

"Upon my word," she said gayly, "you are certainly spring incarnate, Miss Erroll—the living embodiment of all this!" She swung her riding crop in a circle and laughed, showing her perfect teeth. "But where is that faithful attendant cavalier of yours this morning? Is he so grossly material that he prefers Wall Street, as does my good lord and master?"

"Do you mean Gerald?" asked Eileen innocently, "or Captain Selwyn?"

"Oh, either," returned Rosamund airily; "a girl should have something masculine to talk to on a morning like this. Failing that she should have some pleasant memories of indiscretions past and others to come, D. V.; at least one little souvenir to repent—smilingly. Oh, la! Oh, me! All these wretched birds a-courting and I bumping along on Dobbin, lacking even my own Gilpin! Shall we gallop?"

For a while, as they rode, Rosamund was characteristically amusing, sailing blandly over the shoals of scandal, though Eileen never suspected it—wittily gay at her own expense, as well as at others'. But presently the mischievous perversity in her bubbled up again; she was tired of being good; she had often meant to try the effect of a gentle shock on Miss Erroll; and, besides, she wondered just how much truth there might be in the unpleasantly persistent rumor of the girl's unannounced engagement to Selwyn.

"It *would* be amusing, wouldn't it?" she asked with guileless frankness; "but, of course, it is not true—this report of their reconciliation."

"Whose reconciliation?" asked Miss Erroll innocently.

"Why, Alixe Ruthven and Captain Selwyn. Everybody is discussing it, you know."

"Reconciled? I don't understand," said Eileen, astonished. "They can't be; how can——"

"But it *would* be amusing, wouldn't it? and she could very easily get rid of Jack Ruthven—any woman could. So if they really mean to remarry——"

The girl started, breathless, astounded, bolt upright in her saddle.

"Oh!" she protested, while the hot blood mantled her throat and cheek, "it is wickedly untrue. How could such a thing be true, Mrs. Fane! It is—is so senseless——"

"That is what I say," nodded Rosamund; "it's so perfectly senseless that it's amusing—even if they have become such amazingly good friends again. I never believed there was anything seriously sentimental in the situation; and their renewed interest in each other is quite the most frankly sensible way out of any awkwardness," she added cordially.

Miserably uncomfortable, utterly unable to comprehend, the girl rode on in silence, her ears ringing with Rosamund's words. And Rosamund, riding beside her, cool, blond, and cynically amused, continued the theme with admirable pretense of indifference:

"It's a pity that ill-natured people are forever discussing them; and it makes me indignant, because I've always been very fond of Alixe Ruthven, and I am positive that she does *not* correspond with Captain Selwyn. A girl in her position would be crazy to invite suspicion by doing the things they say she is doing——"

"Don't, Mrs. Fane, please don't!" stammered Eileen; "I—I really can't listen. I simply will not!" Then bewildered, hurt, and blindly confused as she was, the instinct to defend flashed up—though from what she was defending him she did not realize: "It is utterly untrue!" she exclaimed hotly—"all that you—all that *they* say!—whoever they are—whatever they mean. I cannot understand it—I don't understand, and I will not! Nor will *he*!" she added with a scornful conviction that disconcerted Rosamund; "for if you knew him as I do, Mrs. Fane, you would never, never have spoken as you have."

Mrs. Fane relished neither the naïve rebuke nor the intimation that her own acquaintance with Selwyn was so limited; and least of all did she relish the implied intimacy between this red-haired young girl and Captain Selwyn.

"Dear Miss Erroll," she said blandly, "I spoke as I did only to assure you that I, also, disregard such malicious gossip——"

"But if you disregard it, Mrs. Fane, why do you repeat it?"

"Merely to emphasize to you my disbelief in it, child," returned Rosamund. "Do you understand?"

"Y-es; thank you. Yet I should never have heard of it at all if you had not told me."

Rosamund's color rose one degree:

"It is better to hear such things from a friend, is it not?"

"I didn't know that one's friends said such things; but perhaps it is better that way, as you say, only I cannot understand the necessity of my knowing—of my hearing—because it is Captain Selwyn's affair, after all."

"And that," said Rosamund deliberately, "is why I told you."

"Told *me*? Oh—because he and I are such close friends?"

"Yes—such very close friends that I"—she laughed—"I am informed that your interests are soon to be identical."

The girl swung round, self-possessed, but dreadfully pale.

"If you believed that," she said, "it was vile of you to say what you said, Mrs. Fane."

"But I did *not* believe it, child!" stammered Rosamund, several degrees redder than became her, and now convinced that it was true. "I n-never dreamed of offending you, Miss Erroll——"

"Do you suppose I am too ignorant to take offense?" said the girl unsteadily. "I told you very plainly that I did not understand the matters you chose for discussion; but I do understand impertinence when I am driven to it."

"I am very, very sorry that you believe I meant it that way," said Rosamund, biting her lips.

"What did you mean? You are older than I, you are certainly experienced; besides, you are married. If you can give it a gentler name than insolence I would be glad—for your sake, Mrs. Fane. I only know that you have spoiled my ride, spoiled the day for me, hurt me, humiliated me, and awakened, not curiosity, not suspicion, but the horror of it, in me."

"You did it once before—at the Minsters' dance; not, perhaps, that you deliberately meant to; but you did it. And your subject was then, as it is now, Captain Selwyn—my friend——"

Her voice became unsteady again and her mouth curved; but she held her head high and her eyes were as fearlessly direct as a child's.

"And now," she said calmly, "you know where I stand and what I will not stand. Natural deference to an older woman, the natural self-distrust of a girl in the presence of social experience—and under its protection as she had a right to suppose—prevented me from checking you when your conversation became distasteful. You, perhaps, mistook my reticence for acquiescence; and you were mistaken. I am still quite willing to remain on agreeable terms with you, if you wish, and to forget what you have done to me this morning."

If Rosamund had anything left to say, or any breath to say it, there were no indications of it. Never in her flippant existence had she been so absolutely flattened by any woman. As for this recent graduate from fudge and olives, she could scarcely realize how utterly and finally she had been silenced by her. Incredible, exasperation, amazement had succeeded each other while Miss Erroll was speaking; chagrin, shame, helplessness followed as bitter residue. But, in the end, the very incongruity of the situation came to her aid; for Rosamund very easily fell a prey to the absurd—even when the amusement was furnished at her own expense.

"I'm certainly a little beast," she said impulsively, "but I really do like you. Will you forgive?"

No genuine appeal to the young girl's generosity had ever been in vain; she forgave almost as easily as she breathed. Even now in the flush of just resentment it was not hard for her to forgive; she hesitated only in order to adjust matters in her own mind.

Mrs. Fane swung her horse and held out her right hand:

"Is it *pax*, Miss Erroll? I'm really ashamed of myself. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said the young girl, laying her gloved hand on Rosamund's very lightly; "I've often thought," she added naively, "that I could like you, Mrs. Fane, if you would only give me a chance."

"I'll try—you blessed innocent! You've torn me into rags and tatters, and you did it adorably. What I said was idle, half-witted, gossiping nonsense. So forget every atom of it as soon as you can, my dear, and let me prove that I'm not an utter idiot, if I can."

"That will be delightful," said Eileen with a demure smile; and Rosamund laughed, too,

with full-hearted laughter; for trouble sat very lightly on her perfect shoulders.

"And, my dear," she said, concluding the account of the adventure to Mrs. Ruthven that afternoon at Sherry's, "I've never been so roundly abused and so soundly trounced in my life as I was this blessed morning by that red-headed novice! Oh, my! Oh, la! I could have screamed with laughter at my own undoing."

"It's what you deserved," said Alixe, intensely annoyed, although Rosamund had not told her all that she had so kindly and gratuitously denied concerning her relations with Selwyn. "It was sheer effrontery of you, Rosamund, to put such notions into the head of a child and stir her up into taking a fictitious interest in Philip Selwyn which I know—which is perfectly plain to me—to anybody never existed!"

"Of course it existed!" retorted Rosamund, delighted now to worry Alixe. "She didn't know it; that is all. It really was simply charity to wake her up. It's a good match, too, and so obviously and naturally inevitable that there's no harm in playing prophetess. Anyway, what do *we* care, dear? Unless you——"

"Rosamund!" said Mrs. Ruthven, exasperated, "will you ever acquire the elements of reticence? I don't know why people endure you; I don't, indeed! And they won't much longer——"

"Yes, they will, dear; that's what society is for—a protective association for the purpose of enduring impossible people. I wish," she added, "that it included husbands because in some sets it's getting to be one dreadful case of who's whose. Don't you think so?"

Alixe, externally calm but raging inwardly, sat pulling on her gloves, heartily sorry she had lunched with Rosamund.

The latter, already gloved, had risen and was coolly surveying the room.

"*Tiens!*" she said, "there is the youthful brother of our red-haired novice now. He sees us and he's coming to inflict himself—with another moon-faced creature. Shall we bolt?"

Alixe turned and stared at Gerald, who came up boyishly red and impetuous:

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Ruthven; did you get my note? How d'ye do, Mrs. Fane; awfully jolly to collide this way. Would you mind if—if——"

"You," interrupted Rosamund, "ought to be *downtown*—unless you've concluded to retire and let Wall Street go to smash. What are you pretending to do in Sherry's at this hour, you very dreadful infant?"

"I've been lunching with Mr. Neergard—and *would* you mind——"

"Yes, I would," began Rosamund, promptly, but Alixe interrupted: "Bring him over, Gerald."

The presentation of Neergard was accomplished without disaster to anybody. On his thin nose the dew glistened, and his thick, fat hands were hot; but Rosamund was too bored to be rude to him, and Alixe turned immediately to Gerald:

"Yes, I did get your note, but I'm not at home on Tuesday. Can't you come—wait a moment!—what are you doing this afternoon?"

"Why, I'm going back to the office with Mr. Neergard——"

"Nonsense! Oh, Mr. Neergard, *would* you mind"—very sweetly—"if Mr. Erroll did not go to the office this afternoon?"

Neergard looked at her—almost—a fixed and uncomfortable smirk on his round, red face: "Not at all, Mrs. Ruthven, if you have anything better for him——"

"I have—an allopathic dose of it. Thank you, Mr. Neergard. Rosamund, we ought to start, you know. Gerald!"—with quiet significance—"Good-by, Mr. Neergard. Please do not buy up the rest of Long Island, because we need a new kitchen garden very badly."

Rosamund scarcely nodded his dismissal. And the next moment Neergard found himself quite alone, standing with the smirk still stamped on his stiffened features, his hat brim and gloves crushed in his rigid fingers, his little black mousy eyes fixed on nothing, as usual.

A wandering head waiter thought they were fixed on him and sidled up hopeful of favors, but Neergard suddenly snarled in his face and moved toward the door, wiping the perspiration from his nose with the most splendid handkerchief ever displayed east of Sixth Avenue and west of Third.

Mrs. Ruthven's motor moved up from its waiting station; Rosamund was quite ready to enter when Alixe said cordially: "Where can we drop you, dear? Do let us take you to the exchange if you are going there——"

Now Rosamund had meant to go wherever they were going, merely because they evidently wished to be alone. The abrupt-

ness of the check both irritated and amused her."

"If I knew anybody in the Bronx I'd make you take me there," she said vindictively; "but as I don't you may drop me at the Orchils'—you uncivil creatures. Gerald, I know *you* want me, anyway, because you've promised to adore, honor, and obey me. If you'll come with me now I'll play double dummy with you. No? Well, of all ingratitude! . . . Thank you, dear, I perceive that this is Fifth Avenue, and furthermore that this ramshackle chassis of yours has apparently broken down at the Orchils' curb. . . . Good-by, Gerald; it never did run smooth, you know. I mean the course of T. L. as well as this motor. Try to be a good boy and keep moving; a rolling stone acquires a polish, and you are not in the moss-growing business, I'm sure——"

"Rosamund! For goodness sake!" protested Alixe, her gloved hands at her ears.

"Dear!" said Rosamund cheerfully, "take your horrid little boy!"

And she smiled dazzlingly upon Gerald, then turned up her pretty nose at him, but permitted him to attend her to the door.

When he returned to Alixe, and the car was speeding parkward, he began again, eagerly:

"Jack asked me to come up and, of course, I let you know, as I promised I would. But it's all right, Mrs. Ruthven, because Jack said the stakes will not be high this time——"

"You accepted!" demanded Alixe, in quick displeasure.

"Why, yes—as the stakes are not to amount to anything——"

"You promised me that you would not play again in my house!"

"Well, I meant for high stakes; I—well, you don't want to drive me out altogether—even from the perfectly harmless pleasure of playing for nominal stakes——"

"Yes, I do!"

"W-why?" asked the boy in hurt surprise.

"Because it is dangerous sport, Gerald——"

"What! To play for a few cents a point——"

"Yes, to play for anything. And as far as that goes there will be no such play as you imagine."

"Yes, there will—I beg your pardon—but Jack Ruthven said so——"

"Gerald, listen to me. A bo—a man like yourself has no business playing with people

whose losses never interfere with their appetites next day. A business man has no right to play such a game, anyway. I wonder what Mr. Neergard would say if he knew you——"

"Neergard! Why, he does know."

"You confessed to him?"

"Y-es; I had to. I was obliged to—to ask somebody for an advance——"

"You went to him? Why didn't you go to Captain Selwyn?—or to Mr. Gerard?"

"I did!—not to Captain Selwyn—I was ashamed to. But I went to Austin and he fired up and lit into me—and we had a muss-up—and I've stayed away since."

"O Gerald! And it simply proves me right."

"No, it doesn't; I did go to Neergard and made a clean breast of it. And he let me have what I wanted like a good fellow——"

"And made you promise not to do it again!"

"No, he didn't; he only laughed. Besides, he said that he wished he had been in the game——"

"What!" exclaimed Alixe.

"He's a first-rate fellow," insisted Gerald, reddening; "and it was very nice of you to let me bring him over to-day. And he knows everybody downtown, too. He comes from a very old Dutch family, but he had to work pretty hard and do without college. I'd like it awfully if you'd let me—if you wouldn't mind being civil to him—once or twice, you know——"

Mrs. Ruthven lay back in her seat, thoroughly annoyed.

"My theory," insisted the boy with generous conviction, "is that a man is what he makes himself. It's all rot, this aping the caste rules of established aristocracies; a decent fellow ought to be encouraged. Anyway, I'm going to propose him for the Stuyvesant and the Proscenium. Why not?"

"I see. And now you propose to bring him to my house?"

"If you'll let me. I asked Jack and he seemed to think it might be all right if you cared to ask him to play——"

"I won't!" cried Alixe, revolted. "I will not turn my drawing-rooms into a clearing house for every money-laden social derelict in town! I've had enough of that; I've endured the accumulated wreckage too long!—weird treasure craft full of steel and oil and coal and wheat and Heaven knows what!—I won't do it, Gerald; I'm sick of it all—sick! sick!"

The outburst stunned the boy.

"I will not make a public gambling hell out of my own house!" she repeated, dark eyes very bright and cheeks afire; "I will not continue to stand sponsor for a lot of queer people simply because they don't care what they lose in Mrs. Ruthven's house. You babble to me of limits, Gerald; this is the limit! Do you—or does anybody else suppose I don't know what is being said about us?—that play is too high in our house?—that we are not too *difficile* in our choice of intimates as long as they can stand the pace!"

"I—I never believed that," insisted the boy, miserable to see the tears flash in her eyes and her mouth quiver.

"You may as well believe it for it's true!" she said, exasperated.

"T-true!—Mrs. Ruthven!"

"Yes, true, Gerald! I—I don't care whether you know it; I don't care, as long as you stay away. I'm sick of it all, I tell you. Do you think I was educated for this?—for the wife of a chevalier of industry——"

"M-Mrs. Ruthven!" he gasped; but she was absolutely reckless now—and beneath it all, perhaps, lay a certainty of the boy's honor; but whether or not she knew he was to be trusted—was the safest receptacle for wrath so long repressed—she let prudence go with a parting and vindictive slap, and opened her heart to the astounded boy. The tempest lasted a few seconds; then she ended as abruptly as she began.

"Dear Mrs. Ruthven," he blurted out with clumsy sympathy, "you mustn't think such things, b—because they're all rot, you see; and if any fellow ever said those things to me I'd jolly soon——"

"Do you mean to say you've never heard us criticised?"

"I—well—everybody is—criticised, of course——"

"But not as we are! Do you read the papers? Well, then, do you understand how a woman must feel to have her husband continually made the butt of foolish, absurd, untrue stories—as though he were a performing poodle! Men call me restless. What wonder! Women link my name with any man who is k-kind to me! What woman would not be restless whose private affairs are the gossip of everybody? Was it not enough that I endured terrific publicity when—when trouble overtook me two years ago? . . . I suppose I'm a fool to talk like this; but a girl must do it some time or burst!—and to whom am I to go? . . . There was only one person; and

I can't talk to—that one; he—that person knows too much about me, anyway; which is not good for a woman, Gerald, not good for a good woman. . . . I mean a pretty good woman; the kind people's sisters can still talk to, you know. . . . For I'm nothing more interesting than a divorcee, Gerald; nothing more dangerous than an unhappy little fool. . . . I wish I were. . . . But I'm still at the wheel! . . . A man I know calls it hard steering but assures me that there's anchorage ahead. . . . He's a splendid fellow, Gerald; you ought to know him—well—some day; he's just a clean-cut, human, blundering, erring, unreasonable, lovable man whom any woman, who is not a fool herself, could manage. . . . Peace to him!—if there's any in the world. . . . Turn your back; I'm sniveling."

A moment afterwards she had calmed completely; and now she stole a curious side glance at the boy and blushed a little when he looked back at her earnestly. Then she smiled and quietly withdrew the hand he had been holding so tightly in both of his.

"So there we are, my poor friend," she concluded with a shrug; "the old penny shocker, you know, 'Alone in a great city!' . . . I've dropped my handkerchief."

"I want you to believe me your friend," said Gerald, in the low, resolute voice of unintentional melodrama.

"Why, thank you; are you so sure you want that, Gerald?"

"Yes, as long as I live!" he declared, generous emotion in the ascendant. A pretty woman upset him very easily even under normal circumstances. But beauty in distress knocked him flat—as it does every wholesome boy who is worth his salt.

"I had no idea that *you* were lonely," he declared.

"Sometimes I am, a little, Gerald." She ought to have known better. Perhaps she did.

"Well," he began, "couldn't I come and——"

"No, Gerald."

"I mean just to see you sometimes and have another of these jolly talks——"

"Do you call this a jolly talk?"—with deep reproach.

"Why—not exactly; but I'm awfully interested, Mrs. Ruthven, and we understand each other so well——"

"I don't understand *you*," she was imprudent enough to say.

This was delightful! Certainly he must be

a particularly sad and subtle dog if this clever but misunderstood young matron found him what in romance is known as an "enigma."

She was very light-hearted that evening when she dropped him at the Stuyvesant Club and whizzed away to her own house, for he had promised not to play again on her premises, and she had promised to be nice to him and take him about when she was shy of an escort. She also repeated that he was truly an "enigma" and that she was beginning to be a little afraid of him. Which was an economical way of making him very proud and happy. Being his first case of beauty in distress, and his first harmless love affair with a married woman, he looked about him as he entered the club and felt truly that he had already outgrown the young and callow innocents who haunted it.

Alixé smilingly reviewed the episode until doubt of Selwyn's approval crept in again; and her amused smile had faded when she reached her home. The house of Ruthven was a small but ultra-modern limestone affair, between Madison and Fifth; pocket edition of the larger mansions of their friends, but with less excuse for the overelaboration since the dimensions were only twenty by a hundred.

However, into this limestone bonbon box tripped Mrs. Ruthven, mounted the miniature stairs with a whirl of her scented skirts, peeped into the drawing-room, but continued mounting until she whipped into her own apartments, separated from those of her lord and master by a locked door.

That is, the door had been locked for a long, long time; but presently, to her intense surprise and annoyance, it slowly opened, and a little man appeared in slippered feet.

He was a little man, and plump, and at first glance his face appeared boyish and round and quite guiltless of hair or of any hope of it.

But, as he came into the electric light, the hardness of his features was apparent; he was no boy; a strange idea that he had never been, assailed some people; his face was puffy and pallid and faint blue shadows hinted of closest shaving; and the line from the wing of the nostrils to the nerveless corners of his thin, hard mouth had been deeply bitten by the acid of unrest.

For the remainder he wore pale-rose pyjamas under a silk-and-silver kimono, an obi pierced with a jeweled scarf pin; and he was smoking a cigarette as thin as a straw.

"Well!" said his young wife in astonished

displeasure, instinctively tucking her feet—from which her maid had just removed the shoes—under her own chamber robe.

"Send her out a moment," he said, with a nod of his head toward the maid. His voice was agreeable and full—a trifle precise and overcultivated, perhaps.

When the maid retired, Alixé sat up on the lounge, drawing her skirts down over her small stockinged feet.

"What on earth is the matter?" she demanded.

"The matter is," he said, "that Gerald has just telephoned me from the Stuyvesant that he isn't coming."

"Well?"

"No, it isn't well. This is some of your meddling."

"What if it is?" she retorted; but her breath was coming quicker.

"I'll tell you; you can get up and ring him up and tell him you expect him to-night."

"I won't do it, Jack. What do you want him for? He can't play with the people who play here; he doesn't know the rudiments of play. He's only a boy; his money is so tied up that he has to borrow if he loses very much. There's no sport in playing with a boy like that——"

"So you've said before, I believe, but I'm better qualified to judge than you are. Are you going to call him up?"

"No, I am not."

He turned paler. "Get up and go to that telephone!"

"You little whippet," she said slowly, "I was once a soldier's wife—the only decent thing I ever have been. This bullying ends now—here, at this instant! If you've any dirty work to do, do it yourself. I've done my share and I've finished."

He was astonished; that was plain enough. But it was the sudden overwhelming access of fury that weakened him and made him turn, hand outstretched, blindly seeking for a chair. Rage, even real anger, were emotions he seldom had to reckon with, for he was a very tired and bored and burned-out gentleman, and vivid emotion was not good for his arteries, the doctors told him.

He found his chair, stood a moment with his back toward his wife, then very slowly let himself down into the chair and sat facing her.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "You've got to stop your interference with my affairs, and stop it now."

"I am not interested in your affairs," she

said unsteadily, still shaken by her own revolt, still under the shock of her own arousing to a resistance that had been long, long overdue. "If you mean," she went on, "that the ruin of this boy is your affair, then I'll make it mine from this moment. I've told you that he shall not play; and he shall not. And while I'm about it I'll admit what you are preparing to accuse me of; I *did* make Sandon Craig promise to keep away; I *did* try to make that little fool Scott Innis promise, too; and when he wouldn't I informed his father. . . . And every time you try your dirty bucket-shop methods on boys like that, I'll do the same."

He swore at her quite calmly; she smiled, shrugged, and, imprisoning her knees in her clasped hands, leaned back and looked at him.

"What a ninny I have been," she said, "to be afraid of you so long!"

A gleam crossed his faded eyes, but he let her remark pass for the moment. Then, when he was quite sure that violent emotion had been exhausted within him:

"Do you want your bills paid?" he asked. "Because, if you do, Fane, Harmon & Co. are not going to pay them."

"We are living beyond our means?" she inquired disdainfully.

"Not if you will be good enough to mind your business, my friend. I've managed this establishment on our winnings for two years. It's a detail; but you might as well know it. My association with Fane, Harmon & Co. runs the Newport end of it, and nothing more."

"I see; I am to stop my meddling and you are to continue your downtown gambling in your own house in the evenings."

"Precisely. It happens that I am sufficiently familiar with the stock market to make a decent living out of the Exchange; and it also happens that I am sufficiently fortunate with cards to make the pleasure of playing fairly remunerative. Any man who can put up proper margin has a right to my services; any man whom I invite and who can take up his notes, has a right to play under my roof. If his note goes to protest, he forfeits that right. Now will you kindly explain to yourself exactly how this matter can be of any interest to you?"

"I have explained it," she said wearily. "Will you please go, now?"

"You make a point of excluding Gerald?"

"Yes."

"Very well; I'll telephone Draymore. And"—he looked back from the door of his own apartments—"I got Julius Neergard on the wire this afternoon and he'll dine with us."

He gathered up his shimmering kimono, hesitated, halted, and again looked back.

"When you're dressed," he drawled, "I've a word to say to you about the game to-night, and another about Gerald."

"I shall not play," she retorted scornfully, "nor will Gerald."

"Oh, yes, you will—and play your best, too, And I'll expect him next time."

"I shall not play!"

He said deliberately: "You will not only play, but play cleverly; and in the interim, while dressing, you will reflect how much more agreeable it is to play cards here than the fool at ten o'clock at night in the bachelor apartments of your late lamented."

And he entered his room; and his wife, getting blindly to her feet, every atom of color gone from lip and cheek, stood rigid, both small hands clutching the footboard of the gilded bed.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNEXPECTED

DIFFERENCES of opinion between himself and Neergard concerning the ethics of good taste involved in forcing the Siowitha Club matter, Gerald's decreasing attention to business and increasing intimacy with the Fane-Ruthven coterie, began to make Selwyn very uncomfortable. The boy's close relations with Neergard worried him most of all; and though Neergard finally agreed to drop the Siowitha matter as a fixed policy in which Selwyn had been expected to participate at some indefinite date, the arrangement seemed only to cement the man's confidential companionship with Gerald.

They left the office together frequently, now; they often lunched uptown. Whether they were in each other's company evenings, Selwyn did not know, for Gerald no longer volunteered information as to his whereabouts or doings. And all this hurt Selwyn, and alarmed him, too, for he was slowly coming to the conclusion that he did not like Neergard, that he would never sign articles of partnership with him, and that even his formal association with the company was too close a relation for his own peace of mind.

However, detail and routine, the simpler

alphabet of the business, continued to occupy him; he consulted both Neergard and Gerald as usual; they often consulted him or pretended to do so; land was bought and sold and resold, new projects discussed, new properties appraised, new mortgage loans negotiated; and solely because of his desire to remain near Gerald, this sort of thing might have continued indefinitely. But Neergard broke his word to him.

And one morning, before he left his rooms at Mrs. Greeve's lodgings to go downtown, Percy Draymore called him up on the telephone; and as that overfed young man's usual rising hour was notoriously nearer noon than eight o'clock, it surprised Selwyn to be asked to remain in his rooms for a little while until Draymore and one or two friends could call on him personally concerning a matter of importance.

He therefore breakfasted leisurely; and he was still scanning the real estate columns of a morning paper when Mrs. Greeve came panting to his door and ushered in a file of rather sleepy but important-looking gentlemen, evidently unaccustomed to being abroad so early, and bored to death with their experience.

They were men he knew only formally, or, at best, merely as fellow club members; men whom he met when a dance or dinner took him out of the less pretentious sets he personally affected; men whom the newspapers and the public knew too well to speak of as "well known."

First, there was Percy Draymore, overgroomed for a gentleman, fat, good-humored, and fashionable—one of the famous Draymore family noted solely for their money and their tight grip on it; then came Sanxon Orchil, the famous banker and promoter, small, urbane, dark, with that rich, almost oriental, coloring which he may have inherited from his Cordova ancestors.

Then came a fox-faced young man, Phoenix Mottly, elegant arbiter of all pertaining to polo and the hunt—slim-legged, hatchet-faced—and more presentable in the saddle than out of it. He was followed by Bradley Harmon, with his washed-out coloring of a consumptive Swede and his corn-colored beard; and, looming in the rear like an amiable brontosaurus, George Fane, whose swaying neck carried his head as a camel carries his, nodding as he walks.

"Well!" said Selwyn, perplexed but cordial as he exchanged amenities with each gen-

tleman who entered, "this is a killing combination of pleasure and mortification—because I haven't any more breakfast to offer you unless you'll wait until I ring for the Sultana——"

"Breakfast! Oh, I've breakfasted on a pill and a glass of vichy for ten years," protested Draymore, "and the others either have swallowed their cocktails, or won't do it until luncheon. I say, Selwyn, you must think this a devilishly unusual proceeding."

"Pleasantly unusual, Draymore. Is this a delegation to tend me the nomination for the down-and-out club, perhaps?"

Fane spoke up languidly: "It rather looks as though we were the down-and-out delegation at present; doesn't it, Orchil?"

"I don't know," said Orchil; "it seems a trifle more promising to me since I've had the pleasure of seeing Captain Selwyn face to face. Go on, Percy; let the horrid facts be known."

"Well—er—oh, hang it all!" blurted out Draymore, "we heard last night how that fellow—how Neergard has been tampering with our farmers—what underhand tricks he has been playing us; and I frankly admit to you that we're a worried lot of near sports. That's what this dismal *matinée* signifies; and we've come to ask you what it all really means."

"We lost no time, you see," added Orchil.

"We lost no time," repeated Draymore, "because it's a devilish unsavory situation for us. The Siowitha Club fully realizes it, Captain Selwyn, and its members—some of 'em—thought that perhaps—er—you—ah—being the sort of man who can—ah—understand the sort of language we understand, it might not be amiss to—to——"

"Why did you not call on Mr. Neergard?" asked Selwyn coolly.

Draymore hesitated, then with the brutality characteristic of the overfed: "I don't give a damn, Captain Selwyn, what Neergard thinks; but I do want to know what a gentleman like yourself, accidentally associated with that man, thinks of this questionable proceeding."

"Do you mean by 'questionable proceeding' your coming here?—or do you refer to the firm's position in this matter?" asked Selwyn sharply. "Because, Draymore, I am not very widely experienced in the customs and usages of commercial life, and I do not know whether it is usual for an associate member of a firm to express, unauthorized, his views on

matters concerning the firm to any Tom, Dick, or Harry who questions him."

"But you know what is the policy of your own firm," suggested Harmon, wincing, and displaying his teeth under his bright red lips; "and all we wish to know is, what Neergard expects us to pay for this rascally lesson in the a-b-c of Long Island realty."

"I don't know," replied Selwyn, bitterly annoyed, "what Mr. Neergard proposes to do. And if I did I should refer you to him. I did not know that Mr. Neergard had acquired control of the property. And, gentlemen, may I ask why you feel at liberty to come to me instead of to Mr. Neergard?"

"A desire to deal with one of our own kind, I suppose," returned Draymore bluntly. "And, for that matter," he said, turning to the others, "we might have known that Captain Selwyn could have had no hand in and no knowledge of such an underbred and dirty——"

Harmon plucked him by the sleeve, but Draymore shook him off, his little piggish eyes sparkling.

"What do I care!" he sneered, losing his temper; "we're in the clutches of a vulgar, skinflint Dutchman, and he'll wring us dry whether or not we curse him out. Didn't I tell you that Philip Selwyn had nothing to do with it? If he had, and I was wrong, our journey here might as well have been made to Neergard's office. For any man who will do such a filthy thing——"

"One moment, Draymore," cut in Selwyn, and his voice rang unpleasantly; "if you are simply complaining because you have been outwitted, go ahead; but if you think there has really been any dirty business in this matter, go to Mr. Neergard. Otherwise, being his associate, I shall not only decline to listen but also ask you to leave my apartments."

"Captain Selwyn is perfectly right," observed Orchil coolly. "Do you think, Draymore, that it is very good taste in you to come into a man's place and begin slanging and cursing a member of his firm for crooked work?"

"Besides," added Mottly, "it's not crooked; it's only contemptible. Anyway, we know with whom we have to deal now; but some of you fellows must do the dealing—I'd rather pay and keep away than ask Neergard to go easy, and have him do it."

"I don't know," said Fane, grinning his saurian grin, "why you all assume that Neergard is such a social outcast. I played cards

with him last week and he lost like a gentleman."

"I didn't say he was a social outcast," retorted Mottly—"because he's never been inside of anything to be cast out, you know."

"He seems to be inside this deal," ventured Orchil with his suave smile. And to Selwyn, who had been restlessly facing first one, then another: "We came—it was the idea of several among us—to put the matter up to you. Which was rather foolish, because you couldn't have engineered the thing and remained what we know you to be. So——"

"Wait!" said Selwyn brusquely; "I do not admit for one moment that there is anything dishonorable in this deal!—nor do I accept your right to question it from that standpoint. As far as I can see, it is one of those operations considered clever among business folk, and admired and laughed over in reputable business circles. And I have no doubt that hundreds of well-meaning business men do that sort of thing daily—yes, thousands!" He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Because I personally have not chosen to engage in matters of this—ah—description, is no reason for condemning the deal or its method——"

"Every reason!" said Orchil laughing cordially—"every reason, Captain Selwyn. Thank you; we know now exactly where we stand. It was very good of you to let us come, and I'm sorry some of us had the bad taste to show any temper——"

"He means me," added Draymore, offering his hand; "good-by, Captain Selwyn; I dare say we are up against it hard."

"Because we've got to buy in that property or close up the Siowitha," added Mottly, coming over to make his adieux. "By the way, Selwyn, you ought to be one of us in the Siowitha——"

"Thank you, but isn't this rather an awkward time to suggest it?" said Selwyn good-humoredly.

Fane burst into a sonorous laugh and wagged his neck, saying: "Not at all! Not at all! Your reward for having the decency to stay out of the deal is an invitation from us to come in and be squeezed into a jelly by Mr. Neergard. Haw! Haw!"

And so, one by one, with formal or informal but evidently friendly leave-taking, they went away. And Selwyn followed them presently and took the Subway at Forty-second Street for his office.

As he entered the elaborate suite of rooms he noticed some bright new placards dangling

from the walls of the general office, and halted to read them:

WHY PAY RENT!

What would you say if we built a house for you in Beautiful Siowitha Park and gave you ten years to pay for it!

If anybody says

YOU ARE A FOOL!

to expect this, refer him to us and we will answer him according to his folly.

TO PAY RENT

when you might own a home in Beautiful Siowitha Park, is not wise. We expect to furnish plans, or build after your own plans.

ALL CITY IMPROVEMENTS

are contemplated.
Map and plans of
Beautiful Siowitha Park
Will probably be ready
In the Near Future.

Julius Neergard & Co.
Long Island Real Estate.

Selwyn reddened with anger and beckoned to a clerk:

"Is Mr. Neergard in his office?"

"Yes, sir, with Mr. Erroll."

"Please say that I wish to see him."

He went into his own office, pocketed his mail, and still wearing hat and gloves came out again just as Gerald was leaving Neergard's office.

"Hello, Gerald!" he said pleasantly; "have you anything on for to-night?"

"Y-es," said the boy, embarrassed—"but if there is anything I can do for you——"

"Not unless you are free for the evening," returned the other; "are you?"

"I'm awfully sorry——"

"Oh, all right. Let me know when you expect to be free—telephone me at my rooms——"

"I'll let you know when I see you here to-morrow," said the boy; but Selwyn shook his head: "I'm not coming here to-morrow, Gerald"; and he walked leisurely into Neergard's office and seated himself.

"So you have committed the firm to the Siowitha deal?" he inquired coolly.

Neergard looked up—and then past him: "No, not the firm. You did not seem to be interested in the scheme, so I went on without you. I'm swinging it for my personal account."

"Is Mr. Erroll in it?"

"I said that it was a private matter," replied Neergard, but his manner was affable.

"I thought so; it appears to me like a matter quite personal to you and characteristic of you, Mr. Neergard. And that being established, I am now ready to dissolve whatever very loose ties have ever bound me in any association with this company and yourself."

Neergard's close-set black eyes shifted a point nearer to Selwyn's; the sweat on his nose glistened.

"Why do you do this?" he asked slowly. "Has anybody offended you?"

"Do you *really* wish to know?"

"Yes, I certainly do, Captain Selwyn."

"Very well; it's because I don't like your business methods, I don't like—several other things that are happening in this office. It's purely a difference of views; and that is enough explanation, Mr. Neergard."

"I think our views may very easily coincide——"

"You are wrong; they could not. I ought to have known that when I came back here. And now I have only to thank you for receiving me, at my own request, for a six months' trial, and to admit that I am not qualified to cooperate with this kind of a firm."

"That," said Neergard angrily, "amounts to an indictment of the firm. If you express yourself in that manner outside, the firm will certainly resent it!"

"My personal tastes will continue to govern my expressions, Mr. Neergard; and I believe will prevent any further business relations between us. And, as we never had any other kind of relations, I have merely to arrange the details through an attorney."

Neergard looked after him in silence; the tiny beads of sweat on his nose united and rolled down in a big shining drop, and the sneer etched on his broad and brightly mottled features deepened to a snarl when Selwyn had disappeared.

For the social prestige which Selwyn's name had brought the firm, he had patiently endured his personal dislike and contempt for the man after he found he could do nothing with him in any way.

He had accepted Selwyn purely in the hope of social advantage, and with the knowledge that Selwyn could have done much for him after business hours; if not from friendship, at least from interest, or a lively sense of benefits to come. For that reason he had invited him to participate in the valuable Siowitha deal, supposing a man as comparatively poor as

Selwyn would not only jump at the opportunity, but also prove sufficiently grateful later. And he had been amazed and disgusted at Selwyn's attitude. But he had not supposed the man would sever his connection with the firm if he, Neergard, went ahead on his own responsibility. It astonished and irritated him; it meant, instead of selfish or snobbish indifference to his own social ambitions, an enemy to block his entrance into what he desired, the society of those made notorious in the columns of the daily press.

He was fairly on the outer boundary now, though still very far outside. But a needy gentleman inside was already compromised and practically pledged to support him; for his meeting with Jack Ruthven through Gerald had proven of greatest importance. He had lost gracefully to Ruthven; and in doing it had taken that gentleman's measure. And though Ruthven himself was a member of the Siowitha, Neergard had made no error in taking him secretly into the deal where together they were now in a position to exploit the club, from which Ruthven, of course, would resign in time to escape any assessment himself.

About that time Boots Lansing very quietly bought a house on Manhattan Island. It was a small, narrow, three-storied house of brick, rather shabby on the outside, and situated on a modest block between Lexington and Park Avenues, where the newly married of the younger set were arriving in increasing numbers, prepared to pay the penalty for all love matches.

It was an unexpected move to Selwyn; he had not been aware of Lansing's contemplated desertion; and that morning, returning from his final interview with Neergard, he was astonished to find his comrade's room bare of furniture, and a hasty and exclamatory note on his own table:

"Phil! I've bought a house! Come and see it! You'll find me in it! Carpetless floors and unpapered walls! It's the happiest day of my life!

"Boots! ! ! House-owner! ! !"

And Selwyn, horribly depressed, went down after a solitary luncheon and found Lansing sitting on a pile of dusty rugs, ecstatically inspecting the cracked ceiling.

"Isn't it fascinating!" cried Boots. "Phil, all this real estate is mine! And the idea makes me silly-headed. I've been sitting on this pile of rugs pretending that I'm in the

midst of vast and expensive improvements and alterations; and estimating the cost of them has frightened me half to death. I tell you I never had such fun, Phil. Come on; we'll start at the cellar."

"Isn't it a corker! Isn't it fine!" repeated Lansing every few minutes. "I wouldn't exchange it for any mansion on Fifth Avenue!"

"You'd be a fool to," agreed Selwyn gravely.

"I'm going to have the entire thing done over—room by room—when I can afford it. Meanwhile *j'y suis, j'y reste*. . . Look there, Phil! That's to be your room."

"It's very good of you, Boots, but I can't do it."

Lansing faced him: "*Won't* you?"

Selwyn, smiling, shook his head; and the other knew it was final.

"Well, the room will be there—furnished the way you and I like it. When you want it, make smoke signals or wigwag."

"I will; thank you, Boots."

Lansing said unaffectedly, "How soon do you think you can afford a house like this?"

"I don't know; you see, I've only my income now——"

"Plus what you make at the office——"

"I've left Neergard."

"What!"

"This morning; for good."

"The deuce!" he murmured, looking at Selwyn; but the latter volunteered no further information, and Lansing, having given him the chance, cheerfully switched to the other track:

"Shall I see whether the Air Line has anything in *your* line, Phil? No? Well, what are you going to do?"

"I don't exactly know what I shall do. . . . If I had capital—enough—I think I'd start in making bulk and dense powders—all sorts; gun-cotton, nitro-powders——"

"You mean you'd like to go on with your own invention—Chaosite?"

"I'd like to keep on experimenting with it if I could afford to. Perhaps I will. But it's not yet a commercial possibility—if it ever is to be. I wish I could control it; the ignition is simultaneous and absolutely complete, and there is not a trace of ash, not an unburned or partly burned particle. But it's not to be trusted, and I don't know what happens to it after a year's storage."

"Anyway," said Lansing, "you've nothing to worry over."

"No, nothing," assented Selwyn listlessly.

After a silence Lansing added: "But you do a lot of worrying all the same, Phil."

Selwyn flushed up: "You've been talking to my sister!"

"What of it? Besides, I knew there was something the matter."

And, as Selwyn said nothing: "For Heaven's sake make up your mind to enjoy your life! You are fitted to enjoy it. Get that absurd notion out of your head that you're done for—that you've no home life in prospect, no family life, no children——"

Selwyn, too annoyed to answer, glared at his friend.

"Oh, I know you don't like it, Phil, but what I'm saying may do you good. It's fine physic, to learn what others think about you. You have everything before you, including domestic happiness, which you care for more than anything. And there is no reason why you should not have it—no reason why you should not feel perfectly free to marry, and have a bunch of corking kids. It's not only your right, it's your business; and you're selfish if you don't!"

"Boots! I—I——"

"Go on!"

"I'm not going to swear; I'm only hurt, Boots——"

"Sure you are! Medicine's working. You know what I say is true. You've no right to club the natural and healthy inclinations out of yourself. The day for fanatics and dippy, dotty flagellants is past. The man who grabs life in both fists and twists the essence out of it, counts. But the man who has been upper-cut and floored, and who takes the count, and then goes and squats in a corner to brood over the fancy licks that Fate handed him—he isn't dealing fairly and squarely by his principals or by a decent and generous world that stands to back him for the next round."

"You preach a very gay sermon, Boots," he said, folding his arms. "I've heard something similar from my sister. As a matter of fact I think you are partly right, too; but I don't wish to marry, Boots; I am not in love, therefore the prospect of home and kids is premature and vague, isn't it?"

"As long as it's a prospect or a possibility I don't care how vague it is," said the other cordially. "Will you admit it's a possibility? That's all I ask."

"If it will please you, yes, I will admit it. I have altered certain ideas, Boots; I cannot just now conceive of any circumstances under which I should feel justified in marrying, but

such circumstances might arise; I'll say that much."

Sitting there in the carpetless room piled high with dusty, linen-shrouded furniture, he looked around, an involuntary smile twitching his mouth.

"What about *your* marrying," he said—"after all this talk about mine! What about it, Boots? Is this new house the first modest step toward the matrimony you laud so loudly?"

"Sure," said that gentleman airily; "that's what I'm here for."

"You mean you actually have somebody in view——?"

"No, son. I've always been in love with—love. I'm a sentimental sentry on the ramparts of reason. I'm properly armed for trouble, now, so if I'm challenged I won't let my chance slip by me. I'm all ready for the only girl in the world; and if she ever gets away from me I'll give you my house, cellar, and back yard including the wistaria and both cats——"

"You have neither wistaria nor cats—yet."

"Neither am I specifically in love—yet. So that's all right—Philip. Come on; let's take another look at that fascinating cellar of mine!"

But Selwyn laughingly declined, and after a little while he went away, first to look up a book which he was having bound for Eileen, then to call on his sister who, with Eileen, had just returned from a week at Silverside with the children, preliminary to moving the entire establishment there for the coming summer; for the horses and dogs had already gone; also Kit-Ki, a pessimistic parrot, and the children's two Norwegian ponies.

"Silverside is too lovely for words!" exclaimed Nina as Selwyn entered the library. "The children almost went mad. You should have seen the dogs, too—tearing round and round the lawn in circles—poor things! They were crazy for the fresh, new turf. And Kit-Ki! she lay in the sun and rolled and rolled until her fur was perfectly filthy. Nobody wanted to come away; Eileen made straight for the surf; but it was an arctic sea, and as soon as I found out what she was doing I made her come out."

"I should think you would," he said; "nobody can do that and thrive."

"She seems to," said Nina; "she was simply glorious after the swim, and I hated to put a stop to it. And you should see her drying her hair and helping Plunket to roll the tennis

courts—that hair of hers blowing like gold flames, and her sleeves rolled to her armpits!—and you should see her down in the dirt playing marbles with Billy and Drina. Totally unspoiled, Phil!—in spite of all the success of her first winter!—and do you know that she had no end of men seriously entangled? I don't mind your knowing—but Sudbury Gray came to me, and I told him he'd better wait, but in he blundered and—he's done for, now; and so are my plans. And then, who on earth do you think came waddling into the arena? Percy Draymore! And there were others, too, callow for the most part. . . . Phil?"

"What?" he said, laughing.

His sister regarded him smilingly, then partly turned around and perched herself on the padded arm of a great chair.

"Phil, *am* I garrulous?"

"No, dear; you are far too reticent."

"No; I want you to be serious. Because it is a very, very important matter, Phil—this thing that has—has—almost happened. . . . It's about Eileen. . . . And it really has happened."

"What has she done?" he asked curiously.

"Phil, dear, a young girl—a very young girl—is a rapid and uninteresting proposition to a man of thirty-five; isn't she?"

"Rather—in some ways."

"In what way is she not?"

"Well—to me, for example—she is acceptable as children are acceptable—a blessed, sweet, clean relief from the women of the Fanes' set, for example."

"Like Rosamund?"

"Yes. And, Ninette, you and Austin seem to be drifting out of the old circles—the sort that you and I were accustomed to. You don't mind my saying it, do you?—but there were so many people in this town who had something besides millions—amusing, well-bred, jolly people who had no end of good times, but who didn't gamble and guzzle and stuff themselves and their friends—who were not eternally hanging around other people's wives. Where are they, dear?"

"If you are indicting all of my friends, Phil——"

"I don't mean all of your friends—only a small proportion—which, however, connects your circle with that deadly, idle, brainless bunch—the insolent chatterers at the opera, the gorged dowagers, the worn-out, passionless men, the enervated matrons of the summer capital, the chlorotic squatters on huge

yachts, the speed-mad fugitives from the furies of ennui, the neurotic victims of mental cirrhosis, the jeweled animals whose moral code is the code of the barnyard——!"

"Philip!"

"Oh, I don't mean that they are any more vicious than the idle and mentally incompetent in any walk of life. But everywhere, in every quarter and class and set and circle there is always the depraved; and the logical links that connect them are unbroken from Fifth Avenue to Chinatown, from the half-crazed extravagances of the Orchils' Louis XIV ball to a New Year's reception at the Haymarket where Troy Lil's diamonds outshine the phony pearls of Hoboken Fanny, and Hatpin Molly leads the spiel with Clarence the Pig."

"What in the world is the matter?" she exclaimed in dismay. "You are talking like the wildest socialist."

He laughed. "We have become a nation of what you call 'socialists'—though there are other names for us which mean more. I am not discontented, if that is what you mean; I am only impatient; and there is a difference. . . . And you have just asked me whether a young girl is interesting to me. I answer, yes, thank God!—for the cleaner, saner, happier hours I have spent this winter among my own kind have been spent where the younger set dominated."

"They are good for us, Nina; they are the hope of our own kind—well-taught, well-drilled, wholesome even when negative in mind; and they come into our world so diffident yet so charmingly eager, so finished yet so unspoiled, that—how can they fail to touch a man and key him to his best? How can they fail to arouse in us the best of sympathy, of chivalry, of anxious solicitude lest they become some day as we are and stare at life out of the faded eyes of knowledge!"

Nina sat silent on the padded arm of her chair, looking up at her brother.

"Mad preacher! Mad Mullah!—dear, dear fellow!" she said tenderly; "all ills of the world canst thou discount, but not thine own."

"Those, too," he insisted, laughing; "I had a talk with Boots—but, anyway, I'd already arrived at my own conclusion that—that—I'm rather overdoing this blighted business——"

"Phil!"—in quick delight.

"Yes," he said, reddening nicely; "between you and Boots and myself I've decided that I'm going in for—for whatever any man

is going in for—life! Because I—because, Nina, it's shameful for a man to admit to himself that he cannot make good, no matter how thoroughly he's been hammered to the ropes. And so I'm starting out again. Is *that* plain to you, little sister?"

"Yes, oh, yes, it is!" she murmured; "I am so happy, so proud—but I knew it was in your blood, Phil; I knew that you were merely hurt and stunned—badly hurt, but not fatally!—you could not be; no weaklings come from our race."

"But still our race has always been law-abiding—observant of civil and religious law. If I make myself free again, I take some laws into my own hands."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Well," he said grimly, "for example, I am forbidden, in some States, to marry again—"

"That, too, you know is not just, Phil. You were innocent of wrong-doing; you were chivalrous enough to make no defense—"

"Wrong-doing? Nina, I was such a fool that I was innocent of sense enough to do either good or evil. Yet I did do harm; there never was such a thing as a harmless fool. Once, oppressed by form and theory, I told you that to remarry after divorce was a slap at civilization. Which is true sometimes and sometimes not. Common sense, not laws, must govern a man in that matter. But if any motive except desire to be a decent citizen sways a self-punished man toward self-leniency, then is he unpardonable if he breaks those laws which truly were fashioned for such as he!"

"Saint Simon! Saint Simon! Will you please arise, stretch your limbs, and descend from your pillar?" said Nina; "because I am going to say something that is very, very serious; and very near my heart."

"Is it anything that worries you about Eileen?"

"N-no; not exactly. She is different from the majority, you see—very intelligent, very direct. She is very intense in her—her beliefs—the more so because she is usually free from impulse—even quite ignorant of the deeper emotions; or so I believed until—"

"Is she in *love*?" he asked.

"A little, Phil."

"Does she admit it?" he demanded, unpleasantly astonished.

"She admits it in a dozen innocent ways to me who can understand her; but to herself she

has not admitted it, I think—could not admit it yet; because—because—"

"Who is it?" asked Selwyn; and there was in his voice the slightest undertone of a growl.

"Dear, shall I tell you?"

"Why not?"

"Because—because—Phil, I think that our pretty Eileen is a little in love with—you."

He straightened out to his full height, scarlet to the temples.

"Nina! you are madder than a March heiress!"

"Air your theories, Phil, then come back to realities. The conditions remain; Eileen is certainly a little in love with you; and a little with her means something. Now, the question is, what is to be done?"

"Done? Good heavens! Nothing, of course! There's nothing to do anything about! Nina, you are the most credulous little matchmaker that ever—"

He laughed in spite of himself; then, realizing a little what her confidence had meant he turned a richer red while his perplexed gray eyes began to narrow.

"I am, of course, obliged to believe that you are mistaken," he said; "a man cannot choose but believe in that manner. There is no very young girl—nobody, old or young, whom I like as thoroughly as I do Eileen Erroll. She knows it; so do you, Nina. It is open and above board. I should be very unhappy if anything marred or distorted our friendship. I am quite confident that nothing will."

"In that frame of mind," said his sister, smiling, "you are the healthiest companion in the world for her, for you will either cure her, or she you; and it is all right either way."

"Certainly it will be all right," he said confidently.

For a few moments he paced the room, reflective, quickening his pace all the while; and his sister watched him, silent in her indecision.

"I'm going up to see the kids," he said abruptly.

The children, one and all, were in the Park; but Eileen was sewing in the nursery, and his sister did not call him back as he swung out of the room and up the stairs. But when he had disappeared, Nina dropped into her chair, aware that she had played her best card prematurely; forced by Rosamund, who had just told her that rumor continued to be very busy coupling her brother's name with the name of the woman who once had been his wife.

She had known Alix always—and she had

seen her develop from a talented, restless, erratic, emotional girl, easily moved to generosity, into an impulsive woman, reckless to the point of ruthlessness when ennui and unhappiness stampeded her; a woman not deliberately selfish, not wittingly immoral, for she lacked the passion which her emotion was sometimes mistaken for; and she was kind by instinct.

The consequences of her own errors she refused to be burdened with; to escape somehow was her paramount impulse, and she always tried to—had always attempted it even in school days. Even in those days there were moments when Nina believed her to be actually irrational, but there was every reason not to say so to the heedless scatterbrain whose father, in the prime of life, sat all day in his room, his faded eyes fixed wistfully on the childish toys which his attendant brought to him from his daughter's nursery.

Lately, Alixe had scarcely been at pains to conceal her contempt for her husband, if what Rosamund related was true. It was only one more headlong scrape, this second marriage, and Nina knew Alixe well enough to expect the usual stampede toward that gay phantom which was always beckoning onward to promised happiness—that goal of heart's desire already lying so far behind her. And if that blind hunt should lead once more toward Selwyn? Suppose, freed from Ruthven, she turned in her tracks and threw herself and her youthful unhappiness straight at the man who had not yet destroyed the picture that Nina found when she visited her brother's rooms with the desire to be good to him with rocking chairs!

And Nina was mightily troubled, for Alixe's capacity for mischief was boundless; and that she, in some manner, had already succeeded in stirring up Philip was a rumor that persisted and would not be annihilated.

Frankly to inform a man that a young girl is a little in love with him is one of the oldest, simplest, and easiest methods of interesting that man—unless he happens to be in love with somebody else. And Nina had taken her chances that the picture of Alixe was already too unimportant for the ceremony of incineration. Besides, what she had ventured to say to him was her belief; the child appeared to be utterly absorbed in her increasing intimacy with Selwyn. They had, at his suggestion, taken up together the study of Cretan antiquities—a sort of tender pilgrimage for her, because, with the aid of her

father's and mother's letters, notebooks, and papers, she and Selwyn were following on the map the journeys and discoveries of her father.

But this was not all; Nina's watchful eyes opened wider and wider as she witnessed in Eileen the naissance of an unconscious and delicate coquetry, quite unabashed, yet the more significant for that; and Nina, intent on the new phenomena, began to divine more about Eileen in a single second than the girl could have suspected of herself in a month of introspection and of prayer.

Eileen, sewing by the nursery window, looked up; her little Alsatian maid, cross-legged on the floor at her feet, sewing away diligently, also looked up, then scrambled to her feet as Selwyn halted on the threshold of the room.

"Why, how odd you look!" said Eileen, laughing. "Come in, please; Susanne and I are only mending some of my summer things. Were you in search of the children?—don't say so if you were, because I'm quite happy in believing that you knew I was here. Did you?"

"Where are the children?" he asked.

"In the Park, my very rude friend. You will find them on the Mall if you start at once."

He hesitated, but finally seated himself, omitting the little formal handshake with which they always met, even after an hour's separation. Of course she noticed this, and, bending low above her sewing, wondered why.

His observation of her now was leisurely, calm, and thorough—not so calm, however, when, impatient of his reticence, bending there over her work, she raised her dark-blue eyes to his, her head remaining lowered.

As she bent above the fine linen garment on her knee, needle flying, a sudden memory stirred coldly—the recollection of her ride with Rosamund; and instinctively her clear eyes flew open and she raised her head, turning directly toward him a disturbed gaze he did not this time evade.

In silence their regard lingered; then, satisfied, she smiled again, saying: "Have I been away so long that we must begin all over, Captain Selwyn?"

"Begin what, Eileen?"

"To remember that the silence of selfish preoccupation is a privilege I have not accorded you?"

"I didn't mean to be preoccupied——"

"Oh, worse and worse!" She shook her head and began to thread the needle. "I see that my week's absence has not been very good for you. I knew it the moment you came in with all that guilty absent-minded effrontery which I have forbidden. Now, I suppose I shall have to recommence your subjection. Ring for tea, please. And, Susanne"—speaking in French and gathering up a fluffy heap of mended summer waists—"these might as well be sent to the laundress—thank you, little one, your sewing is always beautiful."

The small maid, blushing with pleasure, left the room, both arms full of feminine apparel; Selwyn rang for tea, then strolled back to the window, where he stood with both hands thrust into his coat pockets, staring out at the sunset.

As he stood there, absently intent on sky and roof and foliage, her soft bantering voice aroused him; and turning he found her beside him, her humorous eyes fixed on his face.

"Suppose," she said, "that we go back to first principles and resume life properly by shaking hands. Shall we?"

He colored up as he took her hand in his; then they both laughed at the very vigorous shake.

"What a horribly unfriendly creature you can be," she said. "Never a greeting, never even a formal expression of pleasure at my return——"

"You have not *returned!*" he said, smiling; "you have been with me every moment, Eileen."

"What a pretty tribute!" she exclaimed; "I am beginning to recognize traces of my training after all. And it is high time, Captain Selwyn, because I was half convinced that you had escaped to the woods again. What, if you please, have you been doing in town since I paroled you? Nothing? Oh, it's very likely. You're probably too ashamed to tell me. Now note the difference between us; I have been madly tearing over turf and dune, up hills, down hillocks, along headlands, shores, and shingle; and I had the happiness of being half frozen in the surf before Nina learned of it and stopped me. When are you coming to Silverside? We go back very soon, now. . . . And I don't feel at all like permitting you to run wild in town when I'm away and playing hopscotch on the lawn with Drina!"

She lay back in her chair, laughing, her hands linked together behind her head.

"Really, Captain Selwyn, I confess I

missed you. It's much better fun when two can see all the things that I saw—the wild roses just a tangle of slender green-mossed stems, the new grass so intensely green, with a touch of metallic iridescence; the cat's-paws chasing each other across the purple inland ponds—and that cheeky red fox that came trotting out of the briers near Wonder Head, and, when he saw me, coolly attempted to stare me out of countenance! Oh, it's all very well to tell you about it, but there is a little something lacking in unshared pleasures. . . . Yes, a great deal lacking. . . . And here is our tea tray at last."

Nina came up to join them. Her brother winced as she smiled triumphantly at him. Then the children charged upstairs, fresh from the Park, clamoring for food; and they fell upon Selwyn's neck, and disarranged his scarf pin, and begged for buttered toast and crumpets.

Nina stood up, waving a crumpet which she had just rescued from Winthrop. "Hark!" she said, "there's the nursery curfew!—and not one wretched infant bathed! Billy! March bathward, my son! Drina, sweetheart, take command. Prune soufflé for the obedient, dry bread for rebels! Come, children!—don't let mother speak to you twice."

"Let's go down to the library," said Eileen to Selwyn—"you are dining with us, of course."

They left the nursery together and descended the stairs to the library. Austin had just come in, and he looked up from his solitary cup of tea as they entered:

"Hello, youngsters! What conspiracy are you up to now? I suppose you sniffed the tea and have come to deprive me. By the way, Phil, I hear that you've sprung the trap on those Siowitha people."

"Neergard has, I believe. I severed my connection with him this morning."

"In that case," said Austin, "I've a job for you——"

"No, old fellow; and thank you with all my heart. I've half made up my mind to live on my income for a while and take up that Chaosite matter again——"

"And blow yourself to smithereens! Why spatter nature thus?"

"No fear," said Selwyn, laughing. "And if it promises anything, I may come to you for advice on how to start it commercially."

"If it doesn't start you heavenward you shall have my advice from a safe distance. I'll telegraph it," said Austin. "But, if it's

not personal, why on earth have you shaken Neergard?"

And Selwyn answered simply: "I don't like him. That is the reason, Austin."

The children from the head of the stairs were now shouting demands for their father; and Austin rose, pretending to grumble.

When Austin had gone, Eileen walked swiftly over to where Selwyn was standing, and looked him directly in the eyes.

"Is all well with Gerald?"

"Y-yes, I suppose so."

"Is he still with Neergard & Co.?"

"Yes, Eileen."

"And *you* don't like Mr. Neergard?"

"N-no."

"Then Gerald must not remain."

He said very quietly: "Eileen, Gerald no longer takes me into his confidence. I am afraid—I know, in fact—that I have little influence with him now. I am sorry; it hurts; but your brother is his own master, and he is at liberty to choose his own friends and his own business policy. I cannot influence him; I have learned that thoroughly. Better that I retain what real friendship he has left for me than destroy it by any attempt, however gentle, to interfere in his affairs."

"Don't give him up," she said, still looking straight into his eyes. "If you care for me, don't give him up."

"Care for you, Eileen! You know I do."

"Yes, I know it. So you will not give up Gerald, will you? He is—is only a boy—you know that; you know he has been—perhaps—indiscreet. But Gerald is only a boy. Stand by him, Captain Selwyn; because Austin does not know how to manage him—really he doesn't. There has been another unpleasant scene between them; Gerald told me."

"Did he tell you why, Eileen?"

"Yes. He told me that he had played cards for money, and he was in debt. I know that sounds—almost disgraceful; but is not his need of help all the greater?"

Selwyn's eyes suddenly narrowed: "Did *you* help him out, this time?"

"I—I—how do you mean, Captain Selwyn?" But the splendid color in her face confirmed his certainty that she had used her own resources to help her brother pay the gambling debt; and he turned away his eyes, angry and silent.

"Yes," she said under her breath, "I did aid him. What of it? Could I refuse?"

"I know. Don't aid him again—that way.

Send him to me, child. I understand such matters; I—that is—" and in sudden exasperation inexplicable, for the moment, to them both: "Don't touch such matters again! They soil, I tell you. I will not have Gerald go to you about such things!"

"Am I to count for nothing, then, when Gerald is in trouble?" she demanded, flushing up.

"Count! Count!" he repeated impatiently; "of course you count! Good heavens! it's women like you who count—and no others—not one single other sort is of the slightest consequence in the world or to it. Count? Child, you control us all; everything of human goodness, of human hope hinges and hangs on you—is made possible, inevitable, because of you!"

What she understood—how much of his incoherence she was able to translate, is a question; but in his eyes and voice there was something simpler to divine; and she stood very still while his roused emotions swept her till her heart leaped up and every vein in her ran fiery pride.

"I am—overwhelmed. I did not consider that I counted—so vitally—in the scheme of things. But I must try to—if you believe all this of me—only you must teach me how to count for something in the world. Will you?"

"Teach you, Eileen. What winning mockery! I teach *you*? Well, then—I teach you this—that a man's blunder is best healed by a man's sympathy. I will stand by Gerald as long as he will let me do so—not alone for your sake, nor only for his, but for my own. I promise you that. Are you contented?"

"Then—thank you, Captain Selwyn."

"No; I thank you for giving me this charge. It means that a man must raise his own standard of living before he can accept such responsibility. You endow me with all that a man ought to be; and my task is doubled; for it is not only Gerald but myself who requires surveillance."

He looked up smilingly serious: "Such women as you alone can fit your brother and me for an endless guard duty over the white standard you have planted on the outer walls of the world."

"You say things to me—sometimes—" she faltered, "that almost hurt with the pleasure they give. You see"—dropping into a great velvet chair—"having been of no serious consequence to anybody for so many years—to be told, suddenly, that I—that I

count so vitally with men—a man like you—

"You don't know," she went on, smiling faintly, "but, oh, the exalted dreams young girls indulge in! And one and all center round some power-inspired attitude of our own when a great crisis comes. And most of all we dream of counting heavily; and more than all we clothe ourselves in the celestial authority which dares to forgive. . . . Is it not pathetically amusing—the mental process of a young girl?—and the paramount theme of her dream is power!—such power as will permit the renunciation of vengeance; such power as will justify the happiness of forgiving? Of men, we naturally dream; but vaguely, in a curious and confused way. Once, when I was fourteen, I saw a volunteer regiment passing; and it halted for a while in front of our house; and a brilliant being on a black horse turned lazily in his saddle and glanced up at our window. Captain Selwyn, it is quite useless for you to imagine what fairy scenes, what wondrous perils, what happy adventures that giltcorded adjutant and I went through in my dreams. Marry him? Indeed I did, scores of times. Rescue him? Regularly. He was wounded, he was attacked by fevers unnumbered, he fled in peril of his life, he vegetated in countless prisons, he was misunderstood, he was a martyr to suspicion, he was falsely accused, falsely condemned. And then, just before the worst occurred, *I* appear!—the inevitable I."

She dropped back into her chair, laughing. Her color was high, her eyes brilliant.

"I've not had you to talk to for a whole week," she said, "and you'll let me; won't you? I can't help it, anyway, because as soon as I see you—crack! a million thoughts wake up in me and clipper-clapper goes my tongue. You are very good for me. You are so thoroughly satisfactory—except when your eyes narrow in that dreadful far-away gaze—which I've forbidden, you understand—*What* have you done to your mustache?"

"Clipped it."

"Oh, I don't like it too short. Can you get hold of it to pull it? It's the only thing that helps you in perplexity to solve problems. You'd be utterly helpless, mentally, without your mustache. When are we to take up our Etruscan symbols again?—or was it Evans's monograph we were laboriously dissecting? And listen! Down at Silverside I've been reading the most delicious thing—the Mimes of Herodas!—oh, so charmingly quaint, so perfectly human, that it seems impossible that they were written two thousand years ago. There's a maid, in one scene, Threissa, who is precisely like anybody's maid—and an old lady, Gyllis—perfectly human, and not Greek but Yankee of to-day! Shall we reread it together?—when you come down to stay with us at Silverside?"

"Indeed we shall," he said, smiling; "which also reminds me——"

He drew from his breast pocket a thin, flat box, twined it round and round, glanced at her, balancing it teasingly in the palm of his hand.

"Is it for me? Really? Oh, please don't be provoking! Is it *really* for me? Then give it to me this instant!"

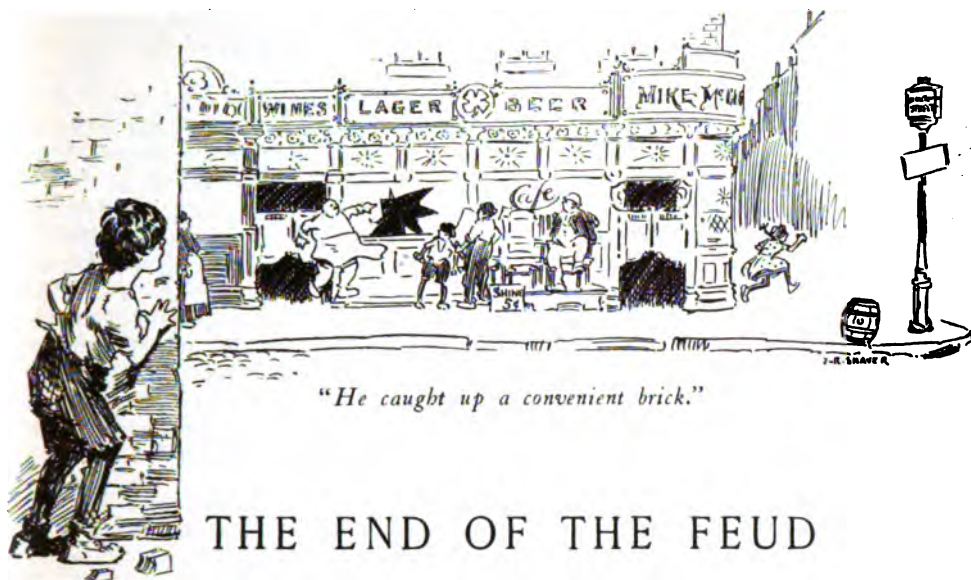
He dropped the box into the pink hollow of her supplicating palms. For a moment she was very busy with the tissue paper; then:

"Oh! it is perfectly sweet of you!" twining the small book bound in heavy Etruscan gold; "whatever can it be?" and, rising, she opened it, stepping to the window so that she could see.

Within, the pages were closely covered with the minute, careful handwriting of her father; it was the first notebook he ever kept; and Selwyn had had it bound for her in gold.

For an instant she gazed, breathless, lips parted; then slowly she placed the yellow pages against her lips and, turning, looked straight at Selwyn, the splendor of her young eyes starred with tears.

(To be continued.)



"He caught up a convenient brick."

THE END OF THE FEUD

BY ERNEST K. COULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SHAYER



AS in every other real affair, a woman, at least a prospective woman, had a hand in the revival of the Vito-Benedetti feud. Syracuse, the Queen of the block, loved a fight. A true genealogy of her family would have shown domestic battles dominant back to the time of the Celts with a pot lid rampant on a field of crimson as the family crest. The Queen's name had been duly entered in a baptismal register a dozen years before as Sarah Hughes. But that was too dignified for her followers. In the school which she honored with her presence on those occasional days when she could not dodge the truant officer, "It's-a-Lemon," one of the Queen's lords-in-waiting, had, after a geography lesson, contracted it to Syracuse. And so it stood. It's-a-Lemon of course was not his real name, but a modification of Isaac Lehman, made with due regard to euphony and a shock of freakish yellow hair.

Syracuse ruled all the cohorts of the immature Vitos, Benedettis, Flahertys, Schilinskys, Leveys, not to mention progeny of a dozen other nationalities in her cosmopolitan block.

Back in a hillside Sicilian village, the feud

between the Vitos and Benedettis had run through five generations. It is not in the Sicilian heart to forget, but there had been no time for sentimental broodings and the vendetta in Thompson Street. First one family and then the other had been lured by steamship agents into the emigration flood that was depopulating their province. They mortgaged all belongings and exchanged balmy air and terraced vineyards for sunless tenements and malodorous courts. It was a strange fate that set them down in adjoining habitations in the New World.

By tireless energy and a macaroni diet both families were at last gaining a foothold in their adopted country. The Benedettis possessed a coal and ice cellar and the Vitos a fruit and vegetable stand, a pedler's wagon and a decrepit horse called Garibaldi. Fortunately their businesses ran in divers lines and were two blocks apart.

Then one inauspicious day Syracuse precipitated war. In tow of Giuseppe, the heir apparent of the Benedetti house, she glided up to the Vito fruit stand on one roller skate and with a cheek full of ginger cake. There was a capricious tilt to her freckled nose when she called Tony aside. As queen she had lately been playing on the rivalry between the

two young cavaliers. She held up the hind quarters of a penny elephant which she was devouring.

"He bought me that," and she nodded at Giuseppe.

Tony looked darkly at Giuseppe, then proffered the biggest apple on the stand to the Queen. She coolly handed it over to Giuseppe and continued to munch the elephant. Jealousy gripped the heart of Tony. Syracuse saw it and waited with cruel deliberation for her next thrust.

"Say, his father's got you'n skinned to death. He's bought the bootblack stand down at Mike McGloin's saloon."

The last of the elephant was disappearing.

"His father says you'n is a bum dago!"

of blackening and art. The fickleness of the Queen and the grins of the Benedettis frenzied Tony.

"Damn the waps!" he cried.

Then he caught up a convenient brick and it went hurtling through the glass in Mike McGloin's saloon. The Benedettis ducked and the Queen precipitously quit her throne. The second brick flew wild and Tony fled.

The Vitos and the Benedettis immediately began to plot counter assassinations. Mike McGloin, being of a more practical turn, put the law in motion. Not the full legal machinery, but a preliminary cog. He obtained a summons in the Children's Court for one, Antonio Vito, and at his request it was placed in the hands of a court officer for service.



"Say, his father's got you'n skinned to death."

Syracuse whirled with a vehemence that switched her plaits in Tony's face.

"Bum dago!" she cried as she darted away.

Tony stood dazed for a moment. Then all the innate hatred for the Benedettis surged over him. He rushed after the fugitive pair and saw them halt at Bleecker Street. Syracuse, kicking off her roller skate, mounted into the new Benedetti chair, resplendent in its polished brass and fresh varnish. She stretched first a stubbed-out tie and then a buttonless gaiter to the backs of the cast-iron camels that served as foot-rests. With queenly hauteur she looked on while the Benedettis, father and son, worked with a prodigal waste

The adipose Hogan, who was to serve the summons, was in plain clothes when he turned into Thompson Street the next day. Tony was pointed out to him flying down the street tooling Syracuse and It's-a-Lemon, hitched tandem to a derelict spring mattress. The Queen and Tony were strong friends again.

"Glong! Glong! Glong!" shouted the young driver as he tugged at the clothes-line reins.

"Git out of de way of Hookin' Ladder Number Nine!"

Past pedler's wagons and dodging pedestrians they flew. Hogan finally saw the



"'Git out of de way of Hookin' Ladder Number Nine.'"

mattress careen into the wheel of a push-cart. The threatened wrecking of his business threw the pedler into a panic and he was remonstrating wildly when Hogan overhauled Hook and Ladder Number Nine. He tapped the driver on the shoulder.

Syracuse saw the yellow paper.

"Cheese it," she shouted, and the summons fluttered to the gutter. Tony leaped for it, stamped upon it, delivered himself of a line of wild invective and shook his fist in Hogan's face. The team, tugging with redoubled fury, wrested the mattress and one wheel free from the obstructing cart.

"Go to hell!" shouted Tony, jumping once more to his reins as the mattress shot forward amid a flood of tinware and Yiddish imprecation.

Hogan kept the mattress in sight until it became entangled in a dirge-playing band that swung into the street at the head of an Italian funeral. Team and driver dodged the blows of irate musicians and dived into the hallway of a swarming tenement. Hogan cursed the impotency of the summons which gave him no authority to make an arrest.

The details lost nothing in the relating the next day when the outraged Hogan explained to the Court.

"It's a warrant I'd like, your Honor; that boy's a regular pirate," was the final period in the impeachment of Tony's character.

So, after Mike McGloin and Benedetti, as corroborating witnesses, had scratched their respective crosses at the end of a requisite amount of legal verbiage, process duly issued "In the Name of the People" commanding "any peace officer" to apprehend Antonio Vito. That meant Hogan and he was happy

in the thought. He captured Tony that very night on a fire-escape as he was trying to creep into his domicile. As he marched the culprit to the Society rooms, Hogan told him what he thought of him. While Tony was sweetly dreaming between two snow-white sheets on a bed that was strangely soft, his mother was wildly urging a knife on Vito, the senior, and calling on him for deeds of vengeance.

In court the next day, Tony's bright face, the better revealed for the Society's scrubbing, attracted the judge's attention. But his Honor's memory was good.

"Why didn't you come when the officer served the summons on you, my boy?"

Tony's big coal-black eyes snapped as they met those of the kindly judge.

"Say chudge," and Tony jerked a thumb in the direction of Hogan, who was portentously hovering near, "did you t'ink I was goin' to come when he didn't show me his tin?"

This categorical question seriously threatened the dignity of the Court.

But a lawyer was assigned to defend Tony and he was called on to plead "guilty" or "not guilty."

"I pegged de brick, but I didn't go to break de window, honest I didn't," declared Tony.

The defendant's truthfulness impressed the Court. The Society's records showed that he had never been arrested before. His mother had a dozen character witnesses and offered a note from his teacher. His Honor and Tony had a long heart-to-heart talk. Then it was decreed that Tony was to have one more chance.

Tony had to promise a lot of things—he was to shun the Benedettis, not to play hookey a single day, in fact the report of the Parole

Officer that was to be submitted in exactly one month, when Tony was to return to court, was to show that he was a model of juvenile rectitude.

"With the permission of the Parole Officer," concluded the judge, "I am going to ask a kind lady, who takes an interest in boys, to call on you."

Tony was turning away when he heard a soft voice speak his name.

"I am coming down to see you, Tony."

The boy found himself face to face with the loveliest young woman he had ever looked upon. She led him aside and noted his address in a little book and then Tony was swallowed up in the arms of his weeping mother and six brother and sister Vitos.



"Team and driver dived into the hallway of a swarming tenement."

And so Tony, but not peace, was restored to Thompson Street. The entire block was agog over the inevitable stiletto play between the heads of the two houses. Faithful to his promise, but with tortured spirit, Tony dodged the Benedettis although they sought to harass him and his at every turn.

Carmelita Vito, aged six, was seated in a doorway one day crooning to sleep her only child, a seltzer bottle swathed in an old stocking, when a live cockroach was thrust into her mouth. It was the work of a male Benedetti who had crept up behind her. Knowing the peril in which Tony stood of commitment, all the Benedetti cunning was directed to goading him into an outbreak.

The arrogance of Giuseppe Benedetti was daily growing more baneful and Tony was losing cast with his own followers. "Skibby" McGloin denounced Tony as a "dope" and even "Coffee" Schilinsky volunteered the statement to Syracuse that Tony was—most terrible of imprecations—"a Sussie." He promptly had his nose twisted until he howled.

One torment followed another until Tony was crowded over the edge of passive endurance. Neither the Court nor Syracuse could longer hold him. His day for revenge had come. He carefully planned it all. From a hiding place in a convenient cellarway, Tony heard Mike McGloin call Benedetti away from the bootblack stand to tend the beer pumps in the saloon. Armed with an old broom Tony sped around the corner to the tar caldrons where the pavers were at work. While their backs were turned he thrust his broom into the boiling tar and rushed back to the bootblack stand. He was just reaching forth to plant the dripping broom on the seat of the chair when he was stopped by a gentle touch on his arm and a familiar soft voice:

"Tony."

The tarred broom dropped, making a smear on the sidewalk. The hatred and the evil scowl on his flushed face melted at the hurt look in those soft, brown eyes. Tony simply had to surrender his smudgy paw to the little white gloved hand that was impellingly extended.

"I am so glad," said the young woman simply. "Sarah, here, helped me to find you."

Behind the vision stood Syracuse.

"I told you, Miss, he was goin' to bust out," and Syracuse, apparently ashamed of her part

in the detection, began to dig a toe at a crack in the pavement.

A dozen dirty faces and tousled heads surrounded the three. The Queen welcomed this chance to work off her feelings.

"Say, youse kids, ain't you never seen a real lady before? Now git or I'll bat you." The crowd vanished.

Such was the second meeting between Tony and Miss Kate Ramsden, of Central Park West. A quarter of an hour's earnest talk and a captivated and subdued Tony promised his beatific friend that he would drop the feud forever, and if he again felt that he was going to break over under the persecu-

boldly announced that he would thrash Tony on sight. One day he slipped up to the Vito shop. He peeped through a window and seeing Tony standing on a barrel reaching for a string of garlic, glided in. He kicked the barrel away and brought Tony sprawling to the floor. Tony was sore beset when Syracuse ran in.

"You dirty little Guinni," she cried, dragging Giuseppe off by his hair. Both bantams scrambled to their feet.

"Now go at it fair," commanded the Queen. She closed the door, turned the key and perched herself on a lemon crate.

The two went down in a heap, their inter-



"I told you, Miss, he was goin' to bust out."

tion of his tormentors, he would fly straight to her. She charged Syracuse to help Tony keep his promise. She pencilled a line on an engraved card and said that at her home it would admit them at all times. Miss Ramsden would be back in a week. She had already seen Tony's father and mother.

"Sure, she must be one of them angel cops," declared Syracuse, gazing after Miss Ramsden as she departed. Then she sniffed at the card repeatedly and said it "smelt fine, just like the lady."

A kind fate still kept the paths of Vito and Benedetti, seniors, from crossing. Giuseppe

twined bodies thrashing about the floor and bringing cans of tomatoes and macaroni boxes down about their ears. They punched and kicked, fighting grimly and silently, until Tony finally got astride of Giuseppe and pinned him to the floor. But Giuseppe gave no sign of surrender.

"We'll take him up to Kittie, the cop's," finally announced Sarah.

Light dawned on the harassed Tony. Sarah brought cords and they bound him hand and foot. Between them they carried the squealing, biting Giuseppe to the dilapidated wagon that stood in front of



"She jerked him into wakefulness and finally into action."

the store and dumped him in over the tail-board.

"Sit on him and I'll drive," directed Syracuse and Tony grimly obeyed. It had been her great pride at times to drive with Vito to market, so she and "Baldy" were not total strangers. She jerked him into wakefulness and finally into action. As she urged him past the bootblack stand Giuseppe's cries grew frantic. A little Benedetti, who was guarding the stand, gave an affrighted look in the direction of the wagon and then dived into the saloon. By the time he found the senior Benedetti, a wildly excited crowd of his progeny was clamoring that the Vitos and the Black Hand were carrying Giuseppe off for slaughter.

Benedetti tore down the street in pursuit, but the Queen and her chariot were soon lost to his view. A disheveled, raging Italian burst into the neighboring station-house a few minutes later.

"La mano nera! Salvatelo!" he cried. Then when they finally forced him into English he explosively attempted in one breath to tell of an abduction and intended murder. A revised version of his tale was soon going out over the police wires.

Syracuse, after an adventurous journey, in which there were narrow escapes from trolley cars and lively bits of repartee with the traffic squad, headed the reluctant Garibaldi into the block where lived Kittie, the cop. She would have driven directly to the door had not a line of carriages blocked the way. She left Garibaldi at the corner to stretch his neck and compose his outraged feelings and crossed to a canopy-covered stoop. Evading a patent-booted footman, who was opening a

carriage door, she darted up the steps and rang vigorously at the bell. The footman was springing after her when a red-faced butler opened the door and commanded her to be gone.

"There's my ticket," declared Sarah defiantly, extending Miss Ramsden's card.

The footman took her roughly by the shoulder.

"Lemme go; I'm goin' to see Kittie, the cop!" shrilly cried Syracuse in a rage. Her thin arm and clenched fist flew back and the butler retreated within the vestibule with the card.

The door opened again and this time Miss Ramsden herself looked out to see a little figure atremble with rage shaking her fist at the big footman and defying him.

"Sarah!" exclaimed Miss Ramsden, catching the little Amazon to her. "Come right in," and she led her into the hall in view of a drawing-room full of guests. One of Sarah's rare tears stole a circuitous way down her freckled cheek. Her rage had disappeared and she had gone shy in an instant.

"We shall have some tea together," declared Miss Ramsden.

"Me'n Tony brought up Giuseppe," she finally admitted, shamefacedly studying the floor.

"Why, the dears; Tompkins, go and bring those children right in." The astonished butler had turned to carry out the order.

"He'll have to unwrap Giuseppe, mum. We made him come," volunteered Sarah.

Miss Ramsden had heard part of Sarah's story when the disgusted Tompkins led in Tony, and Giuseppe, now free of his bonds, but still rebellious,

"I'm delighted to see you, boys," declared Miss Ramsden, and her guests, who had viewed the arrival of the children with sudden interest, saw her pat the boys' tousled heads and lead them off to the tea room with Sarah in her train. The hostess poured tea for them when Tompkins, in round-eyed horror, approached.

"The police are here, mum," he finally managed to articulate when Miss Ramsden had led him aside. "They've got two rough-looking Hitalians with 'em, mum, and they're after these young houtlaws. They're regular black 'ands, mum," and Tompkins gazed blackly at the odd little trio now attacking mountainous dishes of ice-cream.

Miss Ramsden reached the front hall just in time to see two wild-visioned Italians thrust into the door by a uniformed policeman. But for her ready wit, her at-home might have broken up in a panic.

"Mr. Vito," she exclaimed, going forward to the collarless vegetable dealer and grasping his swarthy hand. Then turning to his deadly enemy she extended her other hand to him in her own impelling way. "This is Mr. Benedetti, I know. It was so good of you both to come to my at-home. You are very welcome."

"Ladies," continued Miss Ramsden, turning to her wondering guests, "these are two of my Thompson Street friends, Mr. Vito and Mr. Benedetti."

The half-stupefied Benedetti blinked helplessly at the company and then made a profound bow.

"Santa Madonna Virgine!" he muttered.

Vito had forgotten his wrath and his white teeth gleamed in a broad grin as one and another of the women spoke to him.

The hostess led the way and at the door of the tea room pointed out to the astonished parents their two hopefuls seated side by side with Syracuse opposite, plunging into their second helping of cream and macaroons. They were very happy.

The feudists viewed their reconciled sons in helpless astonishment. While the effect was fresh, Miss Ramsden brought tea for Benedetti and Vito and then poured a cup for herself.

"For your children's sake, and for my sake from to-day let us all be friends." Then falling back on her Wellesly vocabulary: "Facciamo pace."

The two old enemies bowed soberly to their hostess and drank. They handed the cups back and in Sicilian style impetuously embraced and sealed the compact by saluting each other with a kiss on either cheek. So ended the Vito-Benedetti feud.

The heads of the two houses rode back to Thompson Street behind Garibaldi on the same seat and the guests who remained declared that Miss Ramsden always did have novel entertainments.



"Plunging into their second helping of cream and macaroons."

THE BANDAGE

BY LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BRANSOM



IN the days of her babyhood she had bestowed on him the name of Green-eye. In those days both his eyes would reflect a yellowish-green at times—not the vitriolic gleam of rage, but a doubting annoyance, and this had been the nature of the animal since the firm training of her father, Krantz. Some thought that the Bentley woman, a golden merciless creature, had whaleboned Green-eye into cowardice. But when Krantz came, his method was milder, and now Krantz owned Green-eye—perhaps little else. Remembering how dangerous a bunch of energy the beast had been, the showmen viewed with admiration and astonishment the ease with which Krantz put Green-eye through his paces, and with what amazing nonchalance the old trainer would scratch the base of Green-eye's skull. Circus men referred to Krantz, of the Consolidated outfit, as the one man they had known to possess perfect assurance in the den of a full-grown tiger, and they could not understand why he did not take this wondrous power to a bigger show. There would have been money in it for him, they said.

But Krantz was getting old. He referred to this and said he lacked ambition. Green-eye he owned, and between them they made a good living for the daughter.

Old Krantz knew his business better than most circus men. He was a shrewd, matter-of-fact German, stolid, brave, and obstinate. He had no particular longing for the facing of other tigers, new ones, for in the mind of Krantz Green-eye was no longer a tiger, but a member of the family. In his early days Krantz had braved death for money,

with only a club and a chair for a barrier, and many times he had put death aside; but now he felt that a little of the coin brought by a daily exhibition with Green-eye sufficed.

One day the circus men were surprised to find that Milly Krantz had put on long skirts.

"Why," said the manager, meeting her shortly after this change, "I suppose I must stop chucking you under the chin, mademoiselle, and I never hope to get a kiss again. You are becoming a woman. I have lost my little sweetheart."

David, the young fellow who topped the highest hurdles on Firefly, allowed himself to be even more familiar than this. He and Milly had grown up together, show children, boy and girl. He walked around her admiringly.

"Humph!" he muttered in a teasing mood, "You're dressing finer than I can ever hope to array the lady of my house. Real silk," and he picked up the skirt to examine its ruffled edge. "Petticoat of silk, too," he said. "Gee! Milly, but you're gettin' to be a swell dame."

All this embarrassed the girl because of the compliment. There was not enough woman in her as yet to make her flush at the idea expressed.

"Father says," she explained in pretty pride, "that I must always wear silk skirts."

David threw up his hands in comic pathos. "And me drawin' thirty per!—Milly—we've got to quit bein' sweethearts."

"Stuff, David!" she said, "I'm nobody's sweetheart."

"Don't you ever expect to love anyone?" he asked.

"Of course, I do love father, and—Green-eye, I guess."

"I'm going to kill that tiger, then," said

the young fellow. "Krantz will be eaten up by a new one, and you'll have to marry me."

"You talk like a real villain," she exclaimed half in earnest. And David laughed, too; but he did not cease bantering about the princess who walked over the lot in silken skirts.

There was some little earnestness in this reflection of his, though he had spoken in jest, and he told himself that if he was ever to have the daughter of old Krantz he must get to be a star, with a fifteen-horse act and a French name. He would have to grow a mustache—maybe a spike beard, in order to achieve the beginnings of that fame, and he went to consult a mirror.

"Gee! it's a tough proposition," was his comment.

Others of the show people were as free, and all were not so gentle in their criticism.

"Old Dutch fool!" the wardrobe mistress had proclaimed Krantz. "Dressin' a sixteen-year-old in silk skirts! Bought her a dozen of 'em, an' him wearin' patches in his pants!"

And they all looked on Krantz as a man gone suddenly into dotage.

Then Krantz flung to the gossips a new sensation. One morning he took Milly into Green-eye's presence, into the circular cage. He told her to walk about. Then he put Green-eye through the drill. When the beast growled, Krantz spoke to him and shook the silken ruffles of the skirt until they tweaked the cat's whiskers, and he taught Milly to give the commands. When Green-eye refused to obey, Krantz went for him and gave him a terrific clubbing. After which the introduction was concluded. A week later, circus hands stood aghast to see little Milly Krantz riding around the cage on Green-eye's back. She could scratch his skull and make him hold up a paw.

"What do you mean by that tomfoolery, Krantz?" asked the manager severely, for the manager was not a grasping fellow; "I want you to understand that a new act isn't worth the life of that kid. You're a fine father!"

"Dunder! can't I have my family altogether? Sure, Green-eye lofes her like Carl, the brother who is dead."

David was even more severe than had been the manager. He flamed up in great style and threatened to punch Krantz. He sought for the trainer and poured the flood of his rage into stolid German ears.

"I know what I'm about, Tavid," said Krantz to him gently. "Tigers lifes longer

than trainers. Green-eye used to be under the ving of that Bentley voman, dond't you remember? No, no, that vos when you weren't; anyvay, old Greeney takes kindly to vimmen. He likes Milly already. One day she's owns him. It means so much per to her, undterstand? Aind't it better to do a stunt with a tame kitten at fifteen dollars a day and keep, than be a prancin' disgrace in pink tights on a horse for five? There's all kinds of piebald horses, undt all kinds of vimmen is ready to kick their heels, but there aind't but one Greeney. He's like the Gripple Greek goldt mines, undt easier to vork."

And Krantz fished up his pipe, asking David to have a pint of beer with him.

"You're a goot boy, Tavid," said Krantz, affectionately, over the beer, "undt one day I likes to think, when I'm gone over to the angels, that there was still three in that happy family."

"That's for Milly to say," said David.

"Sure," agreed Krantz. "But dond't you be so anxious aboutt her. She's all right—she dond't fear that brute, undt there aind't the least danger. You remember the Bentley voman—No, no, I'm always forgetding; but Greeney does! Achh! how she whaled him."

Krantz told more than this to his daughter, and she grew confident enough to laugh at those who marveled to see her riding the beast and gradually attaining the mastery. Little by little Milly assumed the direct domineering personality that Krantz relaxed. David often came to the bars of the cage to watch.

Krantz would sit back, apparently at his ease, and Milly would make old Green-eye take notice. David would grow anxious because of one thing. He observed that Green-eye was not as other tigers. The demons he had noted often sulked and tried at times to ignore the trainer's presence; but Green-eye was attentive. His wrinkled, whiskered face, black as pitch save for a tawny streak or two, would turn and follow closely every movement of the girl. Krantz kept very still, but should he happen to move with a noise, immediately Green-eye lost the cue, halted without a snarl, became annoyed it seemed, but doubtful, hesitant. Always were his eyes vitreous, a steady watching calm, inscrutable, drowsy. David feared this languor. He fancied that Green-eye bided his own vicious time, and David spoke of this to Krantz. The old man smiled.

This slow confident smile irritated the

young fellow. He considered it an exhibition of the German's ignorance and stupid obstinacy. He insisted on an answer.

"Tavid, if that cat ever goes for my Milly, she'll make him see all the stars, undt a few comets. But I tell you, Tavid, he is a tame pussy-cat."

"What would he do if I went into that cage?"

"Get you—undt eat you up, maybe."

"Then why not Milly?"

"Aind't I told you that he lofes vimmen? Dond't you see him listen when she goes in to him? Dond't you see him vatch oudt? Sure——"

"Well, Krantz, you might know your business, but——"

"Sure—to-morrow, Milly she goes in withoudt me."

"Alone!"

"Sure!" complacently grunted Krantz.

"Alone! in that den!—with that wretch of a tiger?"

"Sure—why nodt?"

Krantz was not ruffled. He contemplated the idea of his only daughter locked in with Green-eye as he might have some bit of heavy German philosophy—were he capable of more than training.

"Man!" cried David, "you're losing your mind. I won't stand for this. By Gee! I'm going to tell Milly what I think about it. You're getting lazy—you want that girl to work for you while you drink booze and smoke your pipe. Well, here's where I queer your loaf, all right."

Krantz frowned momentarily; but he watched David walk away without making a defense. Krantz smoked and blew the clouds out rapidly, as he always did when excited. Gradually he calmed, however, and finally muttered with satisfaction:

"A goodt boy, Tavid."

David hurried off to find Milly. The performance of the afternoon was yet some hours away, and he knew where she would likely be.

"See here, Milly," he said when he had found her, "do you know what that old grampus of a father of yours intends doing to-morrow?"

"You mean—my going it alone?" Her eyes beamed mischievously.

"Yes, I mean just that—it's—it's a——"

"Don't be a silly boy," she said, laughing.

"I'm not silly; I'm in dead straight earnest. This thing has got to stop! I'll appeal to the

boss! Here, you come for a little walk with me, won't you, Milly?"

Skirting the edge of the show grounds was a thin fringe of trees. The two went toward these, threading their way through the idlers without exciting attention, for the populace refuses the idea that real show people ever dress in ordinary habiliments. It is only the silk and the spangles that attract, and without these gauds of the tent pageant a young man in overalls and a slim girl in a black silk skirt are about as interesting as a trolley car. A street was being cut through this vacant land on the city's limits, and long wedges of granite curbing had been hauled there. David and Milly sat down on one of the blocks, where the thin clump of aged trees stood aghast at the intrepid city's advance.

"Milly," said David quietly, "I want you to be—well, some day, I want you to be my wife. You're getting old enough to think about that. You're the only one I've ever cared for. And it gets a fellow's nerve to think of the best of all women clawed up by a dirty beast of a tiger, now, don't it? You're to make the decision, Milly. Will you—do you think you'd ever care enough for me to—well, that is, don't you think we'd get along right nice together, you and me, Milly?"

Milly frowned a little, and then laughed her merry laugh.

"You're as prosy as father would be," she said, putting the question aside. "I've often wondered how father ever asked mother to marry him."

"We've been sweethearts a long time, Milly; I thought you knew."

"I know, David—and I care, but you mustn't make me give up Green-eye."

"I believe you think more of that brute than you do of my peace of mind."

"No," she replied slowly. "But I'm thinking of father, David. He's getting to be an old man now. He's not quick any more, not even quick enough to get away from Greeney, if Greeney tried to make a determined rush. And that's all father has—Green-eye. It means bread, David."

"But the danger, Milly, the danger."

"There is no terrible danger, dear boy."

"You are going in alone; I'd feel easy if Krantz was there."

"Why, David, you may get your neck broken any day, hurdling; while for me, there's father at the door. Do you think father would risk me? And I'm not afraid."

"That brute would ruin you with one dab of his paw."

"If he caught me, David. And then, even when ugly, he fears father. Green-eye is fascinated by me, somehow. The Bentley woman tamed him by her skirts, father says. Father had to use a club and a chair."

"Yes, yes, but a rush, a spring, a stroke, and—" David showed the inevitable result with a mournful sweep of his hands.

"He never rushes, never springs, David," said Milly quietly. "Don't you know how much I love you for caring so? And Green-eye isn't really a green eye at all, David, boy. Green-eye is blind."

David sprang to his feet.

"Blind!"

David stared at her, his lips parted in an incredulous smile, yet trembling.

"Milly . . ." he said, "you—do you know—"

"It's true, David, no one knows but father, and you, and—and I know. He is *blind*. And don't tell; please, David, please don't tell anybody."

David sat down on the granite curbing again. He was quite stupefied by this amazing information. The tiger, Green-eye, was—had been blind. That explained the watchfulness—no, the timidity of the beast. That which had seemed waiting had been irresolution. Krantz, then, had known of this for—for years—ever since he had taken the animal from the Bentley woman; and so, he trusted Milly. Now only the three of them knew, and it meant everything, everything to Krantz, that secret.

In the afternoon, David saw her go into the big cage alone. He could not feel confident. But, standing by, he again saw the wavering indecision of the beast, a seeming watchfulness which was really listening. The uncertainty of its movement, save in instinctive obedience, expressed the doubt of the blind perfectly—to one who knew.

And Milly Krantz made good use of her knowledge. She did not stand still for a single moment. The act was all action. She swished, fluttered, rustled away again, and the great tawny tiger that might have been a huge yellow catapult, listened, swayed his massive head moodily, and then cautiously obeyed.

David now understood the stagnation of those green eyes, the vitreous inscrutable glaze of them. There was no demon courage behind the shadows. The beast might plot, but before acting he must listen—before

springing, he must find, place, center those rustling things which had so long ago accompanied his punishment at the hands of the inexorable Bentley woman. And Green-eye doubted not that once again the Bentley woman reigned in his den, golden as himself, glorious, merciless, a tigress upright. Mechanically he obeyed the dreaded hiss of the whip, while the little brown slip of a woman moved in wide circles about him, never still—a confused sound, a voice, an echo.

Once in a long while Green-eye would start erect, as a musician who daily catches a false note; he would snarl and feel into the air with extended paw; but the phantom had swept by him sibilantly, half a reality, out of the past, and once again Green-eye would become the drowsing yellow cat, mewing, waiting, a smoldering heart beneath a bandage.

It was on the long western trip of the Consolidated Outfit that Green-eye got away. A skidding train, a crash into a heavily loaded lumber car, and accident presented freedom to the beast through the broken end of his traveling den. This happened in the southern country, where the cattle range, and in a section not without wooded districts.

Search was made; cattlemen turned out and scoured the range; Krantz remained behind the show a week seeking his lost pet. But Green-eye had completely disappeared.

"He will die now, yes," said Krantz to his daughter, when he had finally rejoined the show. "No food, undt he is withoutt the light to hundert it. What can a man kill to eadt when he is tied by the eyes? There is no more Green-eye."

And Krantz refused to be comforted. He became a sort of pensioner of the show until some new act could be put under his training. David came to him shortly after this.

"I want Milly for my wife," he said.

"You are a goodt boy, Tavid," agreed the old man.

There was no reason why he should refuse his daughter to the younger. Krantz was out of place and out of daring. The idea that David and his daughter would some day be billed together, as the showmen put it, had become tradition. Only Krantz had hoped they would wait a little.

And they were married in a little southwest town, four months after the escape of Green-eye. The show made merry at the wedding. There were presents, a check from the boss,

and a feast. The wagon hauled in a prodigious quantity of beer, and the next regular performance was exceedingly ragged. Some hours after their marriage came a telegram.

"This is the besdt of all!" cried old Krantz, waving jubilantly the yellow slip of paper. "See, Milly, see!"

She read:

"KRANTZ, trainer, Consolidated Shows :

"We've got your damned brute for you, advise shipment.

"GEORGE SHAW,
"Cappenger's Station."

Evidently Cappenger's Station had been annoyed.

The great joy of Krantz, who went on an exalted drunk for the first time since the death of Milly's mother, was only equaled by the intense irritation of David.

"One thing is certain, Milly," he said sternly; "you're my wife now, and you don't go back to training tigers—no, not even a near-sighted one. Green-eye be cursed for a meddler! We've got enough for two and Krantz can do what he pleases. But you must not—" and David caught her in his arms, crushing out all the little protestations, the teasing arguments, the feminine reasons she advanced. "I can't have it, Milly," he said. "You must not, Milly; you dare not."

But the inevitable Krantz held the other end of the string on which the little brown woman swung; and Krantz, in his German way, had his plans, which were quite beyond argument, there was in them so much of duty and clannishness and the preservation of his old rule. These Milly, being the daughter of Krantz, could not quite elude. Krantz had preached a strong doctrine for many years—David's was not yet firmly established.

"O Milly!" Krantz said a hundred times, "oh, aind't it fine, Milly; you, undt me, undt Tavid, undt now Green-eye home again, yes. All of us one family again, aind't it?"

Then David would speak up:

"You understand, Krantz; I don't care to be worried with any nonsense about Green-eye and my Milly."

"Now, Tavid," the old man would happily answer, smiling, "you know you are a goodt boy, Tavid; undt Green-eye is a goodt tiger; undt Milly is a goodt girl that lofes her oldt father."

"She loves me, too," David stubbornly argued, "and I'll not have any plans made for her."

"Yes, yes, my Tavid, but——"

Krantz was old, and German. There had never been any reason to fear Green-eye since the blindness, which had crept on the beast to Krantz's knowledge, slowly, but surely. And Milly had always been a dutiful daughter. There was the coin to be considered, which would make Milly twice as comfortable. It was not in the composition of old Krantz to understand.

"Tavid," he finally said, "Milly is my daughter; undt I will gife Green-eye to her."

"All right, Krantz; but she is not going into the den again; mind you this—she is your daughter, but she is my wife."

"But, Tavid—" and that was as far as they ever got.

David lived firm in this decision. Krantz grunted disdainfully and went about moping. Milly thought she should be allowed to decide the matter, and in the light of her pride, David's position was the first unpleasant exhibition of man's vanity of ownership. Gradually in this happy family there grew a feeling of hostility, and there was one painful subject not discussed at table. Obstinacy, sternness, and feminine pride sought to introduce trouble.

Then Green-eye arrived. He was in no agreeable mood. Gaunt, fierce from a wound which had partially crippled one of his hind legs, the brute slouched about his box, and occasionally tore at its heavy timbers. He had been free—starved, but free. He had hunted for food, crept to it, killed it in the open. And then he had been forced, goaded, by starvation, to find more. The relief from daily routine, from monotonous torture and dread obedience, the absence of a wearing doubt—all these had brought him peace, animal happiness. Nature had aided his endeavor, and he had lived.

In turn, he had been hunted, run to cover, roped viciously, dragged back to captivity. One cattleman, in the knowledge of a ruined horse, said that for a beast that fought at random, some of the blows had been strangely well placed.

Quickly Green-eye would raise his head at the swish of Milly's skirts before his new den, and doubtfully he would sniff. Once he whined impatiently.

"You see, my Tavid, he calls to her," said Krantz.

"I see," replied David, but he said no more than that.

The manager of the show brought on the



"The relief from daily routine, from monotonous torture and dread obedience."

crisis by suggesting plainly to Krantz that if they were to continue using the old tiger posters, something ought to be done toward working up a new act. A caged tiger was good, but a performing one with a human being in reach of his claws was better.

It was impossible for Krantz to do more than soothe the beast from outside the den. Krantz was suffering from a rheumatic twinge that prevented quick action. The only real effect on the brute's nastiness was soon shown to be the presence of Milly. At her coming to him, he quieted and even obeyed.

Then the pride of Milly Krantz grew beyond restraint. Without consulting the obdurate David, she hinted to old Krantz that she was ready. There was no reason to fear Green-eye and she was not afraid. Once David could be assured of the beast's inability to cause trouble, he would no longer object, she argued, and it was really like tossing good money away not to work the old joke on the show. There was this touch of humor in the situation, and what is more fatal to women than a touch of humor? Then there was her pride—the one barb to the willing captivity of women.

Old Krantz prepared the properties and selected a morning. Green-eye's cage was wheeled to the larger den. The animal was sluggish and did not relish the transfer. Once

in the big exhibition arena, he lay down and snuggled his wrinkled muzzle into his great forepaws. When Milly passed close to the bars his interest was aroused momentarily; but again he stretched in the sinuous langour of the dozing cat. Now Krantz stood by the door, ready to pass her up into the cage. He had cautioned her to take a heavy chair, an aid that might be required, and she carried one of those tough whips to bring back to Green-eye a lapsing memory of another masterful woman whose temperament had been so like his own.

David would not have suspected this little drama—would never have understood why Milly entered the tiger's den against his wishes—had it not been for Firefly, the jumping horse. On the previous day Firefly had given evidences of being off feed, and David arose early to see that a soft mash was given the animal. Not finding a stableman close at hand, he had mixed the feed himself and was going with it to the horse tent when the clank of a bar against the steel of the big cage caught his ear. Wondering who was in that quarter so early, David slipped into the big tent—at that very moment old Krantz swung Milly into the tiger's den.

David stood completely paralyzed with a fearing dread in those first few moments. Silent, unable to cry out, he stood with the

bucket of bran in his hand, staring at the slip of a woman, his wife, in the great cage. Green-eye did not at once move from his position on the floor, and as her entrance had been without noise, it was the first rustle of

He stood perfectly still. At the command he did not move. Suddenly a quiver ran over the brute, playing all his muscles into rigidity, electrifying him into a huge yellow devil that had known the open and its natural rewards.



"Once again Green-eye would become the drowsing yellow cat."

her silken skirt that told the beast of her presence.

David moved nearer, now afraid to speak for fear of disconcerting her. She must act for herself. At the first hiss of the whip, swiftly Green-eye lifted to his feet in a movement of sluggish grace. Then, slowly, he turned his head, and the big green eyes stared in all that intensity which is cruel, bestial.

He was a gorgeous thing, plainly malevolent, yet beautiful. David saw there was menace in the beast's pose, and his face went white; Krantz saw too; worst of all, Milly saw. Her eyes were lined with the tiger's. She seemed unable to move or to speak. Her face was drawn and set and pale. Her eyes stared fixedly into those gleaming orbs.

Green-eye uttered a snarl—this broke the terrible spell. His bound across the den's

center was not quicker than her pitiful cry. She threw forward the chair, lost her grip of it, and staggered aside to the door, screaming:

"He can see—He can SEE!!"

frantically over the floor of the den, wrecking the chair with frenzied strokes, biting, snarling, wiping at his eyes. Then he sprang at the bars, a hideous, glaring thing. There was a wick of hatred burning in each of the green eyes.



"David saw there was menace in the beast's pose."

There had been no waver, no hesitation in the spring. The leap had been straight, direct. The sweep of his paw had been as true as those which had kept him from starvation in the cattle country. The limping leg handicapped him, and he fell entangled by the four prodding legs of the chair. Then instantly he was blind again with Firefly's bucket of mash in his eyes. David's toss was accurate and vicious. The brute rolled

Milly, white and quivering, flung herself into David's arms.

"O David! David!" she cried, clutching him, *"he can see!"*

It was old Krantz who grunted, and phoofed, and snorted in German irascibility at the wild idea of her fear.

"Life in the open will do it, Krantz," said David.

"See! ach Gott! what couldt make him see



"He stretched in the sinuous languor of the dozing cat."

when he aindt no eyes? You kept still aboutt this seeing, Milly! You loose the nerve, yes. See! couldt he see these last two, three years? No—Haaa! Well, blind is *blind*, aindt it?"

And Krantz, stolid, unreasoning, puttered

about the stake wagon until he found an ash club. He tested it, earnestly grunting.

They found Krantz at the bottom of Green-eye's cage several mornings later. It had been a good club; but—there was no bandage.

OH, TELL YOUR LOVE!

By ABIGAIL JAMES

OH, tell your love, ye Bashful Swains,
And seek not to conceal it;
Ye do not know the joy it brings
To maids for whom ye feel it!

I hid my love from her I loved,
To speak I was too shy;
From liking me, she came to love,
And wed—a Passer By!

A hidden love must always fade,
So, if ye have not told it,
Beware, for in its death it kills
The heart that once did hold it!



THE ELECTRIC HEADLIGHT REDUCES POSSIBILITIES OF ACCIDENT

EMANCIPATION BY TROLLEY

By MERRILL A. TEAGUE



TRANSPORTATION is the most vital and most formidable problem with which the American people are confronted. With it every community must grapple. When solution can be accomplished successfully, the resultant is prosperity; when this is denied, blight descends. And this problem is perennial. Each change in the life and character of a community presents it afresh and, generally, in a more intricate phase.

By natural processes, we have come to place our main reliance for transportation in the steam railroads. Few communities are so situated that they can employ navigable waters as a curb to control railroad greed and prevent discrimination. The canal is obsolete; the electric railroad is something of which few cities, or groups of cities, think in grappling with this vital problem. So there has

sprung up a sentiment which has placed one hobble upon steam-railroad corporations, and which bodes them ill for the future. The people are tired of entreaty and supplication, of railroad-owned monopolies, of the refusal of managements to provide sufficient motive power and rolling stock. Rumbblings of public ownership grow louder under prolonged aggravation. That there is another way to the solution of this problem has been perfectly demonstrated.

In Indiana, the people long ago wearied by the same practices that now breed universal revolt against the steam railroads, set themselves to the task of determining this problem of transportation. And they did a strange and peculiar thing—their first endeavors afforded the steam-railroad owners and managers much amusement—they set about building their own railroads.

No longer do the steam-railroad interests smile in amusement. Seven years only have

passed since the Indiana public went earnestly at this gigantic task. Yet in that brief period Indiana has so completely emancipated itself from steam-railroad monopoly that to-day there is not put forth by the former monarchs of the State so much as a pretense of competition with the railroads the people have built. Except in the matter of heavy, bulky freight, transportation in the most densely populated part of the State is now carried on by the people's railroads. And after this lapse of only seven years, Indiana leads the world in intercity electric-railroad construction and operation.

One thousand miles of track are now in operation; 350 miles are building and will be placed in operation early this year; another 2,000 miles are projected; every steam railroad out of Indianapolis has been paralleled; more than fifty million dollars have been invested actually in these railroad properties; passengers are carried at their convenience in clean and comfortable cars, and for one half the former fares; parcel and perishable freight goes forward to its destination most expeditiously and at reasonable charges, and the entire complexion of life in the Hoosier State has been changed.

Twenty years ago that portion of Indiana

which is now covered by a mesh of steel trolley tracks was, essentially, an agricultural area. Indianapolis, the capital, was a city of fewer than 100,000 inhabitants. Famed as a railroad center because of a great convergence of lines, its commercial importance was only such as attends the distributing center of a large agricultural district. Travel into Indianapolis was slight. Once each year—at the time of the State Fair—the city was invaded by the ruralists; at other times it had to be real business that called one there from an outlying town or village. Anderson, Muncie, Marion, Portland, Wabash, Tipton, Logansport, La Fayette, Columbus, and other county towns within a radius of 100 miles of Indianapolis were then mere local trading points for agricultural districts.

In the late '80's natural gas was discovered in the counties northeast of Indianapolis. Almost magically, this area, embracing eleven counties, was transformed. Attracted by the assurance of cheap fuel and accompanying proximity to favorable markets, industry invaded the "Natural Gas Belt." Anderson leaped from 2,000 population to 20,000; Muncie to more than 30,000. Some places exceeded these records. Alexandria and Elwood, from nothingness, rose to be cities of



FREIGHT DEPOTS OF INTERURBAN LINES AT INDIANAPOLIS



THE TROLLEY TERMINAL BUILDING, INDIANAPOLIS

7,000 and 16,000, and, respectively, centers of the plate-glass and tin-plate industries of America.

This complete change in the character of these and all similar places, and the marvelous growth in population, reared up for solution problems of transportation with which neither the people nor the railroads had ever been confronted. Demand for freight facilities expanded so rapidly that the railroads were baffled. Endeavoring to comply, they forgot passenger accommodations, and kept accommodations for "way" freight where they were before expansion began.

Consequences of this expansion were conspicuous. A sedate, rural people suddenly grown prosperous, and inspired by the spectacle of nervous, excitement-seeking new blood infused from the older and less sedate industrial points, took on new habits, formed new demands. Glass workers came from Philadelphia and New Jersey; iron workers from about Pittsburg. They wanted theaters, day's outings, revels in a city—the nearest was Indianapolis—if one would spend the night "in town." The former settled citizens quickly echoed these demands; they

wanted new amusements, new things to eat, new things to wear. Out of this sprang that demand for local passenger and light- and perishable-freight accommodations to which the railroads failed utterly to make proper response.

A glance at train figures for the year 1899—two years before an interurban car entered Indianapolis—will demonstrate this disregard for a condition then a decade old. The Big Four Railroad had a monopoly over transportation between Indianapolis and Anderson, Muncie, and Marion, the chief cities of the "Gas Belt." Muncie, distant 54 miles from Indianapolis, had, in 1899, five trains a day, each way. Of these, two were "express" trains, making the distance in about two hours, and there were "way" trains, scheduled to make the trip in a little more than three hours. Anderson had one more "way" train than Muncie. Marion had three trains each way, each day, the schedule for the 70 miles distance being three hours, connection being made at Anderson with the "express" trains from Muncie. La Fayette, on the Big Four, had five trains a day to Indianapolis, taking two hours for the 64-mile run. Ko-



HOW DANGEROUS CROSSINGS ARE AVOIDED

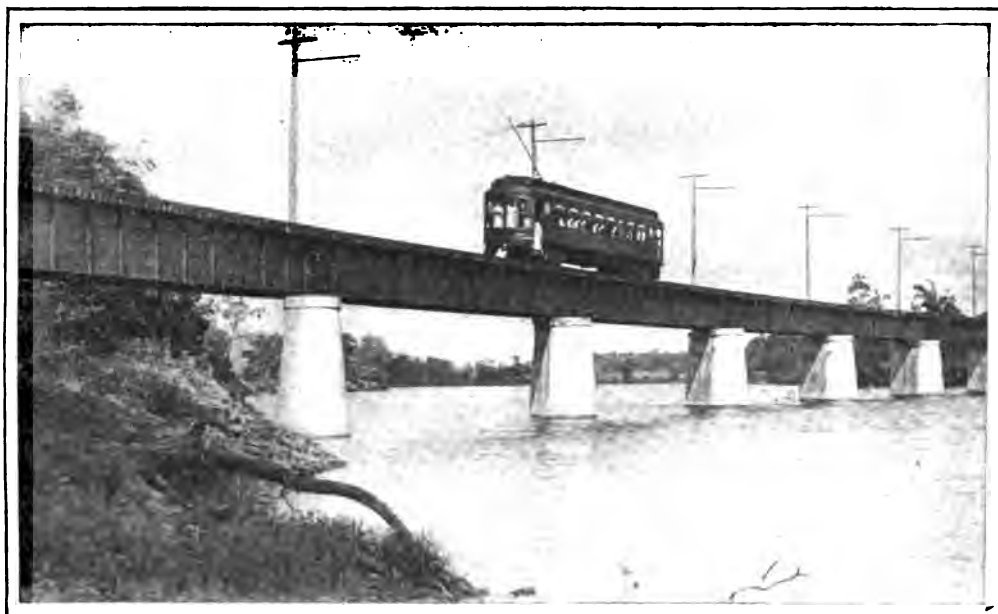
komo, on the Pennsylvania line, distant 54 miles, and Logansport, 77 miles away, had each two "way" trains; Richmond, 68 miles distant, on the Pennsylvania's New York-St. Louis trunk line, got four "express" and two "way" trains daily, while Columbus, 41 miles away on the same system's Louisville-Chicago line, had three express and three local trains daily.

For local freight accommodations, the conditions were even more execrable. It was the rule of the railroads out of Indianapolis to operate one "way" freight each way each day over each division terminating in the Capital City. Thus, over the Big Four, a "way" freight would run daily, except Sunday, from Indianapolis to Union City, a distance of 85 miles. I speak of this division because I have been familiar with it since boyhood, and because it is representative. Eastward bound, this train was scheduled to leave Indianapolis in the early morning hours, and make its terminus in twenty-four hours; commonly, it began to lose time before it got beyond the Indianapolis city limits, and arrived in Union City from ten to eighteen hours late. I have known it to be twelve hours late at Pendleton, 26 miles from Indianapolis.

For dealers who were expecting merchandise by these "way" trains; for farmers, in the

harvest season, who one day telephoned orders to Indianapolis for heavy machinery repairs and drove into town the next morning to get the parts, and especially for grocers who had to rely upon this facility for the transportation of perishable stuffs, delay was vexing and costly enough. But to add to the circumstances which at last drove Indiana to revolt, was a rule for the reception of freight at Indianapolis. Except where shipment was by carload lots—seldom the case with "way" freight—the railroads would not receive freight to-day at their Indianapolis terminals later than four o'clock in the afternoon for shipment out to-morrow morning. Their excuse was that waybilling, loading, and making up trains for an early morning start necessitated this rule; the consignee of goods—especially of perishable stuffs—bore the burden. With the delay, perishables arrived at destination totally unfit for use; farmers lost entire days in their rush season, and every merchant was discommoded and subjected to the loss of sums that in the course of a year made serious inroads into his profit.

Such, in general terms, were the conditions which prevailed when Charles E. Henry, of Anderson, conceived the idea from which sprang Indiana's splendid system of inter-urban electric railroads.



PALACE EXPRESS CAR ON THE FIRST STEEL TROLLEY BRIDGE IN THE WORLD

What this system is, and what it has meant as a transportation emancipator, is revealed upon cursory examination of a trolley map of Indiana, and a statistical record of the various companies now operating high-speed passenger and freight railroads by electricity in that State. The trolley map which accompanies this article shows graphically how the lines in operation, under construction or projected, cover the State as with a net. During the present year the line to Louisville will be opened to traffic and a through-train service operated; the line from La Fayette to Chicago will be placed under construction, and the southeastern lines, which are aimed to provide a through service between Indianapolis and Cincinnati, pushed nearer to completion.

Each one of the roads operating at present parallels a steam railroad. Operating these existing lines are thirteen principal corporations, each of which has one or more subsidiaries. Total capitalization is \$41,150,000 in stock and \$43,080,500 in bonds, or slightly more than \$80,000 per mile of constructed road. This figure closely approximates the capitalization of the steam railroads of the country, and represents a "watered" value of about \$30,000,000, injected in the absorption and amalgamation processes that have been resorted to. Upon this enormous capital—the growth of seven years—the com-

panies are not only paying liberal dividend and interest charges, but are paying heavily for franchise privileges, notably in Indianapolis where the city system takes as a terminal and trackage fee three cents out of every five-cent fare collected in the city limits. In its financial phases, therefore, the solution of this transportation problem has resulted in a manner eminently satisfactory to those who engaged in the task. The public, which provides the revenue enjoyed by the corporations, is not wholly pleased; its demands are not entirely satisfied. But the condition of that public is so vastly improved, over what it was under the steam-railroad monopolies, that it is contented, confident that as long as it provides the revenue the traction corporations will, as rapidly as possible, increase and extend their facilities.

In the operation of these roads there is attained, in respect to passenger accommodations, an extreme of perfection. Contrasting this service with what was formerly, and is now, afforded by the steam railroads, one is able to appreciate the measure of the advance made since the installation of the electric-traction service. The subjoined table makes this contrast, showing the conditions of the service on the steam railroads before the interurban trolleys came to destroy their monopoly, present conditions, the passenger service pro-

vided by the trolleys, and respective rates of fare—all between Indianapolis and the chief cities reached by trolley lines radiating from the State metropolis.

To Indianapolis from

	Miles	1899		1906	1906	
		Trains per day	Fare	Trains	By trolley Trains	Fare
Anderson.....	39	6	\$1.10	9	20	\$0.60
Muncie.....	54	5	1.65	7	18	.85
Marion.....	70	3	2.10	3	16	1.05
Wabash.....	90	3	2.70	3	14	1.40
Union City.....	85	4	2.55	6	17	1.55
Crawfordsville..	43	4	1.30	4	13	.75
Lebanon.....	28	5	.85	5	18	.45
La Fayette.....	64	5	2.00	6	15	1.05
Frankfort.....	47	4	1.40	3	15	.75
Kokomo.....	54	2	1.65	3	17	.90
Logansport.....	77	2	2.30	3	12	1.25
Columbus.....	41	6	1.25	6	18	.65
Franklin.....	41	6	1.25	6	18	.65
Richmond.....	68	6	2.05	7	14	1.05

Thus it will be seen that the traction lines, in addition to doubling, trebling, and even quadrupling the train service, have reduced the cost of passenger transportation by an

average of fifty per cent. When the first section of consequence in the present system—from Anderson to Indianapolis—was placed in operation, the Big Four Route endeavored to crush the new competition. Almost hourly trains were added to the service between these points, and the rates fixed by the traction line were met, and even cut under. But it was of no avail; passenger traffic on this division of the Big Four fell away until there remained only that of a through character. For local transport, the people used the trolley line almost exclusively. After a few months the Big Four abandoned this effort at competition; and no road that since has been paralleled by a trolley has undertaken to revive it, so complete was the Big Four failure.

The effect of this is illustrated in the record made at one little town—Pendleton—26 miles from Indianapolis. When the Big Four enjoyed monopoly of transportation to and from this place, the Pendleton agent remitted from \$15,000 to \$20,000 from passenger ticket sales every year. Sales at the Pendleton office of the Big Four do not average more than \$300 a month now; and, almost entirely, are for points not reachable by trolley.

The type of cars operated over these lines is attractive. Large as an ordinary steam-railroad passenger coach, they are vestibuled, comfortably furnished, and well ventilated. Commonly, they seat fifty persons in transverse seats. Toilet accommodations are provided, as is iced drinking-water. The forward portion of each car is given over to smokers, and in the express trains, which stop only at towns and cities, this compartment is carpeted and furnished with leather upholstered chairs of rattan. In local trains, which stop to take on or discharge passengers on signal, the smokers' compartment has bench seats, and in it is carried baggage and express freight. Each car has a conductor and a motorman for its crew. The motorman is isolated in the



TAKING TRAIN ORDERS BY TELEPHONE

forward vestibule and has at his finger tips levers and cords for his motor controller, air brakes, a hand brake, and a whistle blown by compressed air.

The trolleys operate express trains on alternate hours, and one or two "flyer" trains make exceptional speed. Four times daily the "Interstate Express" runs between Indianapolis and Dayton, making the trip of 109 miles in four hours and fifteen minutes. "The Marion Flyer" makes four trips each way each day, covering the 72 miles between Indianapolis and Marion in two hours and twenty-five minutes, while "The Fort Wayne Flyer" makes the run of 136 miles in about four hours and a half. On these trains, for which the extra-fare charge is very small, and which are as perfectly appointed as a Pullman palace car, light buffet luncheons are served. Experiments are being made with sleeping cars by these trolley companies, and with the opening of the through lines a sleeping-car service will be instituted.

Overcrowding is an evil which, frequent as is their train service, these trolley companies have not overcome. Overcrowding arises from the fact that the trains are of the single-car type, and the companies do not furnish "trailers" for the short hauls during rush hours, all trains running "through." The recently created State Railroad Commission of Indiana is already considering its ability to require interurban trolley companies to provide fuller accommodations, and relief is expected.

All of these companies make a feature of low-priced Sunday excursions. At convenient points along their lines they are maintaining amusement resorts. For the excursion crowds trailers are provided, and trains are run in sections, but so heavy is the traffic that, aside from the dirt, the discomfort is as great as on the ordinary popular-priced excursion on the steam road.

At Indianapolis the terminal facilities are superior to those provided by the steam railroads. A ten-story building in the center of



CAR DISPATCHER'S OFFICE IN DIRECT TELEPHONE CONNECTION WITH ANY POINT ON THE LINE

the shopping district contains the general offices of the companies. Back of it is a great train shed sheltering eleven tracks, and beyond are the freight warehouses. The ground floor of the terminal structure is given over to a union ticket office, to waiting rooms and lavatories for men and women, and to a great concourse. All the trolleys entering Indianapolis arrive at and depart from this terminal; trains are called by megaphone, and tickets must be shown at the gate before passing to the tracks.

The traction companies from a very early period began to handle freight and express matter, doing at first a purely local traffic and seeking to build up a business among the farmers. The business has grown greatly, so that now regular runs of freight and express cars are made carrying freight from Indianapolis, sometimes to points in Ohio, as well as to points in Indiana off of the company's lines. The rates are the same as those of the steam roads, but the service is much quicker. The statement is frequently made that the companies furnish express service at freight rates. Up to the present time the freight side of the interurban business in Indiana has been only an inconsiderable part of the business, not exceeding five per cent of the total receipts of the companies, but it is thought that this is capable of further development. On the

steam roads the situation is reversed, the freight business being from eighty to eighty-five per cent, and the passenger business from fifteen to twenty per cent.

Live stock is not handled. Under the con-

Aside from the quicker transportation given to freight matter, accommodation in the reception of merchandise for shipment has popularized the trolleys for freight. Instead of an arbitrary time limit for the reception of



**PRIVATE CAR WITH FACILITIES FOR SLEEPING, BATHING,
AND COOKING BY ELECTRICITY**



LATEST TYPE OF BUFFET EXPRESS CAR

tracts with the city of Indianapolis it cannot be handled, and the companies are not equipped to handle it and would not care to do so. Neither do the companies seek to carry what is called "coarse" freight, but only the classes of freight which justify a frequent and rapid service.

shipments, as is still the rule with the steam roads, the trolley companies, at any station, take merchandise up to the moment of dispatching a train. The result is that virtually all the light parcel and perishable merchandise transported within the trolley district now goes by the electric roads. Freight trains are

operated at regular and frequent hours, but under pressure of large shipments the companies will load and send out as many freight cars as are required daily.

Some problems of construction, notable in character, have been as perfectly solved by the promoters of the Indiana traction lines as has been the general puzzle of transportation. Originally the farmers along projected inter-urban routes cheerfully donated right of way

depositing proper bonds the companies may take the land selected and rush their construction work.

All of the Indiana trolley lines are built to endure, and to insure the most economical operation. Grades and curves have been reduced to a minimum; streams are crossed on independent steel bridges; the roadbed is rock- and gravel-ballasted; the rails are of steel, and generally are of eighty- and ninety-



A SLEEPER WITH CHAIRS INVERTED INTO BERTHS

to the traction company, or exchanged their land for stock in the corporations. But, scenting early the magnitude of the traction development, the farmers began to hold out for extreme prices. The answer of the trolley promoters was an appeal to the State Legislature, and in 1901 an act was passed giving to street-railway corporations constructing inter-urban lines the same rights of eminent domain as have always been enjoyed by the steam roads. A steam-railroad lobby was powerless to prevent the enactment of this law. Construction does not, however, wait upon the issue of condemnation proceedings, as by

pound size. Electric current is fed through overhead wires, power being generated in great central stations and sent at tremendous voltage by cable to substations, where it is "stepped down" to the voltage required. Every car is equipped with a "pilot," or "cowcatcher," at the motor end, and is provided with a motor-driven air compressor for the operation of air brakes.

Dispatching by telephone, and the air brake for trolleys, both had their origin on these Indiana lines—they were products of necessity. Long before the first car was constructed for an Indiana traction line, Mr.

Henry, foreseeing the necessity of something more effective than a hand brake, if speed and safety were to be attained, wrote into the specifications the stipulation for an air compressor with a motor drive.

The dispatching by telephone came about by an evolutionary process. Each motorman's cab contains a small transmitter and receiver. These are wired to a pole, on the end of which are two flat zinc slates. At each siding is a loop from the telephone line, strung on the trolley supporting poles. Arriving at a siding, the motorman opens his cab window, projects the pole, and hooks the zinc plate into the telephone wire loop. In the dispatcher's office is an operator with a head receiver. Before him is a train-order sheet. The motorman repeats his number and location, and in turn receives orders for meeting and passing other trains. These he transcribes in duplicate on printed blanks, and both he and his conductor must sign and surrender them at the end of the run. Since dispatching by telephone came into use, there has not been a single disastrous collision, and travel by trolley has been made safer than travel by steam.

In the course of a few years this intercity electric system will so web the State and beyond, that there will be small occasion for anybody to use the steam roads to transport

themselves or their freight to Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit.

The development of freight carriage by electricity is in its infancy. Completion of the line now building from Indianapolis to

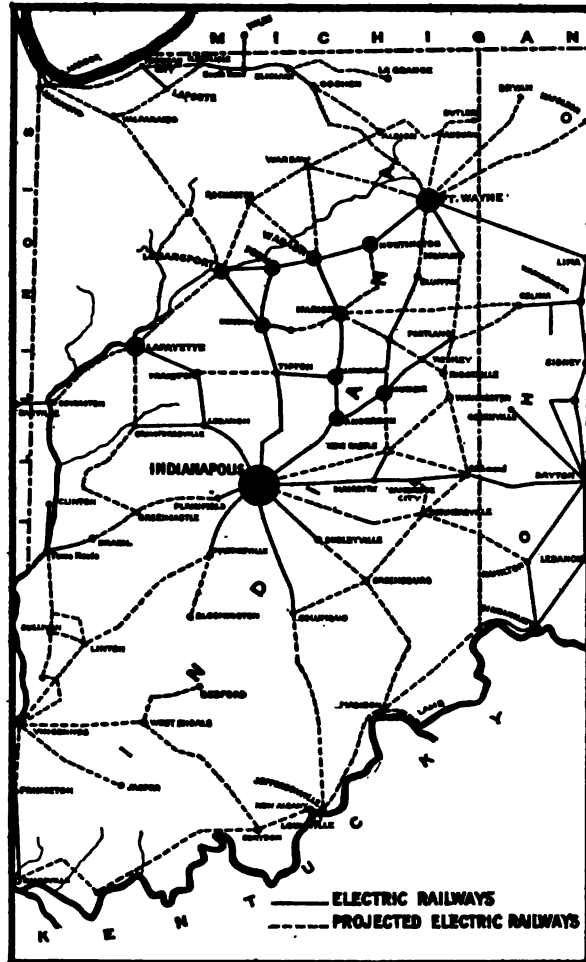
the soft-coal fields of southern Indiana will mark the beginning of an era in which the steam railroads will have to depend for tonnage originating in Indiana, upon consignments to points far beyond State boundaries.

Investors in these traction lines have ample security, and earnings are so large that dividend payments are generous, while six per cent interest charges upon bonds are met without difficulty.

The taxable basis of every county traversed by the traction lines has been enormously increased, and the increase of county and State revenues—from assess-

ments upon traction property, and the increased valuation of adjacent real estate—have left available for general expenditures large portions of the sums formerly received from taxation.

There is afforded to the traveler clean, quick, and comfortable transportation at any hour of the day, at a price so reasonable that his saving more than compensates him for the small additional time required for electric travel. His baggage is carried with him. And



TROLLEY LINES OF INDIANA

if a party is organized for the theater in Indianapolis, or for any other purpose, the traction company will furnish a special car for its accommodation, run it in the users' own time, allowing for an after-theater supper, and charge for it only the regular fare. By reason of the multiplicity of trains, commercial travelers are able to visit double and treble the number of towns they could formerly "make." The use of the horse between towns in the electric belt, and between farms along the electric lines and towns, has been almost abandoned; and grass now grows in what formerly were splendid gravel pikes, so little are they used. And with these well-nigh perfect facilities for passenger transportation—modified only by the overcrowding which soon may be ended—the patrons of the roads are saving an average of fifty per cent of the former cost of travel.

But the most important effect has been the sweeping change in the life and character of the communities in the electric-railroad zone. Every one travels and travels much; and these small town residents have become city frequenters, theatergoers, and as they rub elbows with a world which lies beyond the village confines, they have broadened and improved their views of life.

The farmer feels all of this effect and more. He now runs into town and back within the hour. He no longer has to lose a day when a machine breaks. A quick trip to the nearest town, a telephone message to the repair depot, and the part is forwarded by the next car. He seldom loses more than two hours because of a breakdown. His light marketing is made simple and easy, and instead of tramping or driving miles to school, his children go now by trolley into the nearest town, and have ample

time to assist with the morning and evening work.

The trolley has made Indianapolis the trading center for the entire electrified region. Only small and unimportant shopping is now done in the villages; for everything else required, shoppers now "run down" to Indianapolis, or into Anderson, Muncie, Marion, Kokomo, or one of the other trolley centers. Compensating communities for the loss of this small retail trade, there is, besides the savings already cited, employment new in its character afforded scores of the residents of these villages. Electric trains—passenger, freight, construction, and repair—are to be manned; and the traction companies require large office and clerical forces. All of this labor has been drawn from the sections through which the trolley lines pass. To be added to this is the revenue from the work that village residents are doing in the cities. Scores of young men and women who formerly idled their time at home are now employed in Indianapolis and the smaller cities, "commuting" morning and evening. The result is more money and wider prosperity for all concerned. And against the city competition, the small retailer makes no complaint. He has his immediate compensations. The telephone and the trolley make it possible for him to carry smaller stocks; quick dispatch and transit by trolley freight bring his perishables to him in salable condition.

Results similar to these, and of even greater scope, will be attained whenever a group of communities can win emancipation from steam-railroad monopoly. They have been attained in Indiana where, although it is now unparalleled, the trolley development is still in its infancy.

COLOR SONG

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

WHITE

I AM the prayers of an unknissed mouth
That prays for a silver rose,
I am the love of the dead that comes
From a land that no one knows.

I am a pearl from the waveless sea,
The soul of a lily gone,
I am the star at Heaven's gate
The Virgin sleeps upon.



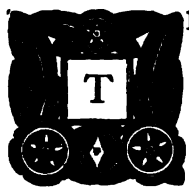
Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"At intervals they changed places, working carefully past each other."

THE GREATER HATE

BY ROY NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON



THE wilderness brought them together. The wilderness compelled them to cry "Truce," and the wilderness glowered at them ever as they wandered through it seeking with desperate struggles the preservation of their self-valued lives.

One was tall and swart with the hand-painting of the sun reflected from Arctic snows. The other was short and stocky, with the beetling brow and somber look of the man who has trying heart history written in the deeps within him. And they, fellow-travelers for the time but hating each other ever, fared away together.

Hunger walked with them and lent staggers to their steps as the squeakings of their snow shoes blended together at their meeting place. Below them for indefinite miles stretched the cañon up which they had come, its only relief from snowy whiteness being the darker copses of green where pine boughs protruded. On all sides, save that slit in the sky line, huge mountains thrust fiercely jagged fingers into the blue and interposed ice-clad steepes. And their only trail of escape from the leering, malignant companion hunger was up and over the icy range. They were mere microscopic things of animation which must assault and conquer the sides of this immense, formidable pocket, or die.

The tall man, hearing the creaking of those other snow shoes, and for the instant stimulated by hope, suddenly pulled himself together and hurried toward the point where their individual paths might meet. From his lips there started forth a glad shout of greeting, but the noise died away in his throat with a curious, clucking intonation as he recognized the other.

The man ahead turned at the sound, gave an involuntary start, and faced the one who would have hailed him. His somber eyes glowered at the other steadily with a world of readable hatred in their depths, but his lips opened not. He stood, despite his inward weakness, with the stolidity of a bull meditating a fierce attack, a certain over-aweing deadliness of intensity in his immobility, while the swart one palpably shook and reached for the weapon which was entangled in the ragged belt of his ragged mackinaw. With his hand on the gun he gave salute, challenge, and interrogation in a monosyllabic "Well, Tom?"

Unwinkingly, but with a certain defined contempt in his look, the other slowly replied, "Not now, Jack; not now, I guess."

The hand of the taller man slid hesitatingly away from the pistol butt. He stood questioningly for what seemed a long time, and then, as if his every nerve had weakened, he stumbled forward beseeching: "Grub, for God's sake, grub! I have eaten nothing for the last two days."

Again there was a pause, but no throb of weakness in the voice that wearily answered, "Nor I for three days."

It was like a blow to the tall man. He squatted on his heels, twisted his fingers and moaned, while tears dripped unheeded down his bearded face. Tom remained immovable and brooding. Here before him was the object of his years of search—the other man and his revenge. Here at his feet, groveling in weakness and selfish self-pity, was the one for whom he had sought over thousands of miles of land and sea, through frontier camps and frontier hills, through great woods and greater mountains, and off up here into the heart of unknown and uninhabited Alaska—and all for this!

Through all those years he had thought that when this man was found the end would come without delay. He had pictured to himself the savage joy and satisfaction of the kill. God! How he wanted to kill!

It was this starved and weakened and sobbing thing that in those far-away years had stepped in between him and his betrothed—the only woman who had commanded all his heart's homage—and with cunning lies, clever insinuations, and heartless malignments had estranged her. Yes, worse than that, had taken her for his own and then instead of cherishing her had made her life such a hell on earth that she had been glad to pass from this into the portals of another world—had been glad to rest—to sleep—to find the great quiet.

And never until she lay dying in his arms had he known all this. And never until then had he realized that life could hold as its sole object and ambition a desire to kill another man. Never until then had he known that hatred could become so intense, so cumulative, so pervading, that even in the nights it filled sleep with fierce combat and savage triumph and brutal exultation. Sometimes in those years he had vaguely wondered whether or not his sanity had been broached upon; sometimes he wondered whether the steadfast resolution within him that had always been a part of his nature had not become distorted. But always, as time went on, the difficulties of finding this man had acted upon his stubbornness and only increased his determination.

And all for this!

Now his eyes sought those of the other.

"She is dead," he said in a monotone, almost as if speaking to himself and uttering a commonplace.

"Good God! And—and——"

"Yes. She remembered and forgave you. But I haven't. You killed her."

The tall man buried his face in his arms upon his knees and his body shook with sobs. The other watched unmoved. The fire of speech that had fanned the murder light into his eyes was followed by more brooding.

The few minutes that had slipped away since they met seemed ages. Suddenly the terrors of their own position smote upon them, and together they turned and faced that terrific and forbidding wall that towered above them, a plane of snow whose crusted surface glistened coldly repellent.

"No other chance," said the stocky one, more to the mountainside than to his hearer.

"No," was admitted. "To go around any other way takes twenty days. That means—" He shrugged in hopelessness.

As if by common thought and single impulse, they loosened their packs of blankets which must be abandoned and dropped them upon the snow, their smaller camp impedimenta jangling as it fell. Eying each other to see whether the truce was to be in full, they discarded their rifles. They tightened their belts around their torn and worn garments. Their snowshoes were unthonged and lashed fantastically across their backs. They were ready.

And thus with but a pick and shovel they assaulted the mountain range, cutting foothold in its glassy face and climbing upward, like doggedly persistent insects, toward the ridges high above them. With the instincts of the mountaineer they had chosen the lowest place in this three-sided battlement, which shut them off from the other side of the divide where were cabins and—grub.

At intervals as they progressed they changed places, working carefully past each other, the one in front cutting—always cutting—footholds into which the moccasins fitted, mere toeholds between them and death. And the one in the rear always repeated the same gesture and pose, the planting of the shovel point alongside, the leaning forward against the face of the frozen snow, and the holding of the arms overhead as a protection against the stray bits of ice chipped out from above.

Hour after hour they advanced at snail's pace until the great trees in the cañon far below them looked like a mere fringe of green against the foot of the interminably long and horrifyingly steep incline.

The breeze came coldly down upon them from off the altitudes, and, although but a soft movement of air, it seemed to them in their precarious footholds as a terrific and demoniacal gale, striving steadily and cruelly to wrest them from their clutch and hurl them to swift destruction. Coldness and weariness piled on and on until the gnawings of starvation were forgotten.

Even the mountain was an enemy, whose glacial face was imbued with life. Now it jeered them; now, with devilish animosity, it put forth hands to shove them off. When they dared look, the peaks across the cañon seemed watching them derisively, but with

great solemnity. They felt how infinitely puny they were, and in their weakness and fatigue and danger it seemed that even the whirling of the earth was palpable and a menace. The gray of the skies, leaden and uniform, became a shroud ready to cover them both. The immensity of height overpowered them and they dared not look downward. And though they might falter and wish to retrace their steps, it would be impossible, for the warmth of their moccasins melted slightly their tiny footings, which as they abandoned them became peculiarly slippery and absolutely treacherous. There was no hope of anything but to gain the top. And then? Perhaps even then there would be no hope. Perhaps all this was useless, and it might be better to surrender to the mountain now. The end would come quickly—yes—it wouldn't take long to fall.

Yet that subconscious desire to live—just to live a little longer—held them and made them fight their way upward; but their mouths broke no silence. There was no sound other than that of the ringing pick nibbling its way for fresh footholds and gnawing an almost invisible ladder toward hope.

And so they reached the crest of the divide, a wind-swept ridge where little swirls of cutting, blinding, biting snow smote them in their faces and drove chill teeth into their starved bodies.

They rested, lying on their arms and gathering strength for the traversement of the ridge which stretched away before them like a narrow path on the backbone of the world. Chilled with their respite they arose to their feet and staggeringly made their way along this pathway to shelter and food. Still the malignancy of the mountains was upon them and the ridge seemed to diminish as they advanced, rendering their positions more precarious and their footing more difficult. The tall one took the lead. Behind him, with steadier step, grim face, and clinched fingers, strode the smaller one. They slipped now and again as they went, and always they looked only at their feet, fearing the unnerving of a glance outward into the depths on either side. Sometimes they leaned to the icy blasts until they looked like attenuated scarecrows wavering in the wind and aslant. Their feet rose and fell with clumsy irregularity and without the firmness of strength. Their weakness told upon them.

With the shock of the unexpected the feet of the man in front slipped. His ice-in-

crusted moccasins gave forth a rasping sound as he vainly fought for firmer footing; his arms, holding the burden of the shovel, wrenched wildly to and fro, and with strange sprawlings of awkwardness he fell off the apex of the ridge and slid from its meager flatness out upon the ice-clad declivity. His body seemed to shoot downward in a straight line, flying always with greater speed on the steep slope, which terminated in nothingness—a nothingness across whose brink was wide space and at the foot of which, thousands of feet below, stood the pine trees dwarfed by distance into solid colors. And as he went, feet foremost, he still clutched, in hands upraised at length above his head, the shovel.

It was this thwarted sentence of the mountain. Its sharp corner clove into the crust with a gritting "skr-r-r," turning up in its flight a little furrow of snow that whisked weirdly away as a cloud of diamonds adrift. It acted as a brake striving by chance to arrest tragedy. It caught on a stronger projection of ice. The outshooting body of the man came to a sudden stop and almost jerked loose the hands which, with the blind instinct of self-preservation, clung tensely to the only hold between him and the abyss.

The stocky man, paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, stood high above him, the pick still over his shoulder and one hand in his pocket. In outline against the sky, he looked a firmly immovable statue, a part of the mountain watching a mere spectacle of interest.

His eyes stolidly felt out those of the man below and caught the detail of the swart face grown pallid in extremity.

"Good-by, Tom"—a grim and simple salute from the dying—was wafted up to him.

He carefully sat down on the edge of the white gateway to death and gazed as one fascinated. His reasoning was that of one dulled by physical stress and grounded on personal hatred. It told him that this accident was no fault of his, nor could he be expected to attempt a rescue. Such an attempt were, after all, merely throwing the gauntlet in challenge to the inevitable. That bank of snow, under double weight, would probably become an avalanche to carry them both out to the edge of the precipice, and over it into space, and down, and down, to form part of the covering for the waiting pines a thousand feet below—cruel in their expectancy.

Accident had saved him the trouble of killing. Death was the only sequel. It had been so sworn. His mind traveled backward in review, reiterating as in all the past years of quest the part this man had played in his own tragedy. It was troublesome to sit there and think while those eyes vaguely questioned his. Jack need expect no rescue from him. He was not worthy, and even the attempt would mean useless self-sacrifice.

The shovel slipped a little, although the man hanging to it had even eased his breathing to avoid jarring its tenure of the ice.

The figure of stern Justice on the brink above leaned forward as though fascinated with the imminent climax, and then, animated by a new thought, sprang into activity. Hurriedly he seized the pick and drove its point into the ice below his feet. The necessity for haste was upon him, and he furiously chipped step after step, angling his way toward the imperiled one's feet, and in his frenzied energy he was heedless of the danger of starting a snowslide, the hungry yawning of the gulf below, or the slipperiness of his own working surface. Once more with him it was a combat with nature, and he fought the fight strongly.

With rare forethought he cut a deeper and broader gash in the unfeeling wall, almost on the verge of the chasm, and eased the slackened frame of the tall man down beside him. With all his strength he steadied him into the little grooves which serrated the terrible slide, boosted him upward when opportunity offered, and all in silence.

Collapsed and nerveless, struggling for breath, and clutching the narrowness of the mountain, they lay face downward on the top, each striving for mastery of emotion. In each was the same weakening of the knees, the violent pumping of the heart, and the terror of the immensity that stretched with such magnificent unfeelingness away from them, a white and frigid panorama below their eerie perch. Yet neither spoke.

Jack looked curiously at his companion and gulped in his effort to control himself. Why Tom had rescued him was beyond reason or comprehension. When the latter said, "We must move along," he obeyed without hesitation or comment.

With great caution they resumed their journey out to a place offering easy descent in the way they would go. In the rescued man's mind there surged a tumult of thought not untinged with remorse. A dormant

sentiment awakened, that of regret and gratitude. It was hard to express, and as he stumbled onward he tried to frame a speech. The silence of the Arctic was upon him. They had reached timber level and found in this quietude an unreal world where every twig bore a highly piled burden of frost, where everything was deathly still and life itself seemed expectant.

He stopped abruptly in an open spot between tall trees with the feeling that he was in a cathedral, and must break through this awful speechlessness and into the mind of that other.

Words came fumblingly. "I want to thank you, Tom. Want to thank you for that back up there. It was—was mighty good of you."

"Good? Good?" came the response in such pent fury that he shrank back amazed. "Good! God, man, I didn't do it because I was good or didn't want you to die." And as he spoke his voice crept from one of repression to unbridled passion; arose to a strained pitch as if floodgates were bursting with the sweep of an irresistible torrent.

The sun lent the glow of a dying day, and through rifted clouds shot reddish rays upon his fiercely working face as he furiously twisted his cap from his head and madly flung it on the snow. He strode forward in this light a picture of ferocity, his shaggy head drawn down within his shoulders, his hair bristling with rage, and his sparsely bearded chin thrust outward. His eyes glared with murderous madness from beneath eyebrows drawn into a straight thatch, his lips were snarled back exposing teeth so tightly locked that the muscles of his jowls stood forth in ridges, and his hands clinched and unclinchd. All barriers of restraint broke. He was the primeval savage with only savagery as his guide.

"Good!" he reiterated. "Damn you! Is that what you think? No! No! No! I brought you up because that way was too cursed quick and easy for you! Brought you up because when the time comes I want to drag your worthless life from your more worthless body with my hands. Damn you—with my hands! Want to set my teeth in your throat and know that you suffer as your life goes out. God! I wish I could make you suffer a million deaths! Suffer as you've made me suffer—as she suffered. Why, curse you, your wife died in my arms, and so did your deserted baby."

Trembling with rage he strode upon the other and seemed, as he towered above him, bent on the consummation of his desire to slay. But Jack cowered down upon one knee, surprise and remorse written in his startled eyes and opened lips.

"A babe? She left a babe—my baby!" he muttered, thinking aloud. "And I never knew!" This day and perhaps other days had wrought upon him. Now came facts marshaled from the years and passing in dread review before the judgment of his introspection. A woman's love unfairly won, then crushed under foot; the unmerited gift of paternity, then the shirking of a father's responsibilities. The joys of pure thinking and pure living with that wife and child ruthlessly sacrificed on the slimy altar of greed and selfishness, adventure and debauchery. His littleness and selfishness and cruelty came upon him in his bitter realization of barren, naked truth. In this awakening and merciless self-arraignment he hated himself, admitted that he merited death at this man's hands and was willing to accept it.

He raised himself to his feet with his whole thought speaking in the twitching of his face, and in one tragic, sweeping gesture of surrender threw back his opened hands and said: "You're right! My life can't pay, Tom. Take it! I don't want to live."

Tom paused with straining fingers outstretched in the very act of clutching at his enemy's throat. His muscles relaxed and his arms dropped heavily to his sides. Amazed at that turn and by the other's relinquishment he paused irresolute.

The light was going. He looked from right to left as if awakening from a bad dream, dazed and uncomprehending. He was back in the world of isolation again, back in the little clearing in the Arctic wilderness, cold and weak and hungry and weary. He picked up his mittens from the snow.

"Not now," he said. "Not now. I guess we'd better mush ahead."

As the long miles stretched out Jack began to weaken more and more. At times he staggered and fell, and with difficulty regained balance on his snowshoes. His arms would thrust themselves through the crust shoulder deep and his body would laboriously writhe and strain to withdraw them. His tenure of the thongs was uncertain and his steps were dragging and halting. Through all this Tom came behind apparently unmoved and callous. Only once or twice toward the

last, when the effort to arise became too much for Jack, did he offer assistance.

The night shadows, with stealthy creeping, transformed the sky and rendered the way harder. Insistently they walled in the world with darkness. By and by the clouds dissipated into the chill heavens, and on the white of the snows came the dim reflection of the stars. But the journey was near an end.

Far across an opening in the black masses of the forest and over the dead fields of white, a light from a cabin window sent a glittering pathway toward them—a beacon of life in the loneliness.

Hope fed their starved frames with new fire and diminished the leaden weight of their snowshoes. They went stronger, and Jack fell less frequently. They struggled harder now that a goal was at hand, knowing that across this last stretch of weariness were refuge and food.

As they approached the black, squatty cabin, whose snow-laden roof was outlined against a group of pines, the night painted the picture. Behind it and away off in the dim and mysterious north, the northern lights were spreading a dull glow of red and purple, preliminary to a grander display. The trees on the mountaintops were silhouetted against this sullenly flaming curtain and a hilltop in the near background was sharply defined. Dimly outlined, a trail led away from the front of the cabin toward this hill, and to other habitations in those other miles across its summit.

The man behind broke the silence. "Here's where you stop," he said. "I'm going on."

The other turned slowly on his shoes and faced him, vaguely realizing and understanding a hatred so great that it rendered, even in this terrible distress, one cabin roof too small for both. He was overwhelmed.

"Tom," he said, "I told you back there to-day that I didn't want to live. Well—I don't. You said 'not then.' Better make it now!" He stood waiting.

"Killing's too good for you." Tom's voice, fraught with malevolence, came through the gloom. "Damn you! I hope now that you live forever and never forget!"

He thrust his bearded face forward until his eyes glared into those of the swart one, and concluded between unopened teeth: "By God! You can keep your life. I'm going to leave you with your memory. It'll be hell enough."

Then, with a laugh in which was all of concentrated bitterness and insolent scorn, he trudged away into the darkness.

Hearing, but unheeding, he gave no recognition of the tragic call, "Tom, Tom!" that was borne to him on the wings of the night from the man behind.

The latter cowered and shivered, a quivering figure of despair, and watched the other as he went. His punishment was already upon him. Prescience told him of the awful years to come with no other companions than memory and remorse and the knowledge that the man going out had so hated him that he had given him his life.

Mantled in his hopelessness he staggered toward the cabin door, but before entering turned once more to the north.

There the lights had crept out and upward, throwing coldly gorgeous fingers of

weird, uncanny fires across the sky. Purples and dull reds and unknown colors swept to and fro, blended with marvelous rapidity, and brought out still stronger the outline of the hill.

Into this outline there came a slowly plodding form. First the head, then the shoulders, then the entire body, like one arising from a sea of blackness into a world of color. It was Tom crossing the hill.

In this glory of the night he saw him vanish over the horizon, a triumphant figure of vengeance, limned for the moment in sharp grotesqueness, limping onward to the next cabin, grimly conscious of a great revenge and with his quest at an end.

And with the watcher at the door were those two others left behind to give him throughout his weary life their stern companionship—Memory and Remorse.

A FACE

By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

THREESCORE years and ten immortal soul had wrought
 Upon a mortal face,
 With implements too delicate for human eye
 And deathless patience only master spirits know.
 When rainbows arched the sky or deep the shadows fell,
 The tireless soul etched on—
 In faint or bolder strokes that grace and humor blent
 With stronger lines deep-cut by firm courageous will.
 With adoration deep and faith the spirit wrought,
 With hope and love whose touch
 Such high transfiguration brings that half it seemed
 An angel's hand its fair illumination lent.
 And oft the soul did use the sharpened points of pain
 To tone the curves of joy,
 Or tender lines of pity drew whose softness gave
 The warmth of shadows blue o'er mountains cold and gray.
 And reverent wonder left its tracery of awe
 Upon the mobile face,
 Where shone the rapture light of holy vigils kept
 Against the evil powers that pitch their camps within.
 So wrought the yearning soul with powers invisible,
 With aspiration high,
 With purity and truth, until its masterpiece
 Was done and mete for judgment halls of life and death.
 Oh, soul of mine! when I behold how victory crowns
 A face with glory's ray,
 Shall not my very pulses cry, oh, soul repeat;
 Repeat in me this radiant miracle in clay!

HICKS OF HACKENSACK

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



YOU doubtless never knew Hicks of Hackensack; which is your loss rather than his, for, while there are probably very many people who are much like you, there is but one Hicks.

When he was still of a tender age, his parents had been called to greener fields and, realizing that he would be about as capable of earning a livelihood as a canary would of playing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" on a comb, they had left him amply provided with this world's goods and in such a way that he couldn't unprovide himself, as he assuredly would have done if he had a chance.

From the time when ideas first began to coagulate in the cavity that Nature had intended for his brain (but which she had grown to abhor), he was always mounted on some ridiculous hobby or other and he could change 'em like a pony express rider. When the historical (or more properly hysterical) novel came in, Hicks climbed up on it, shoved his feet 'way through the stirrups, clutched his fingers in the mane, and began to lament that he hadn't lived in those glorious days of old when, if a man said "Good morrow, faire ladye" to another man's fiancée, there was immediately something doing at the morgue; and it made no difference whether or not the man knew of the engagement at the time, and more often than not he wouldn't even learn the reason of his premature demise until he sent back from the Other Side to inquire into it. Had Hicks lived in those days, it is my opinion that his light would have been snuffed so suddenly that he wouldn't have had time to offer another gallant snuff.

But you couldn't tell him so. He had conceived an ambition to be known as a devil of a

fellow, and he used to come down to the club and descant upon the glorious lives led by those superheated old beggars who would bet on whose mother-in-law would die first, and wager their money and that of their wives, and as much of their friends' as they could get their hands on, as a side bet on the weather while shaking for drinks.

And he'd rave over elopements and affairs of honor and all such rot until one night Monty Fiske waxed weary, i' sooth, and told him that if he wanted a duel, he knew where he could get it; and he could have his choice of any weapon from disappearing guns to canned oysters; and after that, Hicks confined his maunderings to other things.

When these latter-day writers, having wallowed all over the map, began to fake up new lands to conquer and to put all sorts of impossible heroes into all sorts of more impossible situations in all sorts of most impossible places, that was where Hicks lived. He positively itched to mire himself to the eyes in some intrigue or other, and whenever he thought of persecuted damsels he used to froth at the mouth in an impotent desire to find them and marry them out of their troubles even if he had to move to Utah to do it. And when he'd get to imagining that, in some unknown principality, there might be a beautiful princess whose kingly father was about to sacrifice her to Black Bill, the Troublesome Brother, in order that he might keep for himself a throne to sit down on when he was tired, Hicks would positively moan with longing and hopeless desire.

But he couldn't find a princess, or even a duchess, or a maid of honor, you know; so he took it out in seeking, and in calling himself Hicks of Hackensack.

Hicks of Hackensack wasn't very good,

but it was the best he could do; for Hackensack was the only place with which he had ever had any permanent connection, and Hicks was a long way better than Bildad, which was the name that his parents, in a moment of meanness, had given him. I presume that they felt that they must get even in some way for having to leave their money to him.

He used to repine a good deal that his name wasn't Rhinekopf, or Karl; Karl of Carlsbad, he once mourned to me would sound so much better than Hicks of Hackensack. But he couldn't go back and change history; so Hicks of Hackensack it had to be.

This pose of Hicks was rendered all the more ridiculous because he was built along the general lines of a clothes-horse. He was round-shouldered, nearsighted, anæmic, and wore spectacles, and he looked exactly like the pastor of a small, bucolic flock—one of that kind, you know, that spends all its time making red-flannel lung protectors for a heathen that would swap three shiploads of 'em for two fingers of one-X corn whisky and a

couple of stogies. And when he began to rip out those archaic cuss words, it surprised you as much as it would if a yearling lamb should growl at you and show its fangs.

Although Hicks was so full of desire for the reputation of a rakehell and a gay doggie that it bugged his eyes out even farther than Nature had set them, he couldn't seem to make good. He had the ambition and the means, but he couldn't apply them. He tried several times, but things didn't turn out the way that they should according to the books.

I remember one night when we were leav-

ing the club, we saw a woman struggling in the embraces of a large man who had been trying in a small way to corner the liquor market.

Hicks ran to her succor, crying, "Unhand the fair lady, thou scurvy knave!" and caught the scurvy knave a feeble swing on a jaw that looked like a Belgian block.

The scurvy knave forthwith unhanding the fair lady and undertook to hand Hicks instead. And then the fair lady hit Hicks behind the ear with a bottle and asked him

huskily what the — eh — what he meant by interfering with man and wife who were engaging in a pleasant bit of repartee and strictly minding their own business, and told him that if he didn't chase himself out o' there, she'd knock his roof off. Hicks really didn't want to stay, but just then he was busy and couldn't get away; and thus the fair lady was almost as good as her word. Hicks was in bed only ten days.

The next time, Hicks was more careful. On his way home from the club one night, filled with

the spirit of conflict, and other things, he stopped his cab in front of a delicatessen store, bought a bologna sausage, and with it sandbagged a poor, blind, crippled pencil vender sitting under an arc light with a handful of leadless pencils and a tin cup.

The poor, blind, crippled pencil-vender chased Hicks seven blocks through dark alleys, caught him, carefully removed Hicks's spectacles (there's a law against hitting a man with glasses on, you know), painstakingly blackened both his eyes, and then went back and did the job over again so as to be



"Painstakingly blackened both his eyes."

sure that it was done in a workmanlike way. Then he broke Hicks's spectacles on the curb, scuttled a couple of floating ribs, and told him that if he ever came fooling around him again he might get hurt. Then he put on his blue goggles again and went back to get ready for the morning rush.

These exploits somewhat cooled Hicks's desire for renown under the school of Rot of Rotterdam, and he subsided until motoring came in. Then he decided that at last his chance had come and he bought him a long, low, rakish-looking car with a French name that he couldn't pronounce to save his life. It was painted drab and had more power than a Kentucky stock farm. There came with the car a small, bullet-headed *mécanicien* named Anatole. (French chauffeurs never have but one name, you know. The other is taken away from them by the custom house.)

Anatole taught Hicks for about six months and then Hicks thought that he could run the car himself. He tried.

When he and Anatole got out of the hospital he tried again, slower. And after a while he became really expert. He could run over more dogs and chickens than anyone I ever saw and he averaged three arrests a week during all of last summer. He tried running on the other side, but gave it up in disgust and came back to America again. You can't get arrested half as often over there, you know, for the judges actually turn the fines into the treasury and it makes them a lot more trouble.

In spite of his many shortcomings, Hicks was not unpopular. He was a big-hearted boy, you know, and generous to a fault. Of course he was well bred and well educated and in the main very much of a gentleman, coming as he did from an old New Jersey family; and then, too, he had a sort of old-school air about him that, despite his obvious and intrusive egotism, made him very popular with many of the ladies, God bless 'em; for the greater part of the sex can overlook much in a man if he will but give them that kiss-the-very-ground-you-walk-on, not-worthy-to-breathe-the-same-air sort of devotion that went out shortly before men became able to sit down without endangering their trousers.

So, when a crowd of us went down to the Lisenards' North Shore place for the first fortnight in September, we were not surprised to find Hicks there with his car and Anatole.

We had been there but a few days when there arrived a niece of Mrs. Lisenard. Her name was Hortense Stuyvesant-West and

she was certainly good to look upon. Her father had for some years held a consular position in Bordeaux, where the wine comes from, and his daughter combined in appearance all that is best of two countries. She had the superb figure and lithe, graceful carriage of America, and its freedom from affectation and exaggeration. She had, too, the *chic* of France, both in manners and dress, though she didn't tie her hair up into all those ridiculous little quirks and curls and frizzles that Frenchwomen affect, but instead drew it back loosely from her white forehead and fastened it simply at the nape of a neck that made a man wish that he were twins so that he might stand in front of her and behind her at the same time.

She was prettier than anyone I have ever seen, or dreamed of, or imagined—so pretty that it made one wonder how so much beauty could have foregathered in one place—just as you marvel at how a prestidigitateur can get all sorts of ribbons and flowers from a cornucopia hardly big enough to hold a bachelor's button. I shan't try to describe her. Just think of the most beautiful thing you can, multiply it by a million, square it, cube it, and add six and then you've got about as near the answer as you can ever get without seeing Hortense.

As for Hicks, the moment he got his spectacles focused on her, it was all up with him. He forgot whether he was Hicks of Hackensack or Garry of Gowanus, and, furthermore, he didn't seem to care. You never in all your life saw such a change in a man. In an instant he had fallen off his pedestal with a bump and had become just a mere human being and even less. It was positively pitiful to see him, the very essence of concentrated adoration, squinting at her humbly, meekly, dazedly, through his thick windows, like a man gazing at the sun.

He was so pitiful that we all felt sorry for him and began to try to cheer him up, and get him interested, even if we had to ring in the anachronistic actions and adventures of Fritz of Fahrenheit to do it.

Still, we didn't devote any too much of our time to Hicks, for the rest of us weren't much better off. Of course there was only one thing that could happen, and we men got down on our praying carpets and began to worship her and hate each other so conscientiously that one night, when she dropped her fan and we all jumped to get it for her at the same time, a riot was narrowly averted.



"A riot was narrowly averted."

No man was willing to be away from her any more than he could possibly help, and the consequence was that she was always surrounded three deep by a circle of adoring swains devoted to the point of manslaughter. The situation was what might be termed tense.

And then, suddenly, Hicks brightened up most amazingly and became his old, jaunty, debonair, devilish self again.

At first we were as surprised as our tenseness would permit; but after consideration we decided that the change in Hicks was due to the fact that his convolutions were so shallow that nothing, not even the glorious Hortense, could for long find resting place therein.

Several times, individually and collectively, we undertook to tell him what we thought of him; but he would reply merely by cocking his head airily, winking knowingly and superciliously, and then leaving us, humming in tones like those of a wistful crow.

Stuyvesant-West (Hortense's father, you know) came one evening about eight o'clock,

a few days later. He was a little man with an overabundance of whiskers, an underabundance of patience, and an air of self-esteem that fitted him as oppressively as a fur-lined coat on a hot day.

Most of us happened to be on deck when he arrived and we watched him descend from the trap and cast a watery gaze over the assembled multitude.

"Where's Hortense?" he demanded.

"Why, isn't she here?" cried Mrs. Lisperd, in surprise.

"If she is, she isn't visible to the naked eye," returned Stuyvesant-West amiably.

It was quite clear that Hortense had inherited little from her father.

Mrs. Lisperd looked about her anxiously and we all helped. Hortense was not of the group; and

it was noticed, too, that Hicks was absent.

An inquiry was instituted and at length one of the grooms was found who said that only a few moments before he had seen Hortense and Hicks buzzing along the back road to the Crossing in Hicks's unpronounceable racer; and almost at the same time, old Miss Baxter came in and announced that Hicks had told her that there would be an elopement at no distant date and opined that this was it.

We all gasped. Then we all looked at each other in speechless amazement. Then, as soon as we could get enough wind with which to do it, we all gasped again.

So this was the answer! So this was what accounted for the change in Hicks! So this was why he had ascended from the cellar of despondency to the roof garden of joy! So this— But Hortense! How *could* she have done it! How *could* she have chosen Hicks when she had Monty Fiske and myself and all the others to select from! How *could* she have nailed the booby prize when

she might have taken any of the others! How, oh, how . . . !!!

But Stuyvesant-West at last had awakened from the condition of comatose bewilderment that enveloped us all. He hopped up right into the air, and when he lit he ordered everyone to do something; and then not to do it; and then to do it or not, just as he wanted them to do, or didn't want them to do. He demanded that we all start in pursuit and ordered out all kinds of vehicles from balloons to submarines. Then he undertook to express himself as the matter seemed to demand and his remarks were such that old Miss Baxter went upstairs, screaming, with her hands over her ears and the pins falling out of her waterfall like autumn leaves in a gale.

Somebody said that there was a minister at the Crossing and that they had probably gone there. So Anatole was dragged away from the door of the wine cellar and told to bring out the Daim-Vite car and get us over to the Crossing immediately, and as much sooner as possible. Stuyvesant-West was by this time in a state of incipient apoplexy, and the rest were busy trying to keep him from getting in all over; so Monty Fiske and I, being deemed the least valuable to the world at large, hence the best qualified to ride with Anatole, were the only ones to go, which we were glad to do for the double purpose of being in at the finish and of gaining an opportunity to tell each other what we thought of things.

We broke speed ordinances that night so that you couldn't have found a segment with a fine tooth comb; and it couldn't have been more than eight minutes before we sighted the minister's abode, which we at once recognized because we saw the headlight of Hicks's car in the street in front of the gate.

Before the Daim-Vite came to a stop, we had hopped out and charged toward the front gate. But just as we reached it, the door of the house opened and out came Hortense, leaning on the arm of a tall, broad-shouldered fellow whom I immediately recognized as Hastings, '02. I knew him on the instant, for hadn't I played football on the same eleven, rowed on the same crew, and cut the same lectures with him for three years? A fine-looking chap he is and one of the best fellows I ever knew.

But what was he doing there? And where was Hicks?

It was one of those situations that make a man feel as though his intellect had been put in an atomizer and sprinkled all over him. While I was trying to scrape mine together and get it into a heap where it would work, Monty Fiske grabbed me by the arm.

"Look!" he whispered, pointing ahead. And there, in the light of our lamps, I saw Hicks sitting on the curb. His expression—but he had none—not a bit in the world, and he was trying to scratch a cigarette on his trousers with the evident idea of lighting the match which he held in his mouth.

Fiske and I stood like two bumps on a log. Hastings and Hortense hadn't seen us at all; and he led her toward a rattly old depot carriage that was standing a bit farther down the street.

Suddenly they almost fell over Hicks, who was still absently and dejectedly trying to light the cigarette on his trousers.

When Hortense (now Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings, of Brookline) saw Hicks, she stopped short and, leaning over him, cried impulsively,

"I haven't half thanked you for all you did for me, nor can I ever. Your car was really the only way in which we could have been sure that pursuit would have been unavailing, you know. Jack and I are ever and ever so grateful to you, and always will be. Won't



"Then he undertook to express himself."

we, Jack?" and she smiled up at Hastings in a way that made Monty and I groan and green with envy.

But poor Hicks seemed beyond human aid. He looked up at her with blinking, sheeplike eyes and blurted out:

"But I thought you were going to marry me!"

Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings looked completely kerflum-muxed (if anyone as beautiful as she can look like that).

"You said that we were going to elope and asked me if I would have the car ready at half past seven," continued Hicks in the tone and manner of a man who has been awakened from a beautiful and roseate dream by having the bed give away.

Hortense looked down on him, comprehending, and there was a soft light in her dark eyes. (We could see quite distinctly because they were standing right under an arc light, you know.)

"I'm so sorry," she cried softly, "so sorry! When I said 'we' I meant of course Jack and myself. I didn't explain very fully, perhaps, for I was hurried and nervous and then, too, I didn't for a moment imagine that you would think that I meant you—I didn't think that you had ever thought of such a thing, or desired it."

Hicks groaned.

Hortense, with the soft light in her eyes glowing yet more softly, looked up into her husband's face; and it was quite plain that

he understood just how Hicks felt. I know I did; and Fiske did, too.

"Do you mind, dear?" she asked softly.

He shook his head gently.

And then his wife leaned down and kissed Hicks right over the spectacles, and when she again stood erect there were tears in her eyes.

"Lucky dog," muttered Monty feelingly.

"Lucky dogs," I agreed just as feelingly.

And we both stood silently watching the rattly old depot wagon-carriage disappear into the darkness of the quiet, spasmodically lighted street. Then Monty sighed. Then I sighed. Then we both sighed together. And we meant 'em, too.

We tried to adduce some comfort from the fact that there was but one Hortense, and two of us; so some one was bound to get left anyway. But we derived from this about as much consolation as the man whose legs were cut off got from the fact that his arms still remained; so, sighing again, we went to where Hicks was still sitting and, taking the match

from his mouth and the cigarette from his hand, shook him a couple of times.

"Eh—what?" He gazed up at us with lack-luster eyes in which at length began to appear a faint gleam of almost human intelligence. And, as we bundled his lank frame into his lank car, he murmured helplessly, wonderingly:

"And to think that she took him when she might have had me!"

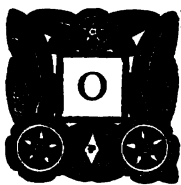
And—oh, but what's the use?



"His expression—"

THE DECLINE OF OUR SEA FISHERIES

BY JOHN Z. ROGERS



ONE of our foremost national industries bids fair to be wiped out of existence, and this with hardly a glance of attention given to it from the country at large. I refer to the fisheries of the Eastern coast, and in particular to the mackerel, cod, and lobster fisheries. They are in such danger of extermination, that unless prompt and radical protective measures are taken, it will not be long before these fish, like the buffalo, will be only a memory.

Along the Eastern coast, all the way from Provincetown to Eastport, depopulated towns and rotting and unused fish wharves mutely bear witness to this deplorable fact. Old-time skippers, men who have sadly noted the steady decrease of the catches, year after year, know the condition of these fisheries, but they have said nothing; probably because they have had no means suggested to them whereby to proclaim the fact. The fish barons in Boston and Gloucester know the real facts, but they have said nothing: because it was against their interests to have the facts become generally known. More than this, they have stoutly denied, right in the face of the facts, that the fish were steadily decreasing in numbers. These vessel owners and wholesalers and packers know the true condition of things, but they realize that protective measures would decrease their revenue.

We Americans consume without replenishing. We reap where we have not sown. The trees of our country have been so recklessly felled to provide pulp for the making of paper, that publishers are anxiously speculating as to the source of supply for the near future.

Less than a half century ago, the buffaloes dotted the Western plains by millions. John Bach McMaster, in his "History of the United States," says that in 1871-72, more than

7,000,000 buffaloes were slaughtered. There are to-day but a few hundred in existence.

Think of this, Gloucester men! And yet, Captain Reed had the courage to look me squarely in the face from under his sou'wester, and attempt to argue that it was foolish to think the mackerel and the lobsters would be killed off because there were once so many of them.

"Oh, no!" continued this philosopher; "there be jest ez many mackerel as ever wuz, but they hev taken anuther course."

This argument I have heard many times along the Eastern coast; and although it was strongly maintained, no one could tell about where this "other course" might be.

A few years ago, working on this Quixotic theory, the German Government sent out a fleet of fishing vessels, convoyed by a man-of-war, to try to locate this "other course"; or rather to find mackerel, or other food fish, in waters where they were previously unknown. Much effort was consumed, but no satisfactory results were obtained.

Before this, Captain "Sol" Jacobs, a famous Gloucester mackerel "killer," sailed away up in Pacific waters around Washington, and beyond, on a trip of discovery; but his efforts were unsatisfactory. And even before this long trip, an enterprising Eastern skipper fitted out his schooner, and in her visited the west coast of Africa, hoping to find mackerel there. He, also, was disappointed.

The lobster, although it is not so important commercially as the mackerel, is in more imminent danger of extermination.

In one of the tanks in the New York Aquarium there are a half dozen lobsters, and although a lobster has been caught weighing thirty-two pounds, and another weighing twenty-seven pounds, these specimens which are on exhibition do not average two pounds each. Above the tank is the Latin name of the crustacean, the localities

where it is—or was—found, and this interesting statement: "NOW GROWING EXTINCT ON ACCOUNT OF OVER-FISHING."

Recently the Massachusetts State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, in the course of its report, said:

"The outcome, the commercial extinction of the lobster, is as sure to result as day is to follow night. In thirteen years there has been a decrease of more than sixty-six per cent in the catch of lobsters."

It is almost impossible to state exactly just how many men and vessels belonging to the New England coast are engaged in lobstering, mackerel fishing, cod fishing, or "ground fishing"—ground fish meaning cod, hake, cusk, pollock, and similar fish. This is because a vessel will engage in one kind of fishing at one period, and another at another period. The men also shift about; many of them are fishermen farmers, living in the coast hamlets and owning small vessels, and they fish or farm for certain periods.

The most reliable estimates give the number of fishermen along the New England coast as 12,500, and the number of vessels as 830, not including the very small sloops and whale boats that catch lobsters in cold weather and go "shore fishing" in warm weather; which means, running out only a few miles on trips of one or two days each.

Aside from the New England catch of mackerel and codfish landed in Boston, exact figures regarding the entire catches are unavailable, as so many fish and lobsters are caught and quickly shipped, or else cured on the spot, without a record being obtained.

The following figures regarding the New England catch of mackerel, as compiled by the Boston Fish Bureau, are interesting in proving the steady decrease of this important industry:

In 1884, the catch was 478,076 barrels; in 1885, it was 329,943 barrels; in 1886, the number of barrels was 79,998; and in 1887, there were 88,382 barrels caught. The next year the catch dropped to 48,205 barrels, and the following year, 1889, it dropped off more than one half, to 21,918 barrels. Since then, from year to year, the catch, of course, fluctuated, ranging from 77,464 barrels in 1896 down to only 13,154 barrels in 1897; but averaging only about one tenth of the catch of 1884. Last year the catch was 29,301 barrels.

The New England catch of codfish and other ground fish, as also compiled by the

Boston Fish Bureau, shows a decline from year to year similar to that of the mackerel catch, although probably not to quite so marked an extent. In 1883, it was 1,061,698 quintals, and the annual catch decreased each year till 1891, when it amounted to 567,713 quintals. Then it recovered for a time till 1896, when it dropped to 342,760 quintals. Since then it has hung not far from this figure, going up and down, naturally. Last year the number of quintals was 439,475, or only forty per cent of the catch of 1883.

Anything at all comprehensive regarding figures on the lobster catch are almost impossible to obtain; but these brief figures are significant as an object lesson. Last year, of 61,713 boxes of canned lobster landed in Boston, 61,499 were imported and 214 were domestic.

Wheat, beef, and fish are the three national food staples. The raising of beef is conducted along careful business and scientific lines, as is also the growing of wheat. Every year thousands of acres of new ground are prepared for the cultivation of wheat in order to supply the demands of a rapidly increasing population; but no practical effort either to increase our fish supply, or protect what we already have, is being made.

We have the longest coast line of any country in the world. We export wheat and import fish.

"As plenty as the fish in the sea" is a common expression; but even the fish in the sea can, in time, be exterminated, as the buffalo were exterminated.

The domestic sardine interests, most of which are at or near Eastport, Me., are suffering from a scarcity of herring; for, although this fish enters a cannery a herring, it emerges, packed in cottonseed oil, as a sardine. In connection with the scarcity of herring, the almost continual trouble between this country and Canada regarding the herring bait question is familiar to every newspaper reader. The catches of Alaskan salmon for the past few years have not been sufficient to enable the canneries to run on full time.

American sturgeon are becoming so scarce that not enough are now caught to begin to supply the demand for "Russian" caviar; and Congress has taken steps looking to increase the catch by distributing young sturgeon in streams not previously frequented by this fish.

Years ago salmon were numerous, among

other streams in the Connecticut River, and recently one was caught in that river at Lyme which weighed nearly twenty pounds. This event attracted much attention, not on account of the size of the fish, but because it was the first salmon that had been caught in the river for three years.

Even whales are now very scarce, and have been scarce for many years, which is evidenced by the scarcity and high price of whalebone. The past few seasons have been most disastrous for the New Bedford whaling fleet, some of the vessels having returned to port after long voyages without even having seen a whale.

But it is the mackerel, the lobster, and the cod which demand more immediate attention; for they are closer, not to the hearts of the people necessarily, but to their stomachs and pocketbooks.

If the reader has reached middle age, and is at all familiar with market prices, he can probably remember when fresh mackerel were plentiful and reasonable in price. A score of years ago I bought them for from ten to twelve cents a pound, and often much less. Last spring I paid forty-five cents for one of medium size, and was glad of the opportunity to do so.

For a great many years, previous to less than a generation ago, mackerel were caught only with a hook and line, or a dragnet—a net which, as its name implies, was dragged behind a sloop or small schooner. These two methods were amply sufficient in securing all the mackerel for which there was a demand; the fishermen made good livings, and fresh and salt mackerel were within the reach of all, even the poorest laborer.

But the thought occurred to some of the vessel owners that they were not making money fast enough; there must be a lot of mackerel that were not caught, and the result was the advent of the purse seine. It is principally used upon the Atlantic coast for taking mackerel and menhaden. It is very little used in any other branch of fishery.

Seines are, however, used in some localities upon the Pacific coast for taking salmon, smelt, shrimp, and small herring, and in different localities along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico.

The mackerel seines are generally from 500 to 1,200 feet long, and they vary in depth from 40 to 120 feet. These seines are set from a seine boat from 30 to 40 feet in length, which is towed behind the schooner, the seine

being paid out over the stern of the boat, encircling the school of fish. When the two ends of the seine have been brought together, the purse line, which is reeved through rings attached to bridles upon the bottom of the seine, is hauled in; this purses up the bottom of the seine, inclosing that part, so that the fish are completely surrounded. The seine is then hauled on board the seine boat, until the fish are gathered together at the bunt of the seine, where they are bailed out on deck of the schooner, which has been brought alongside of the seine, while it is being pursed.

These seines are made of very light twine, and are handled by about thirteen men, that number being required to row the seine boat, handle the seine, and purse it. To purse a large mackerel seine requires three to five minutes, depending upon circumstances.

The purse seine certainly accomplished all that was expected of it, and even more. Tens of thousands of schools of mackerel have been surrounded by it; the purse line has been drawn, inclosing the fish in the murderous trap, and millions of barrels of mackerel have been bailed out onto the decks of the "seiners," as the schooners are called.

For a long time these fish were certainly cheap enough to satisfy the most niggardly; and then the purse seine defeated its own ends. It could revolutionize the method of catching mackerel, but it could not change the law of supply and demand. The markets were frequently glutted to such an extent that fresh mackerel could not be sold at any price. Seiners would sail into New York, Boston, or Portland harbor with their holds full, and their decks covered with fine fresh mackerel, only to find that so many others had recently arrived before them, that there was absolutely no demand whatever for their fish. The late Eugene G. Blackford, who was United States Fish Commissioner, and also the largest fish dealer in New York, once stated to me that many times he had seen fish peddlers buy wagon loads of fresh mackerel for twenty-five cents a load, and that hundreds of schooner loads, in times of glutted markets, had been dumped overboard in the lower bay because they could not be sold at any price.

Aside from the mackerel which were actually taken on board the seiners, there were a very great many more that were sacrificed. The depth of a school of mackerel varies greatly, and no correct idea of its size, or the

approximate number of fish, can be formed by observing the surface of the water. Very often a seiner would cast the net and, after it had been hauled, it would be found that many more mackerel had been taken than could possibly be taken aboard. In these instances the largest and fattest were retained and the rest were left, usually in a dead or dying condition. Even if the remainder of the school were not injured, practical demolition resulted; for mackerel are a shy and timid fish, always swimming together in schools, and when a school is once broken up the fish rarely, if ever, come together again.

The avaricious menhaden steamers that continually steam up and down along the New England coast, catching menhaden for the making of oil and fish scraps, are a curse to the mackerel and herring fisheries.

These steamers use purse seines in catching menhaden, and frequently they find, on hauling the seine, that they have caught mackerel instead. Often mackerel and menhaden swim together, as do also mackerel and herring; but there can be no telling just what kind of fish are caught in the purse seine until it is hauled.

When a menhaden steamer hauls a school of mackerel, they are usually left, maimed and dying, as they are; for the steamer has no ice, nor other facilities for marketing them properly and promptly. These steamers have caught and sacrificed millions of barrels of mackerel.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that menhaden are being about as thoroughly fished out as mackerel. Last year the catch was 148,860 barrels; less than fifteen per cent of the previous year, which was 1,004,525 barrels.

While years ago, when mackerel were plenty, the fishermen were waging war against them on the sea, the coast farmers on the land were rendering all the aid possible in the warfare of extermination; especially along the Maine coast, where the coast line is much indented by creeks and coves, and where there is a marked difference between high and low tide.

Schools would enter a creek or a cove at high tide, and when they attempted to leave it, on the ebb tide, would be unable to do so, on account of a net that had been stretched across the entrance. The fish would be left high and dry, and would be taken up with pitchforks and shovels. Inland farmers would drive to the shore, from miles distant,

and return with loaded wagons; mackerel would be fed to pigs, and even spread over the land as fertilizer.

Mackerel are not thoroughly understood, either by fishermen or scientists. Only their movements during warm weather are approximately known. In the spring they come north or east to spawn. Usually they are first sighted in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras about April, and late in the fall they disappear off the Nova Scotia coast. It is a shameful fact that they are slaughtered (not caught) at a time when they are trying to spawn; and for this purpose they come in-shore to shoal water. But from the time they first appear off Hatteras till they disappear late in the fall, off the Canadian coast, they are chased by the fleet of seiners.

If a sportsman kills a partridge during the close season, or catches a two-ounce trout before the season opens, the fish and game wardens make it very uncomfortable for him. But it is different with mackerel, a fish which occupies an important position as food, but for which wealthy sportsmen do not fish.

In the summer of 1904 nearly all the mackerel I bought for the home table were large and fat, and nearly all were roe fish. During the past two summers I found very few fair-sized mackerel in the uptown fish stores of New York; but there were many little ones on sale, scarcely seven or eight inches in length, and weighing eight and ten to the pound. They were veritable babies.

Avarice is also the prime cause of the passing of the lobster. Years ago they were numerous along the New Jersey and Long Island shores; but they have been gradually fished out, until now the supply that reaches the New York and Boston markets is very largely caught in Canadian waters. Canada is much wiser than the United States in protecting its fisheries. Up to within ten or fifteen years ago Maine furnished a large proportion of the lobsters that the New York market demanded; but to-day practically none leave the Pine Tree State for New York; and nearly all the canning factories that dotted the coast a few years ago have been closed on account of inability to secure lobsters. Wholesale and fancy grocers do not quote canned lobsters in their price lists, because of the uncertainty of the supply.

Most of the lobstermen pay not the slightest heed to the law. They catch and market undersized lobsters; some only seven or eight inches long, veritable babies; and when

they find a "seed" lobster (a female in spawn, with the eggs incrusting on the under side of the shell) in one of their pots, instead of returning it to the water, as both the law and common sense demands, they throw it in with the rest of the catch.

The Maine law prohibits the catching or

New York. They are usually privately announced in advance, and all the lobstermen along the coast are "tipped off" by telephone, or by men on horseback or in sailboats. Consequently lobsters of illegal length are rarely found. But back in the year 1892 the annual report of the Boston Fish Bureau



GLOUCESTER FISHING BOATS IN PORT

having in one's possession a lobster under ten and one half inches in length; but such laws do not exist in other states; consequently, if a fisherman or a dealer succeeds in getting his lobsters safely over the state line, he is practically safe.

At irregular intervals a tour of "inspection" is made by the Maine fish wardens. These tours are of the comic-opera variety, and suggest a brass band poolroom raid in

states 55,000 "short" lobsters were seized, and this represented only one tenth of the number marketed. At that time the express companies often handled twenty-two tons of Maine lobsters a day. This was when lobsters were plenty. The local fish wardens have humble political aspirations, and ties of kinship and of friendship also have a restraining effect in the conscientious performance of their duties.



EASTERN POINT, GLOUCESTER HARBOR

The old reliable codfish appears to be in need of legislative attention also, though his condition does not appear to be so serious at the present time as does that of the mackerel and lobster. On the Grand Banks, where a very great proportion of the salt cod



OVERHAULING THE NETS

(fish that are salted on board and not taken to market fresh) are caught, the fishermen long ago found that after the fish were cleaned and the gurry was thrown overboard, at the close of each day's fishing, few more fish were caught at that anchorage. For a while it was customary to make a new anchorage each day, and finally "gurry kids" were introduced, into which the entrails were thrown till another was sought, when the contents were dumped over the side of the schooner. As this "gurry" is evidently distasteful to the fish, it is patent that it is only a matter of time, although perhaps a long time, when the Grand Banks will be so covered with it that the codfish will seek other localities, or be dispersed, as have been the mackerel. This refuse has a value for glue, fertilizer, and for other purposes; and a practical method should be adopted whereby it could be taken to port and converted into money, thus accomplishing a twofold mission.

Away back in 1888, in the famous old fishing village of Cape Porpoise, Me., I heard Captain Sinnott declare his opinion regarding the fishing outlook. It was in "the store," and a little group was awaiting the arrival of the daily mail. Conversation around the stove had, as usual, turned toward fishing, and the captain remarked during a lull in the talk:

"I tell ye, there ain't any fish left; an' I'll tell ye more, 'less somethin's done ther' won't be no fish left in er little while."

This prophetic remark was greeted with derision. The idea! Not plenty of fish? Nonsense!

True, they were "skeerce" just then, mack-



GLOUCESTER HARBOR

erel were; but they had only taken another course. They would come back; of course they would.

A few years later, in the fall, came to my shore cottage, three fishermen. They were of more than ordinary intelligence, and were thinkers, as seafarers often are. Also were they disgusted. They had put into the harbor in their thirteen-ton sloop, and had been out of Gloucester eleven weeks for mackerel, without having made enough to pay their "grub bill." As we four sat and smoked and talked, I drew out their views regarding the mackerel question. Their views were like Captain Sinnett's, only more explicit.

Since then, on land and sea, I have studied this important matter, and have found the opinion of scores of fishermen—crews and skippers—to coincide. In Gloucester, recently, they would draw me into a quiet corner for the discussion, and speak in low tones. This matter of the fisheries being ruined was not that which should be discussed publicly. Also an owner might overhear us.

From dealers and owners in Gloucester I received indignant denials and scowling faces. A writer who visits Gloucester in search of facts regarding the fisheries is about as cordially welcomed as is the man who serves us with a notice that we have to do jury duty.

On a decayed and unused fish wharf in Newburyport I sat with old Captain Silas Dean, who talked sadly and reminiscently, as betimes he carved huge slabs of plug tobacco with a "jackknife," conveyed them to his befringed mouth, and then rhythmically and dexterously expectorated, using the harbor for a cuspidor.

"Yes! it was so, and it was the damned purse seine that did it."

Captain Silas enumerated the towns that he could remember as having once had goodly fleets of fishing vessels: Swampscott, Marblehead, Rockport, Cape Porpoise, and



THE LAST OF THE OLD SCHOOL

many others; but now there were very few survivors.

Newburyport, for instance, once had seventy-five vessels engaged in the fisheries; but now it had absolutely none. If it wasn't for the summer boarders the people along the coast would have gone hungry. Down at Cape Porpoise, Seth Pinkham used to have a big wharf and fish houses, where he handled fresh and salt fish. There were thirty vessels

essary food article, to say nothing of taking away from the well to do many appetizing delicacies. It means sending money to foreign countries for fish that should be more plentiful here than anywhere else in the world; and it means to the fishermen the loss of that calling without which they will be in an almost helpless condition, especially in the present condition of our merchant marine.

It would seem that fish, no matter what



DRYING THE SAILS AT A GLOUCESTER FISH WHARF

sailing from that port, and peddlers used to drive from forty miles back to stock up with fresh fish for the inland farmers and villagers. Now only three schooners of any size sail from Cape Porpoise; the old fish wharf was falling to pieces, and the trolley road company was running a casino on what was the Pinkham property. Taking summer boarders is now the mainstay of the village.

The extinction of these fish, or even the unnecessary scarcity which now prevails, means far more than appears on the surface. It means depriving the poorer classes of a nec-

kind, that are under the jurisdiction of one state one day and of other states on following days, either when being caught, transported, displayed for sale, or transported after sale, should be under the protection of laws made by the federal government, and not laws which are made by the different commonwealths, and which are at utter variance.

The Fish Commission has accomplished much good, from a scientific standpoint; and from the Laboratory at Wood's Holl many baby lobsters and "fry" have been placed in



A RUGGED COAST

the water; but much of this work has been, and must be, of very little practical good, when the babies are caught almost before they have begun to mature.

If the purse seine were abolished, and laws were made and enforced prohibiting the catching of mackerel within, say, one mile from shore, the results would be beneficial to everyone interested in mackerel. There are those who argue that mackerel will again be plentiful in our waters; but it is significant that these people are those whose capital and interests are in the fish business, in one form or another. Were mackerel as thick as flies in the air, even they could not have withstood the ceaseless and cruel war that has been waged against them.

There is still another reason why our fisheries should be protected by federal legisla-

tion, and this is the claim that the fishermen themselves have upon us as a nation. There is no class having a greater claim than the American fisherman. His occupation is exceedingly hazardous, and he is preëminently a producer. Every time he leaves port it is a question whether he will return at all. Yet he goes, trip after trip, braving the dangers of the deep; risking chances of collision with other fishing vessels, or of being run down by the ocean greyhounds crossing the fog-bound Grand Banks; and all that we may have fish.

But it is not from motives of sentiment alone that the United States should safeguard the interests of the Eastern fishermen with care. Our fishermen are practically a naval reserve available in time of need; and for this reason, if no other, their interests demand our protection.



A MARINE GRAVEYARD



THE REAPERS

THE HIGHER PHOTOGRAPHY

BY RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BOUGHTON



TIME was when I wrote lengthy briefs to prove that photography might be, and in certain cases was, an art, a high art. These screeds succeeded, as usual, in convincing those who were already convinced, and in confirming those who were of contrary mind.

The usual method of proving photography's estate as an art is to analyze a work of art into its elements and then claim that all of those elements may be combined in a photograph. A painting, for instance, is only the

expression of a personality in terms of a canvas, and some colors to butter it with. If the personality does not control the medium, delight in it, and find a language in it, then the result is not art though it be called "a symphony in purple" or "an impression in green."

Some skeptics seem to believe that all the photographer can do is to set up his tripod, focus his camera, squeeze the bulb, give the plate a bath and the print a sun-scorching. If this were the limit of his powers, and if the results of two photographs of the same scene under the same conditions were prac-

tically the same, then the photographer would be always what the painter sometimes is—only an artisan, the slave instead of the partner of his medium. The photographer would be making chromos without the chrome.

But if the photographer can select a well-composed landscape, photograph it, under light effects and exposures of his own choosing, then eliminate from the finished result anything that wars with the unity of his idea; if he can obliterate any confusion of foliage, or perplexity of drapery, illuminate any high light, exaggerate or diminish any shadow, readjust values, control his *chiaroscuro*—if in short a photographer can record his own impressions in his own dialect, then he is a creative artist—or at least some of us fervently believe so. And if his personality can be so evident in his work that the distant spectator will be able to say of a photograph at a glance, "That's a Stieglitz, a Day, or a Dyer, or a Steichen," just as he says of a drawing, a painting, or a statue, "That's a Gibson, a Parrish, a Vierge, a Sargent, or a Mac Monnies," then the photographer would seem to be getting somewhere near the peerage of art. Or, at least, it would seem so to some of us, for the others still interpose the old objection that the mechanical element is too large in photography.

Yet etching has quite as much. Sculpture has sometimes even more; since the man who makes the clay model rarely makes the marble, never the bronze. Indeed, in a happy phrase that has been credited to everybody from Pheidias to Borglum, all that the sculptor does is "to take a block of marble and knock off what he doesn't want."

Conservatism is often nothing more than a mulish determination not to budge. Imagine that the Greeks and Romans, and the Renascent Italians, and the men of Flanders had used photography since time was; and that a group of men came along who wanted to paint portraits. How the learned academics and the grand old conservatives would praise the dignity of the camera and say of the painters:

"Why, these men are mere manual laborers! The house painters' union ought to get after them; for they take a piece of homely canvas that were better employed as a circus tent or as an awning for a fruit stand; on this they daub oily smears with the very tools that honest men used for whitewashing fences or dusting hats. And they ask us to accept these things as an art! They take these tavern signs and hang them on walls and call it an exhibition!"

That's just what you'd say—wouldn't you,





THE THREE BIRCHES

you grand old conservatives?—if photography were classic and painting a novelty. And that is just what your grandsons will say when photography actually is classic and some new method is found for recording emotions and impressions by an electric implement or some new chemical.

If it is the intervening mechanism that bothers you, think how much mechanism intervenes between a poet's idea and his public's eyes. An idea comes to him and sets his brain pot in a simmer. He used to chase a goose, extract a quill, and whittle it; now he is even farther from nature for he seizes a long implement of metal-shod wood clutching a steel nib, which he dips into a dyestuff. This solution he spreads according to certain arbitrary rules in ridiculous symbols upon a sheet of rag pulp elaborately treated. The finished result is put into an envelope, carrying a government stamp; the envelope is

dropped into a box, collected by a man in uniform, delivered eventually to an editor; if he accepts it, it suffers his revision, is sent to compositor, proof reader, founder, and pressman; finally clamped to a monstrous machine it is stamped on shuttling paper and once more put through the mailing system. It is only after passing through numberless hands and machines that it reaches the reader and stirs him with its thought and its beauty.

What more happens to a photograph? The photographer is smitten with an idea of some attitude, or expression, or some landscape; he studies, selects, readjusts, focuses, photographs, and retouches the plate, prints and retouches the print; trims it to compose with the lines, mounts it to suit the theme, signs it and frames it, and hangs it on a wall as a little personal address to the world.

But suppose an election were held to-morrow, and a majority decreed that pho-

tography was not an art, and never should be an art?

What difference would that make? Words as words are nonsense, and definitions are only treaties to keep the peace and promote commerce. A print by any other name would be as pretty.

People used to debate virulently whether a sponge was an animal or a vegetable. I don't know how the vote stands now, but the main thing after all is that a sponge should be a sponge. And a good sponge is a thing of beauty and a joy. So of a photograph—is it not wonderful enough? is it not honorable enough that it should be a photograph? and is it not glorious that it should be a glorious photograph? Surely you have looked on prints so beautiful, so gracefully reproducing some scene, some face, form, or mood, beyond the grasp of painting, sculpture, etching, music, poetry, or bronze, that

you felt glad not to have died before you saw it.

There are photographs of which I at least can only say: Whether you call this art or athletics—or virtuosity, or vice, or what you will, the world would be the poorer without it; many beautiful phases of human life and nature would pass unrecorded into oblivion; many gifted personalities with real messages to deliver would be dumb of expression; idea upon idea would be lost to humanity.

As there can never be too many new forms of musical instrument invented, so there can never be too many expressions and preservatives of the infinite shiftings of that kaleidoscope we call the world.

And the least that can be said of photography is that it has added one more weapon of defense against the hideous nullification that makes a vanity of beauty and makes of grace a mist upon a window.

A work of art is the portrait of a moment. Why make caste a difference between beautiful and beautiful? What if one is chronicled by a lens and a few chemicals, and the others are chronicled by a few chemicals and a brush, or a chisel, a pen, a pencil, an etcher's needle, or an architect's army of workers?

The critic in Kipling's poem sneered, "It is pretty, but is it art?" The man of common sense says bluntly, "Whether it's art or not, it's pretty."

So I for one plague myself no more with fretting over the particular degree of sanctity we shall grant photography. Some photographs are better than others; and some are very good indeed. That is enough.

A special gratitude for the fact that life has been robbed by the camera of a few regrets at least, moves me when I realize that, had it not been for the gracious moods, the poetic energy, and the photographic skill of Miss Alice Boughton, we should never have



THE POOL

seen a number of the visions we may now enjoy. Whether her work is artistry or artistry, had it not been for her camera, these people of hers would never have been posed in these environs, or being so posed the records would have gone where the long forenoon shadows go when the sun reaches the top of the sky.

Among the personalities most definitely established and most highly honored in the limbo of photography, Miss Boughton is prominent. Her work has been given special honors, not only by "the Secessionist Photographers" of America, but in the exhibitions of England, Ireland, and France.

Many of her happiest successes have been in the photography of children in a state of nature. It is a charming part of our infinite inconsistency in the matter of costume, that the nakedness of children is not considered offensive, even to those whose prudery would

be up in arms at the sight of a *décolleté* gown on a grown-up. Infants and savages are portrayed, even in the religious and missionary journals, with an unconventionality that might well be extended a few years farther into the cycle of beauty. But meanwhile let us be grateful for what licenses are granted.

Miss Boughton's studies in childhood are not the ordinary nude babies of commerce, such as those pictures of our earlier selves seated in a washbowl or held by armless adult hands, which rise from old photograph albums to reproach us.

Nor are her pictures of the school that lovingly advertises baby foods, revealing infantile corpulence in all its shamelessness and picturing two-year-old Falstaffs and precocious Portias. The children she photographs are childhood for childhood's own sweet sake.

Miss Boughton, realizing that children are not yet grown far away from the woods and the paganism of early civilization, takes her models into forests primeval or coeval, and poses them in sympathy with the scene. The models themselves, young as they are, plainly feel the poetry of the idea, and conform themselves to it with a perfection that proves its truth and sincerity.

There is "The Pine," in which a child of sapling proportions clings to a brace of saplings, making three Graces. She is ankle deep in a brook and the dappling of light and shadow has been rendered to perfection by the artist's personal touch.

There is a slim girl clinging to a birch tree as if she were its own disembodied whiteness,

its dryad, or, as the Greeks fancied it, its hamadryad, living with it, and dying with it. But this dryad and this tree shall not

die. The original plate may be broken, but prints from it shall survive, and prints from the prints. And the vision may live on, as Praxiteles' young lizard slayer, leaning against the tree and too lazy to frighten the lizard away or to strike it. The original work of Praxiteles is lost, but there are copies enough to keep his idea immortal.

The same young model seems to have posed for other of Miss Boughton's pictures, especially that in which she gleams among the heavy shad-

ows like another shaft of sunlight on the dark leaves. And she is also the eerie child that looks vaguely out in forest melancholy from under her hanging hair and its crown of leaves and flowers.

This child or another has been hauntingly photographed reclining in lanky young-girl grace upon a heavy boulder.

There are several studies of two older girls, one of them draped and one not. Here they walk along the beach; here they stand facing a sand dune, one leaning on the other's shoulder. They look away from us in some dreamy humor, their hair shadowing their faces. They reveal an extraordinary charm of pose, with a beautiful unity of mood, and a delightful contrast of flesh with soft and filmy drapery. In another they are crouched on the beach, their features lost again in the shadow of their hair, and the tone of the flesh merging into the monotone of the sand.



WINTER

It has required imagination to pose these figures in the first place; to instill the poetry into the models is another gift; and it has needed a third talent to make the perfect record.

It is a great thing to teach a camera discretion. If it tells all it knows, no human model can come forth unscathed. The painter can correct the bad drawing or the false modeling of nature. The artistic photographer cannot often do as much, and the model must to a large degree collaborate by being as beautiful as possible.

beach. The foam is many-spangled and the body almost as translucent as the crystal globe she poises.

There is far more poetry, however, in some of the pictures in which the human shape is more lost in gloom. Poetry might almost be defined as shadow. Certainly shadows are poetry, and the mystery of the inner twilights of a forest is an eternal wonder.

Once having seen Miss Boughton's picture "The Mountain Side," I should hate to think of denying photography a place as a high and noble art. "The Pool" is even



THE SUNBEAM

Yet one of Miss Boughton's most daring successes is with a model in the full glare of the sun. She stands in a froth of retreating wave; she is holding a crystal globe in her two hands as she looks along the long

finer. It is perhaps her greatest achievement. In a sheet of water of almost ebon-deep shadows, and half smothered in the gloaming of trees, two figures are seen: one waist deep vaguely reflected in the water, one

ankle deep and turning to the shore. They are two nymphs absorbed in the blur of tree and rock and water, an integral part of the pagan mood. The work has a technic of its own, but its nobility is of a grade that few painters ever reach.

Miss Boughton by no means limits herself to these pantheistic themes. She finds a Jules Breton harmony and rhythm in the

children and realizes a quivering indoor atmosphere that reminds one of the interiors of Terborch or Van Mieris. She represents a young girl holding up a younger girl to pluck an apple, and by masterly elimination gets the effect of a wash drawing. There is also a wide-eyed child's portrait manipulated like water color. But it is the capture of the child's soul and the spirit of bewildered re-



SCENE FROM "THE DEATH OF TANTAGILES"

group of two men mowing, and she minimizes the landscape to an accessory, lest it detract from the theme. She poses a grandmother at a piano playing for two dancing

bellion that I admire more than the fact that the work suggests painting or drawing. No art profits from resembling or trying to resemble another.

There are various portraits, too, in which Miss Boughton has shown a true insight that lifts these pictures far above the high-

most admire the one in velvet and gold from "The Death of Tantalus." Trace the long and sinuous major line from where



MOTHER AND CHILD

priced colored atrocities that many painters turn out and call portraits.

In these photographs the character of the one who poses is often searchingly realized. Of Maxim Gorky she has taken some remarkable likenesses; there is a very happy picture of Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliot as *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*.

And there are various others. But perhaps the best of all are certain groups of mother and child in which the compositions have that loving dignity and breadth that have made immediate classics of George de Forest Brush's paintings of similar groups.

Of Miss Boughton's work in this field I

the mother's back emerges out of shadow, up over her head, across the child's head, along her wonderful hand, the child's sleeve and hand and the robe, to where the shadow again takes possession. This line is melody of the loftiest type. It is enriched by a few glorious chords of tone, the two thoughtful faces, the mother's exquisite throat, the clasped hands, and the opulent lines of embroidery against the more gorgeous depths of shadow.

This is a masterpiece of—something or other. If it is not art, and high art, let us call it poetry. The poets, I am sure, would be glad of such a recruit to their ranks.



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"Then all was a swirl of confusion."

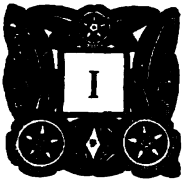
THE RED DESOLATION*

BEING THE LAST ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE
TOWER, SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY
HIS MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



HAVE seen many terrible sights in my life, Master Chitterley, none so terrible as this."

Thus old Martin Bracy, Sergeant Yeoman of the Tower of London. His companion flung up trembling hands for all response. As old as the sergeant, whose head had grown white in the king's service at home and abroad, but of less solid mettle, years had stricken him harder, and he had little breath to spare after his grievous ascent to the platform of the Beauchamp Tower. And, as the two now stood, side by side, looking down from the great height over the stricken city—the Lord Rockhurst's sergeant and his lifelong body servant—they might have served as types, one of green old age, the other of wintry senility.

The scene outspread below them was indeed such as to strike awe to the stoutest heart. It was the 5th of September, third day of the great fire; and nothing, it seemed, was like to arrest the spread of the red desolation until it had embraced the whole town. Under a canopy of black smoke, like some monster of nightmare, the fire crouched, spread, uncoiled itself; now it clapped ragged wings of flame high into the sky, now grasped unexpected quarters as with a stealthily out-reached claw. The wind ran lightly from the east, so that, in cruel contrast, the sky was fair blue over their heads.

"If hell itself had broken open," said Mar-

tin Bracy, "and were vomiting yonder, methinks it would scarce show us a more affrighting picture. Often these days, Master Chitterley, I have taken to minding me of the Cropheads' sayings: '*First the scourge of plague and thereafter (that is now) the scourge of fire!*'"

Chitterley nodded his palsied head; his faded eyes looked out on the vision, that so impressed the soldier, with scarce a flicker of comprehension.

The sergeant's gaze was still roaming out to where the great heart of the city throbbed in agony. A dull explosion had rent the air; a belching column of white smoke, fringed with black, sprang up at the extremity of the fiery picture. The sergeant moved to the corner of the parapet to peer forth. "See yonder—our lads at work! Blowing up houses ahead of the fire. Aye, truly, Master Chitterley, I would his lordship had let me take the mining party to-day. But one would think—in all respect—there was a very devil in him since this outbreak began. 'Tis ever to the hottest, and the men must after him, though the flames be as greedy as hell's. And 'tis hard on a soldier," added the old sergeant with a philosophic sigh, "to be driven to burn before his time."

The other's clouded perception caught but the hint of danger to a beloved master.

"His lordship?" he cried, "and whither went he to-day, sergeant?"

"To Bishopsgate. See, where I point; where 'tis like looking upon a pit of fire."

Chitterley curved his withered hands over his eyes and strove to fix them in the direction indicated.

"God save him," he muttered.

"Amen!" echoed Bracy earnestly. "For he carries those white hairs of his whither he would scarce have ventured his raven locks. 'Tis beyond all reason. Aye, and Master Harry with him."

"My lord—Master Harry—" repeated Chitterley dreamily. "Do not mock me, sergeant, but there be days now when I scarce know them apart—remembering—or rather—"

"Aye, aye," interrupted the soldier, good-humored, yet impatient of the other's maundering, "I catch your meaning. Young Master Harry has grown marvelous quick a man these troublous times. 'Tis now his gallant father all over again as you and I knew him. And my Lord Constable is changed—damnable changed. An old man in one year! 'Tis the mind, Master Chitterley."

He tapped his forehead with the pipe which he had drawn from his pocket, nodded his head, and thereafter puffed a while in deep and sagacious meditation.

"Ah, it is trouble changes a man," pursued he presently. "And in sooth, poor soul," muttered he under his breath, "who should prove it better than yourself, who have been a doddering poor wight ever since yon fearful morning when Master Harry was like to die of his reopened wound and my lord to go mad—and plague in the very house? Aye, aye"—his voice waxed loud again—" 'twas then the Lord Constable's hair began to turn white." He gave a little laugh, his teeth clinched on the pipe. "I was on guard, man, the day his Majesty returned to the city, and I was present at the first meeting between him and the Lord Constable. His Majesty did not know him!"

Chitterley turned troubled eyes upon him.

"His Majesty hath ever had great love for my lord," he protested.

"He did not know him," repeated Sergeant Bracy, scanning his words. "I was as near his Majesty as I am to you. 'What,' says the king, staring, 'this is never my Merry Rockhurst?' 'Always your Majesty's devoted servant,' said my lord, bowing that white head, 'but your Merry Rockhurst, never again.' 'Oh, damn!' says his Majesty. Ho, ho, ho! I heard him with these ears!"

There was no smile on old Chitterley's lips. It was a question whether he followed his

more sturdy comrade's gossip or whether, in the dimness of his mind, he was only aware of the pity of many things. Bracy tapped him on the arm:

"A word in your ear, Master Chitterley. They say a lady was lost in the plague days, none knowing where or how she died. Is it true?"

Chitterley drew back and flung a cunning glance at the genial, inquisitive countenance. Old? None so old yet, or so foolish, that he would betray his master's secret.

"Aye, the plague! the plague!" he mumbled. "As you say, good sergeant, those were terrible times."

"Sho!" said the sergeant, knocked the ashes out of his pipe with an irritable tap, and turned his keen blue eyes out once more to the red westward glare. Even at that instant there rose from the gateway tower the blare of a trumpet, the roll of drums. The sounds caught up and repeated from different quarters. "God be praised!" said he, "'tis the party home again from the work!"

The Lord Constable halted on the first platform and flung from his head the hat with the singed plumes. His son looked at him in anxiety; he felt his father's hand press ever more heavily on his shoulder.

"A cup of wine for his lordship, and speedily," cried he.

Rockhurst staggered slightly and sank down upon a stone bench, then looked up at his son and smiled.

"But a passing giddiness—all thanks, good lad!" As he spoke the smile was succeeded by a heavy sigh. "'Tis as if the patience of God were worn out," he went on, as though speaking to himself, after a while, during which he had gazed wistfully at the distant conflagration. "Well for those who can say in their heart that no sin of theirs has cried aloud for vengeance!"

Harry Rockhurst took the cup from Chitterley's hands. "Drink, my lord," said he. "You need it. Human strength will not bear more of the work you have done to-day."

But ere he lifted the wine to his lips, his eye having fallen on Chitterley, Rockhurst beckoned him to his side. Full of secret importance the old servant hurried forward; and, sighing in his turn, Harry drew back.

"Didst go where I bade thee?" whispered the Lord Constable.

"Aye, my lord."

"No news?"

"No news, no news!"

Rockhurst fell into brooding, his gaze lost in the red of the wine. Rousing himself at last, he drank wearily, handed the empty cup to Chitterley, and, with a wave of the hand, dismissed him. Then he sat a while longer yet, watching his son. There were those who said my Lord Rockhurst's eyes could look at naught else, when his heir was by him. After a spell he rose and placed his hand on the young man's shoulder. The two looked affectionately into each other's eyes; sad men both, and deadly worn this evening hour after the fierce work of the day.

"Harry, it comes to me that not many days will be given us of company together."

"How, my lord, would you wish me from you again?"

"Nay—this time, Harry, 'twill be thy father that leaves thee."

The other started. Look and tone left no doubt of the meaning of the words.

"Ah, father," he cried with the irritability born of keen anxiety, "if you would but listen to me! Indeed you expose yourself unduly—"

"When death threatens from without, a man may smile at it; but when death knocks from within, Harry, thrice fool who does not hearken."

"Sir, you alarm me." Harry's voice shook. "Oh, I have been blind! These white hairs, this altered demeanor—they are signs of suffering—some hidden sickness?"

"Even so, lad. Sickness incurable! A secret pain that gives no rest, night nor day. Nay, nay, Harry, no physician can avail."

"Ah!" exclaimed the son in bitter accents, "now I understand much. 'Tis for physician or remedy that Chitterley journeys forth daily in such mystery. Methinks, my lord, that I might have proved as true to help, as wise to counsel as yonder old man. But it has always been your pleasure to treat me as a child."

Rockhurst fixed deep eyes of melancholy on the young man.

"My illness is not of the body, Harry, but of the mind. Yet the canker worketh, never ceasing, eateth from soul to flesh."

"You speak in riddles, sir."

"Alas! you shall read me my riddle soon enough. Hast ever heard (thou canst never have known it) of that sickness called—remorse? 'Tis uglier than the pestilence!"

At the look of sudden fear his son cast upon him the Lord Constable laughed—a laugh more sad than tears.

"Sit you down with me, Harry, and listen; for I have much to tell you, and it is borne in upon me that it must be told now."

The young man obeyed in silence; and for a moment or two neither spoke. The western sky before them had become an image of flaming immensity, almost beyond the power of realization. The glow of the sunset mingled with the glow of the fire and painted the volutes of smoke massed on the horizon with every shade of fierce magnificence and lurid threat.

"'Twould seem as if the whole town were doomed," muttered Rockhurst at last.

"The powers of hell let loose upon us," said his son gloomily.

"Say, rather, my son, the wrath of God! Look at me, lad! The last time, perchance, that you will look upon your father's face with love and reverence."

Words froze on the young man's lips. The Lord Constable folded his arms; his voice grew stern, ironic:

"You believe me—do you not?—a sober, godly gentleman, as true to his duty as Christian as he has been to his king as subject—"

"Indeed, my lord, I know you as such," quickly interrupted Harry, in deep offense.

"Aye, Harry, aye," laughed Rockhurst, "I had but one part to act toward thee, and it seems I did it well. I never let thee know but the father in me; the stern yet loving father." His voice suddenly broke on a note of tenderness. "Nay, never doubt that, whatever else you may come to doubt: I loved you well. You were my delight. My son, you've had a sore heart against me many a time for that I treated you, in sooth, as a child, kept you far from me, in the country; that I so sternly forbade you the town and the life of the court. Even now you have the plaint that you are excluded from my counsel. Well, such as I planned, I have made thee. Where I have failed in life, thou art strong. Thou hast kept thy manhood pure and clean, where thy father rioted, wasted—"

"Gracious heavens! my lord! What words are these?"

"Ah, 'tis not the sound man that praises the glory of health, but the sick. Not the sober Christian sees the full radiance of the jewel of purity, but the libertine. Ah—I never let thee guess that here, in this town, now dissolving in fire, I had won me the name of Rakehell Rockhurst."

With paling cheek and a starting eye, the son had listened. Now he winced as if his father had struck him.

"Rakehell Rockhurst—Rakehell! And I smote Lionel Ratcliffe on the mouth for daring to couple the name to yours—!" Then, on a fierce revulsion of feeling, he caught the pale hand close to him and kissed it passionately. "Wherefore tell me this? Father, as I have ever known you, so must I ever love and honor you."

"The Rakehell—" repeated the Lord Constable; and once more, out of the very pain of his avowal, came harshness into his tone—"—that was my name, in men's mouths. His Majesty had another, a kinder one for me; he called me in jest his Merry Rockhurst. You have been reared in ripe veneration of the king's grace; yet, had you known life by my side (as once you yearned), you would have learned that the one name and the other meant, at Whitehall, the same thing. Rakehell—aye, I may have had black perdition in my heart many a time; yet believe this, Harry, that when, like Lucifer, I fell, I sinned, like Lucifer, with pride, arrogance, recklessness, what you will—never with baseness. Merry, my good liege called me. To find me so mad, yet see me wear so grave a face, it gave him a spur to laughter. Merry? Nay; he loved me, in chief, because in his sad heart he knew mine. Both sad hearts, sickened of life. Forever striving to find a blossom in the dust, a jest in the weary round, to taste of a fruit that was not ashes on the tongue. And there you have the secret of my life and his. Then came Diana."

"Ah, hush, my lord!" Harry rose from his seat, in violent agitation, and stood a second, pressing his hands against his breast. "With me, you know, wounds heal slowly," he went on, striving to speak calmly. "Do not touch upon that hurt, lest the bleeding begin afresh."

The father rose too, followed his son to the parapet, and again laying a hand upon his shoulder, compelled his attention. The splendor of the sunset pageant had faded, and with it all beauty from the sky. Only the glow, the gloom, the belching smoke remained.

"I knew her ere ever you did," said the Lord Constable, his eye fixed as upon an inner vision, fair and fresh and pure. "Aye, you never knew it. She spoke not of it again, nor did I: for you had come between us. She entered into my life one winter's night;

and across the snow I set her again on her sheltered way, knowing what I was—and seeing what she was. But from the instant of our parting ('twas all in the snow, lad, and above us a sky of stars: scarce I touched her hand, not a word exchanged but a God be wi' ye)—from that instant she was never from my thoughts—she, the might-have-been, the one woman for me! Aye, you stare, your grave father! Your *old* father! I was a strong man, then, and life ran potent in my veins. Dost remember how I met her again, in the peacock walk at home, and you prating of your love for her, with beardless lip?"

"O father, father, father!" cried the poor lad. "For God's sake! You are all I have left!"

"Hush, look on these white hairs, sign among so many that life has done with me—nay, I know full well I am not old in years, scarce double thine own: but the vital spring is dying. Listen, Harry, you are a man; I have a trust to lay upon you. Since that terrible dawn, when, crying out 'Diana's dead!' you fell, bleeding of your old wound, into swoon upon swoon, and thereafter into mortal sickness, you know her name has never passed your lips nor mine. It was better in sooth you should believe her dead."

The young man caught at the parapet behind him for support; and the sweat broke on the father's brow, as he looked at him. There was a tense silence; then, fiercely, Harry Rockhurst said:

"Now, my lord, you must speak!"

The moment of agony had passed for Rockhurst. Already it seemed to him the things of life were receding so quickly that he looked on them from afar. Passion had gone from his voice as he spoke; only a mighty sadness was left.

"It was even to speak, Harry, that I kept thee by me here. Know then that until the night of Lady Chillingburgh's death—the night which found Diana without a shelter—in my daily intercourse with your promised bride, the father was ever stronger in me than the man. Aye, and when her brother fled from the plague-stricken house and there was none but me to protect her (for her kinsman Lionel was, as thou hast good cause to know, my poor wounded boy, no guardian for thy bride) 'twas as a father I cared for her all through the livelong night as we wandered, vainly seeking a refuge. I brought her at length to my house, and went forth to seek the means of conveying her home. That

was even the very morning of your arrival. Alack, nor horse nor man could fugitive then find in the waste of the doomed city! I came back to her. Oh, my son, before you judge me, remember: men knew not what they did those terrible days. Question any who passed through them. Staid citizens became drunken reprobates, graybeards rioted horribly with the madness of youth, priests denied their God——"

"But Diana, Diana——"

"Aye, Diana! I deemed Fate itself had given her to me. The madness of the horror about me had turned my brain. Madness of my love for her, of my long self-denial! I would have wedded her, even that hour. But she—she had yielded her troth to thee. To thy father she gave her scorn! At that most cursed moment thy voice rose from the street—my son whom I deemed far away, in the heart of the country! I would have killed her rather than yield her. Remember I was mad. I thrust her from thy sight into an inner room. Ah, God, in that room!"

"In that room?"

"The plague lay in wait for her."

"The plague——"

"Unknown to me one lay there, a woman who had crept in, sick—to die!"

Harry gave a deep groan, covered his face with his hands, and fell upon the bench:

"Whilst I lay, raving, did she die of the plague, there, there, in your room? O my Diana!"

"My son, I know not. When I sought for her she was gone, vanished. The window was opened into the garden. The woman lay dead upon the bed."

Harry sprang to his feet, clapped his hands together in a sudden agony of joy, more dreadful at that moment than all his sorrow to the father's eyes.

"She escaped? She may be living yet! There is mercy in heaven!"

"No mercy for such as I—nor for thee, being my son. For my moment's madness, what retribution! Harry, this whole long year I have looked for her, night and day. There is not a corner of the town we have not scoured, old Chitterley and myself. Aye, that was the mystery you fretted not to share!"

Harry looked at his father speechlessly, with fierce dry eyes.

"Alas!" Rockhurst went on stonily, "she must even be dead, stricken by the contagion—fallen at the street corner perchance, swept into the common pit as so many others!

And yet, if she were not dead— There is not a burning house I pass but I fear she may be in the flames. Food is as ashes, drink as gall upon my tongue. And now, with the presage of death upon me, I lay the hideous burden upon thee, my son, my innocent son."

He stretched his hand to his son. But, drawing back, the latter turned the red glance of hatred upon him:

"And you let me believe her dead that morning—that morning! I could have saved her!" He flung his arms in the air and shook them; a terrible menace on his face. "God!" he called, "God——!"

Rockhurst gave a loud cry:

"My son, do not curse your father!"

The young man's arms dropped by his side. He looked at the bent white head, at the countenance worn, wan, patient; then he cast himself on his father's breast, sobbing:

"God help us all!"

Father and son sat together over the supper table. The meal, such as it was, was over; each had made a pretense at eating, lest he add to the other's burden. In silence Harry Rockhurst's eyes ever sought his father, striving to reconcile the man he had known and revered above all manhood with the man who had harmed him to the shattering of his life. Yet he could now find nothing in his heart but a deeper tenderness. Nay, as he gazed at the noble silvered head, the countenance, beautiful, melancholy, diaphanous, it was with no jot of reverence abated, rather a kind of awe added to a climbing apprehension. His own words of that terrible moment of revelation rang in his ears, as a tolling bell: "Father, you are all I have left!" At last he rose and went restlessly to the open window. When he looked up there was the pure sky overhead with a star or two, very peaceful, and when he looked forth between the towers, there raged the flames, there hung the murk the blacker for the fire lurid below; it seemed an image of his own life. "At least here can be peace," he told himself.

The door opened behind him, and he heard Chitterley's shuffling feet, and next the quavering voice; but, lost in his contemplation, he never turned his head.

"Harry!" came Lord Rockhurst's voice of a sudden. The young man leaped at its tone. Rockhurst thrust a crumpled sheet into his hand. "Read it, Harry! A messenger has brought it hotfoot and is gone as

he came." As he spoke the Lord Constable strode to the door.

"Ho there!" he called to the sentinel in the passage. "Call out the guard! Have the assembly sounded!"

His voice rang out, clarion clear. Harry, holding the paper, stared, astounded; the old fire had come back to his father's eye, the old life to his step; under the very whiteness of his locks his face looked young again.

"Read, lad, read!" ordered Rockhurst, "and be in readiness."

His step was already clanking down the stone stairs ere his son cast eye on the sheet. Then a great cry broke from the young man: "Diana! Diana!"

My lord [so ran the hasty writing on the note], the convent of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, within where my kinswoman, Madam Anastasia Bedingfield, has given me shelter so long, though none of her faith, is even now attacked by the mob; and we are in parlous danger. Send succor, as you still remember poor Diana!

From below was heard the roll of drum; then the tramp of feet and the clank of fire-lock. And over all the Lord Constable's voice:

"Steady, lads, and haste. We've urgent work to-night!"

Hurriedly Harry set out to join them. His knees trembled as he went. He thought, in the confusion of his mind: My father goeth like a young man again to the rescue, and I like an old one. What will happen between us when we see Diana again?

II

TEN frightened maiden ladies, of various ages and comeliness, were gathered round the mother abbess in the great stone refectory of St. Helen's House. The convent was outside the track of the fire thus far; yet they jostled one another like so many frightened children, each in the endeavor to get the closer to the large firm comfort of her presence. Adown the long table, between the platters of untouched food, burned the four candles in high brazen candlesticks, scantily illuminating the room.

The atmosphere was oppressively close, for all the windows were shuttered and barred. And, save for the whimpering of some of the blue nuns, the mouthing prayerful whispers of others, there was a heavy stillness within, in contrast to the sounds

that beat round the walls without: the voice of a mob in a fury. A husky roar it was, that grew and fell like the waves of the sea. Anon a deep shout or a shrill cry, a shot or a clang, pierced high; anon the thunder of blows at the main doors, echoing through the old house. As a knock angrier than the rest shook the very foundations, the women raised a wail. The abbess looked round upon them, a certain twist of humor belying the sternness of her face:

"Daughters! is this our faith? And are we not under her Majesty's special protection, and help sent for? To the chapel with ye and sing complines. Tut! Have I given permission to break the rules? 'Tis past the hour. Off with ye!"

She rose, hustling them with gestures of her great hanging sleeves, in good-humored yet irresistible authority. Not one attempted protest, though the smallest novice halted on the threshold to fling a supplicating look which begged piteously for the shelter of the motherly skirts. But the kind steel-gray eye was relentless; and, shivering, the neophyte pattered after her sisters.

Madam Anastasia watched them depart with a shrug of her ample shoulders. Then as she stood, in deep reflection, by the open door, hearkening to the increasing menace, there came the faint tinkle of the chapel bell, and thereafter the uplifted voices of her nuns, chanting, dismally enough, but yet sufficiently in unison. She nodded to herself, with a shrewd smile, and was about to gather her long blue skirts together, preparatory to a survey of the defenses, when there came the sound of steps along the flags and the figure of the convent guest moved into her view. The abbess's face brightened.

"Hither, child!" she beckoned, as Mistress Diana Harcourt, bowing her veiled head, was about to pass on to the chapel.

The young woman approached, flinging back the folds from her face. Against the black filmy frame her hair, even in the dimness of the corridor, took marvelous brightness as of copper and gold. Her countenance shone with a pearl-like fairness; it was wan as by long vigils; sad were her eyes, as though from secret tears; but serenity enveloped her as fragrance does the rose.

Her kinswoman surveyed her an instant with favor. Then she plunged into her huge hanging pocket:

"This letter, flung in through a window, tied to a stone; I had nigh forgotten it! 'Tis

addressed to you. Had you been of my flock, 'twas my duty to have read it."

Diana glanced at the superscription, announced coldly that it was from their kinsman, Lionel Ratcliffe, and proceeded to burst the seal. The color welled to her pale cheeks. She gave a cry of indignation as she read:

A man's patience is not eternal. You have forbidden me sight of you, this month past. My offense—the constancy of my love! You will not, so you tell me, out of your papist cage. Yestereve our kinswoman threatened me that you would change your religion and take the vows. You have reckoned without me, without the anger of the people. 'Tis the cry that the papists have fired London: I care not, false or true. But no papist shall help to rob me of you! Here is my chance and I shall seize it. I saved you once, in spite of yourself; now, Diana, I shall save you again from yourself. Have no fear, though every stone in the walls that keep you from me be laid low, no harm shall come to you. I shall be there, and with friends. So you are warned; be wise, bid our obstinate old coz Anastasia yield you peacefully, unbar the doors, facilitate the search for the papers we come to seek, and I will even do still what may be done for her safety and that of all her silly pack.

If this findeth you open to reason, see that she hang a white cloth from the window over the porch—soon after unbarring the gate. And leave the rest to your faithful and ever-loving cousin,

LIONEL RATCLIFFE.

"And he of our blood! Shame!" cried the abbess with hot cheeks.

"Mother," said Diana, and her lip trembled in spite of her brave tone, "had you not best yield, even as he says? Alack! 'tis by bringing peril on you I repay your shelter!"

"Yield you up? A pretty thought! I would rather we all perished together 'neath the stones of the old house. Yield and facilitate forsooth! Nay, we will even hold the place bolt and bar. An our message have reached the Tower, 'twill go hard with us if the gates do not stand till succor comes. How, hand thee over, to yon infamous wretch who useth the extremity of the city, the blind folly of the mob, the helplessness of a poor house of gentlewomen to the furthering of his own base purposes! As for my threat that you would take the vows"—she gave a dry chuckle—"I've overshot the mark, it seems. I deemed to show thee as out of reach of his pursuit. Well, 'tis ill talking when so much is a-doing. Hark ye at that, 'tis the fiercest onslaught yet. Get thee to the chapel. I must to the outer hall."

"Nay," quoth Diana, "I go with you."

The two kinswomen looked at each other for a second with a mutual pride; then with-

out further word they went together to the great outer hall, reverberating now to its vaulted roof as hammer strokes fell upon the iron-studded door. The stolid elderly red-headed porter came forth from a deep embrasure—where he had been philosophically, it seemed, listening to the progress of the attack—and with a hand on each arm drew them in their turn into the shelter out of reach of stone and shots.

"Will the door hold, think you, Bindon?" asked his reverend mistress briskly.

"Aye," quoth Bindon, "good iron, stout oak! So they lay not gunpowder."

"And so they do, what then?"

Bindon lifted his hand in slight, but expressive gesture. Then his small eye rolled from the old face to the young.

"Eh, but ye be two brave women—not a blanch, not a squeak!"

"Sho!" said the abbess with a tolerant smile. "And why should I fear death? Have I not been dead these forty years?"

"And why should I fear death?" said Diana's young voice, "since life has naught left?"

"I hope you'll not be taken at your word, ladies," said Bindon, with the familiarity of long service. "Nay, look you, I'm none so ready myself! But," he went on, "I like not this pause without: there may be gunpowder in it. And by your leave, I'll creep round to the lookout. Eh, 'tis time for the guards!"

As his burly figure had moved out of sight, Madam Anastasia turned with some asperity.

"Indeed, Mistress Harcourt, I marvel at you! Life nothing left for you, forsooth? Tut, tut! Is not the best part of it before you? What have you done with your good youth, answer me that—not even borne a soul to God's service?"

"Why, mother," Diana exclaimed, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "Do you know my history and chide me? Oh, I am dead, and this is my tomb. And truly, 'tis best so; since, when I lived in the world, I brought—God knows unwittingly—dire sorrow on two noble hearts that loved me."

The prioress thrust her hands impatiently up her big sleeves.

"Tush, child! Should'st have made thy choice boldly. And he whom you had left would be no worse off than now. This shilly-shally likes me not. In a convent and no nun! A lovely, free woman and no wife! Either wed or pray, say I. Nay, my dear, though I threatened your cousin with it, I have known it long; your vocation is not with

us. With the blessing of God, I'll yet give the house a feast on the day of Mistress Harcourt's wedding with my Lord Rockhurst's son!"

The renewal of clamor without, the report of a musket, the shattering of a few more panes of glass in the high windows all but drowned the valiant woman's words. Yet Diana had caught the drift of them and clasped the stout shoulders in sudden embrace.

"Wedding! 'Tis more like we feast with death this day!"

"Why, then, 'tis the best feast of all," cried the abbess petulantly.

There came three measured, emphatic blows upon the door. Then, above the loud continuous howl of the mob, a ringing call:

"Stand back, there within, stand back for your lives! We now blow your door in. Stand back!"

"'Tis Cousin Lionel's voice," whispered Diana with white lips.

"Sho!" returned the old lady with great contempt. She caught Diana by the shoulder and dragged her to the entrance of the passage, where she paused panting, being somewhat weighty for such swift movements. Bindon, trailing a musket, clattered in their rear.

"Aye, truly," she said to him, "I begin to think this may be the end. Tut! Where lag those sluggard guards! Sho! Here now come my silly children! Well, well, Sister Magdalen, my pastoral staff! So we have visitors we shall receive in state."

She took the crook from the hands of the nun; then, waving back the community, terrified now even to speechlessness:

"Back to your stalls, daughters! Shame on you! Shall not the shepherd come when he pleases, and shall he find the sheep dispersed?" She rang her staff threateningly on the flags, and the fluttering bevy fled back to the chapel. "Sheep, indeed—poor things!" chuckled the abbess.

She was chuckling still when the thud of the explosion came. It seemed to lift the stone house about them, to make the solid flags heave under their feet. For one instant Diana deemed that they all had been blown in pieces as well as the convent, and, opening her eyes after a reeling moment, was considerably astonished to find herself whole and sound. Before her, in stout equilibrium, was the abbess, jubilantly chanting a psalm; beside her, Bindon on one knee, poising his

firelock. The words he was breathing were not those of prayer.

There was a burst of wailing from the chapel within, and through the porch a wall of white smoke rolled up in swirls.

"They've made the breach; the door is down," said Bindon superfluously. Then the vapor parted, and three men were seen cautiously advancing; confusedly, beyond, in the ragged breach, Diana caught a glimpse of the street and a crowd of begrimed faces, in brutal exultation, brutal lust of destruction. Ravening as wild beasts behind bars, something yet held them back, she instinctively felt. The next instant, as she recognized Lionel, she knew whose power at once excited and restrained the mob: waving his sword he came, scarce a fold out of place in his handsome suit, plumed hat on his head, the red curls of his great wig hanging ordered on either side of the long, pale face. Their eyes met; she saw the gleam in his, and her heart turned sick. The two that strode behind him were dark-visaged, sinister enough, yet had something of the same air, as of men decorously carrying through a necessary act of violence.

Lionel Ratcliffe halted a pace in front of his old kinswoman and swept an ironical bow. There was no flinching of shame in him as he met the stern challenge of her eye.

"Out of my way, old fool," he cried. "I'm not here to deal with you. You've not chosen to take my warning: take your lot. My business is with my cousin here, whom you unlawfully detain. Diana, I have seen to your safety."

He made an almost imperceptible gesture of his hand as he concluded. The two men darted forward. Hideous confusion instantly sprang up. Diana remembered (and afterwards it was with tender laughter) seeing the mother abbess strike out right lustily with her pastoral staff; to such good purposes indeed, that Lionel's sword was snapped at mid-blade as he tried to parry her blow. At the same instant there was a deafening report in her ear; Bindon had loosed his musket. The foremost of Ratcliffe's attendants threw up his arms and fell forward. Then she felt herself grasped, and knew the hated touch.

"Diana, fool," Lionel was whispering fiercely, "'tis life or death! If you are seen to struggle now, you are lost, even as the others!"

Through Lionel's words she was aware of the wild-beast roar, execrating: "Kill the

papists! Burn them!" was aware of the invisible bars broken down, of the rush. And next, even to her bewildered senses there came the feeling of a change, a halt. It was like a flood at full tide miraculously arrested. Shots followed each other in rapid succession outside; and other sounds now, a roll of drum, words of command, some cheers, began to mingle with those hideous recurrent yells. The throng that struggled to pour in through the broken door recoiled. "The guards! the guards are on us!" was now the cry.

And with the curious unanimity of crowds general panic succeeded general fury. Above the torrential sound of feet on the pavement outside, a voice, clear yet panting, like the blast of a running trumpeter, rose ever nearer: "Make way, in the king's name!"

Then Diana heard the abbess's "*Deo gratias*," heard Lionel curse as his grasp relaxed; heard him curse again as he leaped forward, brandishing the stump of his sword, and, in vain frenzy, striving to stop the fugitives.

Harry Rockhurst was the first of the rescuers to dash through the gaping door. The Lord Constable had in truth reached the gateway before him, but had stood aside to let his son pass. Bareheaded, his black curls flying, his face set with the sternness of fierce intent, Diana for one delirious instant took the son for the father—the father as she had first met him in pride of noble strength, when she had loved him, unbidden. And as he sprang toward her, crying out in accents of unmeasurable joy: "Diana—safe!" she cast herself into his arms.

Now, even as he held her, she knew who it was, knew that there was youth in his pressure, an unhampered ecstasy of leaping blood. But yet she clung to him the closer, past and present so inextricably mingled in her thought that all she felt, all she cared to know, was that now, here, her heart had come home at last!

The inner circle of their joy lasted but the moment of a radiant bubble. About them the turmoil still raged. There was one, within a few yards, white-haired, grappling with a furious blood-stained ruffian. Diana clutched her lover's arm.

"Harry, Harry, save the old man!"

Harry turned, saw, and fired his pistol point-blank in the man's face. In the same instant, with a horror that stifled the cry of warning in her throat, Diana saw Lionel,

with livid countenance of fury, advancing upon the young man, his broken sword drawn back like a dagger for the thrust. But even as she found voice, all was over: one whose love had been swifter than hers had flung himself between the steel and its aim. Then all was a swirl of confusion. She saw Harry draw his sword from Lionel's fallen body, fling it from him and rush with a deep cry of anguish to the tall, white-headed man who yet stood erect, smiling, but with a face of terrible pallor.

She looked again, and as if the blast of a mighty wind had torn the mists from her eyes, she knew him. *The old man* she had called him: it was Lord Rockhurst himself.

And now it became clear to her that he was wounded, and grievously. Though he still stood, he was supported on one side by his son; on the other by a gray-bearded yeoman who, seeing his leader struck, had worked his way to him with great strides, through the mob of soldiers and rioters struggling at the door.

"Sir," he was saying, "this is the weight of a dead man."

"Ah, no!" cried the son. "For God's sake look to the wound! O God!—the sword, to the very hilt!"

Rockhurst came back from his far smiling contemplation to forbid the hand that would have plucked the broken sword from his side.

"Touch it not yet, Sergeant Bracy. When you draw it, you draw my life with it."

"He's sped, Master Harry," whispered Bracy, and his face began to work.

Then Rockhurst failed in their arms, and they gently laid him down on the flags, but a few paces away from Lionel Ratcliffe's dead body. As in a dream Diana came and knelt by his side. Madam Anastasia was praying under her voice.

"O father," sobbed Harry, "the best, the dearest! Oh, my honored lord!"

The dying man, as with an effort, brought his far gaze to the two young faces bending in sorrow over him.

"It is well," he said, "very well. Diana, lay your hand in his. I would fain place it there myself, but I cannot, I cannot." His eye roamed as if seeking. Once again he smiled at Bracy's distraught countenance.

"Old comrade," he breathed, "pluck out the blade."

The Lord Constable had given his last command.

JAPAN'S AMBITION TO CIVILIZE CHRISTENDOM

BY HAROLD BOLCE



IN addition to their phenomenal rise as an industrial and military people, the Japanese regard themselves as intellectually superior to Occidental races. Other people have had to struggle against slow conservatism. The Japanese alone, they insist, have been totally emancipated from the slavery to narrow ideas. They believe now that their mission is to civilize Christendom!

They scout the thought that they are to become an industrial danger to our solvency and civilization, or that Asia, unified and quickened into ambition through the teaching and example of Japan, is to be a military menace to Europe or America. Far more important is the Japanese programme, they point out, to redeem the Occident from its religious bondage.

They say that ideas cannot travel as rapidly in Europe and America as they can and do in Japan. They say that the habit in Western nations of starving or torturing or crucifying genius survives in our prejudice against a really new ideal, and that in our political doctrines, and preëminently in our creeds, we are controlled by the past far more than we ourselves dream. Japan's rôle, therefore, is to point out a better way for mankind.

They remind us that when they emerged from their feudalism they faced every phase of science, philosophy, and religion, not clinging to tradition when observation and study revealed a clearer way to Japanese advancement. Their attitude toward the religions of other lands is not more critical than toward their own. Shintoism was disestablished as a State religion, thoroughly secularized, and its affairs placed under a Bureau of Shrines. There is scarcely more religious significance

to this Shinto Department in the Federal Building at Tokio than there is in the Board of Health in an American city.

The Japanese insist that they are the first race to throw off the thralldom of inherited beliefs. A man born in Arabia, they point out, is usually a Mohammedan; if he is born in Europe or America, he is some sort of a Christian; whereas the man of Japan has taken from all religions what he considers the best. The teachings of Christ, Confucius, Buddha, and Mohammed have been blended with the utilitarianism of Herbert Spencer and the rationalism of the Japanese philosopher Fukuzawa. In religion and ethics, as in their railways and military tactics, the Japanese determine to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

The Japanese hold that their amalgamation of the best thought and aspiration of all lands comprises in itself a new gospel. Newspapers and magazines and public speeches in the Sunrise Kingdom are filled with the pregnant thought that the mission of Japan, totally aside from any dream of industrial supremacy or military conquest, is to rationalize the world.

All great religions, they point out, originated in the Orient, and these codes of thought have served a great purpose while mankind has been passing through what the Japanese regard as the kindergarten age of intellectual development. The Japanese people, they say, are now responding to the opportunity and the call to teach the races that all these religions are good in part, but that none of them has a monopoly on truth.

The peculiar attitude of the Japanese toward Christianity may be illustrated by referring to a regular Sunday occurrence on the Ginza, the leading street of Tokio. A big sign over a bookstore there discloses that the

firm deals exclusively in Bibles, hymn books, and other Christian productions. These books are sold to eager students, and the main business of the store is done over the counter on Sunday morning. The object of these students is not so much to get into communion with the Christian's God as to understand our grammar. There is no more religion in Japan's sabbath than in that country's adoption of the Morse alphabet.

They are willing to accept Jehovah, but they say they cannot understand the lack of catholicity that would insist upon the banishment from the Japanese Pantheon of their eight hundred myriad gods to give the whole place exclusively to our one. The Japanese quote the admonition of Confucius to his disciples, to respect the gods, but to have as little as possible to do with them. There has long been a pronounced tendency toward agnosticism in Japan. The present widespread rationalism and atheism adopted from the West merge naturally with much of the Confucian doctrine as it has been interpreted in the Sunrise Kingdom.

The Japanese criticism of Christianity will be better understood if we consider their indifference to their own faith. The Japanese baptize their children at Shinto shrines, and bury their dead from Buddhist temples. Japan's greatest statesman, Marquis Ito, is the author of the following statement:

"I regard religion itself as quite unnecessary to a nation's life; science is far above superstition; and what is religion—Buddhism or Christianity—but superstition, and therefore a possible source of weakness to a nation? I do not regret the tendency to free thought and atheism which is almost universal in Japan."

And Fukuzawa said: "Religion is like tea; it serves a social end, nothing more."

At the Nippon Club in Tokio I had the opportunity of talking at length with a native author of many books, and I asked him to tell me frankly wherein the Japanese considered themselves more advanced intellectually than America. He regarded the subject very seriously.

"One fact is sufficient to prove that the Japanese have taken higher ground than any other people," said he. "Agnosticism, which is the only logical attitude for a modern man to assume toward the mystery of birth and life and death, is a point of view reached in the United States only by the most advanced professors in your universities; where-

as in Japan it is the thought of the masses. Moreover, your Christian propagandists in America are so unalert to the philosophical progress of Japan as a nation that missionaries are sent here to preach a gospel of miracles and mythology—a mass of doctrine, in the form of Hebrew fables and traditions, which would never make the slightest appeal to the scientific Japanese mind, and which, in fact, the best thinkers in your own universities repudiate."

It should be stated that the Japanese analysis and rejection of many teachings held sacred by Western nations is not irreverent. These Oriental rationalists as calmly set aside the record that the sun stopped in mid-heaven at the request of a Hebrew general, or that the shadow of the sun at the bidding of Isaiah went back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz, as the Christian world labels as impossible myths the prodigies of the Greek gods.

The facts that Sunday is officially a day of rest in Japan, and that Church and State have been practically separated, have given the missionaries undue cause for elation. It is true, too, that the Young Men's Christian Association has found favor in Japan, conspicuously because of its social service to the soldiers during the recent war with Russia. It is interesting and characteristic, however, that side by side with this Western organization is developing the Young Men's Buddhist Association of Japan. This latter organization includes everything that is taught in the Young Men's Christian Association, and, in addition thereto, familiarizes its members with the hygienic ideals of Buddhism, and conducts summer schools.

What the Japanese protest against is that the Western world advances Christianity as the one and only way. Since our denominational representatives in the Sunrise Kingdom continue to insist upon complete orthodox conversion, the Japanese have not been reticent in pointing out what they regard as the fallacies of the Christian religion.

In the first place, they say that Western theology concedes that the creation of the human race on the part of Jehovah has thus far turned out to be a colossal failure. The Japanese even go further, and say that the belief that the vast majority of mankind are doomed to eternal torment, and that only a fortunate remnant are saved, renders the creation of man not only a vast failure, but an unthinkable horror as well. A Japanese professor said to me that if he could be converted

to Christianity he would make his petitions not to God but to the Evil Spirit, inasmuch as the Devil, according to our theology, controlled the majority and was altogether the dominant power in the universe.

He said that he realized that we regard man as a free moral agent, and that while the road is wide that leads to destruction, and is always crowded, the individual had the privilege of choosing the narrow way, up which the few, the select, the preordained, climbed to felicity. The trouble was, the Japanese critic pointed out, that man had been so created that he would not choose this way to eternal life. Christian theology, therefore, accused the Creator of bringing into existence a race of beings of such moral bias that the countless majority would not accept His method of salvation. In other words, Christianity, it is held in Japan, charges the Creator with having fashioned billions of human souls although He knew beforehand that most of them would plunge headlong into everlasting torment.

The doctrine that the God of Christianity, in order to avert from mankind the doom toward which they were otherwise hopelessly flocking, sent His only begotten Son to be crucified in a remote corner of Asia is totally rejected by the Japanese. They say that if that sacrifice had been effective in any large way, the argument in regard to the mission of the Nazarene might be more effective, but that, out of the billions that have lived since the ministration of Jesus Christ two thousand years ago, only a comparative handful have believed and been saved according to the plan thus elaborately designed by the Creator.

The Japanese look at this important subject from another standpoint also. They say that if Christ was a god He was more than man can ever possibly be. They do not believe that the race should be grateful to the Creator for sending us a god who set up an ideal in His life impossible of human attainment. According to our theology, Jesus was man in outward form only, the Japanese insist; inwardly He had the advantage of being a god, and came to tantalize unfortunate mankind by showing them how good a god can be. Such teaching, the Japanese say, is of little value to the world.

If Christ, on the other hand, the Japanese say, was truly a man, and His life an illustration of the possibilities latent in humanity, then His life is more inspiring than if He were

a god. Viewing the sayings and sermons of the Nazarene as the lofty expression of a superior man, they have already adopted much of His gospel in the new thought in Japan. But they place His teaching upon the same level as that of Confucius, and along many practical lines subordinate both to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer!

One of the fundamental secrets in the success of the gospel proclaimed by Jesus, the Japanese claim, was that He wove into His message much of the thought of the Hindus and the ideas of ancient Israel. It was a composite doctrine, comprised of the best ethical and religious systems then known. The Japanese claim that they are now reproducing the programme of the Nazarene, only on a far greater scale, as they are incorporating into their up-to-date philosophy not only all that has proved to be beneficial to mankind in the teachings of Jesus, but likewise subjecting to the same test all that is valuable in all the religions, ethical systems, economics, and metaphysics throughout the world.

We are still sending missionaries to Japan, but the Japanese insist that these representatives of our religion are being brought under the influence of the more advanced thought of the very people they would convert to narrow and exclusive doctrines. Moreover, the Japanese are beginning to send their rationalists to the leading nations, including the United States, England, Germany, and China.

The Japanese say that they realize that they have a big task, inasmuch as Europe and America, while purely and commendably scientific in regard to electricity, wireless telegraphy, and all modern phenomena, are like children in fidelity to a belief that impossible miracles were wrought ages ago. From the point of view of the Japanese these myths could be passed over as unimportant if they were not included as a vital part of the unscientific religion of the Western world.

The Japanese smile when the missionaries tell them that Elijah and Elisha by smiting the water of the Jordan with a mantle dammed up the river and were able to walk across on dry land. Had the people of that day been sufficiently advanced to build pontoon bridges, they would not have invented such a fable, the Japanese contend. Nor are these cynically scientific yellow men more credulous in regard to the account of Christ calming the tempest on Lake Galilee. Nothing like that has ever happened, they say, since the race learned to navigate scientifically. They

point out, too, the curious fact that in the record of the reign of Yamato-take, who flourished at the beginning of the Christian era, the story is told of how his wife stilled a great storm on the Sea of Japan by sitting on a wave!

Japan is a land of gods and tradition, but they regard their gods indulgently, much as the Western world looks upon Santa Claus; and even the popular notion that the Mikado can trace his lineage to the Sun Goddess is treasured by the Japanese people largely as we cherish the cherry-tree myth in the life of George Washington.

The Japanese point out that all the stories of Hebrew miracles, such as the action of angels in destroying the Assyrian army, the conversion of rods into serpents, the amplification of five loaves of bread and two fishes into a commissary supply sufficient to feed 5,000 people, can be equaled if not paralleled by the myths of Egypt and Greece and Rome and even Japan. The marvelous thing to the Japanese is that civilized Europeans and Americans still regard as literal the dreams and allegories that have come out of ancient centuries.

Fukuzawa, whom Japan regards as its most profound modern philosopher, made the following statement in regard to religion:

"I lack a religious nature, and have never believed in any religion. I am thus open to the charge that I am advising others to be religious when I am not so. Yet my conscience does not permit me to clothe myself with religion when I have it not at heart. Of religions there are several kinds—Buddhism, Christianity, and what not. Yet from my standpoint there is no more difference between these than between green tea and black tea. It makes little difference whether you drink one or the other. The point is to let those who have never drunk tea partake of it and know its taste. It is so with religion. Religionists are like tea merchants. They are busy selling their own kind of religion. As for the method of procedure in this matter, it is not good policy for one to disparage the stock of others in order to praise his own. What he ought to do is to see that his stock is well selected and his prices cheap."

The story is related that a Japanese ambassador, leaving England, called upon the Foreign Office stating that he had a half an hour to spare, and suggested that they suggest a new religion which it might be advisable for his home government to adopt. Dispatches

have frequently appeared in the newspapers that Tokio was considering legislation that would make Christianity the State religion in Japan. This has been seriously entertained at times in the belief that the adoption of the Occidental creed might facilitate Japan's treaty negotiations with the Powers. Another project incorporated the plan of establishing a religion which, adopting Shinto nomenclature, would incorporate the seven cardinal virtues of Confucianism, the Buddhistic doctrine of cause and effect, and the Christian conception of the Trinity.

Any introduction of Christianity under Japanese control and interpretation would have no more significance, and probably not so much, as the adoption of European and American styles of clothing. Anything that is peculiarly alien is not popular in Japan. Railroads and telegraphs and all the mechanical achievements of modern times have been vigorously welcomed, for these scientific triumphs are in no sense national. They belong to the world.

The career of Buddhism in Japan, imported from China and Korea, illustrates the indisposition of the Japanese to adopt in any wholesale way an alien religion. The elaborate metaphysics of the Buddhistic faith did not appeal to the Japanese, and that religion succeeded only by adapting itself to Shintoism, and adopting many of the Japanese gods. The Japanese people without discrimination give their financial support to both Buddhism and Shintoism.

The main obvious difference between Buddhism and Shintoism is that a Buddhist temple is roofed with tiles, while a Shinto temple is thatched!

In 1874 Buddhism was disestablished in Japan. To-day Japan has even greater religious freedom than America enjoys, for, as stated, a dealer can sell Bibles on Sunday in Tokio. Buddhist temples are multiplying in Japan, and the reason for this phenomenon is about the same as that which explains the great increase in the foreign trade and the domestic commerce of that empire. The Japanese keep up their temples, out of the same love of the beautiful that impels American municipalities and individuals to maintain their parks!

It is significant of the anomalous attitude of the Japanese toward religion that the canon of Buddhism has never been translated into the Japanese tongue. The version used by the Buddhist priests in the temples of

Japan is written in Chinese. It is the testimony of every traveler and student and progressive citizen of the Japanese empire that the educated people of Japan are totally indifferent to religion.

It has not always been so. There was a time when emperors used to abdicate in Japan to engage in prayer. But they found that when they did so, the Shogun who did not pray got control of the government. The Japanese say that the religion of to-day should be as modern as machinery.

They protest against the assumption of the Christian nations that it was exclusively to the Israelites that the All-Wise Creator revealed Himself. The Bible is read in Japan, but it is not considered there the only Inspired Writ. In accepting many faiths and litanies they proceed upon the idea that an omnipotent being would be too prolific an author to confine himself to one book, especially upon finding that that volume was not universally read!

They say that if the Bible had been intended as the only authoritative message from God to man, its origin would not have been left in such obscurity. They point out that no scholar knows anything about the original manuscripts of the Christian Bible, the oldest fragments dating from the fourth century after Christ and at best being nothing but translated copies. What happened to the originals, and the precise matter they contained, no man knows. This hiatus of centuries, occurring between the time the Christian manuscripts were written and the date of their most ancient translation, gives uncertainty, from the Japanese standpoint, to the entire religious canon of the Occident.

They make the further point that whatever is truth, whatever can be proved by experience and science, does not need to be inspired, and that, on the other hand, no amount of religious ecstasy in the writing can give validity to an untruth. It makes no difference to them, therefore, who wrote our Scriptures, when they were written, or under what spiritual compulsion. Whatever in these Hebrew poems, homilies, and histories can be utilized to advance ethics and economics to-day, the Japanese consider worthy of adoption and promulgation, but at all our Bible stories of the miraculous the Japanese simply smile. To the unconverted Oriental, our sacred tales are on a par with the Mother Goose fables and the Arabian Nights Entertainments. What gives piquancy to the situation is not the mere

negation of the Japanese, but their belief, as stated, that they have progressed greatly beyond the American and the European, and are called upon to teach us the new religion of reason and science.

In some of my arguments with the Japanese I said that the Christian civilization in its exaltation of woman, even had it never accomplished anything else, had won a claim to superiority over all other social systems in the world. I was particularly impressed with the contrast between the status enjoyed by American women and those of Japan, when in visiting homes and tea houses in the Sunrise Kingdom I encountered the maids and housewives bumping their foreheads on the matting and purring at my feet while they unlaced my shoes. Calling upon an American who had married a Japanese woman, I found him seated in his study, his bare feet in a basin of water, and his wife on her knees washing them.

But when, in my controversies with the students and thinkers of Japan, I made the point that under our Christian system Occidental women had greater freedom and higher standing than their Oriental sisters, I was met instantly by the protest that our methods had made our women Amazonian, brazen, and unlovable. Japan, they said, had taught woman her place. She was educated to please, to be gentle, thoughtful, and obedient. American women, the Japanese claim, have been spoiled by idolatry. They have become calculating and dominant, whereas the Japanese women remain throughout their lives charming, docile, subordinate to their husbands. American women, the Japanese say, interfere and disturb the social conditions, and frequently create confusion in diplomacy and other affairs of State. Christianity, they say, which is almost wholly supported by women in America, is responsible for the fantastic ideals that have resulted in giving undue freedom to the sex.

The new religion formulated by the Japanese will adopt the pagan rather than the Christian idea of woman's sphere. This is essentially a man's world, the Japanese contend, because the nations are preserved by war, and women are not fitted anatomically to engage in arduous campaigns. So long, therefore, as men must fight to maintain their country, it is colossal folly, the Japanese say, to give woman the right to shape the political policy of the land. Furthermore, the Japanese claim that the Japanese women, taught

to find their greatest joy in the affairs of the home, are far happier than the women who have been made ambitious and unsatisfied under the Christian system.

In leading economic ideas affecting both men and women, the Japanese claim great superiority over the Occident. Europe and America are only now, after years of struggle and wars and class hatred, reaching the idea that State ownership of public utilities is a benefit to the masses. Japan, taking advanced ground in economics as it has in religion and science, inaugurated State socialism without conflict and even without controversy. The Japanese claim that their nation is without an equal in its capacity for taking definite and quick action in matters affecting the public good. Old men and old communities, as is well known, are conservative. Japan, while one of the oldest of nations, is brand-new in its regeneration. Having turned its back upon the past, it has no prejudices to fight. Just as it took its naval ideas from England, its infantry organization from Germany, the school system from America, and the Code Napoléon from France, so it has absorbed its religion and philosophy from all the creeds and teachers both of ancient and modern times. They say they do not believe in a republic, because some centralization of power is indispensable, and in a democracy, where sufficient restraint is not imposed, domination is usurped by the commercial magnates. They say that neither the religion nor the governmental system of America is suited to the world at large. They say that the fact that worshipers in our democracy still cling to the spiritual idea of a God reigning on a throne surrounded by inferior angels singing adulatory hosannas, reveals that the conception of equality is not fundamental in our mind. They point out that there is no President, nor Cabinet, nor Parliament in the Christian heaven.

The Japanese, believing in their destined rôle to merge the best ideas of all nations, reject the idea of a single ruler in the universe, to whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers. Nor do they believe in that standard for an earthly government. They preach a form of socialism, a paternalism, but they address their appeal not to that class which can do nothing save engage in sullen rage or fiery revolution, but to the entrenched administrators who can inaugurate reforms without resort to arms. The difference between the peaceful emergence of Japan and

the carnival of bloodshed which attended the passing of France from the old régime to the modern typifies the difference between the new religion which the people of the Mikado's empire offer to the world and the disputatious creeds which led the Western nations to torture and decimate their enemies through many foolish centuries.

The new religion does not concern itself deeply with doctrines. It does not believe in original sin and the necessity for redemption. It believes that human nature is naturally good, and that it is only the lack of proper cultivation that makes character fruitless. It will not aim to introduce a new Gospel through any form of religious excitement. What we in America call religious revivals Japan classes as monomania and hysteria. Even love is considered a weakness in Japan. Love, delirium tremens, and religion are regarded as a trinity of evils unworthy a well-poised gentleman in the Sunrise Kingdom.

While for want of a better term the new movement in Japan is called an up-to-date religion, it is not religious in any Western sense. Uchimura, in his "Japan and the Japanese," pictures his country occupying a middle place between the two great streams of the world's civilization, and merging them to rejuvenate the earth. He says:

Two streams of civilization flowed in opposite directions when mankind descended from their primitive homes on the tableland of Iran or Armenia. That toward the west passed through Babylon, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, Germany, England, and culminated in America, while that through the east traveled through India, Thibet, and China, culminating in the Manchu court at Peking. The moral world is also a magnet, with its two opposite poles on the opposite banks of the Pacific, the democratic, aggressive, inductive America, and the imperial, conservative, and deductive China. There have been constant attempts for the union of these magnetic currents. Grandeur tasks await the young Japan, who has the best of Europe and the best of Asia at her command. At her touch the circuit is completed and the healthy fluid shall overflow the earth!

I do not in this article go into the chauvinism of Japan, further than to state that the overmastering pride and confidence of that people lead them to picture for themselves a political destiny throughout all the Asiatic shores of the Pacific. They feel quite confident, too, that no other modern nation, not even military Germany or England, could have met and vanquished Russia as Japan did. Not long ago an eminent German reminded a Japanese diplomat in Berlin that

the Sunrise Kingdom had borrowed all its military ideas and many of its mechanical appliances from Germany.

"That is true," replied the little Oriental, "but there is one thing we did not import from Germany."

"What was that?" asked the German.

"Your fear of Russia," was the reply.

The Japanese make the additional point in regard to their military fitness, that no armies have ever equaled theirs in ministering to the wounded and the sick.

In large ideas of foreign trade, the Japanese point to what they believe to be their marked superiority. The great future of commerce, they, like many other people, believe, is in continental Asia. Blind to the multiplying opportunities of that Mongolian field, America has so alienated the Chinese that boycotts and the threats of boycotts are seriously disturbing our trade with the Celestial Empire. Last year witnessed a marked decrease in our exports to China. But the Japanese, being, as they believe, a superior race, and seeing farther into the future than Americans can, have established friendly and reciprocal relations with their great awakening neighbor. Already Japan is selling more cotton goods to China than the United States does.

In diplomacy, Japan claims preëminence over all the modern nations. In its imperial ambitions, Japan saw but one possible obstacle of sufficient magnitude to restrain the fearless advance of the Mikado's people. The expansion of America was the one problem that Japan had to solve, and so, with worldly acuteness, it concluded a treaty of alliance with England. Through its own strength, reinforced by the fleets and prestige and wealth of its great ally, Japan has reached a triumphal position from which it will probably not be forced to go to war for many years. As for its commercial ascendancy, that may prove of positive benefit to America, since the rise of Japan and the rejuvenation of all Asia will increase the purchasing power of the Far East. These phases of Japan's advance and pride are not a part of the present consideration.

What is unique in the new civilization of Japan is the claim that the real spirit of the country, which has given that people an intellectual preëminence over all other nations, is not an importation, but a native gift brought to perfection through centuries of development. Western machinery made Japan move faster, but it added nothing, they insist, to

their essential ideals as expressed in Bushido and cultivated for 2,000 years. Professor Nitobe in his book on Bushido says:

"To a philosophic and pious mind, the races themselves are marks of divine chirography, clearly traced in black and white as on their skin; and if this simile holds good, the yellow race forms a precious page inscribed in hieroglyphics of gold."

In another place he says that "Christianity in its American or English form—with more of Anglo-Saxon freaks and fancies than grace and purity of its founder—is a poor scion to graft on Bushido stock."

It should not be imagined that the Japanese in any phase of their philosophy and religion are seriously grave. The followers of Bushido once worshiped Confucius, but the golden statues of that philosopher are now to be found only in the shops of curio dealers, and some of the precious images of the deified sage have been sold to the Japanese mints as bullion!

The Japanese go on religious pilgrimages, but these events assume the form of holiday merrymaking. A Scotchman on a Caledonian picnic suggests the sort of piety a Japanese exhibits in his excursion to a sacred mountain. It has been said that the gods of Japan are easy-going.

What the Japanese object to is the solemn emphasis the Western world gives to litanies and legends. It is believed in Japan that America and Europe are idolatrous, bowing down slavishly to a Book. William T. Stead interviewed Marquis Ito, and reports that that statesman "spoke very bitterly of the missionaries who came to the country, and expressed himself very decidedly in favor of the country being without any outside religion. All the educated people, he said, have Bushido to guide them in their life, the purest teaching of doing right combined with the highest code of honor. Why, then, should they wish to adopt a superstition such as Christianity, especially as it comes to the country in so many various and conflicting sects and forms?"

Count Okuma, writing in the *Sun Trade Journal*, published at Tokio, says:

Christianity was organized as such when it came into contact with the Roman Empire. It was through the brains of the Romans that Christianity was codified and organized. The civilization that is enjoyed by the so-called Christian countries is the gift of Rome and Greece and not of Christianity. The Renaissance purified the old Romanism, giving rise to Protestantism. Civilization does not depend upon religion. The old characteristic civilization of

Japan has assimilated Christianity, giving birth to something better.

Count Okuma stands high among the Japanese. He is a statesman, a philosopher, an educator. He is the founder of the University of Waseda in Tokio. His statement that *Japan has assimilated Christianity and given birth to something better* is the firm conviction of intelligent students and statesmen throughout the Mikado's empire.

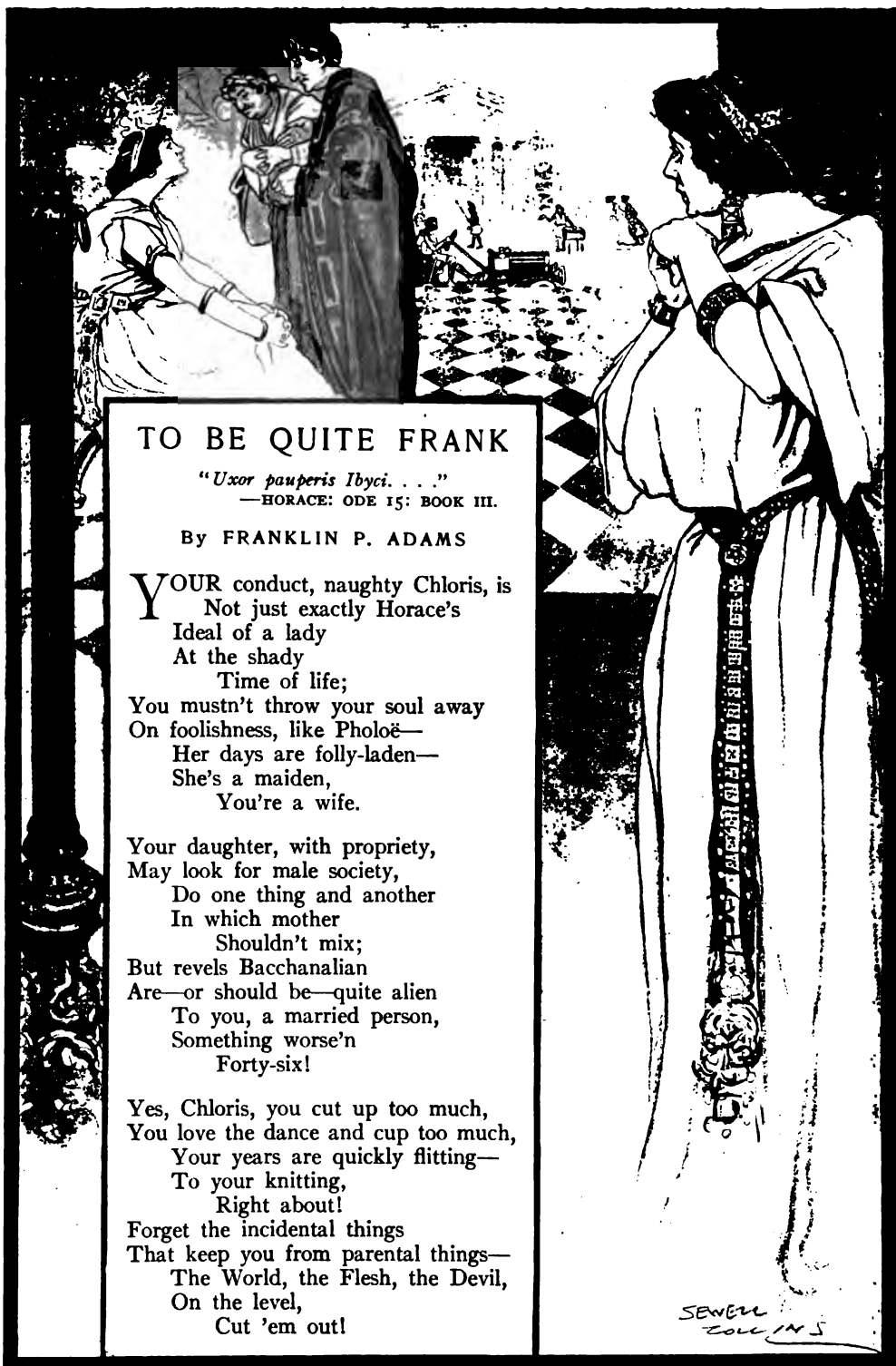
The Japanese say that in the progress of Christianity from country to country westward, no land was strong enough in its own philosophy and art to set up standards independent of the new thought. National individuality, therefore, in an intellectual way, was impossible. But in Japan Christianity, they say, encounters a nation that has had a superior civilization of its own, beautified by centuries of asceticism and humane deeds. It is true that when the doors of Japan were opened to the Western nations, this Oriental empire had no engines and telegraphs, and similar instruments of progress. But, for that matter, the West had had these things only a very few years. In art and poetry and universal love of the beautiful and symmetrical, the Japanese, they insist, were far ahead of the Occident. All Japan will stop to look at a sunset or at a cherry grove aflame with blossoms. A whole cityful of people will march to the suburbs at night to watch the moon rise over a certain hill. A Japanese peasant toiling in the slush of his rice paddy will look up from time to time at a cluster of trees silhouetted against the sky and will take a poet's delight that with his own hands he planted them on the neighboring hill, to give harmony to the landscape.

The deeply rooted love of form and color is a Japanese heritage handed down through many ages. To this they have added all that they believe to be valuable in our Western standards. They liken themselves to the Greeks, who gave hospitality to every new idea, and made room for all the gods of their day. One of the highly successful novels of modern Japan is a story which takes as its hero Epaminondas. The avidity with which the deeds of this Greek statesman and general were followed by the youth of the Japanese Empire, and the readiness of all classes to believe that the achievements of Japan to-day are similar to those of Thebes and Sparta, give a glimpse of the strength and spirit of the new Japan.

Now that the Japanese have secured from the West the best that we had to give, they have dispensed with our instruction. Foreigners in the Japanese universities have been dismissed. There was a movement to Romanize Japanese literature. An uprising against that proposed innovation has become national in Japan. The movement had gone far enough to have Roman characters stamped on silver and copper coins, but to-day the money of Japan has reappeared bearing Mongolian ideographs. Business men in Japan here and there, for policy's sake, may wear European clothing in their offices, but they discard the foreign garments at the threshold of their homes. The kimono, like agnosticism, suits the Japanese love of freedom. Japanese games have been revived, as having more meaning and piquancy than ours. The Japanese have come to the conclusion, too, that their ancient carvings and cloisonné and satsuma are more artistic than any creation of the clumsier crafts of the Occident.

Japan took such firm hold upon the civilization of the West that for a brief period it was swept off its Oriental foundations. Now it has found its footing again. It went to war with Christian weapons, but introduced, as stated, a scientific medical care superior to anything hitherto attending battle, so that the percentages of death from sickness and wounds was smaller in the Japanese legions than in any large army in the whole Christian history of carnage by artillery. Just as they have improved upon Christendom's system of slaughter, so they will, they say, liberalize and make scientific our religion.

In times past a nation with an ideal which it believed should be adopted by other countries has not hesitated to employ strength to introduce it. It is the big stick, not the olive branch, that has made our civilization formidable. Here we have in the Far East a pagan nation equipped with all our Christian facilities for decimating armies and annihilating navies, and possessed with the idea that it is destined to redeem mankind from the yoke of Western superstition. It backs up its new beatitudes with battle ships. Japan may never resort to arms to convert the world to rationalism, yet it is mobilizing the intellectual forces of the subtle Orient and inaugurating what the Japanese people believe to be a world movement 2,000 years ahead of the thought of Christian Europe and America—the boastful continents that, they say, have corrupted the message of the Judean.



TO BE QUITE FRANK

"Uxor pauperis Ibyci. . ."
—HORACE: ODE 15: BOOK III.

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

YOUR conduct, naughty Chloris, is
Not just exactly Horace's
Ideal of a lady
At the shady
Time of life;
You mustn't throw your soul away
On foolishness, like Pholoë—
Her days are folly-laden—
She's a maiden,
You're a wife.

Your daughter, with propriety,
May look for male society,
Do one thing and another
In which mother
Shouldn't mix;
But revels Bacchanalian
Are—or should be—quite alien
To you, a married person,
Something worse'n
Forty-six!

Yes, Chloris, you cut up too much,
You love the dance and cup too much,
Your years are quickly flitting—
To your knitting,
Right about!
Forget the incidental things
That keep you from parental things—
The World, the Flesh, the Devil,
On the level,
Cut 'em out!

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS' GREAT SERIAL

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1907.

PRICE 15 CENTS



What shall
the
Harvest be?



CREAM *of* WHEAT



MYRA KELLY
Author of "Little Citizens."



Drawn by G. C. Halmstrong.

"Standing there in the delicious upper-air currents, she looked blissfully across the rolling moors."

—"The Younger Set," page 208

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APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. X

AUGUST, 1907

NO. 2

OUR AMERICAN ADRIATIC

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD



PERHAPS it is unnecessary to characterize American scenes and localities in terms of European geography, but the practice has been long established. With the resort regions of California and Florida each claiming equities as the American Riviera; with the settlements around the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea adopting the phrase "the American Mediterranean"; and with the mountains of Colorado heralded as the American Alps, I may perhaps be pardoned for proposing Chesapeake Bay as our American Adriatic. It is to be hoped that this year, which marks the third centennial of the colonial settlement, will draw a multitude of travelers to the overlooked Eden that lies all about, in which every American has a right to feel personal interest and proprietorship.

When in 1607 John Smith first entered the waters of the new Adriatic Sea, he lifted his voice in prophecy: "There is but one entrance to this country," he wrote. "The cape on the south is called Cape Henry, the north cape is called Cape Charles. Within is a country that may have the prerogatives over the most pleasant places known, for earth and heaven never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation. The mildness of the air, the fertility of the soil, and

the situation of the rivers are so propitious to the use of man, as no place is more convenient for pleasure, profit, and man's sustenance under any latitude or climate. So, then, here is the place: a nurse for soldiers, a practice for mariners, a trade for merchants, a reward for the good, and that which is most of all, a business (most acceptable to God) to bring such poor infidels to the knowledge of God and His Holy Gospel."

And where this prophet looked first upon the new land and prophesied, our Government maintains Fortress Monroe, a nurse for soldiers. Where he first cast anchor is Hampton Roads, our national practice for mariners; where he first landed, now stands Norfolk, one of the foremost commercial cities of the South, a trade for merchants, while across the arm of the sea is Hampton Institute for the instruction of the Indian youth.

For more than two hundred years veritable kings lived and dispensed such royal hospitality throughout this favored land that the story of it will long remain a vital part of the romance of American history. Into this great bay flow four historic rivers, and upon bay and rivers steamers offer passenger and freight service in every direction to the towns and landings which are the ports of a fruitful and picturesque region.

There is a remarkable analogy between our Adriatic and the Adriatic of the ancients.



CURLE'S NECK MANSION.

On one side of the Chesapeake lies the "Italy" of America, as the "East Shore" is often termed, and here the Government officially locates the healthiest spot on our continent. On the other side of our Adriatic is the mainland that was once at the front of American culture and where the first institutions of learning were founded in the New World; where our colonial patriots proclaimed the Republic, a region now fallen into a decay almost like to that of modern Greece after her great civil wars.

In days of old, the riches of the East passed through the Adriatic and thence overland to enrich all Europe. Through our Adriatic, in the youth of the country, passed the wealth and refinement of the Old World, to mold the civilization of the New. In time, as the mainland bordering on the old Adriatic, devastated by war, was left to the enervated Turk, so our historic battle grounds became the heritage of a dusky race, and the negro has proved an equal blight upon a land that was once the richest in a New World.

Our Adriatic has its commercial Venice—and its Genoese rival without. It was Lord Baltimore who saw in his city another and a greater Venice, the commercial clearing house of trade between the Old and New Worlds.

George Washington, father of our internal

water-way and canal system, looked upon the new Adriatic as the heart from which would pulse all the veins and arteries of trade. Chesapeake Bay he made the seat of our sea power. He looked to see it alive with the ships of all nations and the commerce of the world centered there. With his own money he organized the companies that were to dig the highways of commerce he had surveyed from this Adriatic, across the mountains, to our great fresh-water Mediterranean Seas. From Richmond, at the head of the James, where there are twenty feet of water and a flow of tide; from the spot where the city of Washington now stands at the head of tidewater on the Potomac; from Fredericksburg, the home of his mother, at the head of the navigable Rappahannock, and from Baltimore on the bay, he sought to cut canals that would unite the waters of the Chesapeake with those of the Great Lakes and the Ohio River. From the southern end of the great bay, through the Dismal Swamp, he surveyed the canal that now unites the waters of our Adriatic with those of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds; he dreamed of the ship canal through which swift steamers now run from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and even lived to know that his cherished wish of a navigable ditch across the State of New Jersey would be completed.



SHERWOOD FOREST

Our Adriatic, once and always the most historic area of America, has now become the most forgotten, the most neglected, the most forsaken portion of the continent. The people that have poured into Baltimore know little of the traditions all about them. The poverty of the land excites their pity, the richness of its history is unknown to them.

Even the officials of the steamboat companies know very little of the land so largely dependent upon them and their knowledge of its needs and latent possibilities. I was informed by officials of the line of steamers on the Patuxent that there was nothing of particular historic interest about the river. They did not know that it was up the Patuxent that the British fleet sailed in 1813 to burn the nation's capital.

I had entered the American Adriatic by way of the Delaware and Chesapeake Ship Canal; one of the swift steamers that ply between Philadelphia and Baltimore landed me at the little cove where more oyster craft in winter and watermelon barges in summer are gathered than anywhere else in the world, and where at all seasons more sidewheel steamers begin and end their journeys. It was also from this famous basin, the one spot in all Baltimore that is remindful of the real Venice, that I resumed my cruise and began to view the moving panorama of American

history as seen from the hurricane deck of a modern steamer.

It was scarcely daylight when we steamed out of the Patapsco River into the broad Chesapeake. At midday the gilded acorn of the Maryland State Capitol was shining brightly a dozen miles away. Anne Arundel County slipped by, and toward dusk the turn was made into the Patuxent, through the great oyster fleet, that on a foggy day delays the steamer for hours at a time, to the one modernized town upon the river—Solomon's Island, settled centuries ago and now the metropolis of the Patuxent River, with a population of perhaps 800 souls. Another steamer makes a trip up the river by daylight, so I rested here to feast on oysters.

At St. Leonard's Creek our captain pointed out the spot where Commodore Barney's fleet had hidden from the pursuing British, until driven from shelter to move upstream to Nottingham, where it still lies at the bottom of the river. The British fleet followed as far as Benedict, and here the British mariners marched overland, defeated the Americans at Bladensburg, and burned Washington.

Benedict is halfway up the historic little river, and here I talked with grayheads who knew of the War of 1812 only what their fathers and grandfathers had told them of the bombardment of the village by the Brit-



WESTOVER MANSION, ERECTED IN 1787 BY COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD



WEYANOKE, FIRST OWNED BY SIR GEORGE YEARDLEY

ish, the flight of the women with all portable household furniture, and the defeat of the men in battle. Few houses have been built since the War of 1812; there are British cannon balls still embedded in joists and columns of these quaint old structures, and when the citizens speak of events that occurred "before the war," they mean before the war with Great Britain.

A new railway from Chesapeake Bay to Washington now crosses the Patuxent at Bristol, where steamboat navigation ends. It is less than an hour's run by rail from Bristol to the capital, and the wonder is that the Father of His Country did not cut a canal from the upper reaches of the Patuxent to the Potomac and Patapsco rivers, for less than twenty miles of lowland separates Bristol from either Baltimore or Washington.

The impress of the Indian in this region

lends much of romance and history to the American Adriatic. The word Potomac in the red man's language means "They are coming by water," and a little stream emptying into the Potomac, where the whites first began to settle, they named Wicomico, which means "Where houses are building." Before the James was renamed in honor of England's king, it was the Powhatan—"River of fruitfulness," and it was in many respects the most fruitful of all American rivers. The Rappahannock was the "Stream with ebb and flow." Driven from both the Powhatan and the Rappahannock, the descendants of the great Indian war lords still live upon the banks of the two small rivers between these great streams; one they call Matapony, "No bread at all"; the other, Pamunkey, "Here we sweat," names appropriate to this day, for on the Pamunkey res-

ervation the descendants of Powhatan gain a scanty living by the sweat of their brows, while their few remaining cousins on the Matapony reservation are often obliged to call upon the Pamunkeys for aid. They named the river flowing from the Dismal Swamp into Chesapeake (Mother of waters) Nansemond, "The place where we fled," just as at the end of it all, when the white man began to roam at will from Washington, they named a little river, far away, the Pascataway, "It is growing dark."

It was my good fortune to sail down the Potomac with one of the Washingtons, a lady who, to the manner born, was pleased to point out to me the really historic places on the river. To this descendant of George's uncle, Alexandria was dear, not so much because her great relative had

George's half brother, from whom he inherited the property, had served. And how many Americans know that Master George came within an ace of beginning his career as a midshipman in his Majesty's service? Only the tears of his mother prevailed over the persuasive influence of his elder half brother, Lawrence. The Washingtons still live at



THE MANOR HOUSE AT LOWER BRANDON



OLD NORTHUMBERLAND TAVERN AT HEATHSVILLE

been warden of its parish church—still standing—but because Fitzhugh Lee had, after his cause and fortune went down together, delivered milk from house to house in this old colonial city, and they sent him from his milk route to the executive mansion at Richmond. It was she who explained to me that Mount Vernon was named after a British admiral, Lord Vernon, under whom Lawrence,

Wakefield where the Father of His Country was born; the estate is still in the family, and the Washingtons of to-day are the same plain, hearty country gentry that gave us the immortal one.

As the river is descended, this richest portion of America's storehouse of history is approached. Washington and Lee both deserted the Potomac for the Rappahannock, both returned, Washington to Mount Vernon, Lee to Arlington. But before either Washington or Lee, there were the Lords

Baltimore. The little village of Leonardstown, founded away back in 1634 by Leonard Calvert, still stands upon the most beautiful arm of the Potomac.

At the mouth of the Potomac we are back in colonial days, among a people to whom the new life, its railways, automobiles, and such modern innovations, have no place. In St. Mary's, the oldest city and first capital of

Maryland, we have a town laid out by Lord Baltimore himself, with the streets bearing the same names to-day that he gave them. Houses there are that stood in the days when Leonard Calvert was king and protector of the Catholic faith on the Maryland side of the river, as "King" Carter was despot and dispenser of Episcopal benefices upon the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The lower end of the peninsula formed by the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers is still reminiscent of the days of King Carter, as its central portion belongs by every tradition to the Washingtons, and its upper portion is sacred to the memory of Robert Lee, a relative, by the way, of both the Carters and the Washingtons, for, after all, those who lived and lorded it over their fellows between these two streams soon became one great family.

I crossed the peninsula with the present King Carter as my escort. We stopped at the old Northumberland Tavern, where two hundred years ago the Balls and the Carters had put up, as they do to-day, but the famous gambling tables were destroyed as a public nuisance before the days of the Revolution, and the young bloods of the county now dabble in cotton futures, by telegraph to New York or New Orleans.

At Lancaster, the girlhood home of Mary Ball, we stood beside the tomb of King Carter, just without the church he built for the use of the family, friends, and guests; and entered the big square pew in which all the great men of prerevolutionary days had been guests, and where Mary Ball and Augustine Washington sat during the intolerably long sermons.

In the good old days Lord Fairfax made his home near King Carter's domain. Jilted by a London belle, because of his poverty, he came to Virginia and settled on his estate of 5,000,000 acres. Young George Washington was employed to survey the vast grant and superintend the building of Greenaway Court. Later, this same Lord Fairfax sought to make a match between his wife's sister and the young surveyor. He lived long enough to bow his head in shame that the lad who had grown up under his eye, almost as his own son, should take up arms against his king.

Everywhere in this historic region one meets people who are identified with the dramatic stories of our land. One of my companions on the Rappahannock was a Mr. Garrett, who, as a boy of five, was a

witness to the capture of Wilkes Booth in his father's barn. He could point out the familiar landmarks long before they became distinguishable to the eye of the tourist. There was the fine old house at Conway, where James Madison was born; there, in Westmoreland County, the home of President Monroe; there, at Stratford, the home of the Lees, adjacent to that of George Washington, the scene of the cherry-tree episode, not on the Potomac River estate, for he had left there at the age of five. At Chatham, Robert E. Lee courted and married a granddaughter of the Widow Washington. Here, during the Civil War, General Burnside made his headquarters, and when his Confederate artillery would have opened fire, Lee cried, "No; I love Chatham better than any place in the world, except Arlington. I courted and won my dear wife under the shade of those trees."

Port Royal is forgotten now, but it escaped being the national capital by but a single vote. Many a time Washington sailed up these narrows, on the last occasion, after he had been elected President of the Republic, to bid his mother farewell. She died before he was inaugurated, and was buried at Fredericksburg.

It was on the Pamunkey, midway between the Rappahannock and the James rivers, that Washington stopped his horse at White House, met the Widow Custis, and nevertheless, says tradition, did his horse resume his journey, but died of old age there at the hitching post, while the young man just elected to the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg tarried until he could take the lady of the house as his bride to the capital of the Old Dominion.

It was at Williamsburg, midway between the York and James rivers, that Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and a score of other men known later to Revolutionary fame learned in the House of Burgesses the first principles of a republican form of government. When Washington laid out the national capital it was on the plan of Williamsburg. Williamsburg is to-day almost as it was when Patrick Henry proclaimed the Republic in the old church, of which Washington's great-grandfather had been rector. The church still stands, as does the old college, many of the old mansions in which the descendants of presidents and colonial lords still live, and the public buildings of two hundred years ago that are still in active use.

It is but seven miles from Williamsburg to Virginia's first capital, Jamestown on the James, and scarcely more distant, in another direction, Yorktown on the York River—Rome, Syracuse, and Ravenna of our American Adriatic.

Between Jamestown and Richmond is a stretch of river as romantic, as historic, as the others traversed. Harvard, the pride of America, its first university? Why, here on the James at Henrico, a year before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, was a flourishing university, and the first legislature that ever met in America, in 1619, passed a law requiring all children to be fitted for admission. In 1622, alas! the Indians massacred the 350 residents of Henrico, students and all. The funds of the college went to William and Mary College, which institution annually helped out Harvard with a generous cash donation.

Henrico is now lost in the wilderness about Curle's Neck, where in 1676 lived Nathaniel Bacon, first revolutionist, who burned Jamestown and made the colonial governor behave himself, although the Revolution was postponed for exactly a hundred years, when at Williamsburg Patrick Henry called another colonial governor to order.

At Shirley is one of the houses of the Carters; here one of the early colonial "kings" built his palace in 1650. It is still standing, and a Carter is still Lord of the Manor. Annie Carter, wife of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, and mother of Robert E. Lee, was born here. At Berkeley Hall, near by, William Henry Harrison was born, under a roof that still sheltered the Harrisons in our own day and generation. Adjacent is Westover Mansion, erected in 1737 by Colonel William Byrd, who in the same year laid out the city of Richmond. It was his daughter, the famous Lady Evelyn Byrd, who was noted as a court beauty in London, and the toast of two worlds. In 1781 Benedict Arnold, traitor, stabled the horses of his men in the rooms of Westover Mansion.

In the good old days, nobility was no novel-

ty on the James. Sir George Yeardley was the first owner of Weyanoke, adjoining Westover, but sold it in 1626, and in 1665 it came into the possession of its present owners, the Harwoods. Across the river are the sad remains of Upper Brandon, burned in the Civil War; at Lower Brandon, once a portion of the same estate, the manor house still stands. It dates back to 1617, built then on the plan of Brandon in England.

In the fall the whole feathered population of the North seems to seek the Eastern Shore. The boats that ply its rivers pass through flocks containing millions of ducks and geese, while occasionally the water is seen crested with whitecaps that on nearer approach turn out to be flocks of swans. Nothing like that in the old Adriatic of Europe!

Lucullus loved shellfish, but he ate none such as are found everywhere in the new Adriatic, the Eastern Shore of which supplies New York with one third of its oysters. In summer when the oysters are breeding and the game birds fly north, the Eastern Shore becomes an orchard. Here is grown a large part of the peach supply for the metropolis, and scores of steamers are employed to remove the crops from the farms and orchards that touch the new Adriatic.

Along the shores of this region the searchlights of the steamers that ply every indenture wake ducks and geese by the million. By day pleasant farmhouses are passed every moment, for this is the one prosperous portion of the Adriatic country. The deserted plantations are rapidly being cut up and reclaimed as small farms. In the northern reaches of our Adriatic, the Maryland diamond-back terrapin still hides himself in old forgotten ditches, and the canvasback duck lures the sportsman.

Many there are who visit our Adriatic merely in search of game, but remain to cruise its waters for the pleasure of travel up and down the historic rivers of Maryland and Virginia, where the social life of the New World had its birth, and where it yet exists in a vigorous old age.



THE AERIAL ENCOUNTER OF JUDGE REARDON AND MONSIEUR RAMBAUD

BY M'CREADY SYKES

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

JUST then the automobile stopped. There was no doubt about it. The machine stopped; the whirling landscape stopped and Judge Reardon stopped in the middle of his sentence.

The sentence had begun like this:

"And what pleases me most is that we have made our trip of three hundred miles without a single accident or involuntary—" and he would have said "stop," but to his great chagrin he did it instead of saying it.



"A huge guy-rope rose into the sky."

The judge's machine was a big forty-horse-power touring car; we were bowling along at a moderate rate, and were coming among the suburbs of Paris; pedestrians and teams were not infrequent, so we were negotiating the road cautiously.

The sensation of stopping was peculiar; we felt nothing snap; we heard none of the painful inarticulate grunts or puffs that so frequently herald mechanical accidents; but there was a peculiar and very sudden tug that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. The judge leaned forward, saw nothing, and then looked over the side. The wheels were actually moving, but for some mysterious reason the machine stood still.

"Devilish funny!" exclaimed the judge. "Here's a fine, hard road, and the wheels slip as if they were on packed snow."

We both jumped out and ran around in front of the car. Then a very curious thing happened.

While the wheels were turning, *the machine actually began to move away from us*. With a sudden accession of speed it shot back mockingly almost, and the judge called out "Jump in quick!"

We made a flying leap and climbed into the front seat, where the judge cast a quick, instinctive glance at the reversing lever. It had not been moved. The judge whistled softly.

"Beats me!" he exclaimed. Then an

angry cry burst from his lips. "Look at that, will you?"

I followed his eyes, backward and upward, and saw what had happened. A huge guy-rope, drawn taut at the projection of the rear seat, rose into the sky above our heads, running into the ether like the rope of a Hindu fakir; and the eye, following its course, came to a huge oblong flat shape in the sky, which we both instantly recognized.

"It's one of those d—d aeroplanes," shouted the irate judge, "and they've anchored their grappling rope in our car. For cool, downright impertinence give me one of these Frenchmen."

It was true. We were caught by one of the dirigible aeroplanes about which Paris was all agog last summer. The aeroplane's course was not our course, and we were being dragged ignominiously backward. Fortunately, our speed was not great; the aeroplane, big and powerful as it was, had to overcome the resistance of our own opposed power, which of itself would have driven us twenty miles an hour in the opposite direction.

"See if you can unhook the thing," said the judge; and I climbed over the back of the seat. Alas! the anchor was firmly imbedded under the tonneau and would not budge; at least, it was impossible to get the slightest purchase with the huge guy-rope stretched tight as a ship's cable by the terrific pull of the airship.

"Can you cut the rope?" called the judge.

I had thought of that; but saw in an instant that the infernal contrivance was reinforced with light steel strands. I was still looking for some means of extricating the anchor when the judge called out cheerily, "I'll stop the car."

"For heaven's sake, don't!" I cried, but I was altogether too late. It was all very well for me to groan inwardly at this blunder of the judge's, but he was so excited that I really should not have blamed him for doing what under ordinary circumstances would have been precisely the right thing to do. Our own forward impulse had been the only thing there was to counteract the opposing pull of the airship, and when the judge shut off the power, and to my horror set the reverse lever, our backward speed was accelerated not only by our former twenty-mile energy, but by a like additional amount afforded by our new backward motion; so that in-

stead of leisurely jogging backward at some twenty miles an hour we were now swashing along, unguided and blind, at considerably more than a forty-mile rate. Our situation had become one of extreme danger; not only that, but we were a menace to life along the road. The judge turned pale when he saw what had happened, and I confess that I was not a little frightened.

"Turn on all the power and go back—go forward, I mean!" I cried.

"I can't," gasped the judge hoarsely. "I can't do it without smashing the gear and ripping her to pieces."

The landscape was flying past at an alarming rate. We kept the horn going constantly, and made almost incessant use of the megaphone which we always carried in the car. Peasants hurled curses at us as they dodged, and light-hearted, laughing groups parted suddenly as we backed upon them in our mad course. A motor car going backward at forty miles an hour was a novelty even for the Frenchmen. I had no doubt they took it for the eccentricity of an American millionaire or Parisian *flâneur*.

"It's all right so long as the airship pulls straight and the road doesn't turn," said the judge. "But suppose the darn thing wobbles, or the road takes a bend. Ten feet one side or the other will bring us against those stone walls."

"Arrêtez-vous!" called an angry voice behind us. The road police around Paris are mounted on motor bicycles on which when necessary they can make terrific speed, and the irate officer yelled to us that we were exceeding the speed limit and were under arrest.

He rode alongside, speeding furiously to



"Arrêtez-vous!"

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keep pace. We were now going more than fifty miles an hour. Conversation was difficult. The officer paid little heed to our explanation that we were not willingly violating the law. He said we could explain that in court. His only duty was to make the arrest.

"Go to blazes!" yelled the judge in the teeth of the furious gale caused by our motion. "Arrest that impudent cross-eyed son of a sea-cook of an aeronaut up there in the air! Why don't you stop him from dragging us along in this way?"

The French policeman was polite, even though he was tearing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. "Monsieur, that is the distinguished explorer, M. Jules Rambaud. He is adorned with a license to navigate the air."

"Navigate the infernal regions!" yelled the judge, giving a despairing *honk-honk* and narrowly escaping collision with a fat cow that lumbered out of our way and looked after us with frightened eyes as we tore along the highway. "If there's law in France, I'll have it on that infernal murderous air-flying villain. Stop him, officer! What are you police for, anyway?"

"I have said, monsieur," called back the polite officer, as we tore madly on, "that he is adorned to navigate. Sapristi, you must not do that! It needs that you demonstrate your license before to ascend, gentlemen."

This last exclamation of the officer was called forth by a sudden and unexpected change in our trajectory. It was something that I had been dreading for a long



time, and I fancy the judge had, too. That possibility had been hammering at our brains through all our terrible ride. We might have said of the motor car what Gloster in the play sarcastically remarks of the aspiring blood of Lancaster, "I thought it would have mounted."

And now, to our terror, it did mount. Whether under the impulse of an uplift of a current of air or by the act of the aeronaut, the aerial monster slowly forged upward. Simultaneously the rear of the motor car left the ground; the car trailed along for perhaps a hundred feet, tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the judge and myself both bent hurriedly down to give another wrench to the anchor and learn if by this slight shift of position it had become possible to dislodge it. We worked and tugged at this for some little time, so excited and absorbed in our work that we forgot for the moment to observe what was happening to the car. We could do nothing; the anchor was firmly lodged in the chassis itself, and nothing but an ax could extricate it.

"We might as well get out of the car," I said. "There's liable to be a smash, and if the aeroplane lifts the car up there'll be the devil to pay when she drops. Besides, we'd have hard work to stick in."

"What!" cried the judge (we were talking with our heads under the seat, where we were working on the anchor), "get out here and be nabbed by that fool of a policeman! We shouldn't be able to follow the car. Besides, the guy-rope can't break. You see, it has to be

"It is not permitted to ascend without the small license."

made strong enough to hold the aeroplane, and to do that it must be able to support the car. No; *j'y suis; j'y reste.*"

But it seemed that our discussion was merely academic, after all, for while we had been talking, the aeroplane, still ascending, had lifted us gently and easily from the earth. The automobile had swung on the pivot of the anchor till it now hung at a very slight angle from the perpendicular, probably less than fifteen degrees; in consequence, using the seats in normal fashion was out of the question, but we found that by sitting on the back of the back itself of the front seat we could be very comfortable and fairly secure. The seats were of the Novoni type, so much in vogue in France, with broad, flat backs. The slight tilt of the machine, due to the fact that the anchor was imbedded behind the center of gravity, aided by the lean of the back itself, rendered it fairly easy to sit securely even on the polished seat-back.

As the car rose nearly to a vertical position, the rugs and paraphernalia in the front seat had of course spilled out; but luckily we had an abundant supply of rugs in the back; there was a basket of provisions strapped behind; and we had at our feet the megaphone. With the rugs and our automobile coats (fortunately heavy) we felt that we should be fairly protected even in the colder upper strata of the atmosphere. In the hamper were food, whisky, and cigars. As the judge had pointed out, there was really not much danger of the rope breaking, and except for the hazard of the landing, the outlook was hardly more dangerous than in ordinary travel. It was by long odds preferable to our highly perilous situation of five minutes before, where we had been tearing madly at the rate of fifty miles an hour along a road within twenty kilometers of Paris, drawn by an uncontrollable power, and seated in a car that had become nondirigible; a situation, too, where in addition to these very serious physical dangers, we were exposed to the personal mortification of arrest.

Our minds were recalled to this last danger so happily escaped by the plaintive voice of the French policeman, calling after us as we mounted majestically:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! it is not permitted to ascend without the small license. And it is that you have exceeded the speed limit; thus it is twice that you have violated the ordinance. Gentlemen, I pray that you honor me with your names and addresses."

We were congratulating ourselves on our escape from this danger when one of a very different sort presented itself. Just as the front wheels of the car left the earth, it happened that we rose quite rapidly, but we felt in an uncomfortable way that we were in a composition of forces, somewhat as one feels the pull of the gyroscope in its tendency to maintain its plane of rotation as against the motion imparted by lifting the spinning top. The guy-rope rose toward the aeroplane at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the earth; although, of course, this angle had been somewhat less while we were being pulled along the road. As we were lifted from the earth we were pulled in much the same direction, or rather even more toward the vertical, as the aeroplane was, as I have said, rising rapidly; but the moment we were in the air, the motor car plunged with a violent angular motion necessarily imparted in its fall to a position directly beneath the aeroplane; in fact, had it not been for the extreme suddenness of our lift, the car would have scraped and bumped along as it described the arc whose lowermost verge was the extremity of a radius drawn from the aeroplane directly in the line of gravitation; but owing to our very sudden pull upward, the motor car now swung through this arc with a velocity that was inconceivably frightful, swinging, in fact, far beyond the vertical line, then back again on the other side, like a mighty pendulum swinging over the earth. The length of this pendulum was, as nearly as we could judge, at least four hundred feet; and I shall never forget the horrible seasick sensation, as the great automobile swung slowly back and forth over the earth, the feeling of hanging over an abyss as we paused on the upward swing, then falling dizzily back and rushing up the ghastly slope of the opposite swing. I may add that during our entire journey equilibrium was never quite established, as every quick shift or turn of the aeroplane started the oscillations in greater or less degree; but we soon grew accustomed to this libration of movement, and, in fact, found it rather stimulating and enjoyable.

I think I have said that we had with us in the car some excellent whisky and an abundant supply of cigars. Fortified with these, we surveyed with much interest the panorama beneath us.

We observed the features of the terrestrial aspect familiar to aerial observation—the distorted perspective, the peripheral illusion,

the depressed middle distance, and the dominant tonality of secondary colorings. Presently the Eiffel tower came into view on our north, over the smoke and occasional mists of the city; we saw the dear old Bois in all its cool umbrageous stretch; the white river, and the bridges, and the square towers of Nôtre Dame. Our course was taking us off to the south and east of the city.

"I'm relieved at that," remarked Judge Reardon, between the puffs of his cigar. "The *octroi* might bother us if we had landed in the Champs Elysées or at the Tuileries; we have quite a little in the way of whisky and cigars and Lord knows how many matches."

"Monsieur Rambaud will have a pretty bill to pay you if anything happens to the motor," I observed. "You have no doubt, have you, that the owner of the aeroplane is liable?"

"Of course he's liable," said the judge. "I've been thinking about that very thing in the last few minutes. In the first place, it's an undoubted trespass. In the second place, it comes about as close to an assault and battery as it's safe to come; and I suppose we have a good cause of action for false imprisonment."



"Fortified with these,

"How about the ordinary case for negligence?" I inquired.

The judge lit a fresh cigar, and tucked the rug under him.

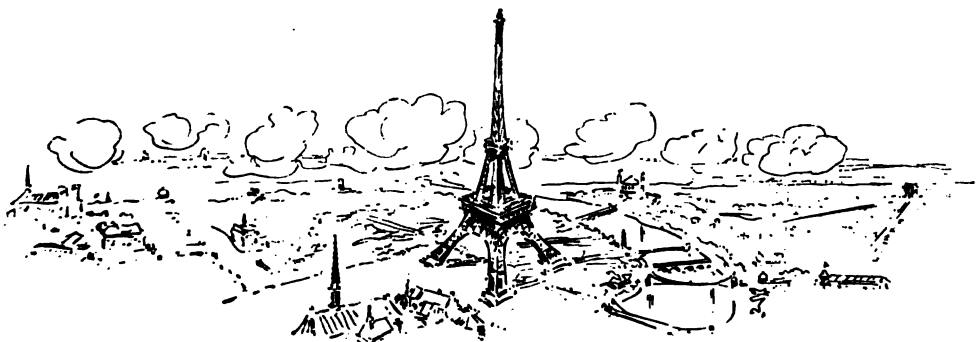
"Yes, of course that's the obvious remedy. It's clearly negligence to cast an anchor four hundred feet down out of the sky and let it go dragging all over France. It's a plain case of *res ipsa loquitur*. I don't think the court will make us give proof of any other specific act of negligence."

"And, of course, there's no contributory negligence on our part," I added.

"Oh, no; not at all. There's only one question that has occurred to my mind; and that is whether, traversing the air as we are, a medium available to all the world, like the ocean, those infernal French courts may not hold that the admiralty law is applicable."

"In that case," I said, "all we have to do is to libel the aeroplane."

"Yes. I suppose there's nothing in France like the Harter Act in the United States. Under that act, you will remember, the owners of a vessel may limit their liability for maritime torts to the value of the hull at the termination of the voyage. By the end of his voyage that fool of an aeronaut up there will probably have smashed his blessed car. You



we surveyed with much interest the panorama beneath us."

may recall that all that the victims of the *Slocum* disaster in New York could get out of the owners was the value of the burnt hull."

"I wonder," I observed, thinking aloud, "if jurisdiction will be given to the admiralty courts in cases of aerial navigation?"

"Possibly not," returned the judge, "but I think that in any such event, many of the principles of admiralty law, so peculiarly adapted to the questions arising in connection with vessels navigating a fluid medium, will doubtless be applied. You probably remember the famous case of the airship *Pioneer*, decided last year in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York."

I remembered reading an editorial comment on this case in the *Bench and Bar*, but the facts had slipped my memory.

"The *Pioneer*," resumed the judge, "was a powerful and luxuriously furnished twelve-cylinder aeroplane built for a Pittsburgh millionaire for use in establishing quick residences whenever he needed them for purpose of divorce. You remember that it was held by the United States Supreme Court (four

judges dissenting), in *Morey v. Morey*, that a person whose legal residence was in an airship and who had his washing done on board, was not subject to local statutory requirements of the States as to residence, and that until Congress should legislate on the subject there was no national law covering the case, so that such a person might acquire a residence at once. Well, Morey, like some of our other multi-millionaires, got quite into the remarrying habit. The great case of *Flannagan v. Morey* grew out of one of his aerial trips.

"You know that in many of the tall flat and tenement houses in New York, where there is little yard space, it is customary to hang out the family wash on lines stretched from building to building. Each floor has its own series of lines, so that by eleven o'clock on any Monday morning the interior of the block looks like a glorified bargain day at a White Sale.

"Well, Morey's big airship was passing across Seventh Avenue a little north of 116th Street, when it was thought necessary to descend suddenly. They threw out a grappling rope and then changed their minds. When the anchor rose in the air, they were horrified to find that they had taken with them the week's wash of forty families—ten floors and four families to the floor."

"I suppose that caused no end of a row," I ventured, throwing an extra wrap about my shoulders. The air had become perceptibly cooler.

"I should think so," the judge went on. "Morey refused to compromise, and the suits were all tried and in most cases substantial damages recovered."

"How did they get hold of Morey?" I asked.

"Indicted him for larceny and had him brought back from New Jersey," said Judge Reardon. "It was a serious question in the courts whether he could be said to have fled the jurisdiction, as he had not set foot in New York. The United States Supreme Court held in *Morey v. Sheriff of Hudson County*, by a vote of six to three, that a person who had sailed across a State boundary in an airship had fled in the strictest



"Forty per cent salvage to a farmer whose barn was lifted."

etymological and constitutional sense. Some of the Harlem people went over to New Jersey and sued Morey there for trespass *de bonis asportatis*. One man got twenty dollars for the loss of his pajamas; but the judgment was by a divided court."

Judge Reardon is well known as a man who has brought to his chosen profession the thoughtful research of the earnest student. He is never in more charming mood than when philosophically reminiscent, and I was pleased to have him talk away.

"One of the most interesting cases," he went on, "was the great case of *United Gas Co. v. Board of Trustees of Village of Morris*, decided by the New York Supreme Court in Saratoga County. A balloon landed in a wheat field and the gas bag bounded along for a quarter of a mile or so. An enterprising plumber rigged up a pipe line and sold gas to the inhabitants for two weeks at cut rates. The gas company that held an exclusive franchise to furnish gas in the village sued the authorities for damages and recovered judgment.

"In *Rastoli v. Schermerhorn*, a suit brought by an eminent professor in the University of Wisconsin, it was sought to recover damages for dropping a grain of sand in the plaintiff's eye; the local justice of the peace gave judgment for the plaintiff on the principle, as he said, of *respondet superior*, but the judgment was affirmed on other grounds.

"In the famous case of *McWhirter v. Perkins*, the Supreme Court of California laid down the principle that the rule of the road is applicable to airships, and that they must meet on the right and overtake and pass on the left. Twenty States have passed statutes amplifying the rule of the road and allowing one of two vessels meeting in the air to pass above the other on giving the proper signal.

"In *Moriarty v. Vanderbilt*, the Rhode Island state courts allowed forty per cent salvage to a farmer whose barn was lifted up and carried into the next county by a grappling iron from a turbine aeroplane."

And so the judge continued, explaining how the wise and just system of the common law was nicely adapted to the new problems arising out of the invasion of the air, and



"An enterprising plumber rigged up a pipe line."

how the statute law was amplified and expanded to meet these fresh problems; the judge said that it was the glory of the law that it contained within itself this very principle of growth.

We were riding easily. The air was still growing cooler, and the afternoon sunshine was not unpleasant. We were keeping well to the south and east of Paris. My attention was attracted to a group of floating objects some eight or ten miles ahead of us. I took them to be airships of various patterns.

"All the French aeronauts seem to be out to-day," I remarked, calling the judge's attention to the level sky before us.

"Yes," replied the judge; "it's a holiday, and the Société des Panorames Célestes is doing a land-office business with its 'Seeing Paris' airships. They have them now so that they go straight up and down, like elevators. For twenty francs you can be taken up in a luxurious car, five hundred feet straight up in the air, where you can look all over Paris. The first-class compartments cost seven francs extra; they are fitted up like cafés, and you can have absinthe and cigars and *Le Temps* or *Le Rire*. They are much frequented by the boulevardiers."

I had turned our field glass on the nearest.

"There's a man with a megaphone!" I exclaimed; "he's evidently talking to the people in the car. He moves his hands and shrugs his shoulders and seems quite excited."

"No," said the judge, without looking up. "He's just pointing out the different objects of interest. They got that idea from the New York automobiles. Eh, what's that? Lend me the megaphone, will you?"

The judge put the megaphone to his ear,

turning it toward the sky. "Our captor is talking to us."

In watching the "Seeing Paris" airships and listening to the judge, I had forgotten all about our own conductor. I glanced quickly up, and with the aid of the field glass saw that he was talking to us. He had an enormous electric megaphone. These contrivances were used experimentally in the Russian-Japanese war, but I remembered reading in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that on account of the ever-present terrestrial atmospheric disturbances they had been found of little practical use. But in these silent strata of the upper air the aerial waves transmitted the auditory vibrations with a scarcely perceptible diminution of intensity; and indeed we found that with our own ordinary megaphone we could make ourselves heard very well indeed.

"Pardon, messieurs," came a voice from the silent ether of heaven. The tones were low and distinct, and we recognized the Gascon quality of voice; "pardon, messieurs. I regret exceedingly to have taken you out of your way. I am Jules Rambaud, now of Paris, and I trust that both you gentlemen will dine with me this evening at the *Trois Frères*. Come at seven o'clock, and let me present my apologies at the nearer view. I entreat that you will not do yourselves the fatigue of to dress."

Carefully aiming the megaphone, I called:

"We are greatly honored, and we accept your invitation with much pleasure. Allow me to present my intrepid comrade and host, Judge Theophilus Reardon, of Schenectady, *Etats-Unis*."

The judge reached for the megaphone, and as soon as our friend Rambaud had acknowledged the introduction the judge called out:



"They are fitted up like cafés."

"I am delighted to meet you, Monsieur Rambaud. I've read your work on the Congo with great interest. I didn't quite agree with you in your views on the origin of the Pygmies, but I must say that Flammard's expedition bore out your conclusions."

"Ah!" cried the aeronaut; "then it is that you are familiar with the researches of Flammard." And here a lively conversation ensued on anthropological topics, in which in truth I took little interest.

We were rapidly approaching the "Seeing Paris" airships; three of these were in operation. These machines are constructed on the familiar Marfleur type, and are admirably adapted for vertical ascents; several of them are in use by the French Government along the German frontier.

I was particularly attracted by a small aeroplane which circulated about the heavier Marfleur machines. As we approached I observed that it contained three men in uniform, two of them adorned with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The men were examining M. Rambaud's car minutely. Presently one of them called through a megaphone:

"It is defended that one advance himself. One is within the proprietary air of the *Société des Panorames Célestes*!"

"What's that?" cried Judge Reardon sharply, turning his megaphone in the direction of our genial host. "What's this

nonsense about proprietary air?"

"Alas! he has right," responded Rambaud from the celestial height. "The ground over which we are about to fly is indeed of the Society whereof he speaks."

"Suppose it is!" roared the judge. "This isn't the Society's air."

"You forget, M. le juge," called down Rambaud, with great urbanity. "You for-

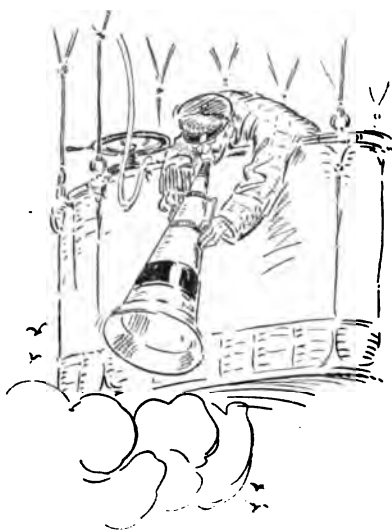
get that under all systems of law the ownership of the proprietor of the soil extends downward to the center of the earth and upward to the zenith. Is it not that you have in your law a maxim to that effect?"

"Confound it, the fellow's right!" exclaimed the judge, turning to me. "*Cujus est solum, ejus est ad cælum.*"

There was no help for it. We had to go around. "It results, messieurs," called down our conductor, "that I must ask if you will dine at half after seven of the clock instead of at the seven. We must respect the law."

We were now so far to the south that the only thing we could do to avoid sailing across the Society's air was to make a long detour to the east. This was most unfortunate, for it took us at least eight miles out of our course, and we thought regretfully of the delayed dinner at the Trois Frères. The automobile swayed frightfully as the aeroplane made a swift turn, and I again experienced that sensation of aerial seasickness of which I have already spoken. Fairly familiar with the literature of aerial navigation, I could remember no mention of a similar phenomenon, and had been at first a little alarmed; but the judge had reassured me by pointing out that the oscillation of our trajectory, due inevitably to the pendulum-like nature of our support, was an element not present in ordinary ascents, and that it was therefore not surprising that no mention of its supervening physical nausea was to be found in the usual literature of aerial navigation.

For a little while my interest in the dinner at the Trois Frères was subdued, and as the swaying motion persisted



"'Pardon, messieurs.'"

as he informed us, at least a good ten miles' journey away.

The descent was a delicate matter; for Rambaud had no apparatus for taking up the slack of his anchor rope. In fact, it is well known that the work on this particular feature of aerial navigation is still in an experimental stage; the great weight necessary in the windlass, tackle and machinery precluding the use of the devices familiar on aquatic craft.

M. Rambaud announced that he would endeavor to land us on the road, and that by sailing under reduced power and steering very carefully he might manage to make a landing for the aeroplane so soon thereafter that the automobile would not be dragged across the stone walls that are such a conspicuous feature of the landscape in the immediate vicinity of the French capital.

Unfortunately, we landed in a greenhouse. The aeronaut was profuse in his apologies, and called down from his lofty height as we neared the roof of the unfortunate gardener's premises, explaining that a sudden pull of wind had proved too much for his already weakened engine, so that his car was no longer entirely dirigible. The radiator of the automobile was the first to strike; it went crashing through



"'Our captor is talking to us.'"

the glass, sash, frame and all, and had hardly reached the support of the upper timbers of the greenhouse when, the front being thus again supported, the machine quickly righted itself; the chassis crashed through the frail supports, and amid the most indescribable confusion of breaking glass, crashing frames, and flowerpots ground to pieces, we found ourselves, disheveled and astonished, sitting bolt upright in the car, and gazing in amazement at the forest of ferns, ruins of geraniums, roses and a multitude of exotics whose broken stems and dismantled branches bore all too painful witness to the ruin we had caused.

We had descended so rapidly from the cool upper strata of the atmosphere that the sudden high temperature of the conservatory was, as I remember, very distressing. But in a moment we had forgotten all about the heat. The aeroplane was still sailing bravely on; and the automobile had scarcely righted itself, when, obeying the pull of the airship, it lunged viciously along the floor of the greenhouse, dealing destruction as it went and ruthlessly tearing through high-piled banks of the most exquisite flowers, overturning a bench of Spanish roses and ripping down one of the most gorgeous collections of orchids it has ever been my fortune to behold.

"In God's name, gentlemen, what is this that you are doing?" A horror-stricken face appeared at the farther door; a short, well-built man of about fifty years thus greeted us, speaking in excellent French; in his countenance rage and despair at the destruction of his property mingled with open-mouthed astonishment at the apparition of our motor car suddenly descending from nowhere and plunging madly about in his most respectable greenhouse.

There now ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. The airship, sailing as she was under reduced power, was practically anchored by the motor car, and yet retained sufficient motion to gyrate wildly about on her rope, with the result that the automobile, obeying every move of the aeroplane, was lunging back and forth in the greenhouse, hither and yon, this way and that, extending the path of destruction with every move, to the grewsome accompaniment of the crashing of broken glass, the falling of sashes and flowerpots, and the heartbroken cries of the unfortunate greenhouse keeper as he saw the work of his life shattered and dissipated before his eyes.

"D—n it, man! we're anchored to an airship," roared the judge. "We can't stop the thing."

The maddened floriculturist ran out beating his breast and giving forth fresh ejaculations of despair. When he located the aeroplane he shook his fists at it in the ecstasy of rage, and then with a sudden cry he ran toward the little barn that stood some twenty paces from the greenhouse. He emerged quickly with an ax, and rushing furiously toward us he sprang into the car and began hurling well-directed blows at the anchor-rope.

"Don't do that!" the judge cried angrily; "that man and his infernal airship are going to pay us damages for this. They've ruined our car. And they're going to pay you, too."

The judge had forgotten his friendly acquaintanceship of the afternoon; it was not strange that his wrath returned with this fresh calamity. But the owner of the greenhouse was too furiously bent on getting the motor car clear of the aeroplane to stop for the judge's warning; and I confess that I felt somewhat relieved when after repeated blows of the ax the anchor-rope parted. The aeroplane gave a sudden lunge upward, shot off to the north and was lost to sight.

"And now, gentlemen," said the proprietor of the greenhouse, "perhaps you will have the goodness to give me an explanation of this most remarkable invasion of my premises, and to arrange for the payment for my property thus wantonly destroyed. This greenhouse and its contents represent an investment of sixty thousand francs; and the loss of my business, which you will readily comprehend, gentlemen, is ruined by this little pleasure jaunt of yours—God knows how I am to measure it." And the honest fellow burst into tears, as he looked about.

The remaining episodes in our automobile trip that summer are of interest to the thoughtful jurist chiefly, and there is little in them to detain the attention of the general reader. Judge Reardon was well content to give up the remainder of his tour in order to make an exhaustive study, in collaboration with his French lawyers, of the numerous and important legal questions involved in the litigation that grew out of our afternoon trip. I forgot to mention that we did not keep our dinner appointment; in fact, we did not reach Paris till the next afternoon. Profuse apologies were tendered M. Rambaud on this score,

without prejudice to our right to bring an action against him for damages on account of the fouling of the anchor in the car. It seemed, however, that the judge's absence from the dinner imposed upon him the necessity of fighting a duel with M. Rambaud; and as Judge Reardon and myself had been kindly put up at one of the best Paris clubs, the judge felt that he could hardly decline the challenge; especially as our lawyers informed us that a declination might injure our standing in the French courts. The duel was a brilliant affair, and in a way compensated us for the loss of the dinner at the *Trois Frères*; Judge Reardon's epigrams were favorably commented upon by the leading Paris journals, and a new café in the Boulevard Haussmann was visited by the dueling party on their return from the combat, where an excellent dinner, tendered by the seconds to the principals, was awaiting us. In recognition of Judge Reardon's gallant conduct on the dueling ground, and afterwards at the dinner, the café was named the *Café Reardon*, and is, I believe, much frequented by American jurists visiting the French capital.

The litigation was protracted and expensive. The ancient and well-established principle of law that the dominion of the owner of the soil extends indefinitely in a vertical direction, was laid down in a careful and well-reasoned opinion of the learned court; and although the decision was against him, it was a source of no little pride to Judge Reardon, as an American jurist, that numerous

American authorities, both State and federal, were cited in support of the ruling of the court. I believe that a bill is pending in the French Chambers, designed to relax in reasonable measure the rigor of this rule, in view of the demands of modern traffic and the increase of aerial navigation. But in the United States it is evident that no such relaxation can be permitted. It is a well-established doctrine of the law of real property that the owner of the land owns up to the zenith; and if the landowner's exclusive proprietary rights in the air above his land have not heretofore been asserted except in relation to trespasses of a fixed nature, this is because the science of aerial navigation is yet in its infancy. The time will doubtless come when the air, which in its character of *space* is unquestionably the subject of private ownership, will be parceled out just as the land is; and the unfortunate majority who own neither land nor a portion of the sky will be entitled to the use of the air only by the sufferance of its owners, and on making just compensation. The only free air will be that overlying public roads, parks, the public domain, etc. No such relaxation as is proposed in France will, as I have remarked, be possible in the United States; for the air, being appurtenant to the land, is property in the strictest sense, and its ownership is protected by the constitutional limitations imposed upon both the State and federal governments, that no person shall be deprived of property without due process of law.



"Unfortunately, we landed in a greenhouse."

I regret to say that Judge Reardon was ultimately forced to pay a very large sum of money. For the benefit of students of jurisprudence, I present herewith a summary of the fines and recoveries awarded by the French courts: no damages were allowed against M. Rambaud or his airship, our suit being dismissed on the ground that we were guilty of contributory negligence in riding in an automobile so constructed that grappling anchors from airships could not be removed while the car was in motion.

This is what Judge Reardon was called upon to pay:

	FRANCS.
Damages to M. Rambaud for loss of time...	100
Damages to M. Rambaud for one anchor rope	20
Damages to the Société des Panorames Célestes for trespass (nominal).....	20
Government fine, for trespass on Society's air	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit while going backward in automobile.....	100
Fine for navigating the air without a license..	200
Fine for making an aeronautic descent without a license.....	100
Damages to greenhouse.....	40,000
Damages to proprietor of greenhouse for loss of business.....	20,000
Fine for trespass on greenhouse premises....	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit in automobile, while in greenhouse.....	100
Fine for running automobile in greenhouse, the same not being a public road.....	100
Fine for fighting a duel without obtaining permission of Prefect of Police and paying license fee therefor.....	10
License fee for duel, paid <i>nunc pro tunc</i>	25
Costs.....	3,725
Total.....	64,600

My friend was particularly pleased that the fine and license fee for the duel were, as the reader will observe, limited to amounts practically nominal: and on his remarking this to our leading counsel, we learned that both the license fee for duels and the fine for duels fought without license had been reduced to nominal figures by an act introduced by the French government only two years before, in response to the urgent denunciations of the party of the Extreme Left, who complained that the former legal exactions were so onerous as to make the cost of duels practically prohibitive except to the wealthier classes. On the passage of the measure the premier announced, in a voice thrilled with emotion, that a wisely paternal government had now brought dueling "within the reach of all."

But the remainder of the judgment was an obligation which Judge Reardon felt hardly

able to meet, and on the advice of counsel he took an appeal. Elaborate arguments were had before a full bench.

Upon this appeal, in view of the very important legal questions involved, there was engaged as special counsel against Judge Reardon the renowned Maître Dautelle, one of the ablest and most learned advocates of Paris, and indeed of Europe. On the afternoon of his final argument, the Chamber of Deputies adjourned and the members of the cabinet attended court in a body. The scene was impressive in the extreme. Tall in stature and ardent of aspect, the form of Dautelle was endued with a majesty worthy of the weight of his great argument. Opposed to him though we were, we could not but admire his eloquence.

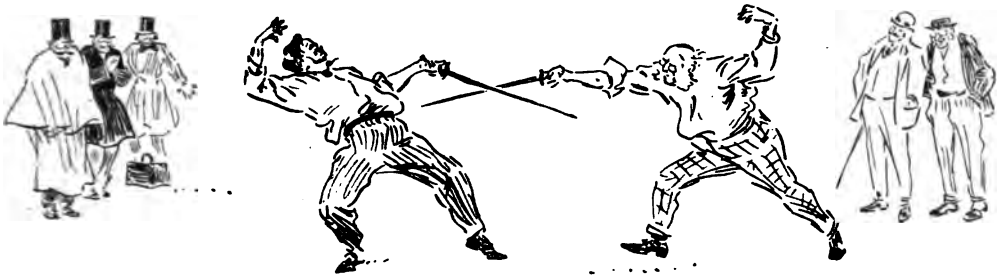
"Let not the goddess of justice," cried the eloquent advocate, his tall form swaying with emotion and his voice ringing like a clarion, "let not the goddess of justice turn from the problems that press before her eyes. So venerable, so majestic, is this ever-living fabric of beauty and of truth, this mighty system of LAW in the civilized world, that hers be our homage forever. So plastic, yet so sure; so kind, yet so firm her mandates, that we may not doubt that as new fields arise for their application, new and adequate laws will be found for their solution. Was it not a great English jurist who said, 'The perfection of the common law is the perfection of common sense?' Ah! my masters, these words are as true of that great system of the civil law to which continental nations bow. As new needs arise, so does the law extend. Step by step the law follows science, invention, and the arts. The railroad came, and the law of common carriers speedily adapted itself to the change. Behold the civilized world united in a network of telegraphs, cables, telephones, wireless messengers of thought! Does not the law meet these changed conditions and adapt itself to them? Automobiles come, and the law is ready. By statute, by decision, by the labors of the jurist, does the mighty system of modern law adapt itself to these powerful vehicles.

"And now, O judges, we are become masters of the air. Air is invaded, and trespasses upon. Monsters from the empyrean blue descend upon the dwelling place of men. New duties arise; new contracts; new rights; new wrongs. How splendid is the law! How nobly she adapts herself! Let us follow her!"

The band struck up the Marseillaise. The President of the Court wept copiously. Maître Dautelle himself, in a state of profound agitation, embraced Judge Reardon. The Ministers shed tears of joy, and in the rear of the room a new wing of the Opposition was hurriedly formed, choosing Maître Dautelle as its leader. The triumphant advocate, marching amid the huzzas of the court room to the judges' bench, waved aloft his manuscript and shouted, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!"

It was a thrilling moment!

After four months' deliberation the court wrote an exhaustive opinion, covering all the points in the case. The judgment was modified by striking therefrom the 100 francs fine for exceeding the speed limit while going backward in the automobile, and as so modified was affirmed with 600 francs extra costs of appeal. When the decision was rendered and the remission of the fine pronounced, our advocate burst into tears; he said that they were tears of joy, for never more could it be said that a foreigner could not obtain justice in a French court of appeal.



IN THE LOOM

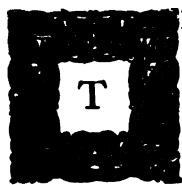
By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

I AM not yet what Fate intends; for Fate,
 Who flung me singing in the loom of chance,
 Still dogs my course with ever-watchful glance,
 And where the rippling shuttles weave the state,
 Still follows up my wayward thread; how great,
 How small, my share in this the shuttle's dance
 I know not, nor may know what power implants
 The trailing woof, unseen, inviolate.

The warp was strung when this our world uprose
 From toiling chaos in the morn of life,
 And in the final night when doom descends
 The starry fabric shall be knotted close;
 And we shall know what pattern Fate intends
 When all the weary shuttles cease from strife.

THE SCHOOL OF THE SMALL PARK

BY MARTHA S. BENSLEY



THROUGHOUT the country all sorts and conditions of men are asking, "What is wrong with our public education?" and they are not asking it with a detached curiosity, but with an insistent desire to be answered—answered in a way that will show them how to change this wrong education into a right one.

The best answer to this general questioning has recently been made in Chicago, disguised as a series of small parks. A happy combination of legal authority, ample resources, marked intelligence, and benevolent instincts on the part of those who devised the plan and those who are executing it, has produced a most gratifying result.

It is surprising how little stir this important work has made in the United States, and even in Chicago itself, but the awakening seems to be coming. A representative from Australia has been to the Western metropolis studying the development of the system, and while this article is in press an international conference will be in session in Chicago for the study of the experiment at first hand. I venture to say that the delegates to the conference of The Playground Association of America will discover much to be emulated in this phase of the national movement toward city betterments.

It may come as news to some readers in other cities, who know of their local parks and playgrounds, that Chicago has advanced farther than any other community in the world along this line of effort to make the modern city wholesome and happy in summer for all its children, with the idea that it is more reasonable to establish fresh-air conditions at home, than to depend upon fresh-air funds that offer comfort only at the end of a journey.

These new parks have been placed with

such a beautiful democracy that even the richest Chicago child has been considered. They dot the whole South Side, which includes not only the stockyards, the town of Pullman, the Illinois steel plants, and some of the city's most beautiful residence districts, but many growing suburbs into which the congested population is overflowing.

Twelve of these centers have been opened, and they vary in size from three to sixty acres. One of the largest and most satisfactory is Sherman Park, which fronts a boulevard and a well-to-do neighborhood, and backs against the homes of the stockyards employees. Into this sixty-acre space crowd children of varying races and social conditions and tend to fuse into a coherent whole. In the middle of this park is a meadow where baseball, football, tennis, and games requiring wide room are played. This is ringed by a water way crossed by bridges at the four corners, and alive with rowboats. It also bears one electric launch, a sort of aquatic carryall, on which, seated high on a comfortable garden bench and viewing the sixty acres of scenery, one may circle the canal twice for five cents. South of the water way are the buildings—piles of gray stucco with touches of color along their edges. Here is the clubhouse with its beautiful ballroom, opening through glazed doors on verandas where the dancers may promenade. Here are the rooms where the different clubs have their meetings; the station of the Public Library; and a reading room stocked with current magazines of all sorts. Here also is sold prepared milk for the babies at a cost of one and two cents a bottle, put up to suit different ages, with printed directions.

Across from this clubhouse are gymnasiums fitted with the best apparatus, in charge of trained directors. But during the summer months these are not used, for then the children frolic over the horizontal bars, and up

and down the ladders, swing on the rings, or spin round on the giant stride in the open air. Or if they are too little for these, there is another inclosure which brings the seashore near to them in the shape of a wading pool with banks of white sand, where there is a little merry-go-round, tiny swings, and low teeters.

These parks—which are not only parks, but playgrounds, schools, gymnasiums, clubs, libraries, and cafés as well—are becoming gymnasiums where the children may practice at real life; were intended as places where the theories taught in the schools might be translated into terms of practical existence.

duced an autumnal fall of magazine leaves in the reading room. They had been told that the park was for them and their only idea of possession was to destroy. It took a great deal of instruction and persuasion and example to change this state of things; and it was not done through any abstract teaching that it was wrong, but through implanting the idea that it was foolish, for them to destroy their own property.

"Well, that was some nine or ten months ago, and only last week when I drove over there I met the two boys who were leaders in that gang, and who have since been among the most constant attendants at the parks.



"Another inclosure which brings the seashore near to them."

But before this work could be done, it was necessary to impress on the people the fundamental idea that these centers were not something given them by others; that they were theirs of right; and that the directors were in a sense their servants.

"When we first opened McKinley Park," said Mr. Foster, the general superintendent, "I was much discouraged. Bands of 'toughs' from beyond the stockyards, unruly boys of every age, invaded the place with the sole object, apparently, of destroying whatever they could find. They uprooted the plants, they broke the shutters and the windows, they even tore up the sod, befouled the water of the swimming pools, and pro-

They said that the night before, as they were going home, they saw a boy whom they did not know, tearing up young bushes and plants, and they couldn't catch him till far outside the park.

"'I beat him to a jelly, I did,' said one of them; 'an' I took thim plants away from him and brung 'em back to Mr. Donald, an' I see he got 'em put in the ground ag'in in the mornin', fer I went over to look. Ain't he the fool feller fer diggin' up our plants?'"

"This is the spirit we have tried to foster. After the first idea had been grasped, that these centers belonged to the people and that they had nothing to pay, the physical betterment came of itself, and it began with the



"Gymnasiums fitted with the best apparatus, in charge of trained directors."

fundamental idea of cleanliness. Hitherto we have felt that though it was necessary to keep the streets clean, and desirable to have pure water and decent sewerage, civic responsibility stopped at the material surroundings of the people, and that their personal cleanliness was their personal affair. No, not quite that either; for when dirt had brought disease, the city made it its affair. It built hospitals and brought the victims of dirt into them, and paid doctors and nurses. It did not feel responsible for the cause, but it assumed the burden of the result. Even where we have public baths they have not been effectively applied; but now we are using the kindergarten method. Each center is provided with swimming pools, great sheets of water sparkling in the open air, some with vine-topped pergolas along their edges; some with banks of white lake sand where the bathers can lounge and bask; some with soft green turf beside the water. And the people have been inveigled into cleanliness through their pleasure in these pools. They have not been taken by the scruff of the neck, as you may say, and had soap, water, and a crash towel applied with a vigorous hand; but they

have been told, 'See this beautiful swimming pool. Here is a bathing suit and a towel, but before you plunge in, just take this handful of liquid soap and step under the shower bath.' This method has succeeded to such an extent that in one of the centers they have had as many as 1,500 bathers in a day."

But even this washing of a neighborhood has not come easily. "They called me up one day on the telephone from Davis Park," said Mr. Foster, "and the despairing voice of the manager said: 'Oh, I can't tell you. It's too bad to talk about. But you'd better come over.' I thought maybe it was a fire or maybe it was an earthquake—but anyway I got over there as fast as I could. Well, he just showed me the bathing suits—they were fairly alive! Then I was discouraged! But we washed them, and we fumigated them, and we disinfected them; and we tried it again. And do you know that it was not more than a week or two before it was all over? We fairly washed the vermin off the population. It looks to me as if the parks that belong to the people could actually keep the public clean, when the bath tubs that they have to pay rent for, won't."

And with this new cleanliness has come a physical development, and the translation of material betterment into spiritual growth.

This moral uplift is perhaps most clearly shown in the three parks which are under the shadow of the stockyards. Here the children are mostly foreign born, or with foreign-born parents, and they are not even from the towns, but from the country. They are races which have never gone through the coöperative uplift of city life—Bohemians, Czechs, Lithuanians, and Poles—people new to congested living; individualists in the primary meaning of the word. Industrially they have been snatched, each from his individual plow, or his own hammer and saw, and given to do a detail in the providing of food for the country—a single cut of the knife repeated thousands of times a day—the pushing of a truck to and fro over a definite hundred yards. His unflexible muscles fit themselves to one set of actions and his unflexible brain becomes fixed in one mold, developing forever in mind and body the

power to do this one thing by which he lives.

Through these centers it is possible in some degree to keep this specialization from becoming a disadvantage to the individual. For the open country and the village games of Lithuania are substituted the athletic field with its coöperative training; and for the market-place discussion of village doings, the clubroom talks of the larger affairs of the new country; for the idea of a government outside and away from them, a thing of oppression, is substituted the idea that these very clubrooms, baths, and gymnasiums are theirs of right, provided by themselves, because they are the government.

One director in the stockyards district showed me photographs of his basket-ball and track teams, and told me the histories of the different members. "Now here is a chap," and he pointed to the picture of a big, blond Polish boy, "who came here with pretty good muscles but no ability to use them. He had been helping around a saloon



"Here I found Mary Casey one summer afternoon."

where all he had to do was to run errands and carry drinks. Why, it took him minutes to get himself started to run across the gymnasium. He couldn't do the traveling rings because he never got his hand up to reach for the second ring until he was swinging away from it on the first, and as for games, he wouldn't begin a team play until everyone else was through. I almost gave him up. But just look at him now. He is a pretty good player and fairly quick, and when he waked up he got out of that saloon and started to work for a grocery; and now he wants to get a job in a machine shop."

Another boy had been working at the pickling vats connected with one of the packing houses, and came to the park with his hands so stiff that they would hardly close about the parallel bars. The brine had eaten into them so that the joints were almost useless. The director found some other work for him, and he, too, is on one of the athletic teams.

Here I found Mary Casey one summer afternoon. She had an old, old face, and a tiny body, and she was drinking from one of the fountains that dot the park. Mary had only been in the country for two years, and she told me long tales of how it had been in Ireland, and how this park was more like that than anything; only there were no pigs!

The park took Mary Casey and her playfellows and made them physically clean; it strengthened their muscles and gave them control of them through athletic training; it provided good food at a low price; it gave them intellectual development along the lines of fair play, applied the school-taught theories of the relations of one human being to another, and showed them the wider appreciation of these relationships through clubs, through good reading, and through public lectures.

The question of allowing dances in the clubhouses has been much discussed because of the differing characters of the neighborhoods. The director of a center in a region where the dance-hall evil is so great that dancing is associated only with immorality, said to me, "We were afraid that if we had dances it would antagonize the better element in the neighborhood. Yet we knew that to let them dance was the surest way to attract the people who most need to come. Finally, we took a chance on it, and were most happily surprised at the way things turned out. Why, last night we had a dance here that was as good a thing as you could wish to see. The lady who directs the gymnasium and I were there, of course, but just like any other guests. It shows how big a difference the place makes too, for the other night when



"The people have been inveigled into cleanliness through their pleasure in these pools."



"Play and exercise should be a lure to the school, not away from it."

they were having a dance here, the lights went out. Something had happened to the wires, so they couldn't be fixed until morning. Well, they adjourned to a hall over a saloon and had a regular 'rough house.' The police had to break it up and stop the fighting. We have never had a fight at a dance here."

In games as well as in dancing, the different centers have pursued different policies. For instance, in one of the largest parks, which has a clientele among well-to-do Americans, there is a great preponderance of tennis courts as against a small number of merry-go-rounds and teeters. These different equipments grew out of the different needs of the place. When the children wanted a game, usually some of them got up the courage to speak to the manager about it, and then, if he could, he gave it to them. That helped to give them the idea that the things belonged to them. The children of the better neighborhoods have been more used to games of skill, and have got to the point where their play is less primitive, more sophisticated—where it is a thing of score-keeping and technic as well as of bodily exercise. If the rolling-mill children had been given tennis courts and told to play, and golf and games of that sort, they would probably not have come to the playgrounds

as they come now. But having been given the things they asked for, they play with them naturally, and do not have to be taught how. The idea is, that the people are to have in their own parks what they themselves want.

Some might think it a natural inference that all this new liberty would bring disorder in its train. But this is not the case.

"No, I ain't had to make no 'rests here yet," said a policeman stationed nearest the South Chicago steel works. "An' I've been here a year an' a half. I don't never 'rest 'em if I kin get out of it, and most always you kin git out of it. This is the sort of thing that happens. You know bad talk is one of the things we're dead set against. The director nor none of us won't stand for it. These people ain't like we are about it anyway. They can't seem to say anythin' without swearin'. Of course when they're talkin' in Polish or somethin' like that, there's nothin' you kin do. But when it's English, you have 'em. Well, there was a bunch of young toughs from the rolling mills used to come over to the bathin' beach in the evenin'. For a while you know there was just a canvas stretched round where they dressed; an' the women, they used to be sittin' just outside the canvas. Well, the way them fellers would talk while they was dressin' was somethin' fierce. I didn't say nothin' for a while,



"The children frolic over the horizontal bars and up and down the ladders."

but when I found out who was the two worst of the gang, I just slipped up on 'em and grabbed 'em. An' I gave them a good talk-in' to. 'Say,' I says, 'ain't you fellers got no mothers nor sisters of your own? You wouldn't like them to hear dirty talk, would you? Well, here's a lot of other fellers, mothers and sisters right behind this canvas hearin' every word you say!' Oh, I give it to 'em straight. They didn't say much, and I had to roast them two or three times more. But they've quit it now. Anyway, they've quit it in English."

On the bulletin board at Sherman Park I noticed that all the clubrooms were engaged for every night for the next six weeks. And the director told me about their official attitude in the matter.

"Our idea is not to form clubs," said he, "but to provide a meeting place and accommodation for those which grew up naturally in the neighborhood, and to foster them in any way we can. We are exactly the opposite of the ordinary social settlement in this respect. We are the servants of the people; not their directors. This place is theirs and they have hired us—perhaps somewhat indirectly—to do what they want done. Our only discretion in the matter is that as the majority of the people make the laws, we do not encourage anything which in our opinion is against law and order, and, of course, we

do not have political or religious discussions in the clubhouses."

Perhaps it is this very lack of initiative which makes the clubs among the most important of their activities. They are a natural outgrowth. It is true that on certain nights public lectures are given in the clubrooms, and that they are extremely well attended. The directors have tried to find out the subjects in which the people are interested and to have talks about those things. It has been discovered that foreign travel and economics are the most popular subjects.

A story which the director of one park told me proves that the effect of some lectures is unexpected. He said:

"One of the men who has been connected with the county school system, and who has great faith in the power of external beauty to affect the minds of the people, has developed a fad for the improvement of back yards, and he gave two lectures here on the growth and cultivation of inexpensive plants and vines, and how they could be made both beautiful and profitable. Well, shortly after that, about three hundred plants came down from the greenhouse, and we planted them all around the outside of the building, which, as you see, is plumb with the street. Well, the next morning every plant was gone. There was, of course, no getting them back,

so we laughed a little over it and sent to the greenhouse asking for more, and they sent us the same number again. And the first night after they were planted half of them were gone and the second night all of them. What could we do? That time the fact that the playgrounds belonged to the people had been impressed so strongly upon them that they believed they were theirs to take home. Oh, I have great interest now in going through the district and seeing those plants and vines peeping over all the back fences of the neighborhood. There is no question that that lecture struck home."

In the matter of æsthetics, the general theory that the people are to have what they demand, has been modified. Beautiful buildings have been put into the centers, suited to their needs, and it is trusted that the neighborhoods will grow to appreciate them. Moreover, the beauty of these buildings is not that of costly material nor elaborate detail. It is the beauty of simple and comparatively inexpensive things used in the right proportion and in the right manner. The only decorations that are not actual parts of the building are the flowers. In the ballrooms there are rows of plants around the music stands and vines and flowering shrubs fill the corners of the rooms. There is no beauty in these buildings that need be beyond the means of any frequenter of the park when he shall grow to care for it.

The fact that our system of public education does not prepare the children for any probable future, is made the excuse, on the one hand, for private schools which attempt to fit the children of the rich for a future of prosperity; and, on the other, for the prevalence of child labor, an effort to adapt the children of the poor to an existence of poverty. And if the existence of these two things were not a sufficient accusation against this system, every truant officer is in himself a confession of failure. The things for which the normal child seeks the streets—play and

exercise—should be a lure to the school, not away from it.

That the children of the rich should be badly educated is not a vital thing, because there are comparatively few of them; but that the children of the poor should grow up in ignorance is the great menace of the future. Even supposing that the child-labor committees succeed in driving the child out of industry, only one step toward the solution of the problem has been made. The boy who asked Judge Lindsay of Denver, "Can't a feller git an eddication in a plumber's shop?" has confounded us up to this time.

But now, through these park centers, the great idea that a real education is the right of the people, is being pushed to the front. Hitherto we have believed that such education might come through manual training and domestic science; through bookkeeping and a knowledge of weights and measures. But all these are makeshifts without intent of permanence; palliatives which have been applied to the reluctant infant mind like medicinal plasters, and the general educational disorder is now seen to be too fundamental for these external applications.

The greatest fact of all—that the people crave and take advantage of these centers—is shown by the enormous increase in their use. In one of the first parks to be opened, which is now about a year and a half old, the attendance has increased from about one hundred and fifty a day to a daily average of nearly eight thousand. There is no question that these centers are schools—schools willingly attended and therefore effective. The general superintendent said: "These parks belong with the schools, and I suppose should be under the direction of the Board of Education instead of in our hands. Of course, if you look at it in the biggest way, all the park system is a part of public education; but most people think that parks are for pleasure only—they do not see that education and pleasure can be made the same thing."



H. S. Potter -

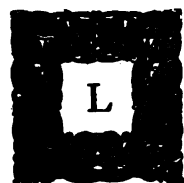
Drawn by H. S. Potter.

"I had even guessed that her name would be Sylvia."

"WHO IS SYLVIA?"

BY MYRA KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. POTTER



LEMON, I think," said Miss Knowles, in defiance of the knowledge, born of many afternoons, that he preferred cream. She took a keen and mischievous pleasure in annoying this hot-tempered young man and she generally succeeded. But to-day he was not to be diverted from the purpose which, at the very moment of his entrance, she had divined.

"Nothing, thank you," he answered. "I'll not have any tea. I came in only for a moment to tell you that I'm going to be married."

"Again?" she asked calmly as though he had predicted a slight fall of snow. But her calm did not communicate itself to him.

"Again?" he repeated hotly. "What do you mean by 'again'?"

"Now, Jimmie—" she remonstrated as she settled herself more comfortably among her pillows and centered all her apparent attention upon a fragile cup and a small but troublesome sandwich.

"—don't be savage. I only mean that you always tell me so when you find an opportunity. That you even manufacture opportunities: some of them out of most unlikely material. A chance meeting in a cross-town car; an especially *forte* place in an opera; the moment when a bishop is saying grace or a host telling his favorite story. And yet you expect me to be surprised to hear it now! Here in my own deserted drawing-room with the fire lighted and the lamps turned low. You forget that one is allowed to remember."

"You allow yourself to forget when you choose and to remember when you wish. You are——"

"And to whom are you going to be married? To the same girl? Do you know, I think she is not worthy of you?"

"She is not," he acquiesced, and she, for a passing moment, seemed disconcerted. "Yet she is," he continued, cheered by this slight triumph, "the most persistent, industrious, and deserving of all the young persons who, attracted by my great position and vast wealth, are pressing themselves or being pressed by designing relatives upon my notice."

His hostess laughed softly.

"Make allowances for them," she pleaded. "You know very few men can rival your advantages. The sixth son of a retired yet respectable stock broker, and an income of four thousand a year derived from a small but increasing—shall we say increasing——?"

"Diminishing; incredible as it may seem, diminishing."

"From a small but diminishing law practice. And with these you must mention your greatest charm."

"Which is?"

"Your humility, your modesty, your lack of self-assertiveness. Do you think she recognizes that? It is so difficult to fully appreciate your humility."

Jimmie grinned. "She's up to it," said he. "She knows all about it. She's as clever, as keen, as clear-sighted."

"Is she, perhaps, pleasing to the eye?" asked Miss Knowles idly. "Clever women are often so—well, so——"

Jimmie gazed at her across the little tea table. He filled his eyes with her. And, since his heart was in his eyes, he filled that too. After a moment he made solemn answer:

"She is the most beautiful woman God ever made."

"Ah, now," said Miss Knowles, returning her cup to its fellows and turning her face—and her mind—more entirely to him, "now we grow interesting. Describe her to me."

"Again?" Jimmie plagiarized.

"Yes, again. Tell me, what is she like?"

"She is like," he began so deliberately that his hostess, leaning forward, hung upon his words, "she is exactly like—nothing." The hostess sat back. "There was never anything in the least like her. To begin with, she is fair and young and slim. She is tall enough and small enough and her eyes are gray and black and blue."

"She sounds disreputable, your paragon."

"And her eyes," he insisted, "are gray in the sunlight, blue in the lamplight, and black by the light of the moon."

"And in the firelight?"

He rose to kick the logs into a greater brightness; and when he had studied her glowing face until it glowed even more brightly, he answered:

"In the firelight they are—wonderful. She has—did I tell you?—the whitest and smallest of teeth."

"They're so much worn this year," she laughed, and wondered the while what evil instinct tempted her to play this dangerous game; why she could not refrain from peering into the deeper places of his nature to see if her image were still there and still supreme? Why should she, almost involuntarily, work to create and foster an emotion upon which she set no store, which, indeed, only amused her in its milder manifestations and frightened her when it grew intense? He showed symptoms of unwelcome seriousness now, but she would have none of it.

"Go on," she urged. "Unless you give her a few more features she will be like Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother."

"And she has," he proceeded obediently, "eyebrows and eyelashes—"

"One might have guessed them."

"—beyond the common, long and dark and, soft. The rest of her face is the only possible setting for her eyes. It is perfection."

"And is she gentle, womanly, tender? Is she, I so often wonder, good enough to you?"

"She treats me hundreds of times better than I deserve."

"Doesn't she rather swindle you? Doesn't she let you squander your time?"—she glanced at the clock—"your substance?"—she bent to lay her cheek against the violets at her breast—"your affection upon her——?"

"And how could she be kinder? And when I marry her——"

"And *if*—," Miss Knowles amended.

"There's no question about it," he retorted. "She knows that I shall marry her." Miss Knowles looked unconvinced. "She knows that she will marry me." Miss Knowles looked rebellious. "She knows that I shall never marry anyone else." Miss Knowles took that, apparently, for granted.

"Dear boy!" said she.

"That I have waited seven years for her."

"Poor boy!" said she.

"That I shall wait seven more for her."

"Silly boy!" said she.

"And so I stopped this afternoon to tell her that I'm coming home to marry her in two or three months."

"Coming home?" she questioned with not much interest. "Where are you going?"

"To Japan on a little business trip. One of the big houses wants to get some papers and testimony and that sort of thing out of a man who is living in a backwoods village there for his health—and his liberty. None of their own men can afford time to go. And I got the chance, a very good one for me—But I tire you."

"No; oh, no," said Miss Knowles politely.

"You are very interesting."

"Then you shouldn't fidget and yawn. You lay yourself open to misinterpretation. To continue: a very great chance for me. The firm is a big firm; the case is a big case, and it will be a great thing for me to be heard of in connection with it."

"Some nasty scandal, of course."

"Not exactly. It is the Drewitt case. I wonder if you heard anything about it."

"For three months after the thing happened," she assured him with a flattering accession of interest, "I heard nothing about anything else. Poor dear father knew him, to his cost, you know. I heard that there was to be a new investigation and another attempt at a settlement. And now you're going to interview the man! And you're going to Japan! Oh, the colossal luck of some people! You will write to me—won't you?—as soon as you see him, and tell me all about him. How he looks, what he says, how he justifies himself. O Jimmie, dear Jimmie, you will surely write to me?"

"Naturally," said Jimmie, and his thin, young face looked happier than it had at any other time since the beginning of this conversation; happier than it had in many pre-

ceding conversations with this very unsatisfying but charming interlocutor. "I always do. Sometimes when your mood has been particularly—well—unreceptive—I have thought of going away so that I might write to you. Perhaps I could write more convincingly than I can talk. A cheering condition of things for a lawyer!" he reflected.

"But this is a different and much more particular thing," she insisted with a cruelty of which her interest made her unconscious. "I have a sort of a right to know on account of poor dear father. I shall make a list of questions and you will answer them fully, won't you? Then I shall be the only woman in New York to know the true inwardness of the Drewitt affair. When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning. I shall be away for perhaps three months and then"—doggedly—"then I'm coming home to be married. I came in to tell you."

"And if I don't quite believe you?"

"I shall postpone the ceremony. Shall we say, indefinitely, some time in the summer?"

"Not even then. Never, I think. That troublesome girl is beginning—she feels that she ought to tell you——"

"That there is another 'another'?"

"Yes, I fear so."

"Who will be in town for the next three months?"

"Again, I fear so."

"Then that's all right," said the optimistic Jimmie. "There never was a man—save one, oh, lady mine—who could, for three months, avoid boring you. When he holds forth upon every subject under the sun and stars you will think longingly of me and of the endless variety of my one topic, 'I'm going to marry you.'"

"But if he should make it his?"

"I defy him to do it. There is no guise in which he could clothe the idea which would not remind you, instantly, of me. If he should be poetical: well, so was I when we were twenty-one. If he should give you gifts of great price: well, so did I in those halcyon days when I had an allowance from my Governor and toiled not. If his is an outdoor wooing, you will inevitably remember that I taught you to ride, to skate, to drive, and to play golf. If he should attack you musically, you will be surprised at the number of operas we've heard together and of duets we've sung together. And so, in the words of my friend, fellow-sufferer, and

namesake, Mr. Yellowplush, 'You'll still remember Jeames.'"

"That's nonsense!" cried Miss Knowles. "I've tried to be fond of you; I *am* fond of you and accustomed to you. The fatal point is that I am accustomed to you. You say you never bore me. Well, you don't. And that other men do. Well, you're right. But people don't marry people simply because they don't bore them."

"Your meaning is clearer than your words and much more correct. This really essential consideration is, alas, frequently not considered."

"People should marry," said Miss Knowles with a sort of consecrated earnestness—the most deadly of all the practised phases of her coquetry—"for love. Now, I'm not in love with you. If I were, the very idea of your going away would make me miserable. And do I seem miserable? Am I lovelorn? Look at me carefully and tell the truth."

Jimmie obeyed, and the contemplation of his hostess seemed to depress him.

"No," he agreed gloomily, "you seem to bear up. No one, looking at your face, could guess that your heart was in—was in—" Jimmie halted, vainly searching for the poetical word. Miss Knowles supplied it.

"In torn and bleeding fragments," she supplemented. "No, Jimmie. I'm sorry. You've laid siege to it in every known way and yet there's not a feather out of it."

"There are two ways," Jimmie pondered audibly, "in which I have not wooed you. One is *à la* cave dweller. I might knock you on the head with a knobby club and drag you to my lair. But since my lair is some blocks away, and since those blocks are studded with the interested public and the uninterested police, the cave dwellers' method will not serve. There remains one other. I stand before you: so; I take your hand: so; I may even have to kiss it: so. And I say: 'Dear one, I want you. Every hour of my life I want you. I want you to take care of, to work for, to be proud of. I want you to let me teach you what life means. I want you for my dearest friend, for my everlasting sweetheart, for my wife.' And when I've said it, I kiss your hand: so; gently, once again, and wait for your answer."

"Dear boy," said she with an unsteady little laugh, for—as always—she shrank from his earnestness after she had deliberately roused it, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. You make me feel so shallow-pated

and so small. I don't want to talk about life and knowledge and love. And I don't want any husband at all. What makes you so tragic this afternoon? You're spoiling our last hour together. Come, be reasonable. Tell me what you think of Drewitt. Why do you suppose he did it? Did his wife and daughter know?"

"You're quite sure about the other thing?"

"Unalterably sure. And, Jimmie, dear old Jimmie, there are two things I want you to do for me. The first is, to abandon forever and forever this 'one topic,' of which you are so proud. Will you?"

"I will not," said Jimmie.

"And the second is: to fall in love with a girl on the boat. There is always a girl on a boat. Will you?"

"I will," said Jimmie promptly. "It would be just what you deserve."

Miss Knowles bore the absence of her most persistent and accustomed suitor with a fortitude not predicted by that self-confident young man. She danced and drove, lunched and dined, rode and flirted with undiminished zest, bringing, each day, new energy and determination to the task of enjoying herself.

The enjoyment of her neighbors seemed less important. She preferred that her part in the cotillion should be observed by a frieze of uncultured wallflowers. A drive was always pleasanter if it were preceded by a skirmish with her mother in which Miss Knowles should come off victorious with the victoria, while Mrs. Knowles accepted the *coup de grâce* and the *coupé*. A flirtation—if her languid, seeming innocent monopoly of a man's time and thoughts could be called by so gross a name—was more satisfying if it implied the breaking of vows and hearts and the mad jealousy of some less gifted sister; if it had, like a Russian folk song, a sob and a wail running through it.

Jimmie had never approved of these amusements and had never hesitated to express his opinion of them in terms which were intelligible even to her vanity. From the days when they had played together in the park she had dreaded his honesty and feared his judgments. "You're such a poacher, Sylvia," he told her once; "such an inveterate, diabolical Fly-by-Night, Will-o'-the-Wisp poacher. I sometimes think you'd condescend to take a shot at me if you didn't know that I'm fair game. But you like to kill two birds

with one stone; smash two hearts with one smile."

During the weeks immediately following the departure of her mentor she devoted herself whole-heartedly to her favorite form of sport. Besides her unscrupulousness she was armed with her grandfather's name, the riches of her dead father, her own beauty, and a mind capable of much better things. And, since Jimmie's presence would have seriously interfered with the pleasures of the chase, she was rather glad than otherwise that he was not there to see—and comment.

Her mother bore his absence with a like stoicism. That astute matron had long and silently deprecated the regularity with which her Louis Quinze had groaned beneath 180 pounds of ineligibility, the frequency with which a tall troop horse of spectacular gait and snortings could be descried beside her daughter's English hunter in the park, the strange chain of coincidence by which at theater, house party, dinner, or even church, Jimmie, smiling and unabashed, would find his way to her daughter's side and monopolize her daughter's attention.

In the excitement of the first stages of one of her expeditions into another's territory, Jimmie's first letter arrived. It was mailed at Honolulu, and consisted obediently of the cryptic statement: "There is no girl on the boat. She is a widow, but lots of fun." And it changed the character of the invasion from a harmless survey of the land to a determined attack upon its fortresses. And so Gilbert Stevenson, millionaire dock owner, veteran of many seasons and more campaigns, found himself engaged to Miss Sylvia Knowles just when, after a long and careful courtship, he had decided to bestow his hand and name upon the daughter of the retired senior partner of his firm: "that dear little girl of old Marvin's," as he described the lady of his choice, "his only child and a good child, too." He bore his surprise and honors with a courteous pomposity. Miss Knowles bore the situation with restraint and decorum. But that "dear little girl of old Marvin's" could not bring herself to bear it at all and wept away her modest claims to prettiness and spirit in one desolate month.

Like many a humbler poacher, Sylvia Knowles found an embarrassment in disposing of her victims after she had bagged them, and Mr. Gilbert Stevenson was peculiarly difficult in this regard. She did not want to keep him. In fact the engagement upon

which she was enduring congratulations had been as surprising to her as to her *fiancé*. And the methodical manifestations of his regard contrasted wearily with the erratic events in another friendship in which nothing was to be counted upon except the unaccountable. So that when vanquished suitors withdrew discomfited and returned to renew an earlier allegiance or to swear a new one, when "that good child of old Marvin's" had withdrawn her pitiful little face and her disappointment into the remote fastness of settlement work, when her mother resigned all claims upon the victoria and loudly affirmed her preference for the brougham, then things in general—and Mr. Stevenson in particular—began to bore Miss Knowles, and she began to look forward, with an emotion which would have surprised her betrothed, to foreign mails and letters. She considerably spared Mr. Stevenson this disquieting intelligence, having found him in matters of honor and rectitude as archaic and as fastidious as Jimmie himself. "Has a nasty suspicious mind," she reflected, "and a nasty jealous disposition. I wonder if he will expect me to give up all my friends when I marry him."

Yet even Mr. Stevenson could have found no cause for jealousy in the matter of the letters. He might have objected to their being written at all, but beyond that they were innocuous. For all the personality they contained they might have been transcripts of Jimmie's reports to his firm. He clung doggedly to his prescribed topics, and he could not have devised a surer method of arousing the curiosity and the interest of this spoiled young person. She spent hours, which should have been devoted to the contemplation of approaching bliss, in reading between the prosaic lines, in searching for sentiment in a catalogue of railway stations, for tenderness in descriptions of eccentric *tables d'hôte*. Finding no trace of his old gallantry in all the closely written pages, she attributed its absence to obedience and accepted it as the higher tribute to her power. She was forced to judge her lover's longing by the quantity rather than by the ardor of his words and to detect the yearning of a true lover's heart through such effectual disguise as:

"Drewitt is a fine old chap; as placid and as bright as this country and a great deal more so than anyone you'll see in the windows of the Union League Club. He re-

ceived me so cordially that I felt awkward about introducing the object of my visit; but when I had admired everything in sight, from the mountains in the distance to the rug I was sitting on, I finally faced the situation and did it.

"'Dear me,' said he, 'are those directors still troubling themselves about their transaction with me?' I admitted apologetically that they were; that their books refused to close over the gap left by the vanishing of \$50,000, and that he was earnestly requested to return to New York and to lend his acknowledged business acumen, etc., etc. He never turned a hair. Said they—and I—were very kind. Nothing could give him greater pleasure. But the ladies preferred Japan. Therefore he, etc., etc., etc. But he would be delighted to explain the matter fully to me; to supply me with all the figures and information I desired. (And that, of course, is as much as I am expected to bring back.) But he would have to postpone his return until—and you should have seen the whimsical, quizzical old eye of him—until the nations could agree upon new extradition treaties. Then, of course, etc., etc., etc. Meanwhile, as there was no immediate urgency about the matter, as he hoped that I would stay with them for as long a time as I cared to arrange, he would suggest that we should join Mrs. Drewitt in the garden. She would welcome news of our American friends. 'I need not ask you,' he added as we went out through the wall like people in a dream or a fairy tale, 'to be discreet and casual in your conversations with the ladies. My daughter is away this week visiting an old friend of hers who is married to a missionary in a neighboring village. She knows the reason for our being here. My wife does not. It need not be discussed with either of them.' I should think not!

"And there in the garden was Mrs. Drewitt, a fat little old lady in a flaming kimono and spectacles. She wears her hair as your Aunt Matilda does, stuck to her forehead in scrolls. 'Water curls,' I think, is the technical term. She was holding the head of a dejected marigold while a native propped it up with a stick. It seemed she remembered my mother, and we spent a delightful tea time in a garden which was a part of the same dream as the phantom wall. Then the old gentleman led me off by myself and wanted to hear all about Broadway. Whether Oscar was still at the Waldorf. Whether Fields

and Weber made 'a good thing of it' apart. Then the old lady led me off by myself and wanted to know who was now the pastor of the Brick Church, and what was Maude Adams's latest play, and whether skirts were worn long or short in the street.

"You see this dress," she said, 'is not really made for a woman of my age. In fact, in this country all the bright and pretty colors are worn by the waitresses. Geishas they call them. But Mr. Drewitt always liked bright colors, and red is very becoming to me.' She was such a wistful, pathetic, and incongruous little figure that I said something about hoping that she would soon be in New York again. 'But,' she said, 'Mr. Drewitt cannot leave his work here. Didn't you know that he is stationed here to report the changes of the weather to Washington? It is very important, and we can't go home until he is recalled. And, besides,' she went on with a half sob in her voice and a look in her eyes that made her seem as young as her own daughter, 'and, besides, I would much rather be here. In New York my husband was too busy. He had so many calls upon his time, so many people to meet, and so many places to go, that sometimes I hardly felt as though he belonged to me. But now for days and weeks at a time we are together. And he has no business worries. And his salary,' she brightened up to tell me, 'is almost as good here as it used to be in the Trust Company for *much* harder work.' She's a sweet old thing—must have been quite a beauty once; and I wish you could see old Drewitt's manner with her—so courteous and affectionate—and hers with him—so adoring and confiding. It's wonderful!

"It will take some time to get all the information I want from the old man. He has the papers and he is quite willing to explain everything, but we spend the larger part of every day in entertaining the old lady and keeping her happy and unsuspecting."

A series of such letters covering several placid weeks reduced Miss Knowles to a condition of moodiness and abstraction which all the resources at her command failed to dissipate. In vain were the practiced blandishments of Mr. Stevenson; in vain her mother's shopping triumphs; in vain were dinners given in her honor and receptions at which she reigned supreme. None of her other experiments had resulted in an engagement—an immunity which she now humbly attributed to the watchful Jimmie—and she

was dismayed at the determined and matter-of-fact way in which she was called upon to fulfill her promise. "If only Jimmie were at home!" she realized, "he would save me." This was when the happy day was yet a great way off. "If only Jimmie would come home," she wailed as the weeks grew to months and even the comfort of his letters failed her. For two months there had been no news of him, and fate—and Mr. Stevenson—were very near when at last she heard from him again. He sent a telegram nearly as brief as his first letter. "I am coming home," it announced. "I am coming home and I'm going to be married."

And the simple little words, waited for so long, remembered so clearly, and coming, at last, so late, did what all Jimmie's more eloquent pleadings had failed to do.

Sylvia Knowles, a creature made of vanities, realized that she loved better than all her other vanities her place in this one man's regard. No contemplation of Mr. Stevenson's estate on the Hudson, his shooting lodge on a Scottish moor, his English abbey, and his Italian villa could nerve her for the first meeting with Jimmie, could fortify her against his first laughing repetition:

"You married to Gilbert Stevenson," or his later scornful: "You *married* to Gilbert Stevenson."

So she dismissed Mr. Stevenson with as little feeling as she had annexed him and sought comfort in the knowledge that her mother was furious, her own fortune ample, and that marrying for love was a graceful, becoming pose and unusual thing to do.

Her rejected suitor bore his disappointment as correctly as he had borne his joy. He stormed the special center of philanthropy in which old Marvin's little girl had buried herself, and she was most incorrectly but refreshingly glad to see him. She destroyed forever his poise and his pride in it when she sat upon his unaccustomed knee, rested her tired head upon his immaculate shirt front, and wept for very happiness.

"And I remember," said Miss Knowles, "that you always take cream."

"Nothing, thank you," Jimmie corrected. "Just plain unadulterated tea. I learned to like it in Japan. But don't bother about it. I haven't long to stay. I came in to tell you—"

"That you're going to be married."

"How did you guess?"

"You didn't leave me to guess. Your telegram——"

"Ah, yes!" quoth Jimmie. "I sent a lot of them before I sailed. But in my letters——"

"You mentioned absolutely nothing but that stupid old Drewitt affair. Never a word of the places you saw, the people you met, or even the people you missed. Nothing of the customs, the girls, the clothes. Nothing but that shuffling old Drewitt and his stuffy old wife. Nothing about yourself."

"Orders are orders," quoth Jimmie, "and those were yours to me. I remember exactly how it came about. We had been talking personalities. I have an idea that I made rather a fool of myself and that you told me so. Then you, wisely conjecturing that I might write as foolishly as I had talked, made out a list of subjects for my letters. My name, I noted with some care, was not upon that list."

"Jimmie," said Miss Knowles, "I was cruel and heartless that day. I've thought about it often."

"You've thought!" cried the genial Jimmie. "How had you time to think? Where were all those 'anothers'?"

"There were none," lied Miss Knowles soulfully with a disdainful backward glance toward Mr. Stevenson. "For a time I thought there was one. But whenever I thought of that last talk of ours— You remember it, don't you?"

"Of course. I told you I was going to be married as soon as I came home. Well, and so I am."

"So you are. But I used to think that if you hesitated to tell me; if you felt that I might still be hard about it and unsympathetic; if you decided to confide no more in me——"

"But you would be sure to know. Even if I had not telegraphed I never could have kept it a secret from you."

"Not easily. I should have been, as you observe, sure to know. Do you remember how I always refused to believe you? It was not until you were in that horrid Japan, where all the women are supposed to be beautiful——"

"Yes," Jimmie acquiesced. "It was when I was in Japan."

"It was then that it began to seem possible that you would be married when you came home. It was then that I began to realize that I didn't deserve to be told of your plans.

For I had been a fool, Jimmie. You had been a fool too, but not in the way you think. And so, if you will sit where I sat that horrid day, we will begin that conversation all over again and end it differently. The first speech was yours. Do you remember it?"

"But I'm going to be married," said Jimmie.

"Good boy. He knows his lesson. And now I say, 'To the most beautiful woman in the world?'"

"To the most beautiful woman God ever made. The dearest, the most clever, the most simple."

"Simple," repeated Miss Knowles with some natural surprise. "Did you say simple?"

"Simple and jolly and unaffected. As true and as bright as the stars. And I'm going to marry her——"

"Now this," Miss Knowles interjected, "is where the difference comes. You are to sit quite still and listen to me because a thing like this—however long and carefully one has thought it out—is difficult in the saying. So: I stand here before you where I can look at you; for four months are long; and where you may, when I have quite finished, kiss my hand again; for again four months are long. And I begin thus: Jimmie, you are going to be married——"

"I told you first," cried Jimmie.

"But I knew it first," she countered—"to a woman who has learned to love you during the past three months, but who could not do it more utterly, more perfectly, if she had practiced through all the years that you and I have been friends."

"So she says," Jimmie interrupted with sudden heat. "So she says. God bless her!"

"And ah, *how* she is fond of you. 'Fond' is a darling of a word. It keeps just enough of its old 'foolish' meaning to be human. Proud of you, glad of you, fond of you— I think that this is, perhaps, the time for you to kiss my hand."

"You're a darling," he said as he obeyed. "But what I can't understand——"

"It's not your turn. You may talk after I finish if I leave anything for you to say. See, I go on: You are going to marry——"

"The most beautiful woman in the world."

"That reminds me. What is she like? I've not heard her described for ages."

"Because there was no one in New York who could do justice to her."

"You are the knightliest of knights. Go on. Describe her."

"Well, she is neither very tall nor very

small. But the grace of her, the young, surpassing grace of her, makes you know as soon as your eyes have rested on her that her height, whatever it chances to be, is the perfect height for a woman. And then there is the noble heart of her. What other daughter would have buried herself, as she has done, in a little mountain village——"

Miss Knowles looked quickly about the luxurious room, then out upon the busy avenue, then back at him, suspecting raillery. But he was staring straight through her; straight into the land of visions. His eyes never wavered when she moved slowly out of their range and sat, huddled and white-faced, in the corner of a big chair.

"And all," Jimmie went on, "so bravely, so cheerily, that it makes one's throat ache to see. And one's heart hot to see. Then there is the beauty of her. Her hair is dark,

her eyes are dark, but her skin is the fairest in the world."

Miss Knowles pushed back a loose lace cuff and studied the arm it had hidden. "*La reine est morte*," she whispered, "*morte, morte, morte*."

"But what puzzles me," said the genial Jimmie, "is your knowing about it all. I never wrote you a word of it, and as for Sylvia—by the way, did you know that her name, like yours, is Sylvia?"

"Yes," said Miss Knowles. "I had even guessed that her name would be Sylvia."

"You're a wonderful woman," Jimmie protested. "The most wonderful woman in the world."

"Except——?"

"Except, of course, Sylvia Drewitt."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Knowles. "Yes, of course."

THE ROAD OF THE MAD

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER



THE young moon had set. The stars snapped and quivered and glowed in the cold, clear depths of the night sky; the wide fields shimmered with a pale light of their own, for they were silvered thick with a velvet nap of feathery frost. The cold-contracted rails of the single track twanged harshly in the silence of the dark; the diminutive, open-face station seemed to be hunching up its walls about its eaves and squatting meekly beside the track, making the best of the wait for dawn.

Then in the east, at the crest of the hill, there came a soft, warm glow, fitful, flickering, but growing with a deeper and deeper pink. Rabbits and little field mice and other creatures of the night fields looked up from their browsing, startled that the dawn should have come hours too soon; sleepy sparrows under the thick fir boughs stirred restlessly and cheeped in peevish, drowsy voices. And the glow deepened and reddened with an

angry flush; against the glare at the hill crest a dark mass began to thicken into solidity, its edges sharpening and showing more regular until the whole length of the long, low building stood clear against the wavering, increasing light.

"Clang-ng-ng," from a wing of the building came the din of a gong beaten by fear-frenzied hands; the barbaric crash and jangle was answered from the building's opposite end, and then from the squat brick tower came the frantic pealing of a great bell, which in a moment was drowned and beaten down by a roar of inhuman voices shrieking, shrieking, shrieking in an agony of terror.

The fields, tranquil a moment before, echoed with the mad tumult; the panic-stricken little night creatures scurried desperately to cover. There was a deep bo-o-o-m, and a great slow p-o-o-of of saffron, flame-flecked smoke hung for a moment above the building, then floated lazily aside beyond reach of the long yellow tongues which leaped out after it and then settled back

upon the roof, at which they lapped and licked greedily. Another muffled explosion and the roof, with a roar, burst into a tumbling mass of flames which pillared up toward the shrinking sky and dulled into insignificance the stars.

Scores of windows, dark and empty a moment ago, glared as in fierce, red-eyed anger; from behind the heavy iron bars, grill-like against the crimson glow, shrieking figures flitted and danced, striking with clenched hands between the bars at the glass panes, which broke and fell tinkling upon the frozen ground. Then the great doors in the front of the building swung open and there burst forth a rout of seminaked figures screaming, yelling, singing, weeping—laughing with shrill, mad laughter. They leaped and bounded and danced down the broad steps, then scattered and fled in all directions from the terror of the burning; down the slope of the frost-crusted fields they sped, and into the encircling walls of darkness, from which floated back their songs and their laughter, their screams and their ravings as they wandered away into freedom.

Many hours before this, back in New York City, a cab had lost a wheel at an inopportune moment, and its occupant, a girl, thereby had missed her train, and after a dreary wait had had to take another not at all to her convenience. She could not know that the telegram she sent to announce her new time of arrival miscarried, and that her father, having met the eleven o'clock train only to discover that his daughter was not aboard, had disappointedly turned the old dun horse about and jogged dejectedly up the long hill.

The drive back was so different from the one he had anticipated! The Major tugged at his white mustache right savagely and urged the stumbling horse to a wretched semblance of a trot over the frozen ruts and ice-covered stones; then in his musing he forgot about the horse, which sank back, wheezing, into its accustomed plod.

Molly's examinations had evidently kept her back. She had been by no means sure of making the Thursday evening train when she last wrote, but it was unlike the girl not to telegraph—Molly was thoughtful—not like most women, but like her mother, bless her—and getting more like her every day. Why the devil, though, hadn't she wired? She never would come on the 1.30 A.M. And—why! confound it all!—here the Major unwittingly lashed the horse a vehement blow

—it would be a whole twenty-four hours longer before the girl would come! The train arriving at noon would require too early a start from New York, and the next one, an express, did not stop at the way station, but ran on to the town ten miles farther.

And the winter night grew very chill and gray, and the twinkling light of the asylum at the hill crest now held no cheer for the chief warden as he jolted up the long hill.

He had not realized before how much he had counted on her coming—why! he had marked each day off the calendar for three months!—from the very week after Molly had gone away to school.

"Well, I dare say I can mark off one more," the Major muttered grimly.

"But, Gad, how I miss her," he spoke aloud. "We all miss her, don't we, Pegasus? Gid ap, you fat humbug," he cried to the horse, and slapped the round, heaving sides with the lines.

Pegasus responded by lurching forward spasmodically, then, with a knowing wabble of his ears, resumed his languorous pace. The road aimlessly zigzagged up the hill; just here, it perversely headed at right angles to the asylum, solely in order, so it seemed, that it might try to lose itself in the dense little pine wood. It was very dark under the close growing trees; the Major was drowsy, his head sank forward, and his musings became disconnected and fitful.

Next year he would resign; then he and Molly would live together somewhere near her school. Eighteen years was long enough to serve as chief warden. He was old enough to retire, and, besides, the asylum was no place for a young girl of nineteen. He had kept her with him perhaps too long now.

But it had been hard to send her away to school, and the three months just past had been lonely ones; he dared not think of the months to come after the brief holidays.

Yes, he would certainly resign next year.

If Molly had been there she would have pulled his mustache and told him, playfully disrespectful, that he was an old fraud, that he had been resigning for four years ever since—ever since mother had gone away—"and you know, Dad, you truly haven't a notion of ever leaving!"

At which recollection of "Molly's little ways—bless her," the Major chuckled sleepily, never dreaming of what he would see when the road topped the hill and gave full view of the asylum.

But at that very moment Molly was sitting, a very tired, impatient young lady, in a stuffy and overheated Pullman, waiting until nine very much intermingled freight cars could be cleared off the west-bound tracks. She munched chocolate creams, read a little, slept a little, and, at last, two hours and a half late, reached the junction where the 1.30 accommodation train and its sleepy crew were phlegmatically waiting. Then thirty miles down the tortuous branch line, and Molly was awakened by the conductor's shaking her gently and calling "Ridgecrest" in a hoarse, sleepy voice.

The oil lamps with the smoked chimneys gave out a faint, murky glow, the train creaked and groaned and quivered and lurched; the girl rubbed a clear space on the heavily steamed windowpane and tried to peer out, but her own pale, heavy-eyed face, with her tangled hair, reflected in the glass by the outer darkness was all she could see. She turned as the conductor stood swaying in the aisle, his lantern swinging from his arm.

"This is a lonely station, miss," he said. "I hate to set you down here at this time o' night. Are you sure your folks'll meet you?"

"Oh, yes," Molly answered brightly. "I wired before I left New York; besides it is only a mile from the station."

There was a yammer and screech of brakes and the train came to a jolting stop; the friendly conductor caught up the heavy suit case, and the girl followed him to the door.

"You're sure you hadn't better come on to town an' go out to the 'sylum in the mornin' on No. 4?" he suggested again.

"Oh, no; thank you," she replied rather wearily.

When they were on the ground the conductor, one foot on the bottom car step, hesitated.

"It's all right. See, there's some one now," Molly reassured him.

A figure moved out from the little open-face station and came slowly toward them.

The conductor, relieved, swung his lantern. The engine, with much chuffing and slipping of drivers, jerked forward, and the train, with hissing steam, rumbled down the track, the solicitous conductor calling a lusty "good night."

The figure had stopped. Molly took a few uncertain steps forward, then a vague, undefined, numbing fear clutched her, and she too stood still.

"Why—why, Dad?" she quavered. In

the thick dark the figure loomed large and shadowy; it seemed to stoop far forward, with dim-seen peering face and dangling arms.

"Who is that?" the girl almost whispered. There was a moment of agonizing silence; then with a low chuckle the figure turned and shambled away into the night.

The girl dropped the suit case and cowered down against it, too shaken to even think. Far off to the left, up the track, so faint as to be but a doubt, came one long-drawn-out wail, rising, breaking, falling; then, except for the chill night wind in a clump of evergreens, there was silence.

All about her stretched the wide, lonely fields, which somewhere sheltered a shambling figure, and somewhere else a voice which wailed itself into silence. In front of her the empty station; behind—the girl turned swiftly, and screamed and screamed again:

"Dad!" she sobbed. "Oh, Dad!"

Then subconsciously she caught up her suit case, and, stumbling heavily over the loose ballast of the tracks as she crossed, she ran panting and sobbing up the frozen road.

At the crest of the hill, like a great, red, pulsing wound, lay the glowing pile of what had been the asylum. It shot up fitful flickerings against the velvet-black background, and now and then, on a gust of raw wind, a long golden streamer of sparks swept down the slope.

Her father! her father! Every other thought was forgotten. "Oh, Dad!" she moaned again as she staggered on and on, the unconsciously gripped suit case banging at her ankles, stumbling, slipping, falling. With her whistling breath trying to call "Dad," the girl pushed fiercely up the hill.

A figure, running rapidly, was upon her almost before she realized it. She had no time to think; she felt no fear but for her father.

The man, reaching her, cried, "At last!" and caught the suit case out of her hand, and, turning about, clutched her arm and began helping her roughly up the hill.

"We must hurry," he said. The girl, with a little sob of relief, stumbled after.

"What of my father?" she begged. "He is safe? Unhurt?"

"Hurry!" her companion urged. "We must hurry!"

"Oh, then he is hurt!" she moaned. She was panting for breath, and the raw night air that was sucked sharply down into the depths of her lungs stung savagely.

"Tell me," she gasped, "he is not—not dead?"

"Hurry!" came the monotonous reply, and the man increased his pace, almost jerking her off her feet.

"I cannot go faster. Oh! please——"

From out in the dusky fields came a sudden wild peal of laughter. The man stopped so abruptly that the girl fell violently against him.

"Listen!" he whispered.

She cowered close to him. Again the shrill, mad laughter farther away. The man threw back his head with a joyous shout.

"The wedding march!" he screeched, and flinging his arm about her waist, he pranced, dragging her up the road and gibbering:

"Tum tee te tum; tum, tum, tee, tee; tum——" In some manner they both tripped over the suit case and sprawled forward heavily. The man leaped to his feet with the agility of a boy, and, snatching the suit case from the ground, he crushed it to his breast with his two arms.

"My first born!" he wailed. "My baby! They shall not take you from me!" and he rushed away down the hill. The girl heard him scramble over a fence and go wandering away into the barren fields, calling plaintively from time to time, "My first born, my first bor-r-rn," until his voice trailed away into a mere whisper of sound.

Molly lay quite still where she had fallen till a great calm seemed suddenly to rest upon her. She realized perfectly what had happened—that between two and three hundred maniacs were roaming over the countryside, and that death in an awful form lurked in every foot of the half mile before her. Her father—her father—her voice choked; besides, she could only go on. There was nowhere else to go. She got upon her knees in the icy road and then to her feet. A heaven-sent courage transformed her; and with hands clenched tightly at her sides, and eyes looking neither to right nor left, she walked swiftly, unfalteringly up the road in the blackness. Only silence seemed abroad. She went on steadily.

Low voices at her very elbow made her stop sharply and press her knuckles hard against her cheeks to keep from shrieking at the suddenness of the encounter. Her eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, and as she turned, she saw two women sitting on the bank at the roadside. They sat silent and stared at her. For a moment the girl

hesitated; then she walked slowly toward them. They sat quite still. One was an old woman, her thin gray hair straggled in wisps over her dim seen face; the other was a mere girl. Both were in their nightdresses, and they sat upon the frost-covered ground, huddled together in each other's arms, and shivered until their bodies rocked in unison. Molly walked straight up to them. She was her father's own daughter. She knew what he would have had her do. Well, too, she knew what effect her first word might have.

"Stand up," she said bravely.

They stood up together. She took off her greatcoat and helped the old woman, unre-sisting, into it; then deftly she slipped out of her heavy woolen skirt and flung it over the head of the young girl, and hooked it about her neck and over her shoulders. Then linking an arm through that of the old woman, and the other about the waist of the girl, she said gently:

"Come, we are going back to bed—to where it is warm." The three trudged silently up the road. Molly tried talking to them as though they were children, coaxing them, humoring them, getting them slowly back to safety.

The crimson cherries on her hat bobbed and dangled. They caught the old woman's eye and she watched them furtively. Molly, all unconscious, talked on.

"I ain't had a new bunnit—fer——" the old woman mumbled. Suddenly she snatched at the hat with the lightning-swift dab of a panther's paw, tore it from the terrified Molly's head, and scampered off down the hill, the long ulster, buttoned only at the neck, trailing out behind like a witch's cloak. The young girl, with a fierce exclamation, wrenched herself free from Molly's arm and rushed after her. Suddenly she tripped, and, her arms held at her sides under the skirt, she fell upon her face and rolled over and over, fighting and tearing and clawing at the skirt like a cat in a bag. She was so hugely grotesque that Molly, standing irresolute in the road, laughed shrilly.

The old woman, hearing the fall, turned and ran back up the hill. She caught her companion by the shoulder and dragged her to her feet, then together they raced down the road, a shower of pebbles rattling and rolling behind them until long after they were lost to sight in the darkness. Molly sat down.

For a long while she sat, too exhausted to move. She seemed in a stupor, an apathy

in which nothing really mattered now; when, from behind, two cold hands were laid on her shoulders. She did not move, but sat motionless as though frozen.

"Come!" she heard a man's voice saying, "You will come with me?"

Instinctively she knew that she must humor him, for at the slightest opposition he might kill her. She got unsteadily to her feet, and he slipped his arm about her, and together they began walking slowly up the hill. Her hair had come down and streamed in long waves over the arm about her waist. She was so weak that unconsciously she leaned against his shoulder. They staggered on in silence.

The girl knew she was losing her grip on things and felt herself walking as in a dream. The strain of the last half hour was telling swiftly—she felt herself going—slipping, slipping. She *must* keep her senses. She dared not go wandering on and on with this madman and be without her faculties to resist him. She made a desperate effort to clutch herself back from the abyss of darkness over which she hovered. Unknowingly she must have flung herself against the man, for his arm tightened about her and she was almost lifted off the ground as he quickened his pace. At least they were going in the right direction, and as long as he kept on the road—should he drag her into the fields! Uncontrollably she shivered with terror at the thought, and again, at the quiver of her body, the arm tightened, and she felt that half lift which he gave. How very strong he was! He could tear her limb from limb should a violent mood seize him—as long as they kept to the road!

Why! it was all right—he was going straight toward the asylum. He would take her right to Dad. It could be but a quarter of a mile more; then, perhaps, but oh! if her father were—if neither he nor any of the doctors or nurses were—were left, then she would be alone, all alone with these terrible mad folk. She began to whimper softly in the darkness. His arm twined a little closer.

"There, there!" he murmured, as though to a sick child.

She started apprehensively at his words, dreading to hear him speak; for she remembered the man who had quietly carried her suit case until once the poor, diseased brain had tried to work. He had rushed off with the suit case, screaming that it was his baby. How very, very long ago that was—whole

years. Oh! if this one would only not try to think; if only she might get him up to the doctors; if only he would keep on the road.

They stumbled on over the frozen ruts, slipping on the ice-covered stones, mutually aiding each other to keep a footing, going slower and slower as her strength ebbed. She felt herself slipping again into the void. Her feet did not seem to be touching ground. Suddenly, with a sickening wrench, she realized that they were off the road. The shock brought her back with a jerk from half insensibility, and, in a frenzied fear, she twisted almost out of his grasp. The man, startled, flung both arms around her and held her fast, though she fought him like a wild thing, for the moment crazed by the terror of being dragged into the lonely wastes of the fields.

"Take me back to the road. Oh! you will not kill me here in the fields," she moaned. "Oh! take me back to the road."

"There, there!" he soothed. "I will not hurt you." She lay exhausted in his arms. "It is shorter this way."

"Shorter?" she queried.

"Yes," he said, humoring her. "Not so far."

"Shorter to—?—to *Death!*" she cried, beginning to struggle again.

"You poor, poor, mad little thing," he said compassionately.

Then, as though the matter were settled, he began to lead her gently on through the field. To the girl's overwrought mind it was the beginning of the end, and, losing all reason, she tried to fling herself on the ground, weeping.

"Oh, take me back to the road, back to the road. Oh, Dad, *Dad!*"

Without a word he turned, and they retraced their steps. With the hard, stony road again under their feet the girl regained her courage to a slight degree, and began to marvel at the hold she had on her madman. They plodded on in a miserable silence. Nearer and nearer they drew to the site of the old asylum. Now and again when an eddy of wind swirled their way they caught the sound of voices. Once the girl called "Dad," but she was so weak that the voice scarcely rose above a whisper.

A white, shadowy figure flitted down the road toward them, swung sharply to the right, and tried to slip by unobserved.

"Another girl!" the man exclaimed. "You will not run away? I can get her too."

He made a move as though to disengage himself. To the girl's confused senses she understood only that he, too, like those others, would rush screaming down the road of the mad, and that after bringing him so near to safety and to shelter, she would lose him at the very threshold, and, impotent to save, must watch him plunge into the darkness.

Benumbed by the hour of terror, her sense of danger chilled by cold and weariness, hysterical from the long strain, she suddenly flung her arms about his neck and held him, anything to save him and get him back to the doctors and to shelter; and she pleaded with him not to leave her.

"Oh, you will not leave me *now*?" she beseeched. "Stay with me. Take me to my father."

The shadowy figure close to the fence pattered down the road and was gone.

The girl clung to him and they stood breathless, irresolute, wondering.

The road ran through a deep cut. What had been the asylum flickered on the hillside above them. A great brick chimney, unseen, toppled, then crashed down among the smoldering embers, sending up a shower of sparks and a dull angry glow.

And in the momentary flare of light the girl saw a strong, brave young face bending over her, the head bound with a blood-stained bandage. And the man looked down into an upturned face, grimy and tear-stained, framed in a wild tangle of soft brown hair, and into a pair of wide, brown eyes, in which was a glow of fear that might well be madness. Then the light went out.

"You will not go?" the girl whispered, and tightened her clasp about his neck. In the dark she felt his face coming closer, closer; felt his warm breath. Then his lips rested a moment on hers in a caress of compassion, and, whispering too, he answered: "I will not leave you, little one."

Without warning there came a sudden scrambling of pebbles on the road and shrill, terrible voices. Out of the dark, running, leaping, dodging, striking, darted three figures fighting madly as they ran, and screaming with fierce, animal-like cries.

The man sprang in front of the girl and pushed her backward against the high bank, then stood to defend her; but the three without heeding them rushed by. The girl heard the thuds of the blows, the grinding teeth, heard the rattle of a chain; then, when they were lost in the dark, she fainted and dropped down, down, down into blackness, till at last she felt herself gliding smoothly in a great peace.

After eons of time, many, many voices, thousands of leagues away, all faintly calling, "Molly, Molly," and she opened her eyes and stared wonderingly at the circle of strangely familiar faces gathered about her.

The air was pungent with the smell of burned wood. A breath of hot wind swept over her and left a little covering of feathery ashes. In the cold, gray dawnlight the lanterns looked like pale staring eyes, and threw thin, wavering shadows on the blackened and scorched brick wall—shadows that towered over her and seemed to stoop and leer at her in their fantasticness until she cowered down into the blankets. Out of the soothing murmur of the myriad voices came insistent words, "Molly," "dearie," and as she sat up, "Oh! thank God!"

And there was Dad with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and all around her were the doctors and nurses, cheering and clapping their hands and laughing hysterically, and at her other side knelt a young man with a bandaged head, looking anxiously at her.

With her face pressed tight against the Dad's shoulder and his strong, old arms holding her close, she sobbed with happiness and relief till suddenly she remembered and clutched her father, whispering:

"Don't let him get away, Dad; don't let him go down the road!"

"Who?" ejaculated the Major, startled.

"There!" she whispered, "right beside me."

"Oh! Baer! Dr. Baer, our new doctor! He won't run away!"

"Doctor?" The girl stared with round, wondering eyes.

"And I thought *you* were the maddest of them all!" she said.

"I am!"

EXPLORING FOR NEW CROPS

BY W. G. FITZGERALD



OUTSIDE the walls of Baghdad, city of the "Arabian Nights," the white man stoops for a handful of sticky adobe soil, such as recorded for ages old Babylon's literature, in clay cylinders scarred with cuneiform characters. And behind him lags a thin line of camels, some jangling with pots and pans, tent poles and rifle cases; others with their long necks swaying from out bowers of palm shoots they carry trailing behind them.

A horse gallops from the city's gate, and Major Newmarch, the British consul, white helmet in hand, welcomes a rare fellow Christian to this fanatical stronghold.

"My name is David Fairchild, from Washington," says the visitor. "I'm after scions of the date family. I'll tell you all about it after I get my animals in shelter," and the two seek a *caravanserai* within the walls, near the lofty green minaret of the Great Mosque.

Consul Newmarch couldn't make his visitor out at all. He was greatly puzzled, but too polite to say so, even after the two were at dinner in the big marble court, with the moonbeams shimmering through the pomegranates, fanned by draughts of air forced through wet screens. Then Fairchild, of Washington, agricultural explorer, returned to the subject of date scions.

"Our government thinks they'd take kindly to the Arizona deserts, perhaps saving us the \$600,000 a year we pay this very region for imported dates. We've worked on the idea for years, and now have 3,000 trees of our own, with 190 varieties, at Tempe and Yuma, Arizona, and at Mecca, California. These are special experiment stations, with fumigation plants to destroy insect pests; and we are passing on young trees to likely private growers. Oh, we can grow anything within our range of climates from Alaska to Florida!

"There are fifty of us at home and abroad, combing the world for crops—fruit, grain, or plant. They call us the Bureau of Seed and Plant Introduction and Distribution. We are backed up by a Bureau of Soils and Experimentation at home, with doctors and pathologists to tend every delicate plant that grows."

"Is the work new?"

"Old as Franklin's day, sir; older than our Department of Agriculture. As Pennsylvania's agent in Europe, Franklin used to send home mulberry cuttings and seeds in 1770; and our consuls have done the same. But there was no system about the work until ten years ago, when Congress gave us \$20,000 a year as vagabonds with a mission—botanizing Stanleys, you might call us. The appropriation has since been enlarged.

"Does it pay? It cost \$2,000 to introduce sorghum, a crop now worth \$40,000,000 a year! Then look at the durum wheat, unknown in our markets till 1900. It is a 'dry land' grain for the semiarid Western plains that will flourish where another wheat would starve. To get it, test and distribute it, cost us perhaps \$10,000, while the crop's annual value is at least \$10,000,000!

"Same story with the navel orange; Japanese rice and bamboo; the Corsican citron; the Indian mango; Bohemian horseradish; Malay mangosteen; Mexican sisal; German brew barleys; Spanish almonds; French prunes; West Indian cassava; hardy Finnish oats and turnips for Alaska's short summers; Chinese mustard and Egyptian cotton. Over 4,000 novelties in three years, ranging from the birdlime bark and fishing rods of Japan, to the heavy-scented jasmine of Arabia.

"You see, there are lots of gaps in our economy. Connecticut tobacco growers want a vetch that will leave nitrogen in their soil. If I can find it, there's \$10 an acre saved on

3,000 acres; \$300,000 a year, you see, from one little weed.

"The Northwest is asking us for evergreen wind-breaks; the florists for healthy Easter lilies; the South for disease-resisting cotton. Florida wants vanilla, camphor, morphine, and tropic fruits; the Southwest anything that will defy drought and alkali; North Dakota a new flax for her wilted areas.

"We want one new crop for the Carolinas' abandoned rice farms; another for uncultivated Georgian hills; several for the queer conditions of Alaska; and a matting rush to save Japan imports worth \$5,000,000 a year. An American has already invented the machine for weaving. We want grains like the Russian proso millet for arid or semi-arid regions from North Dakota to Texas, and for high altitudes of the Rockies.

"Then look at the \$16,000,000 a year we pay Mexico for sisal fiber, to make thousands of miles of twine for the use of our Western farmers in their harvest fields. We are going to see whether we can't grow the sisal plant in Porto Rico, and magnificent fruits like the Malay mangosteen in Hawaii and the Canal Zone. We've lots of work before us; and before me at the moment is the date question.

"My colleague, W. T. Swingle, was in the Sahara oases in 1899, besides visiting Egypt and Tunis. He sent home shipments of date palm suckers that throve so well in the short hot seasons of our California and Arizona deserts that I was asked to come up the Persian Gulf to the date's own birthplace!"

Next day the two men dropped down the classic Tigris on a goatskin raft, with the glass at 115° in the shade; everywhere vast palm forests, thick and dark and still, irrigated by a world of water-ways, drawn off from the main stream that flowed between banks so low that Arabs sat and washed pious hands in the sluggish current.

Twenty million date palms! One orchard seventy miles long, from below Mohammerah to above Kurna on the Shat-el-Arab. Exports to all the world of 100,000,000 pounds each season!

"Give me a list of the finest varieties," said Fairchild to his friendly adviser that night, "and tell me where the trees are, that I may get cuttings."

And so the successive journeys began, one into the little known Pangh Ghur region, thirteen burning days' caravan ride inland from Guadur, on the Gulf of Oman, and another into the Mekran territory of Baluchis-

tan, in quest of the luscious Mozaty date sold as a luxury in the bazaars of Karachi.

Consul Newmarch was curious to know how the explorer sent his live stuff home—marveled how it reached Washington with any vitality left, after the vast journey.

"Most of the trees and plants are introduced by 'scions,'" he was told—"mere roots or stalks. These are waxed at each end, wrapped in oiled paper, and inclosed in a tin tube. And, lastly, this is packed in a cloth receptacle, specially made. Seeds are sent in charcoal to prevent mold; but as to these delicate palm shoots, I'll just wrap them in date matting and pack them in boxes."

Newmarch learned a good deal about American enterprise ere he bade adieu to Fairchild's caravan. He heard of Prof. N. E. Hansen's expedition to Russian Turkestan in quest of hardy alfalfa; of Dr. S. A. Knapp's triumph in the matter of the Kiushu rice of Japan; of C. B. Scofield's Algerian travels; of Rolfs's pursuit of West Indian cassava; of E. A. Bessey's journeys in Russia; of W. T. Swingle's search for the "dry-land" pistache nut of the Levant, and his insect hunt in Smyrna. A good story that, and one typical of this fascinating government department.

"We want the best fig in the world," said the Californians—"the Smyrna fig." And they got a supply. The figs grew well—and then fell to the ground quite green! It was a mystery, and an explorer was sent to the fig's home in Asia Minor to investigate.

He soon discovered the weird process of "caprification." This was the hanging in true Smyrna trees of the young fruits of a nonedible variety. And swarming over these last were myriads of tiny wasplike creatures—the Blastophaga. These creep from the caprifigs into the hundreds of tiny flowers of which the fig is made up, and so fertilize them that instead of dropping off they grow and ripen on the tree.

And so caprifigs were sent over as cuttings—but only to fail again. When the trees bore, it was seen they had left their little insects behind them in Asia Minor, and were therefore worthless. So Mr. Swingle had another long journey; and at last after nineteen years of effort the first orchard of Smyrna figs was successfully established.

Fairchild's own adventures were of perennial interest to his host in the big Persian palace. One day, he told Newmarch, a Californian wrote to the department in

Washington asking about citrons. Said he had the land; God gave the climate; and so he wanted to grow some of the 2,000,000 pounds put into poundcake every year.

"That was why I went to Corsica. A pretty cool mission, wasn't it—to seek plants from people whose industry would be crippled by my zeal if the experiment were a success? I felt a bit nervous and confused on landing at lovely Bastia, but pushed on to a remote town in the island's heart, perched on a pinnacle of rock, and surrounded by groves of citron.

"Mr. Mayor said he'd come and see me when he'd buried a friend. I wondered whether it was a vendetta! Meanwhile I wandered around taking snapshots of the most picturesque place I ever beheld.

"Suddenly a heavy hand was on my shoulder, a curt voice called 'Vos papiers, s'il vous plait.' It was a sergeant of police. I tried to explain I had all sorts of papers and passports at Bastia; but it was in vain. The agricultural jottings in Italian found scribbled in my notebook seemed to damn me irretrievably. I was made a public exhibition in the village streets, and marched to jail as an Italian spy.

"What saved me? Why, the sight of a \$40 check, signed by the Treasury officials. You see, it looked important, and was considered an official American passport. Reluctantly I was let go, and in my flight across country I cut enough scions, or bud sticks, from the citron groves to graft a small orchard. In due time they reached southern California, where you will find the culture on a paying basis to-day."

And Fairchild could be diplomatist, too. Instance his adventures in Saaz, which is the center of the hop-growing region of Bohemia. Arrived there, he found the growers feared competition and would not sell cuttings. "Very well," said their foreign visitor, and said no more about it. After living among them some weeks they grew to regard him as a man and a brother; and when he subscribed a five-dollar bill toward a new tablet on the house of the man who had introduced hops into the district, they were willing to do anything for him. Still, discretion was necessary. He secured cuttings in the dead of the night, did his packing in an empty barn, and sent them off as "glassware" to his agent in Hamburg. In a similar case he smuggled tobacco seeds out of Sumatra, concealed in empty beer bottles.

And about the mango, the explorer has a curious tale to tell.

"Lathrop and I found there was a little mystery about this fruit. We two were down the East African coast some years ago, at Beira, in Portuguese territory. One day our Hindu servant brought back some of the most delicious fruit I ever tasted—which is saying a good deal. Tropical mangoes they were, rich as great peaches, free from fiber as a firm custard. I thought so grand a fruit would be a valuable present to our own Southern orchards, and asked whence they came. They were not of the mainland at all; that was certain. After many inquiries and journeyings up and down a little-known tropical coast, we visited the lonely home of this African immigrant—the Island of Chiloane, sixty miles south of Beira. Here we found an ancient monastery of the Portuguese, abandoned for a hundred years, and with superb mango trees bearing monster fruit amid the ruins.

"Now and then fishing boats would call at the island for fresh water and take a few mangoes on with them to Beira, there to be sold to the Portuguese governor and his staff. And it was the solitary cutting from this stock which survived the Florida blizzard of 1895, and became the parent of thousands now grown in that State."

Of this and other travels and adventures did the American talk in the City of the Caliphs. How he found udo, the new salad plant, in Japan; worked out its methods of culture, and distributed seed from Nova Scotia to California. How berseem, the clover of the Nile valley, was brought to the improved irrigated regions of Arizona and California. How the carob tree, or "St. John's bread," was transplanted from Sicily and Spain to Wisconsin, that farmers might make calf food out of the honey-sweet pods. How the little known chayote was brought from the West Indies to Louisiana, where it soon became the favorite vegetable of the Creoles.

And Fairchild believed in this chayote, a sort of cucumber borne on a trellised vine. One plant may grow 500 fruits. Even the roots and stems are delicious eating. The explorer went so far in his enthusiasm as to visit the chefs of certain fashionable hotels in New York and Philadelphia expressly to bring the chayote to their notice. These artists on their part were delighted with it; designed new recipes for cooking it, and put it in the forefront of their menus.



DATE PLANTATION ON THE
PERSIAN GULF



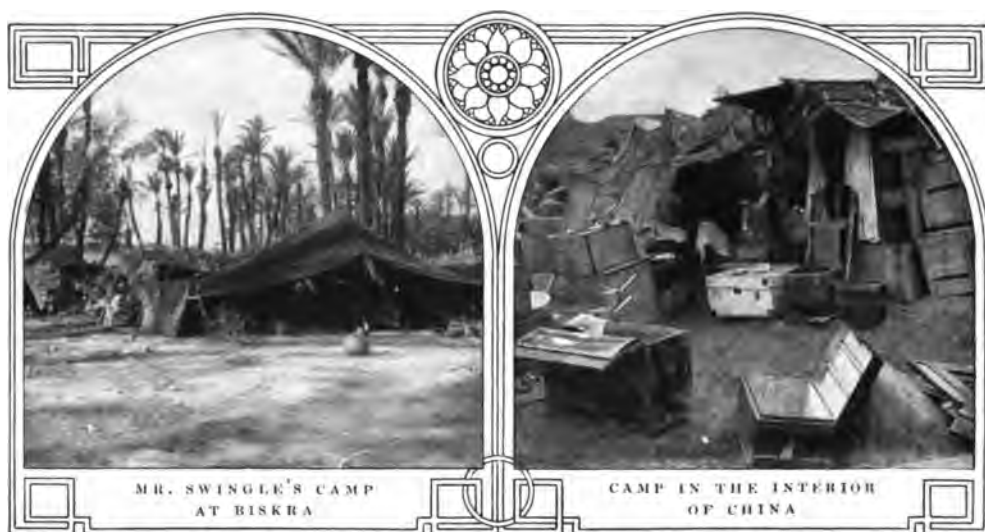
EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS INTRO-
DUCED INTO FLORIDA



PACKING DATES ON THE
GULF OF OMAN



YOUNG BAMBOO SHOOTS IN A
JAPANESE FOREST



MR. SWINGLE'S CAMP
AT BISKRA

CAMP IN THE INTERIOR
OF CHINA

Truly the zeal and ingenuity of these explorers is an inspiring thing! "We want a cover crop to increase our land's fertility," said the fruit growers of the Pacific slope, "and to add humus to the soil." Nor were our wandering devotees long before they lighted upon the curious fenugreek of Algeria—a soil-enriching plant twenty inches high, which the North African Arabs plant in the fall between rows of vines.

In the face of all this activity it seems strange to look back on the days when we imported fruit and vegetables, with the whole plant kingdom ready to be conquered for our farmers. We smile when we recall the days "before the war," when the tomato was a curio from Peru—a "poison apple" used to frighten the slaves into obedience. Yet last year we grew it on 600,000 acres of land!

The Franciscan fathers were early workers in this respect. The alfalfa they introduced in the fifties—which found its way here from Asia Minor, by way of Chile—has turned 2,000,000 acres into an immensely profitable farm area. Their sprigs of olive, too, now cover 1,000 orchards. And a few orange cuttings from the Brazilian East Coast, due to the foresight of an American woman, to-day represent \$8,000,000 a year for the California crop alone.

These things go on in silence. No historian chronicled the arrival among us in 1820 of the Lima bean, which to-day is such a plentiful and important crop that special freight rates

are quoted for it between southern California and the Atlantic coast. We save some of the names, even while we forget their source. Few are apt to recall that the explorers brought from Russia the stout-hearted Vladimir cherry and the Siberian crab apple, to provide hardy fruits for our own northern regions.

As one of the smaller things, take the horseradish of Malin, a little village near Vienna—the best of its kind in the world. Then behold roots secured on the spot, and in due time handed over to New Jersey growers. The result was surprising. Not only did it yield a ton more per acre, but the cash result was \$100 an acre over and above the ordinary yield. And in a single county of that small State the production of horseradish grew from a few hundred pounds a year to more than 1,000,000 pounds. It has been the same with the potato from the Highlands of Colombia and Peru; the rhubarb from Central Asia; the asparagus from England; the celery of South Europe; the Beldi and Telli barleys from Algeria, which have given such wonderful results in our Southwest; likewise the Ivanov rye from Russia, now grown in Maryland and Kansas; and the Abruzzes rye from the Italian Highlands.

Send out and get the best in the world; then educate the farmers in its culture and the public in its use; and after that grow it here at home with scientific zeal. Such was

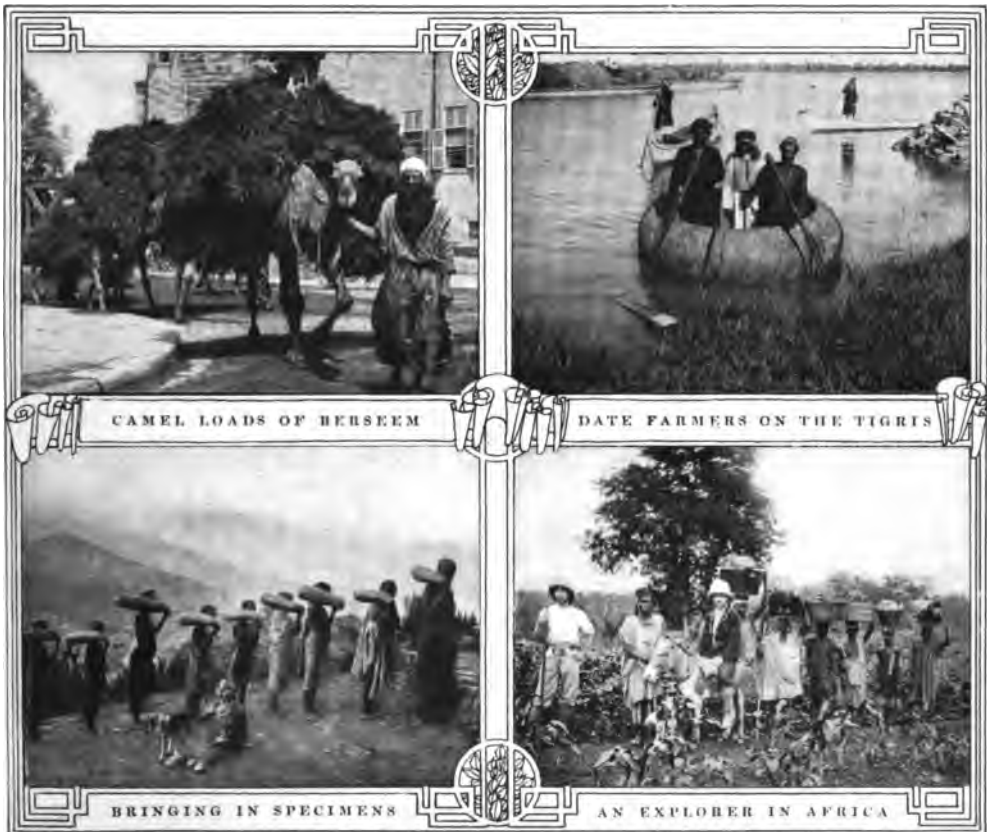
the theory which created the Bureau of Seed and Plant Introduction at Washington, now recording a dozen new arrivals a day from every part of the earth. And remember that in any one of these tiny seeds or apparently wilted cuttings may lie possible millions of money and the changing of desert into farm.

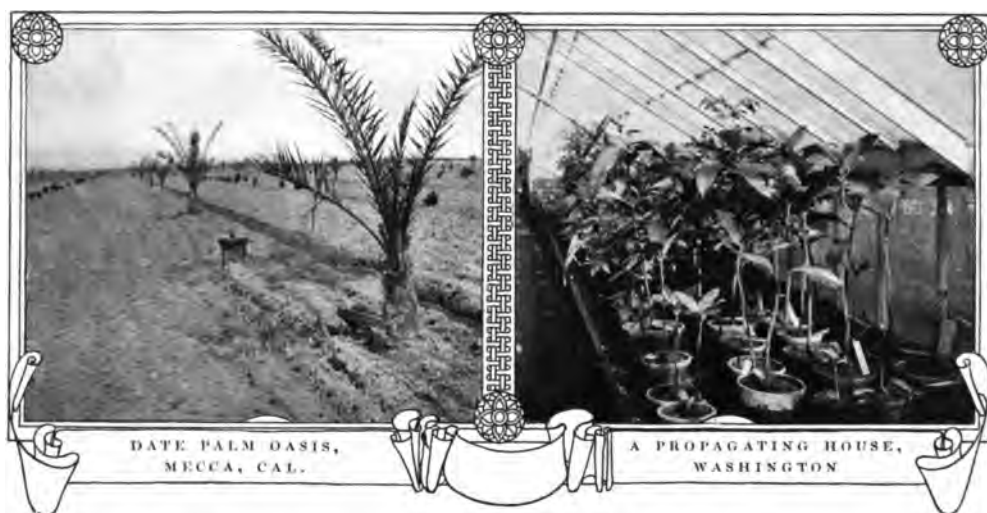
We are all familiar with polar exploration—its thrills, its terrors; the heroism with which its devotees face a dreadful death; and with pioneer work in equatorial Africa. But what is the practical value to mankind of such tasks, compared with those of the men whose work is here described? They, too, risk life and limb and health; suffer many hardships, great heat and cold, fever and thirst—all the discomforts of a Peary or a Stanley. But what did Sven Hedin bring back from Central Asian wilds one half so valuable as Prof. N. E. Hansen's new alfalfa?

And while we have rich men in plenty, how few there are who have served their country

as Barbour Lathrop of Chicago has served it. He loves world-travel this man, and so he works hard for us in Asia, Africa, the South Seas—wherever he may be; an "Honorary Explorer" these seven years, taking with him David Fairchild as plant expert and going round the world twice, visiting every continent and every important archipelago, sending home thousands of specimens, from a single cutting in a tin tube to a ton of some Arabian or African grain.

Asked for an account of their stewardship, the corps of explorers might reply: "We have gone painfully over the Russian steppes and entered Turkestan. We have scoured the North African littoral from Suez to Morocco, visiting oases where no white face had been seen for thirty years. We have examined on the spot the industries of Italy, Greece, Spain, and Austro-Hungary. The Nile Valley with its host of ancient irrigated crops has been thoroughly studied on the spot; and Japan's





peculiar and suggestive agriculture drawn upon for specific purposes. Hindostan and the Dutch East Indies, with their wealth of material for our own South, have at least been touched; the Arabian date region exploited; and South America, South Africa, Cape Colony, and the Transvaal, with Sweden and Finland, have all been gone over. Last, but far from least, the unlimited plant resources of the Chinese Empire are being probed by Frank N. Meyer."

It is known that many of our cultivated fruits had their origin somewhere in the Flowery Kingdom; and reports from missionaries, consuls, and travelers have shown that vast empire to be extraordinarily well supplied with plants and trees little known to our people.

Meyer has spent a year in Manchuria, whose climate is so like that of our own Northwest. As a result, we shall hope to know more about the seedless persimmon, Manchurian millet, Chinese hemp, some new pears, and the kamchak, or golden bamboo, from Canton, suggested for Florida and southern California. Mr. Meyer spent last winter near Pekin, and then passed on to the Shanghai region.

They will tell you at Washington that American-made macaroni from the best of our old wheats can't compare with the delicate product of a Gragnano factory, but the durum wheat we got from the humble Russian mujik is going to work such a vast change that the time will surely come when

we shall send macaroni to Italy instead of importing it to the tune of \$2,000,000 a year.

These missionaries of our soil find insects as well as plants for the service of our farmers in exterminating plant pests. Last winter they secured over 117,000 nests of the brown-tailed moth in thirty-three different localities of Europe, ranging from North Germany to South Hungary and West Brittany—a great variety of elevations and climates.

From these nests 70,000 parasites were reared here by our Washington entomologists, and set loose to lay their eggs in American-born caterpillars of the brown-tailed moth and other injurious insects. It was the same with the kelep or Guatemalan ant enemy and the cotton boll weevil; and the ladybirds which our explorers found last spring in Germany, Austria, and France. These were let loose in the vicinity of the parasite laboratory at North Saugus, Mass., where orchards and forests promised plenty of food for the beneficial species.

The bureau in Washington for which these men are working so devotedly is rightfully regarded by many advanced farmers as a sort of Deity, showering blessings on the land from time to time. Letters numbering 215,000 were received and answered last year. One man wants a fodder crop for irrigated land and gets the Nile berseem, on which the Egyptian fellahen have depended for centuries for soil-enriching nitrogen. Another is a reply from an Arizona man who has been

"passed" by the bureau as a suitable person to receive date-palm shoots.

Not an ounce of seed, not a single plant, is given out for the mere asking. Will what he asks for grow in his section at all; and if so is he a reliable man with whom the local experiment station can safely coöperate? Or is he inquiring out of mere curiosity, or with the eagerness of a man about to get something for nothing? Clearly there must be some system if the heroic labors of the explorers in savage lands are not to be frittered away.

If, however, the applicant be passed after inquiry, he is furnished with cuttings or seeds, with blanks for recording and reporting the entire history of the specimens. In this way is the whole story of a plant shown from the time it is received at Washington until it is "proved" and results obtained.

In the letters, too, we find one from the vice president of a big brewing concern, giving the results of a successful test of a pure-bred barley from Moravia. A farmer of Yuma, Ariz., inquires about the dry-land pistache nut from the Levant. Another at Wilmington, N. C., is willing to try the Japanese rush plant; a third at San Antonio, Texas, asks about fine bamboo.

But it is perhaps the foreign letters which are the most interesting. A correspondent in the Transvaal suggests an asparagus he thinks might thrive here. This bulky package is a bureau explorer's report from Manchuria, with fifty photographs taken in the heart of hitherto unexplored territory. Our consul at Teheran, in Persia, advises the office of a shipment of poppy; Mr. Skinner at Marseilles has something to say about the introduction of an Abyssinian coffee into Porto Rico.

And from the bureau's own pioneers, tagged parcels of every shape and size, bear-

ing every known postage stamp. Item: Big-leaved Chinese mustard: "The natives wilt it in the sun and pickle it with salt. May be useful as a food for sheep." Item: The Sycamore fig from Biskra, one of the date oases of the Sahara desert. "Suggested for Texas and Louisiana, if only as a landscape tree," for even the æsthetic side of American life is not overlooked by our travelers.

And where their work ends, that of the headquarters' staff begins, planting out, proving, distributing, with the same shrewd foresight characteristic of the whole department. Step into this vast white greenhouse in the government grounds at Washington. Here is the propagating house, where every bed tells its silent tale of travel and adventure. These bundles of date-palm shoots are from Tunis; those, from the Upper Nile. And farther along are mangoes from Madras, and young loquat trees from Japan—a new fruit for American orchards. Those pretty fragile ferns? Japanese rush brought over by Mr. Fairchild, who sees in the dainty fronds the unfolding of an industry.

The Arlington test farm of the department covers 370 acres; and the range of glass is perfectly equipped to nurse the most delicate of tropical products. Linked with it are the stations at Chico, Cal., and Tempe, Ariz. From the former alone 53,270 plants were distributed to private experimenters last year, and over 16,000 seedling trees propagated.

All of the work so far outlined is independent of the better-known distribution of seed samples to farmers through congressional appropriation and assignment, numbering 36,010,425 packets last year. Clearly this is one manifestation of government activity and paternal aid to impart industry that is earning its laurels and is worthy of wider attention and approval.



Drawn by Arthur Reher.

"Her bare white shoulders and arms glowed gloriously against the dark background of the night."

A BROKEN REED

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER

PART ONE

Being a narrative.



WITH shoulders thrown back, chest expanded, nostrils thrilling with the salt fragrance of the evening air, Kingdon swung along the tree-lined road, exulting in work well done—in golden opportunity strongly gripped.

That morning he had received at his Back Bay apartments a cablegram from his uncle, who was in London waging a battle of national, international, but principally personal import, directing him to go down to the avuncular country place on the North Shore, get from there certain papers essential to the successful waging of the aforementioned controversy, and bring them, personally, to the firing line by the first boat.

The boat in question was to sail from Hoboken on the following day, and thus Kingdon felt that he had ample time; for the midnight to New York would give him at least three hours before the time of departure. So he had leisurely superintended his packing, arranged for his transportation, and then had taken the train for the Crossing.

Arriving there, a depot carriage had conveyed him to his uncle's place. And then, as he had had over an hour to spare, he had dismissed the carriage and decided to walk back to the railroad station.

And now, with the documents safe in his inside pocket, he strode along through the soft summer dusk, pluming himself a bit upon the dexterity and exactitude with which he had, so far, performed his mission.

He stopped for an instant to gaze far, far

to the west where the blood-red fingers of the dying day, tearing from the golden blue sky dark masses of rolling, ragged cloud, permitted the sun to peer at him shyly from just above the tree-clad hills.

"Uncle Stivvy'll learn to depend on *me* now," he declared triumphantly, for the papers were important, the issues vast, and the responsibility grave. "He'll know after this that I am the right man in the right place at the right time. *I* wouldn't do what Van did. Van's a broken reed and uncle got properly bumped for trying to lean on him."

"Van," be it known, was his cousin who, some months before, had been sent by the same uncle on virtually the same mission and who, having met while upon that mission the lady of his heart, had forgotten the mission completely—for the aforesaid Van was of that school of latter-day philosophers whose principal tenet is that if pleasure interferes with your business, forego your business. Thus do those of the present generation compensate with their doctrine of "all play and no work" the creed of "all work and no play" of the generation before whose "all work" has made possible the "all play" of the other.

And Van, when placed betwixt Love and Duty, had not stopped to even vacillate mildly; but instead had treated Duty like a step-child and had followed where his heart led so tumultuously that he almost got there first.

"Van was an ass," soliloquized his astute cousin as he strode briskly through woods that ever and anon opened before his gaze glorious vistas of darkling sea and dense, dark forest. "If he had only done as he should, and taken his chance when it was



Drawn by Arthur Reher.

"He waited only to contradict the last two words by a glance."

given him, as I am doing, he might now be a member of the firm instead of a mere bridegroom whose highest ideal is to sit on a rock in the south of France and hold hands."

He paused again for a moment, to gaze out upon a broad expanse of dusk-veiled sea, gray-blue in the grasp of the evening mists.

"Poor Van!" he commented sorrowfully, from the depths of his wisdom.

What poor Van, happily holding hands in a south of France heaven, would have said in return is quite beside the mark; but it doubtless would have been far more pitying, and pointed to a degree.

All at once, indistinct in the gathering gloom, he saw before him a great touring car; and beside it there stood a girl. And she was apparently alone.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

The turf made soft footing; she did not hear him until he was at her side, nor even then until, brown hair uncovered, he said:

"I beg your pardon."

The girl started, frightened.

"I'm so sorry I startled you," he said contritely. "In trouble?"

She was still too surprised to reply; so he merely stood silently waiting—and looking. And his eyes were well repaid—well, indeed.

She was tall, though not too tall; and slender, just slender enough. A billowing mass of dark hair crowned her perfectly poised head, and her bare white shoulders and arms, covered with a filmy nothing—for she was in evening gown—glowed gloriously against the dark background of the night.

At length she gave a quick little laugh.

"Oh!" she cried. "You startled me so!"

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to." He eyed the car critically. "Something wrong?" he queried.

"Very," she replied. "It's run down, or unwound, or the mainspring's broken, or something like that. It balks just awfully!"

He laughed. "I judge that you are not, then, a motormaniac?" he said tentatively.

She shook her head.

"No," she replied. "I hate the horrid, smelly things. I'm a horsomaniac."

"Oh!" he said. And then, "Where's your chauffeur?"

She shook the dark masses of her hair lightly.

"There isn't any," she returned. "Or, at least, there isn't any except me—and

I'm not— You see," she explained, "Ken Gordon came over to our place to-night in his car—this is it"—she nodded daintily at the huge red monster—"and I happened to go out on the veranda and saw it there, panting and puffing and pawing; and just for fun I got in. I'd often seen them push those handles and things, and I knew that it steered with a wheel, and when I had gotten in—oh, it was *such* a silly thing to do!—and I can't imagine why in the world I did it—just an impulse, I suppose, as children like to pull the works out of watches to see what makes them go. I pushed on one of those brass poles, and twisted that little handle there on the wheel. And then, all of a sudden, the old thing gave an *awful* jump and the first thing I knew we were tearing across the lawn, and we killed a couple of young trees—pulled them right up by the roots—and tore up seven or eight flower beds—Aunt Emily's pet azaleas were in one of them, too!—and then bumped against three or four gateposts and started off down the road as though we were trying to catch up with yesterday. Oh, it was terrible!"

Kingdon nodded sympathetically.

"And then," she continued, "all at once I remembered the little handle; and I twisted it back, and then everything stopped. . . . I guess I must have turned it back too hard and broken the spring."

Kingdon laughed again.

"Oh, it isn't funny!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I might have been hurt—badly hurt."

He nodded gravely. "That part of it isn't funny, of course," he said. "But," he added, "the rest is. Isn't it?"

She glanced up at him.

"Well, perhaps—a little," she replied. She looked at the car aggrievedly; then turned to Kingdon.

"But what shall we do now?" she demanded. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to both that she should appeal to him for advice and assistance; for they had completely forgotten the fact that they did not know one another.

"Why!" she exclaimed suddenly, "I must have been standing here thinking mean things about that old car for almost two hours. And they'll miss me, and be ever and ever so frightened." She turned and looked at the dark road behind her. "I wonder," she said slowly, "if I've come one mile or one hundred."

Kingdon had gone to the car and was lighting the lamps.

"Undoubtedly the only trouble with the thing is that you stopped the engine—which is no trouble at all," he said. "I'll crank it and see if it won't go."

He tinkered with the "handles" for a moment and then, going around to the front of the car, took the crank handle from its little leather hood. Then, throwing his weight upon it knackfully, he brought it over. Instantly there was a dull spitting and whirring and the hood trembled with the vibrations of its gaseous heart.

"There," he said satisfiedly. "See?"

"Oh!" she cried, clapping her little hands delightedly. "I'm so glad you came!"

He looked at her as closely as the gloom would permit; and, though it did not permit much, still that which it did permit satisfied him, and more than satisfied him.

"So am I," he replied. And with infinite sincerity.

"Now get in," he said, "and I'll drive you back to your place," and he mounted to the chauffeur's seat.

She leaped lightly into the seat beside him. Gathering the filmy nothing a bit more closely about her throat, she heaved a delicious little sigh of relief.

"Back, of course," he said tentatively.

She nodded. He clutched into the low speed and negotiated the turn; and then, into the high speed, and they were off, winding swiftly along the dusky road.

All at once there came from the gloom on their left two great stone gates. It was the entrance to his uncle's place.

"Great suffering Maria!" he exclaimed.

The girl started a little, for it was very sudden.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Is it going to run down again?"

"No," he said. "I'd forgotten all about those dog-goned papers!"

"What papers?" she queried bewilderedly.

"Why," he explained, "the papers my uncle sent me down here to get and to bring to London to him. And if I don't get that eight o'clock train, I can't catch the boat!"

There was a moment's pause.

"What time is it now?" she asked.

He took his watch from his pocket and carried it close to his eyes, that he might see the dial.

"Twenty-one minutes of eight," he re-

plied. "And we're at least four or five miles from the depot!"

"You can make it if the car doesn't unwind," she said. "Turn around."

"But you!" he cried. "I can't leave you like that!"

"There's a telephone there," she replied. "I can call up our place and they'll come down and get me. It's the only thing to do!"

He turned and gazed at her. Indistinctly (yet with such glorious indistinctness!) he could see the perfect lines of head and neck and gleaming shoulders, framed in a setting of whipping, fluttering gauze and swift-passing darkness. And he looked and looked until the girl suddenly gave a frightened little cry of warning; and he diverted his eyes from her long enough to avoid running over a homing produce vender who was frantically using every effort and most of his vocabulary to keep his steed from climbing a tall and sturdy oak.

When at length the car had again settled into its throbbing stride, he turned to her again.

"I don't believe I'll bother with those blooming papers after all," he said. "What's the use? Uncle Stivvy has so much money now that his digestion's ruined. I'll take you home instead."

She shook her head protestingly.

"No!" she cried. "I won't let you! They're important, aren't they, those papers?"

He nodded unwillingly. "I suppose so," he admitted, "but——"

"And they must be there on time, mustn't they?"

He nodded again, yet more unwillingly.

"Why, it's perfectly silly!" she exclaimed. "Even sillier than my kidnapping myself in this old car! Don't you see? It will be all right. Really it will. I can go right to the minister's house—it's just by the depot—and he has a 'phone—and call up my people; and then wait right there in his parlor and look at his family photograph album and drink tea until some one comes for me. You just must catch your train!"

He hesitated for a moment; and then his sadly diffused sense of responsibility began to coagulate again, and he slowly stopped the car, turned it, and clutched into the high speed once more.

"What time is it now?" she asked.

He handed her his watch; for he was driving hard now—almost as hard as the sixty

horses beneath him could fling their cylindrical feet.

"Eleven minutes of eight!" she shouted to him through the whistling darkness. "Hurry!"

He nodded; and the car sped yet faster.

On either side of them the trees sped frantically by, dull, black, driven shapes, swirling into one whirling blur of dense opaqueness. The white ribbon of the road unwound beneath the shivering body of the car, curving, sinuous. On and on they sped, faster—faster—faster—!

The sharp breath of the night bit their cheeks, stung their eyes; and the fingers of the wind tore at their clothing with weak insistence. On and on they sped, and on—and suddenly, in the darkness before them, they saw the feeble light of an excitedly swung lantern and heard a loud, commanding cry that changed instantly to a frightened yell; and all at once, there in the blinding glare of the head light, an exceedingly frightened individual did a back somersault into the ditch.

"Chump!" cried Kingdon under his breath. He did not for an instant lessen the speed of the flying car. "Constable, I suppose. With the experience he must have had, he ought to know better," and he opened the throttle a bit more.

Another three miles they sped; and then, before them, appeared more lanterns, and they heard shouts; and in the dim glare of the shifting little lights they could see dim shapes of running men.

"Dog-gone it!" exclaimed Kingdon, checking the car abruptly. "Here's where we finish. They've probably got a cable across the road."

The car, panting like a laboring horse, came to a stop in the center of a group of men.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Kingdon.

"You," was the laconic and bucolic response.

"But I'm hurrying to catch a train!" he cried impatiently.

"An' we are a-hurryin' to ketch you," returned the moving spirit of the group, a short, stout man to whom nature had been most generous in the matter of facial foliage. "Constable Tompkins he telephoned down from the Corners an' it ain't took you but five minutes to go them three mile."

"But I haven't done any harm!" protested

Kingdon. "I— Oh, don't be such a lot of dummies! Can't you see that I've simply got to get that train? . . . How much will you take to square it now and let me go?"

Now this last was most unwise; for, while it is safe to bribe one constable, it is most dangerous to try to buy them up in job lots; and loud murmurs of righteous indignation and insulted virtue arose from the group.

Just then there came through the night stillness the "toot—toot—toot—toot" of a locomotive whistle; and Kingdon heard whispered close to his ear:

"The station's just ahead down the road. If you run fast you may be able to catch the train just as it's leaving, and get away!"

"But you?" he cried softly.

"I'll be all right," she replied. "I know most of them—they haven't recognized me yet—but when they do they'll take me right home. Run!"

"But," he protested again, "I—"

"Oh, don't wait! Don't stop to talk!" she cried impatiently. "Run! Run! Run!"

Her hand was on his sleeve. He seized it in his and pressed it closely. The imprisoned fingers fluttered for an instant and then, for another instant, lay still. He almost thought they did even more; but he was not sure, for just then she suddenly turned and pointed at the woods on their left.

"Look! Look!" she exclaimed loudly and with infinite excitement.

Unanimously the group by the hood did so.

"Now!" she whispered to Kingdon. "Good-by."

He waited only to contradict the last two words with a glance that spoke more eloquently (and, be it added, more quietly) than could voice; and then leaped quickly and silently to the ground. And ere the surprised group had finished looking, he was half a hundred yards down the dark road.

One of the group, seeing nothing at which to look, turned back to the car. On noting that Kingdon had vanished from the chauffeur's seat, he emitted a prodigious cry of amazement and wrath and quickly glanced about him. Another second and he had seen the fleeing figure, now almost swallowed by the enshrouding darkness, and he was off in pursuit with the rest trailing behind, like hounds after a fox.

But Kingdon had a good lead; and he constantly made it better; and looking over his shoulder at the pursuing arms of the law

and ahead at the train that was even now on the point of departure, he laughed a little; for he knew that he was safe from capture.

As he swung himself aboard the rear end of the last car of the now swiftly moving train, he gazed back at the straggling group of dim, frantically running figures.

"Thank the Lord," he said to himself, "for long legs and good wind. I wonder what's the quickest time I can make to London and back."

PART TWO

Being a continuation of the narrative.

At the third station at which the train stopped, they were delayed an unconsciously long time. Kingdon, impatiently flipping the ash from the end of his cigarette, turned and looked out of the window.

"Now, what the devil," he began impatiently, but just then the car door opened and three policemen entered with the brakeman.

The latter pointed in his general direction a stumpy finger, plentifully clothed with dirt and soot.

"There's the duck you want, I guess," he said. "He's the only passenger what got aboard at the Crossin'."

The largest policeman was referring to a slip of paper that he held in one ample palm.

"Answers the description all right, all right," he commented quite audibly to Kingdon and all the rest of the passengers. "Gray coat an' derby hat, six foot tall, brown hair an' eyes—that's the cuss all right," and, going to where sat the amazed and angered and alarmed bearer of important documents, he leaned over and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Come along now, Bill. We want you."

"But," expostulated their victim angrily, "I——"

"Will yer come quiet 'r will we put the twisters on yer?" demanded the big policeman with an air that seemed to imply that Kingdon's choice made scant difference to him.

"But it's all a mistake!" howled the messenger for London. "Don't you see, you big fathead, I——"

"You can tell yer troubles in court in th' mornin'," interrupted the policeman unpleasantly. "Come along now."

The events of the evening had frazzled the

patience of the arrestee to such a degree that he may be pardoned if he did something that ordinarily his common sense would have told him was as foolish as it was futile; and that was to aim a left swing at the point of the big policeman's square jaw.

The swing, however, didn't land. But the big policeman and the two smaller policemen and the brakeman did. And Kingdon made a hurried and tumultuous exit from the train and left the station in a patrol wagon with the big policeman sitting on his chest and handcuffs on both wrists.

PART THREE

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Van Dorn, of the firm of Van Dorn & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago, London, Berlin, and Paris, at Claridge's, London.

Can't come.

KINGDON.

PART FOUR

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Kingdon, of the law firm of Stuyvesant Kingdon, anywhere in America, in jail.

Why not?

STUYVESANT VAN DORN.

PART FIVE

Being another cablegram received by the party of the first part.

Pinched.

KINGDON.

PART SIX

Being an excerpt from The Suffolk County Banner of Light.

ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING

*Prominent Young Boston Society Man Caught by Local Police Force Escapes. But is Later Arrested and Brought Back.
Fined \$10 and Costs*

Last Monday evening, shortly before eight o'clock, Constable Tompkins, who is posted at the Corners to watch out for speeding automobilists, saw a big touring car coming toward him at sixty-five or seventy

mile an hour. In trying to stop it he narrowly escaped death. He then called up by the new telephone the constables at the Crossing, which is designed for just such occasions as these, and they succeeded in stopping the automobile, which had narrowly missed causing the death of their comrade. The young man, however, who is tall and very spry, jumped from the car and got away by train. However, our efficient force was not to be thus balked and they had him arrested by telephoning ahead down the line. He was brought back and, after spending the night in jail, was brought before Justice Simmons in the morning. The justice fined him \$10 and costs and gave him a most impressive lecture on carelessness and the regard for human life. The young man, whose name is Stuyvesant Kingdon, his mother having been a sister to Mr. Stuyvesant Van Dorn, the multimillionaire, announces that he is going to open up his uncle's place, which everyone knows, and stay there all summer. We hope he will. The more the merrier, Stuyvesant.

PART SEVEN

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Kingdon.

What do you mean pinched where are those papers answer immediately.

STUYVESANT VAN DORN.

PART EIGHT

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Van Dorn.

Pinched is pinched papers coming by mail too busy.

KINGDON.

PART NINE

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Kingdon.

Did unjust heaven make all my nephews damn fools who'll take care of things?

STUYVESANT VAN DORN.

PART TEN

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Van Dorn.

You take care of money van and i will take care of rest.

KINGDON.

PART ELEVEN

Being a letter received by Mortimer Montfort, of the firm of Montfort & Co., bankers, Wall Street, New York, at his offices.

DEAR DADDYKINS: Oh, I've so much to tell you. He's opened his uncle's place—the one next to ours, you know. He didn't say a word to his uncle about it either, nor even ask his consent! Said that the old gentleman was apoplectic, and that it would be unjust to take any chances. And he's going to stay there all summer, too!

It was awfully exciting, and he has such fine eyes and he's really very good looking, indeed handsome. And he decided not to go to London at all (oh, I think I said that already!) and that the papers—the documents he came down to get, you know—really didn't matter because his uncle had robbed so many people that if a few got away it didn't make much difference.

And mamma likes him, too, and he's going to take me motoring this afternoon (and really, daddykins, automobiles aren't so awful after all), so I can't write any more now.

With loads of love,

DAUGHTER MARGIE.

P. S.—I'm sure you'll like him. Everyone does. Spot and Prince Charles and Lief Ericson—the Great Dane, you know—all treat him as though they'd known him for years, and that's a good sign, isn't it? And he has such fine eyes—Stuyvesant, I mean, not Lief—and you just *must* like him, daddy dear.

P. P. S.—You always say that my letters are confusing and aren't properly assembled, and that the wheels are dished and the tires loose. I'm sure you can't say that this is like that because I've taken ever and ever so much pains with it and I'm sure it's perfectly lucid.

PART TWELVE

Being a telegram received by Miss Marjorie Montfort, Beverly Farms, Mass.

Letter so Lucid i am Coming down sunday to Look him over.

DAD.

PART THIRTEEN

Cablegram received by Eric Van Dorn, "Holding-Hands-on-a-Rock," Heaven, South of France.

Rent me villa fence around it eighteen miles from nearest neighbor including yourself you are not such an ass as I thought you were.

STUYV



A CONSIGNMENT OF LABORERS ON SHIPBOARD, BOUND FOR A SOUTHERN LUMBER CAMP

MY LIFE IN PEONAGE

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

III. THE KIDNAPPING OF "PUNK"



PEONAGE in its American form is the old-fashioned imprisonment for debt, with these modern improvements—that the debt may be imaginary or fraudulently established; that hard labor is compulsory; that the jails are not legal institutions; that the jailers have no legal authority, and, indeed, draw a profit from their abuse of a system which is itself an abuse.

In its most brutal manifestation peonage is local; but in a variety of subtle forms it is universal. It is a web as ingeniously spun for the laborer as the spider's web is spun for the fly. The poor, the ignorant, the unsuspecting, whether white or black, emigrant or native, get caught in its meshes.

The first article in this series was an irrefutable statement of a typical case. It showed the system at work. The second was a personal experience in a lumber region, giving an inside view of the brutality of a peonage camp, and of the systematic robbery of the laborers. The following is the story of how an American boy found himself in the web, decoyed by false promises, held in servitude, flogged, and finally kidnapped.

"'Punk' is a young thug!"

That was the verdict of half a dozen lumber jacks in a pine forest one day as we lounged around the stable in the dinner hour.

"What is a thug?" I asked.

"Well," volunteered the stableman, "he's a sucker from the Bow'ry what won't work!"

"Did they flog him for laziness?" I asked.

"They licked him for sassin' the sawyers an' refusin' to give them water!"

"Would they flog me for the same offense?"

"Dunno."

I borrowed from the company to the limit of what I had earned there, and crept out of the forest like a thief in the night. My next job was as a 'longshoreman in Pensacola. There on the beach amid the wreckage of a storm that devastated the coast, I met "Punk."

He was the most pathetic figure of all the labor slaves I met in the South. Rather short for one of his years—large black eyes and masses of tangled black hair falling loosely over his brow; the face of a boy and a soft mild voice; an American with the crouching subservency of an African slave: that was the first impression I got of the lad they had christened "Punk."

Arthur Henry Conti was born July 4, 1889. His parents were Italian and lived in a big dark tenement at 2207 First Avenue, New York City. The Contis occupied two rooms on the third floor. Into neither of them did the light of the sun ever enter. The living room had to be lighted by a lamp day and night. A fire escape ran the length of the rooms. It was a piazza and a receptacle for whatever the rooms couldn't hold.

Arthur's life for the first ten years was the life of the ordinary tenement child. As soon as he could walk he was introduced to the street, where he mingled with the human spawn of the congested thoroughfare.

His mother died when he was less than five. He remembers being awakened one morning by her warm kisses on his lips. By the light of the yellow rays from the lamp he saw the love light in her eyes—they lay together in the bed, mother and child. Then they took her away—away forever from his sight.

"I couldn't cry," he told me, "but I had a very sore heart!"

Then another mother came and took the little family of three—his brother, sister, and himself. After a while others came, and the two rooms were crowded. His second mother had much care and some sorrow. She was of those who imagine that sorrow can be drowned in liquor.

He was sent to what he calls a "soup school"—a mission school in the neighborhood. He attended for a year. In 1902 his father, who was a hod-carrier, died in a Harlem hospital. Then Arthur was "put away" as he states it, in the New York Catholic Pro-

tectory at Westchester. He "stood there" for about four years. He was taught while there a little military drill, some caning of chairs, and much prayer. When he left Westchester, at the age of sixteen, in June, 1905, he had two things with which to begin the battle of life—a belief in God, and ability to cane-bottom a chair.

The first station on the way was an outstation of the Protectory, at 415 Broome Street. There he came under the influence of Brother Barnabas—whose name even now makes tender and kind the boy's speech. Brother Barnabas is the captain of a little life-saving station down there, and the boys love him.

Several jobs—caning chairs—came to Arthur, but having tasted some of the liberty of life, he yearned for more. The river front attracted him. One day he got permission to work his way on a river boat to Albany. He didn't care where the thing was going. It was enough that he was on board with a chance to work, and in his own dull way enjoy the magic of the water-way up the Hudson.

He went to Schenectady and worked a few months for a farmer who lived some miles from the city. As his work grew heavier, the novelty of the farm wore off and he returned to Albany. Next he got a job on the wagon of the Humane Society, which, in view of his after life, has a touch of irony in it. He spent his days on the streets in the interest of stray and neglected dogs! This short-lived experience made a lasting impression on him. I saw some evidence of it, for as we sat one day together on a pile of driftwood on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, a dog came up—looking for a friend, I suppose. He walked past me as if I had been a broken spar, but nuzzled up to Arthur and licked his hand as familiarly as if they had been chums for years!

From Albany he returned to New York. He "stood up" in the newsboys' lodging-house for three days. During that time he became acquainted with "Stony" and Murphy. Arthur made it a trio.

There are many kinds of labor agencies on Greenwich Street, but Mrs. Reese alone has the nerve to advertise hers as a "Reliable Agency." "Reese's Reliable Employment Agency" is at 53.

The three boys were on their way to an agency named as a joke "The Farmer's Rest," but as they passed Mrs. Reese's door they were accosted by an agent who wanted one hundred men and wanted them at once.



ARTHUR BUCKLEY, ALIAS "PUNK"

A youthful victim of the peonage system who was brutally flogged at the lumber camp and then kidnapped.

The boys went in and were made to feel at home. The usual fairy stories were told of the fortunes made by laborers in the South. Mrs. Reese had a stock story of a man who in twenty-one months had made a thousand dollars.

"Well, from the employemency," Arthur said, "we went to the Kansas City of the Ocean Steamship Line."

"Employemency" is a word of Arthur's coinage.

The name he gave there was "Buckley" and it was as "Buckley" he was known in the South, and Buckley he desires it to remain. He says it is more American. And he has a desire to be an American—whatever that is.

In the gang of thirty-six was an Irishman named Joe McGinnis. Joe made things more than lively on the voyage. He paid special attention to the Hebrews. Herman Orminsky was a young Russian Jew who had traveled a long distance for freedom. McGinnis got him asleep, and with a pair of scissors trimmed his big bushy head of hair. On the crown of it he clipped the form of a cross.

"There now!" said Joe. "Begorra, if the ship sinks there's hope fur ye, ye blinderin' blackguard!"

There was trouble when the young Russian awoke, and it was only when the captain of the ship appeared, armed with the prerogative of the high seas and a revolver, that peace was restored between Celt and Semite. The gang called Orminsky "Square-head" after

that. Arthur escaped violent contact with McGinnis, but Joe christened him "Punk," and the name was fastened upon him.

They were met at Savannah by John W. Le Maistre, the turpentine boss of the Jackson Lumber Company, of Lockhart, Alabama. Arthur had a contract in his pocket to work for this company and it meant to him law and an honorable understanding. Mr. Le Maistre treated the men kindly at every point on the journey.

Out from Lockhart about seven miles in the woods is the logging camp. Gallagher was woods foreman and Bellinger was his assistant. The bunks in the box car where the men lived were crowded tier upon tier, with two men to a bunk. The bedding was black, and when it rained the roof leaked and sodden beds chilled the men to the bone!

Gallagher, "the bull of the woods," gave the newcomers an idea of law that only Orminsky, the young Russian Jew, understood. The young Russian had seen something of the terror of Cossack tyranny, and their first night in camp reminded him of the things he thought he had left behind. Joe McGinnis came to a deadlock with an odoriferous bunk mate. The odor was the cause of it. McGinnis was pulled out of the box car, and when three shots were fired so close as to burn his face with the powder, he dropped to his knees and begged for his life. Arthur stood by, trembling. This was Gallagher's first lesson to the neophytes of the pines.

Hughie, the cook, needed a helper, and Arthur got the job. It was looked upon as a sinecure. It lasted a week, then he was sent to carry water to the sawyers. It was Bellinger, Gallagher's assistant, who told him what to do. Arthur's mind worked on a definite order, as a cash register might. He thought his only safe course was to do neither more nor less than he was told. He was to provide a certain section of men—a number of gangs—with drinking water. Men of other drifts demanded water too, and Arthur refused. He made his appeal to authority. The men told Gallagher.

"Give him hell!" Gallagher said, "or hold him till Bellinger gets at him!"

Bellinger was the best-natured man in the camp. He had laughing blue eyes and a kindly face. He carried always a revolver and sometimes a couple of them, but he hadn't a brutal nature. In a close study of Bellinger I could find but one explanation of his brutality—it was part of his business.

Bellinger told Arthur that he had a new job for him. It was in the barn. He called also Ollie, the biggest man in camp, and Jones the blacksmith. They entered at the same time. Arthur was told to arrange his own pillory. He was still unsuspecting. When ready, the two men seized him and bent him over the block. Arthur screamed.

Bellinger struck the first blow with a stout leather thong that curled like a snake around the ribs of the boy. The blood spurted into his ragged shirt. Bellinger is stout and still young, and, stripped for the business in hand, he flogged the writhing, screaming lad till, panting for breath, with the sweat pouring over his face, he halted for a moment to rest. The thong raised a welt on Arthur's back every time it fell. Sometimes it cut clean. He imagined for a moment that it was over, but with a fresh supply of breath Bellinger began again, and continued until, with sheer exhaustion and inability to go on, he stopped and told the men to let "the Dago" go.

He had given him about fifty lashes—a number that even in the most brutal of stockades is seldom given to the most abandoned criminal.

Arthur was then handed over to Fagar, an

under-boss, under whom I worked during the last hours of my employment in the camp. Fagar did not work him long, for Mike of the "four-spot"—an engine marked 4—asked to have Arthur appointed his fireman. For two weeks Arthur couldn't sit down at meals—he stood at the end of the table and ate his portion. At night in his bunk he lay on his stomach. The sores festered and bled profusely. It was the sight of the boy standing at his meals, pale and trembling with pain, that moved the heart of Mike, the engineer.

He had too much bending to do, however, and three days were all he could stand of it. The pain was excruciating—and Mike found him often silently weeping, though working hard in appreciation of Mike and in fear of worse treatment.

Then Orminsky—who was known in camp only as "Square-head"—got flogged. This brought them closer together. Corporal punishment was now the order of the camp. Men tried to run away and were traced with bloodhounds and returned. Several of them were tied to trees and flogged. The most brutal episode of this period was the battering of old Jordoneff by Gallagher. With the butt



MEN IN GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK, TAGGED AND WAITING
TRANSPORTATION TO THE LABOR CAMPS OF THE SOUTH



THE WHARVES OF PENSACOLA

and of a revolver he was felled to the floor of the box car, then kicked about the head until he was nearly killed.

Then came a German visitor of the name of Lesser—a sort of semi-official investigator, to search for something creditable to the company. All eyes were on Arthur and "Square-head." Arthur hid beneath the office box car and waited for an opportunity to tell Lesser some of the truth, but when he remembered the armed guards and the bloodhounds, he made as mild a protest as possible. The company entertained Mr. Lesser, and Mr. Lesser later informed the German Immigration Society (which is himself) that the men from New York were a lot of hobos and thieves. In a letter to me later he said:

"The Jackson Lumber Co. *threatened* their men good."

They certainly did and made good the threat!

Jones, the blacksmith, the man who helped Ollie hold Arthur while he was flogged, promised him a suit of clothes and various other things if he would get out of the way of the "German Consul," Lesser. He made several attempts to see Lesser, but was always headed off by Bellinger.

It was about five o'clock that day when Eugene P. Newlander, the bookkeeper, arrived from Lockhart with a horse and buggy and took Arthur and "Square-head" away.

He drove them to a point about twenty miles from the camp. There they met

Huggins—Solomon Huggins, one of the turpentine bosses of the Jackson Lumber Company. It is worthy of note that Huggins was the first Southerner they had come in contact with. Bellingr was a New Yorker; Gallagher, an Irishman; Angelo, who beat Arthur with a club, an Italian; Harlan and Le Maistre Eastern men, and the heads of the company, of Davenport, Iowa.

Huggins took them still farther away, where they cut posts for fifteen days. Then they began to inquire about pay. Huggins promised to let them know soon. One day he went to town. His order preceded him by several hours. It was that Arthur and "Square-head" should be got ready for a journey at midnight. The boys were shaken out of their pallets at the appointed hour and ordered to the barn. Arthur had heard such orders before, and his heart was filled with dread. He turned very pale when one of the camp foremen said to another man, "Have you got your gun?"

The bookkeeper drove them to a place where Huggins met them an hour or so after midnight. Arthur was bareheaded—his clothing was scant and ragged. Huggins gave him an old straw hat for the journey. He drove them thirty-five miles through the pines, to a station where they boarded a train for Albany, Georgia. Huggins had orders from headquarters to get them some clothes. He bought Arthur a pair of overalls and an undershirt. That made him more comfortable, anyway, and covered the holes.

"Youse people owe me \$15," Arthur said. "Why don't youse pay me?"

Huggins assured him that it was all right.

They took a train for Broxton, Georgia, where they stayed in the home of Huggins for two days. Then they were taken to Hazlehurst, Georgia. All the time Arthur felt that Huggins wanted to get rid of them. It was a feeling of relief to him, and he communicated his belief to Orminsky, who didn't seem to take the situation seriously. Huggins heard Arthur's warning and shook him for it. This gave the boy another opportunity to ask for his money.

"You walk with me or you walk back to Lockhart!" Huggins said. Then he gave them a dollar and left them for the afternoon.

"If yer asked where yer goin'," said Huggins, "tell 'em yer goin' t' th' mountains for yer health!"

"What did you do with the dollar?" I

asked Arthur, and with a boyish twinkle he replied:

"Bought candy an' soda, 'cept ten cents what I gave back to Huggins."

From Hazlehurst he took them to Lumber City, where he deserted them. Here the boys attended a "show" given by a patent medicine company. Arthur was peculiarly drawn to the medicine man. He had a kindly face, could tell a good story, and his business in life seemed to the boys the purest philanthropy ever seen. He could cure any ill that flesh acquired or fell heir to. Arthur thought him a wonder, so he unburdened his heart to him.

The medicine man diagnosed the case at a glance and prescribed a remedy—the town marshal. The marshal took notes, and Arthur joined the show and went to the next village as one of the staff. His experience as a show man was short-lived, however. He "did" only three towns, then he returned to Lumber City.

"Them notes th' marshal took," Arthur said, "kinda interested me." He was to communicate with Washington, and the name had a dash of romance for the boy.

He got a job in Hensen's sawmill, where he was promised \$1.25 a day and got \$1. He bought some clothes and went back to Hazlehurst. There he found work in a livery stable as a driver. This lasted but a few days. With the independence that a few dollars gave him, he betook himself to Brooklyn, Georgia. He liked the name! It sounded near New York.

There was no more romance in the name of our capital city to Orminsky than there was in the name of Kishinev. He moved less rapidly than the American boy. Ideas came slower to him and they came one at a time. Secret service men found Orminsky at Lumber City, and through him they traced Arthur to Hazlehurst, where for nine days he remained in jail awaiting the convenience of the Government.

Then with Orminsky he was taken to Pensacola as a Government witness against the Jackson Lumber Company. Then for some weeks they watched the "whipping boss," "the bull of the woods," and others face the facts of that life of terror in the wild. Arthur saw men help old Jordoneff up the steps in a dying condition, but he knew and Orminsky knew, that it was their innings.

The peons told their stories—the jury returned a verdict of guilty—and six of the bosses—Hilton, Huggins, Harlan, Gallagher,



THE AUTHOR AT WORK AS A LONGSHOREMAN IN PENSACOLA,
WHERE HE MET ARTHUR BUCKLEY

Grace, and Sandor—were sentenced to prison; Gallagher for fifteen months, Harlan for eighteen months, and the others for thirteen months, all with fines ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

But Bellinger escaped! Sandor got a year in prison for being in the company of Grace and Gallagher when they forced Michael Trudics back to work out a debt. Grace flashed a gun—Gallagher plied a whip—Sandor talked. Flogging was a mere incident—part of the game—nobody was charged with it—nobody was punished for it. That seemed queer to Arthur.

After the trial the peons stood by each other until all were down at the same dead level of poverty. Then they separated and Arthur went to sea. He shipped on board a Norwegian square-rigged bark named the *Hereford*, bound for Buenos Ayres with a cargo of lumber. Before he got his "sea legs" the captain had reduced his wages from \$25 to \$15 per month, and Arthur had registered a mental protest against the reduction in salary.

The voyage of the *Hereford* had all the characteristics of a W. Clark Russell novel. Fearful storms broke upon the vessel; the

deckload of pine logs broke loose; the masts were carried away; three sailors were crushed to pieces by the lurch of a huge beam and the fall of a mast; and Skipper Jensen had both legs broken, besides suffering other injuries.

Arthur stuck by the captain, nursing and protecting him, and out of his boyhood memories from the Catholic Protectory he muttered a "Hail, Mary!" for the ones who were killed, when the sailors threw them over the side. After nearly a week of awful storm and suffering the wind and sea quieted, the remains of the deckload were cleared away, and the *Hereford*, now a mere hulk, returned to an even keel. Then came a rescuer, the *Olivemoor*, a British steamer bound for Bristol. The helpless captain was lowered over the side, the crew clambered into the small boats, and the derelict was abandoned.

In Norfolk, where the crew landed, the men were sent to the various consuls for shipment to various ports, but Arthur was an American, and being theoretically at home and having no consul, he was given fifty cents and cast adrift on the streets. He appealed to Captain Jensen, but the old man waved him away.

"Gee!" Arthur said, "d'ye t'ink dat was

nice? After me pickin' d' blood off of 'is face an' fixin' 'im up good all troo d' storm?"

Half naked and hungry, he worked his passage to New York as a deckhand on a steamer. He was full of hope, now that he was at home—it was a big home. At least he thought of it in that way until he got closer and searched for friends.

Brother Barnabas of the Protectory was glad to see him at the Broome Street branch, but the place was full to the door. He secured temporary employment at a club on Fifth Avenue. It was for a few days only, but while there he had an interesting meeting with W. S. Harlan, the general manager of the Jackson Lumber Company. Mr. Harlan had an appeal pending in court, from his conviction of conspiracy to violate the anti-peonage laws, with the resulting sentence of fine and imprisonment. He had come to New York and had expressed a desire to meet me. We met at the club, and it was Arthur who, as a hallboy, opened the door and ushered the gentleman in. They looked at each other in amazement.

"Is that Haas?" Mr. Harlan asked.

"No," I said, "that is Buckley."

"I think we want him for perjury!" he snapped.

"Then you know where to find him!"

As Arthur walked slowly up the wide stairway he paused, and as he looked back at us, a broad grin overspread his features.

It is now just a month since in oilskins he arrived in New York. After visiting Brother Barnabas he wandered around the scenes of his childhood in "Little Italy." He tried to get some information about his brothers and sisters from the Italian priest of his parish, but was unsuccessful.

"Come again," the Padre said.

"Oh, yes, shure!" he said. "I'll come agin, but it's jest as it was when m' father died!"

"What do you mean?" asked the Padre.

"Oh, you know, you said, 'Come again—

come again'—he was dying and I came fur ye t' confess him, but all we got was promises. You never came—he died without you!"

He drifted from place to place looking for work. At night he slept in the newsboys' lodging-house. By day he visited the docks. The spirit of the rover was in him and he longed to be away again. There were times when he couldn't afford even the ten cents for a bed and he walked the streets all night. This was no hardship. He laughed over it.

"You have been weeping!" I said to him one day.

"Yes," he said, smiling, "a little."

"What troubles you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I was walkin' down the Speedway when the tears begun to run over me face, so I jest sat down an' cried for half an hour. I'm all right now!"

"Was it because you are out of work?"

"No."

"Was it because your friends didn't fulfill their promises?"

"No."

He really didn't know the cause of the tears, but "guessed" that they came because there had been times when he wanted to weep and could not.

At the age of eighteen he is still several years behind in the development of mind. He is callow, trustful, and optimistic. His experience in the South as a slave at the wheel of labor gave him not the slightest hint of class consciousness, but among Northern men in the South he acquired a race consciousness that at times is as bitter as anything found in Alabama. They called him a "Dago." He in turn calls the black man a "nigger." They told him to keep his place—the place of an inferior—of a slave. That is exactly what he learned to say of the colored man. Some bitter experiences that have left no bitterness, and a legacy of hatred, are the net results of his journey into that region where things are raw—where life means only labor and where labor and life are cheap.

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Clance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER VII

ERRANDS AND LETTERS



ALIXE RUTHVEN had not yet dared tell Selwyn that her visit to his rooms was known to her husband. Sooner or later she meant to tell him; it was only fair to him that he should be prepared for anything that might happen; but as yet, though her first instinct, born of sheer fright, urged her to seek instant council with Selwyn, fear of him was greater than the alarm caused her by her husband's knowledge.

In addition to her dread and excitement, she was deeply chagrined and unhappy; and, although Jack Ruthven did not again refer to the matter—indeed appeared to have forgotten it—her alarm and humiliation remained complete, for Gerald now came and played and went as he chose; and in her disconcerted cowardice she dared not do more than plead with Gerald in secret, until she began to find the emotion consequent upon such intimacy unwise for them both.

Neergard, too, was becoming a familiar figure in her drawing-room; and, though at first she detested him, his patience and unflinching good spirits, and his unconcealed admiration for her softened her manner toward him to the point of toleration.

And Neergard, from his equivocal footing in the house of Ruthven, obtained another, no less precarious, in the house of Fane—all in the beginning on a purely gaining basis. However, Gerald had already proposed him for the Stuyvesant and Proscenium clubs;

and, furthermore, a stormy discussion was now in progress among the members of the famous Siowitha over an amazing proposition from their treasurer, Jack Ruthven.

This proposal was nothing less than to admit Neergard to membership in that wealthy and exclusive country club, as a choice of the lesser evil; for it appeared, according to Ruthven, that Neergard, if admitted, was willing to restore to the club, free of rent, the thousands of acres vitally necessary to the club's existence as a game preserve, merely retaining the title to these lands for himself.

Draymore was incensed at the proposal, Harmon, Orchil, and Fane were disgustingly noncommittal, but Phoenix Mottly was perhaps the angriest man on Long Island.

"In the name of decency, Jack," he said, "what are you dreaming of? Is it not enough that this man Neergard holds us up once? I tell you I'll never vote for him. I'd rather see these lakes and streams of ours dry up; I'd rather see the last pheasant snared and the last covey leave for the other end of the island, than buy off that Dutchman with a certificate of membership in the Siowitha!"

Which was all very fine, and Mottly meant it at the time; but, outside of the asset of self-respect, there was too much money invested in the lands, plant, and buildings, in the streams, lakes, hauncheries, and forests of the Siowitha. The enormously wealthy seldom stand long upon dignity if that dignity is going to be very expensive. Only the poor can afford disastrous self-respect.

So the chances were that Neergard would become a member—which was why he had acquired the tract—and the price he would have to pay was not only in taxes upon the acreage, but, secretly, a solid sum in addition.

to little Mr. Ruthven whom he was binding to him by every tie he could pay for.

Neergard did not regret the expense. He had long since discounted the cost; and he also continued to lose money at the card table to those who could do him the most good.

Away somewhere in the back of his round, squat, busy head he had an inkling that some day he would even matters with some people. Meanwhile he was patient, good-humored, amusing when given a chance, and, as the few people he knew found out, inventive and resourceful in suggesting new methods of time-killing to any wealthy and fashionable victim of a vacant mind.

And as this faculty has always been the real key to the inner Temple of the Ten Thousand Disenchantments, the entrance of Mr. Neergard appeared to be only a matter of time and opportunity, and his ultimate welcome at the naked altar a conclusion foregone.

In the interim, however, he suffered Gerald and little Ruthven to pilot him; he remained cheerfully oblivious to the snubs and indifference accorded him by Mrs. Ruthven, Mrs. Fane, and others of their entourage whom he encountered over the card tables or at card suppers. And all the while he was attending to his business with an energy and activity that ought to have shamed Gerald, and did at times, particularly when he arrived at the office utterly unfit for the work before him.

But Neergard continued astonishingly tolerant and kind, lending him money, advancing him what he required, taking up or renewing notes for him, until the boy, heavily in his debt, plunged more heavily still in sheer desperation, only to flounder the deeper at every struggle to extricate himself.

Meanwhile the Ruthvens were living almost lavishly, and keeping four more horses; but Eileen Erroll's bank balance had now dwindled to three figures; and Gerald had not only acted offensively toward Selwyn, but had quarreled so violently with Austin that the latter, thoroughly incensed and disgusted, threatened to forbid him the house.

"The little fool," he said to Selwyn, "came here last night, stinking of wine, and attempted to lay down the law to me!—tried to drag me into a compromise with him over the investments I have made for him. He shall not control one cent until the trust conditions are fulfilled, though it was left to my discretion, too. And I told him so flatly; I told him he wasn't fit to be trusted with the

coupons of a repudiated South American bond——"

"Hold on, Austin! That isn't the way to tackle a boy like that!"

"Isn't it? Well, why not? Do you expect me to dicker with him?"

"No; but, Austin, you've always been a little brusque with him. Don't you think——"

"See here, Phil, how much good has your mollicoddling done him? You warned him to be cautious in his intimacy with Neergard, and he was actually insulting to you——"

"I know; but I understood. He probably had some vague idea of loyalty to a man whom he had known longer than he knew me. But don't think that Gerald's attitude toward me makes any difference, Austin. It doesn't; I'm just as devoted to the boy, just as sorry for him, just as ready to step in when the chance comes, as it surely will, Austin. He's only running a bit wilder than the usual colt; it takes longer to catch and bridle him——"

"Somebody'll rope him pretty roughly before you run him down," said Gerard.

"I hope not. Of course it's a chance he takes, and we can't help it; but I'm trying to believe he'll tire out in time and come back to us for his salt. And, Austin, we simply got to believe in him, you know—on Eileen's account."

Austin grew angrier and redder:

"Eileen's account? Do you mean her bank account? It's easy enough to believe in him if you inspect his sister's bank account. Believe in him? Oh, certainly I do; I believe he's pup enough to come sneaking to his sister to pay for all the damfooleries he's engaged in. And I've positively forbidden her to draw another check to his order——"

"It's that little bangled whelp, Ruthven," said Selwyn between his teeth. "I warned Gerald most solemnly of that man, but——" He shrugged his shoulders. "The game there is of course notorious. I—if matters did not stand as they do"—he flushed painfully—"I'd go straight to Ruthven and find out whether or not this business could be stopped."

"Stopped? No, it can't be. How are you going to stop a man from playing cards in his own house? They all do it—that sort. If you or I or any of our family were on any kind of terms with the Ruthvens, they might exclude Gerald to oblige us. We are not, however; and, anyway, if Gerald means to make a gambler and a souse of himself at

twenty-one, he'll do it. But it's pretty rough on us."

"It's rougher on him, Austin; and it's roughest on his sister. Well"—he held out his hand—"good-by. And—if Gerald comes to you again—try another tack—just try it."

But Austin only growled from the depths of his linen-shrouded armchair, and Selwyn turned away.

If Alixe had done her best to keep Gerald away, she appeared to be quite powerless in the matter; and it was therefore useless to go to her. To whom then could he go? Through whom could he reach Gerald? Through Nina? Useless. And Gerald had already defied Austin. Through Neergard, then? But he was on no terms with Neergard; how could he go to him? Through Rosamund Fane? At the thought he made a wry face. Any advances from him she would willfully misinterpret. And Ruthven? How on earth could he bring himself to approach him? And yet he had promised Eileen to do what he could. What merit lay in performing an easy obligation? What courage was required to keep a promise easily kept?

It was horribly hard for him; there seemed to be no chance in sight. But forlorn hope was slowly rousing the soldier in him—the grim, dogged, desperate necessity of doing his duty to the full. So first of all, when at length he had decided, he nerved himself to strike straight at the center, and within the hour he found Gerald at the Stuyvesant Club.

The boy descended to the visitors' rooms, Selwyn's card in his hand and distrust written on every feature. And at Selwyn's first frank and friendly words he reddened to the temples and checked him.

"I won't listen," he said. "They—Austin and—everybody have been putting you up to this until I'm tired of it. Do they think I'm a baby? Do they suppose I don't know enough to take care of myself? Are they trying to make me ridiculous? I tell you they'd better let me alone. My friends are my friends, and I won't listen to any criticism on them, and that settles it."

"Gerald——"

"Oh, I know perfectly well that you dislike Neergard. I don't, and that's the difference."

"I'm not speaking of Mr. Neergard, Gerald; I'm only trying to tell you what this man Ruthven really is doing——"

"What do I care what he is doing!" cried Gerald angrily. "And, anyway, it isn't

likely I'd come to you to find out anything about Mrs. Ruthven's second husband!"

Selwyn rose, very white and still. After a moment he drew a quiet breath, his clinched hands relaxed, and he picked up his hat and gloves.

"They are my friends," muttered Gerald, as pale as he. "You drove me into speaking that way."

"Perhaps I did, my boy. I don't judge you. If you ever find you need help, come to me; and if you can't come, and still need me, send for me. I'll do what I can—always. I know you better than you know yourself. Good-by."

He turned to the door, and Gerald burst out: "Why can't you let my friends alone? I liked you before you began this sort of thing!"

"I will let them alone if you will," said Selwyn, halting. "I can't stand by and see you exploited and used and perverted. Will you give me one chance to talk it over, Gerald?"

"No, I won't!" returned Gerald hotly; "I'll stand for my friends every time! There's no treachery in me!"

"You are not standing by me very fast," said the elder man gently.

"I said I was standing by my *friends*!" repeated the boy.

"Very well, Gerald; but it's at the expense of your own people, I'm afraid."

"That's my business, and you're not one of 'em!" retorted the boy, infuriated; "and you won't be, either, if I can prevent it, no matter whether people say that you're engaged to her——"

"What!" whispered Selwyn, wheeling like a flash. The last vestige of color had fled from his face; and Gerald caught his breath, almost blinded by the blaze of fury in the elder man's eyes.

Neither spoke again; and after a moment Selwyn's eyes fell, he turned heavily on his heel and walked away, head bent, gray eyes narrowing to slits.

Yet, through the brain's chaos and the heart's loud tumult and the clamor of pulses run wild at the insult flung into his very face, the grim instinct to go on persisted. And he went on and on for *her* sake—on—he knew not how—until he came to Neergard's apartment in one of the vast West-Side constructions; and here, after an interval, he followed his card to Neergard's splendid suite, where a manservant received him and left him

seated by a sunny window overlooking the blossoming foliage of the Park.

When Neergard came in, and stood on the farther side of a big oak table, Selwyn rose, returning the cool, curt nod.

"Mr. Neergard," he said, "it is not easy for me to come here after what I said to you when I severed my connection with your firm. You have every reason to be unfriendly toward me; but I came on the chance that whatever resentment you may feel will not prevent you from hearing me out."

"Personal resentment," said Neergard slowly, "never interferes with my business. I take it, of course, that you have called upon a business matter. Will you sit down?"

"Thank you; I have only a moment. And what I am here for is to ask you, as Mr. Erroll's friend, to use your influence on Mr. Erroll—every atom of your influence—to prevent him from ruining himself financially through his excesses. I ask you, for his family's sake, to discountenance any more gambling; to hold him strictly to his duties in your office, to overlook no more shortcomings of his, but to demand from him what any trained business man demands of his associates as well as of his employees. I ask this for the boy's sake."

Neergard's close-set eyes focused a trifle closer to Selwyn's, yet did not meet them.

"Mr. Selwyn," he said, "have you come here to criticise the conduct of my business?"

"Criticise! No, I have not. I merely ask you——"

"You are merely asking me," cut in Neergard, "to run my office, my clerks, and my associate in business after some theory of your own."

"The boy looks on you as his friend. Could you not, as his friend, discourage his increasing tendency toward dissipation——"

"I am not aware that he is dissipated."

"What!"

"I say that I am not aware that Gerald requires any interference from me—nor from you either," said Neergard coolly. "And as far as that goes, I and my business require no interference either. And I believe that settles it."

He touched a button; the manservant appeared to usher Selwyn out.

The latter set his teeth in his under lip and looked straight and hard at Neergard, but Neergard thrust both hands in his pockets, turned squarely on his heel, and sauntered out of the room, yawning as he went.

An hour later Selwyn sent his card in to Rosamund Fane; and Rosamund came down presently, mystified, flattered, yet shrewdly alert and prepared for anything since the miracle of his coming justified such preparation.

"Why in the world," she said with a flushed gayety perfectly genuine, "did you ever come to see *me*? Will you please sit here, rather near me?—or I shall not dare believe that you are that same Captain Selwyn who once was so deliciously rude to me at the Minsters' dance."

"Was there not a little malice—just a very little—on your part to begin it?" he asked, smiling.

"Malice? Why? Just because I wanted to see how you and Alixe Ruthven would behave when thrust into each other's arms? O Captain Selwyn—what a harmless little jest of mine to evoke all that bitterness you so smilingly poured out on me! But I forgave you; I'll forgive you more than that—if you ask me. Do you know"—and she laid her small head on one side and smiled at him out of her pretty doll's eyes—"do you know that there are very few things I might not be persuaded to pardon you? Perhaps"—with laughing audacity—"there are not any at all. Try, if you please."

"Then you surely will forgive me for what I have come to ask you," he said lightly. "Won't you?"

"Yes," she said, her pink-and-white prettiness challenging him from every delicate feature—"yes—I will pardon you—on one condition."

"And what is that, Mrs. Fane?"

"That you are going to ask me something quite unpardonable!" she said with a daring little laugh. "For if it's anything less improper than an impropriety I won't forgive you. Besides, there'd be nothing to forgive. So please begin, Captain Selwyn."

"It's only this," he said: "I am wondering whether you would do anything for me?"

"Anything! *Merci!* Isn't that extremely general, Captain Selwyn? But you never can tell; ask me."

So he bent forward, his clasped hands between his knees, and told her very earnestly of his fears about Gerald, asking her to use her undoubted influence with the boy to shame him from the card tables, explaining how utterly disastrous to him and his family his present course was.

"He is very fond of you, Mrs. Fane—and

you know how easy it is for a boy to be laughed out of excesses by a pretty woman of experience. You see I am desperately put to it or I would never have ventured to trouble you——"

"I see," she said, looking at him out of eyes bright with disappointment.

"Could you help us, then?" he asked pleasantly.

"Help us, Captain Selwyn? Who is the 'us,' please?"

"Why, Gerald and me—and his family," he added, meeting her eyes. The eyes began to dance with malice.

"His family," repeated Rosamund; "that is to say, his sister, Miss Erroll. His family, I believe, ends there; does it not?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fane."

"I see. Miss Erroll is naturally worried over him. But I wonder why she did not come to me herself instead of sending you as her errand ambassador?"

"Miss Erroll did not send me," he said, flushing up. And, looking steadily into the smiling doll's face confronting him, he knew that he had failed again.

"I am not inclined to be very much flattered after all," said Rosamund. "You should have come on your own errand, Captain Selwyn, if you expected a woman to listen to you. Did you not know that?"

"It is not a question of errands or of flattery," he said wearily; "I thought you might care to influence a boy who is headed for serious trouble—that is all, Mrs. Fane."

She smiled: "Come to me on your *own* errand—for Gerald's sake, for anybody's sake—for your own, preferably, and I'll listen. But don't come to me on another woman's errands, for I won't listen—even to you."

"I *have* come on my own errand!" he repeated coldly. "Miss Erroll knew nothing about it, and shall not hear of it from me. Can you not help me, Mrs. Fane?"

But Rosamund's rose-china features had hardened into a polished smile; and Selwyn stood up, wearily, to make his adieux.

But, as he entered his hansom before the door, he knew the end was not yet; and once more he set his face toward the impossible; and once more the hansom rolled away over the asphalt, and once more it stopped—this time before the house of Ruthven.

Mr. Ruthven, it appeared, was at home and would receive Captain Selwyn in his own apartment.

Which he did—after Selwyn had been seated for twenty minutes—strolling in clad only in silken lounging clothes, and belting about his waist, as he entered, the sash of a kimono, stiff with gold.

His greeting was a pallid stare; but, as Selwyn made no motion to rise, he lounged over to a couch and, half reclining among the cushions, shot an insolent glance at Selwyn, then yawned and examined the bangles on his wrist.

After a moment Selwyn said: "Mr. Ruthven, you are no doubt surprised that I am here——"

"I'm not surprised if it's my wife you've come to see," drawled Ruthven. "If I'm the object of your visit, I confess to some surprise—as much as the visit is worth, and no more."

The vulgarity of the insult under the man's own roof scarcely moved Selwyn to any deeper contempt, and certainly not to anger.

"I did not come here to ask a favor of you," he said coolly—"for that is out of the question, Mr. Ruthven. But I came to tell you that Mr. Erroll's family has forbidden him to continue his gambling in this house and in your company anywhere or at any time."

"Most extraordinary," murmured Ruthven, passing his ringed fingers over his minutely shaven face—that strange face of a boy hardened by the depravity of ages.

"So I must request you," continued Selwyn, "to refuse him the opportunity of gambling here. Will you do it—voluntarily?"

"No."

"Then I shall use my judgment in the matter."

"And what may your judgment in the matter be?"

"I have not yet decided; for one thing I might enter a complaint with the police that a boy is being morally and materially ruined in your private gambling establishment."

"Is that a threat?"

"No. I will act, not threaten."

"Ah," drawled Ruthven, "I may do the same the next time my wife spends the evening in your apartment."

"You lie," said Selwyn in a voice made low by surprise.

"Oh, no, I don't. Very chivalrous of you—quite proper for you to deny it like a gentleman—but useless, quite useless. So the less said about invoking the law the better for some people. You'll agree with me, I dare say. And now, concerning your friend,

Gerald Erroll—I have not the slightest desire to see him play cards. Whether or not he plays is a matter perfectly indifferent to me, and you had better understand it. But if you come here demanding that I arrange my guest lists to suit you, you are losing time.”

Selwyn, almost stunned at Ruthven's knowledge of the episode in his rooms, had risen as he gave the man the lie direct.

For an instant, now, as he stared at him, there was murder in his eye. Then the utter hopeless helplessness of his position overwhelmed him, as Ruthven, with danger written all over him, stood up, his soft smooth thumbs hooked in the glittering sash of his kimono.

“Scowl if you like,” he said, backing away instinctively, but still nervously impertinent; “and keep your distance! If you've anything further to say to me, write it.” Then, growing bolder as Selwyn made no offensive move, “Write to me,” he repeated with a venomous smirk; “it's safer for you to figure as my correspondent than as my wife's correspondent— I-let go of me! W-what the devil are you d-d-doing—”

For Selwyn had him fast—one sinewy hand twisted in his silken collar, holding him squirming at arm's length.

“M-murder!” stammered Ruthven.

“No,” said Selwyn, “not this time. But be very, very careful after this.”

And he let him go with an involuntary shudder, and wiped his hands on his handkerchief.

Ruthven stood quite still; and after a moment the livid terror died out in his face and a rushing flush spread over it—a strange, dreadful shade, curiously opaque; and he half turned, dizzily, hands outstretched for self-support.

Selwyn coolly watched him as he sank onto the couch and sat huddled together and leaning forward, his soft, ringed fingers covering his impurpled face.

Then Selwyn went away with a shrug of utter loathing; but after he had gone, and Ruthven's servants had discovered him and summoned a physician, their master lay heavily amid his painted draperies and cushions, his congested features set, his eyes partly open and possessing sight, but the whites of them had disappeared and the eyes themselves, save for the pupils, were like two dark slits filled with blood.

There was no doubt about it; the doctors, one and all, knew their business when they

had so often cautioned Mr. Ruthven to avoid sudden and excessive emotions.

That night Selwyn wrote briefly to Mrs. Ruthven:

“I saw your husband this afternoon. He is at liberty to inform you of what passed. But in case he does not, there is one detail which you ought to know; your husband believes that you once paid a visit to my apartments. It is unlikely that he will repeat the accusation and I think there is no occasion for you to worry. However, it is only proper that you should know this—which is my only excuse for writing you a letter that requires no acknowledgment.

“Very truly yours,

“PHILIP SELWYN.”

To this letter she wrote an excited and somewhat incoherent reply; and rereading it in troubled surprise, he began to recognize in it something of the strange, illogical, impulsive attitude which had confronted him in the first weeks of his wedded life.

He wrote in answer:

“For the first time in my life I am going to write you some unpleasant truths. I cannot comprehend what you have written; I cannot interpret what you evidently imagine I must divine in these pages—yet, as I read, striving to understand, all the old familiar pain returns—the hopeless attempt to realize wherein I failed in what you expected of me.

“But how can I, now, be held responsible for your unhappiness and unrest—for the malicious attitude, as you call it, of the world toward you? Years ago you felt that there existed some occult coalition against you, and that I was either privy to it or indifferent. I was not indifferent, but I did not believe there existed any reason for your suspicions.

“What could I do? I don't for a moment say that there was nothing I might have done. Certainly there must have been something; but I did not know what. And often in my confusion and bewilderment I was quick-tempered, impatient to the point of exasperation—so utterly unable was I to understand wherein I was failing to make you contented.

“Of course I could not shirk or avoid field duty or any of the details which so constantly took me away from you. Also I began to understand your impatience of garrison life, of the monotony of the place, of the climate, of the people. But all this, which I could not help, did not account for those dreadful days together when I could see that every minute was widening the breach between us.

"Again and again I asked you to go to some decent climate and wait for me until I could get leave. I stood ready and willing to make any arrangement for you, and you made no decision.

"Then when Barnard's command moved out we had our last distressing interview. And, if that night I spoke of your present husband and asked you to be a little wiser and use a little more discretion to avoid malicious comment—it was not because I dreamed of distrusting you—it was merely for your own guidance and because you had so often complained of other people's gossip about you.

"To say I was stunned, crushed, when I learned of what had happened in my absence, is to repeat a trite phrase. What it cost me is of no consequence now; what it is now costing you I cannot help.

"Yet, your letter, in every line, seems to imply some strange responsibility on my part for what you speak of as the degrading position you now occupy.

"Degradation or not—let us leave that aside; you cannot now avoid being his wife. But as for any hostile attitude of society in your regard—any league or coalition to discredit you—that is not apparent to me.

"And now, one thing more. You ask me to meet you at Sherry's for a conference. I don't care to, Alixe. There is nothing to be said except what can be written on letter paper. And I can see neither the necessity nor the wisdom of our writing any more letters."

For a few days no reply came; then he received such a strange, unhappy, and desperate letter that, astonished, alarmed, and apprehensive, he went straight to his sister, who had run up to town for the day from Silverside, and who had telephoned him to take her somewhere for luncheon.

Nina appeared very gay and happy and youthful in her spring plumage, but she exclaimed impatiently at his tired and careworn pallor; and when a little later they were seated tête-à-tête in the rococo dining room of a popular French restaurant, she began to urge him to return with her, insisting that a week-end at Silverside was what he needed to avert physical disintegration.

"What is there to keep you in town?" she demanded, breaking bits from the stick of crisp bread. "The children have been clamoring for you day and night, and Eileen

has been expecting a letter— You promised to write her, Phil——!"

"I'm going to write to her," he said impatiently; "wait a moment, Nina—don't speak of anything pleasant or—or intimate just now—because—because I've got to bring up another matter—something not very pleasant to me or to you. May I begin?"

"What is it, Phil?" she asked, her quick, curious eyes intent on his troubled face.

"It is about—Alixe."

"What about her?" returned his sister calmly.

"You knew her in school—years ago. You have always known her——"

"Yes."

"You—did you ever visit her?—stay at the Varians' house?"

"Yes."

There was a silence; his eyes shifted to his plate; remained fixed as he said:

"Then you knew her—father?"

"Yes, Phil," she said quietly, "I knew Mr. Varian."

"What was the truth about her father?" he said doggedly. "He was eccentric; was he ever worse than that?"

"The truth was that he became mentally irresponsible before his death."

"You *know* this?"

"Alixe told me when we were schoolgirls. And for days she was haunted with the fear of what might one day be her inheritance. That is all I know, Phil."

He nodded and for a while made some pretense of eating, but presently leaned back and looked at his sister out of dazed eyes.

"Do you suppose," he said heavily, "that *she* was not entirely responsible when—when she went away?"

"I have wondered," said Nina simply. "Austin believes it."

"I can't believe it," he said, staring at vacancy. "I refuse to." And, thinking of her last frightened and excited letter imploring an interview with him and giving the startling reason: "What a scoundrel that fellow Ruthven is," he said with a shudder.

"Why, what has he——"

"Nothing. I can't discuss it, Nina——"

"Please tell me, Phil!"

"There is nothing to tell."

She said deliberately: "I hope there is not, Phil. Nor do I credit any mischievous gossip which ventures to link my brother's name with the name of Mrs. Ruthven."

He paid no heed to what she hinted, and

he was still thinking of Ruthven when he said: "The most contemptible and cowardly thing a man can do is to fail a person dependent on him—when that person is in prospective danger. The dependence, the threatened helplessness *must* appeal to any man! How can he, then, fail to stand by a person in trouble—a person linked to him by every tie, every obligation. Why—why to fail at such a time is dastardly—and to—to make a possible threatened infirmity a reason for abandoning a woman is monstrous——!"

"Phil! I never for a moment supposed that even if you suspected Alixe to be not perfectly responsible you would have abandoned her——"

"*!? Abandon her!*" He laughed bitterly. "I was not speaking of myself," he said. And to himself he wondered: "Was it *that*—after all? Is that the key to my dreadful inability to understand? I cannot—I cannot accept it. I know her—it was not that; it—it must not be!"

And that night he wrote to her:

"If he threatens you with divorce on such a ground, he himself is likely to be adjudged mentally unsound. It was a brutal, stupid threat, nothing more, and his insult to your father's memory was more brutal still. Don't be stamped by such threats. Disprove them by your calm self-control under provocation; disprove them by your discretion and self-confidence. Give nobody a single possible reason for gossip. And above all, Alixe, don't become worried and morbid over anything you might dread as inheritance, for you are as sound to-day as you were when I first met you; and you shall not doubt that you could ever be anything else. Be the woman you can be! Show the pluck and courage to make the very best out of life. I have slowly learned to attempt it; and it is not difficult if you convince yourself that it can be done."

To this she answered the next day:

"I will do my best. There is danger and treachery everywhere; and if it becomes unendurable I shall put an end to it in one way or another. As for his threat—incident on my admitting that I did go to your room, and defying him to dare believe evil of me for doing it—I can laugh at it now—though, when I wrote you, I was terrified—remembering how mentally broken my father was when he died.

"I don't know what passed between you

and him: he won't tell me; but I do know from the servants that he has been quite ill—I was in Westchester that night—and that something happened to his eyes—they were dreadful for a while. I imagine it has something to do with veins and arteries; and it's understood that he's to avoid sudden excitement.

"However, he's only serenely disagreeable to me now, and we see almost nothing of one another except over the card tables. Gerald has been winning rather heavily, I am glad to say—glad, as long as I cannot prevent him from playing. And yet I may be able to accomplish that yet—in a roundabout way—because the apple-visaged and hawk-beaked Mr. Neergard has apparently become my slavish creature; quite infatuated. And as soon as I've fastened on his collar, and made sure that Rosamund can't unhook it, I'll try to make him shut down on Gerald's playing. This for your sake, Phil—because you ask me. And because you must always stand for all that is upright and good and manly in my eyes. Ah, Phil! what a fool I was! And all, all my own fault too. ALIXE."

This ended the sudden eruption of correspondence; for he did not reply to this letter, though in it he read enough to make him gravely uneasy; and he fell, once more, into the habit of brooding from which both Boots Lansing and Eileen had almost weaned him.

Also he began to take long solitary walks in the Park when not occupied in conferences with the representatives of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Works—a company which he had recently approached in behalf of his imperfect explosive, Chaosite.

This hermit life might have continued in town indefinitely had he not, one morning, been surprised by a note from Eileen—the first he had ever had from her.

It was only a very brief missive—piquant, amusing, innocently audacious in closing—a mere reminder that he had promised to write to her; and she ended it by asking him very plainly whether he had not missed her, in terms so frank, so sweet, so confident of his inevitable answer, that all the enchantment of their delightful intimacy surged back in one quick tremor of happiness, washing from his heart and soul the clinging, sordid, evil things which were creeping closer, closer to torment and overwhelm him.

And all that day he went about his business quite happily, her letter in his pocket; and that

night, taking a new pen and penholder, he laid out his very best letter paper, and began the first letter he had ever written to Eileen Erroll.

"DEAR EILEEN: I have your charming little note from Silverside reminding me that I had promised to write you. But I needed no reminder; you know that. Then why have I not written? I couldn't, offhand. And every day and evening except to-day and this evening I have been in conference with Edgerton Lawn and other representatives of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company; and have come to a sort of semiagreement with them concerning a high explosive called Chaosite which they desire to control the sale of as soon as I can control its tendency to misbehave. This I expect to do this summer; and Austin has very kindly offered me a tiny cottage out on the moors too far from anybody or anything to worry people.

"Meanwhile, however, your letter and its questions await answers; and here they are:

"Yes, I saw Gerald once at his club and had a short talk with him. He was apparently well. You should not feel so anxious about him. He is very young yet, but he comes from good stock. Sooner or later he is bound to find himself; you must not doubt that.

"No, I have not ridden in the Park since you and Nina and the children went to Silverside. I walked there Sunday, and it was most beautiful, especially through the ramble. In his later years my father was fond of walking there with me. That is one reason I go there; he seems to be very near me when I stand under the familiar trees or move along the flowering walks he loved so well. I wish you had known him. It is curious how often this wish recurs to me; and so persistent was it in the Park that lovely Sunday that, at moments, it seemed as though we three were walking there together—he and you and I—quite happy in the silence of companionship which seemed not of yesterday but of years.

"And now your next question: Yes, Boots is well, and I will give him Drina's love, and I will try my best to bring him to Silverside when I come. Boots is still crazed with admiration for his house. He has two cats, a housekeeper, and a jungle of shrubs and vines in the back yard, which he plays the hose on; and he has also acquired some really beautiful

old rugs—a Herez which has all the tints of a living sapphire, and a charming antique Shiraz, rose, gold, and that rare old Persian blue.

"And now your last question. And I answer: Yes, I do miss you—so badly that I often take refuge in summoning you in spirit. The other day I had occasion to see Austin; and we sat in the library where all the curtains are in linen bags and all the furniture in overalls, and where the rugs are rolled in tarred paper and the pictures are muffled in cheesecloth.

"And after our conference had ended and I was on my way to the hall below, suddenly on my ear, faint but clear, I heard your voice, sweet as the odor of blossoms in an empty room. No—it neither deceived nor startled me; I have often heard it before, when you were nowhere near. And, that I may answer your question more completely, I answer it again: Yes, I miss you; so that I hear your voice through every silence; all voids are gay with it; there are no lonely places where my steps pass, because you are always near; no stillness through which your voice does not sound; no unhappiness, no sordid cares which the memory of you does not make easier to endure.

"Have I answered? And now, good night. Gerald has just come in; I hear him passing the hall to his own apartments. So I'll drop in for a smoke with him before I start to search for you in dreamland. Good night, Eileen.

PHILIP SELWYN."

When he had finished, sealed, and stamped his letter he leaned back in his chair, smiling to himself, still under the spell which the thought of her so often now cast over him. How utterly had his sister mistaken their frank companionship! How stupidly superfluous was it to pretend to detect, in their comradeship, the commonplaces of sentiment—as though in their cordial understanding there was anything less simple than community of taste and the mutual attraction of intelligence!

His sister was mistaken; but her mistake must not disturb the blossoming of this unstained flower. Sufficient that Eileen and he disdainfully ignore the trite interpretation those outside might offer them unasked; sufficient that their confidence in one another remain without motive other than the happiness of unembarrassed people who find a pleasure in sharing an intelligent curiosity

concerning men and things and the world about them.

Thinking of these matters, lying back there in his desk chair, he suddenly remembered that Gerald had come in. They had scarcely seen one another since that unhappy meeting in the Stuyvesant Club; and now, remembering what he had written to Eileen, he emerged with a start from his contented dreaming, sobered by the prospect of seeking Gerald.

For a moment or two he hesitated; but he had said in his letter that he was going to do it; and now he rose, looked around for his pipe, found it, filled and lighted it, and, throwing on his dressing gown, went out into the corridor, tying the tasseled cords around his waist as he walked.

His first knock remaining unanswered, he knocked more sharply. Then he heard from within the muffled creak of a bed, heavy steps across the floor. The door opened with a jerk; Gerald stood there, eyes swollen, hair in disorder, his collar crushed, and the white evening tie unknotted and dangling over his soiled shirt-front.

"Hello," said Selwyn simply, "may I come in?"

The boy passed his hand across his eyes as though confused by the light; then he turned and walked back toward the bed, still rubbing his eyes, and sat down on the edge.

Selwyn closed the door and seated himself, apparently not noticing Gerald's dishevelment.

"Thought I'd drop in for a good-night pipe," he said quietly. "By the way, Gerald, I'm going down to Silverside next week. Nina has asked Boots, too. Couldn't you fix it to come along with us?"

"I don't know," said the boy in a low voice; "I'd like to."

That something was very wrong with him appeared plainly enough; but Selwyn, touched to the heart and miserably apprehensive, dared not question him, unasked.

And so they sat there for a while, Selwyn making what conversation he could; and at length Gerald turned and dragged himself across the bed, dropping his head back on the disordered pillows.

"Go on," he said; "I'm listening."

So Selwyn continued his pleasant, inconsequential observations, and Gerald lay with closed eyes, quite motionless, until, watching him, Selwyn saw his hand was trembling where it lay clinched beside him. And presently the boy turned his face to the wall.

Toward midnight Selwyn rose quietly, re-

moved his unlighted pipe from between his teeth, knocked the ashes from it, and pocketed it. Then he walked to the bed and seated himself on the edge.

"What's the trouble, old man?" he asked coolly.

There was no answer. He placed his hand over Gerald's; the boy's hand lay inert, then quivered and closed on Selwyn's convulsively.

"That's right," said the elder man; "that's what I'm here for—to stand by when you hoist signals. Go on."

The boy shook his head and buried it deeper in the pillow.

"Bad as that?" commented Selwyn quietly. "Well, what of it? I'm standing by, I tell you. That's right"—as Gerald broke down, his body quivering under the spasm of soundless grief—"that's the safety-valve working. Good business. Take your time."

It took a long time; and Selwyn sat silent and motionless, his whole arm numb from its position and Gerald's crushing grasp. And at last, seeing that was the moment to speak:

"Now let's fix up this matter, Gerald. Come on!"

"Good heavens! H-how can it be f-fixed——"

"I'll tell you when you tell me. It's a money difficulty, I suppose; isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Cards?"

"P-partly."

"Oh, a note? Case of honor? Where is this I. O. U. that you gave?"

"It's worse than that. The—the note is paid. Good God—I can't tell you——"

"You must. That's why I'm here, Gerald."

"Well, then, I—I drew a check—knowing that I had no funds. If it—if they return it, marked——"

"I see. What are the figures?"

The boy stammered them out; Selwyn's grave face grew graver still.

"That is bad," he said slowly—"very bad. Have you—but of course you couldn't have seen Austin——"

"I'd kill myself first!" said Gerald fiercely.

"No, you wouldn't do that. You're not *that* kind. Keep perfectly cool, Gerald; because it is going to be fixed. The method only remains to be decided upon——"

"I can't take your money!" stammered the boy; "I can't take a cent from you—after what I've said—the beastly things I've said——"

"It isn't the things you say to me, Gerald, that matter. . . . Let me think a bit—and don't worry. Just lie quietly, and understand that I'll do the worrying. And while I'm amusing myself with a little quiet reflection as to ways and means, just take your own bearings from this reef; and set a true course once more, Gerald. That is all the reproach, all the criticism you are going to get from me. Deal with yourself and your God in silence."

And in silence and heavy dismay Selwyn confronted the sacrifice he must make to save the honor of the house of Erroll.

It meant more than temporary inconvenience to himself; it meant that he must go into the market and sell securities which were partly his capital, and from which came the modest income that enabled him to live as he did.

How could he afford to do this—unoccupied, earning nothing, bereft of his profession, with only the chance in view that his Chaosite might turn out stable enough to be marketable? How could he dare so strip himself? Yet, there was no other way; it had to be done; and done at once—the very first thing in the morning before it became too late.

And at first, in the bitter resentment of the necessity, his impulse was to turn on Gerald and bind him to good conduct by every pledge the boy could give. At least there would be compensation. Yet, with the thought came the clear conviction of its futility. The boy had brushed too close to dishonor not to recognize it. And if this were not a lifelong lesson to him, no promises forced from him in his dire need and distress, no oaths, no pledges could bind him; no blame, no admonition, no scorn, no contempt, no reproach could help him to see more clearly the pit of destruction than he could see now.

"You need sleep, Gerald," he said quietly. "Don't worry; I'll see that your check is not dishonored; all you have to see to is yourself. Good-night, my boy."

But Gerald could not speak; and so Selwyn left him and walked slowly back to his own room, where he seated himself at his desk, grave, absent-eyed, his unfilled pipe between his teeth.

And he sat there until he had bitten clean through the amber mouthpiece, so that the brier bowl fell clattering to the floor. By that time it was full daylight; but Gerald was still asleep. He slept late into the afternoon; but that evening, when Selwyn and Lansing

came in to persuade him to go with them to Silverside, Gerald was gone.

They waited another day for him; he did not appear. And that night they left for Silverside without him.

CHAPTER VIII

SILVERSIDE

DURING that week-end at Silverside Boots behaved like a school-lad run wild. With Drina's hand in his, half a dozen dogs as advanced guard, and heavily flanked by the Gerard battalion, he scoured the moorlands from Surf Point to the Hither Woods, from Wonder Head to Sky Pond.

Ever hopeful of rabbit and fox, Billy urged on his cheerful waddling pack, and the sea wind rang with the crack of his whip and the treble note of his whistle. Drina, lately inoculated with the virus of nature-study, carried a green gauze butterfly net, while Boots's pockets bulged with various lethal bottles and perforated tin boxes for the reception of caterpillars. The other children, like the puppies of Billy's pack, ran haphazard, tireless and eager little opportunists, eternal prisoners of hope, tripped flat by creepers, scratched and soiled in thicket and bog, but always up and forward again, ranging out, nose in the wind, dauntless, expectant, wonder-eyed.

Nina, Eileen, and Selwyn formed a lagging and leisurely rear-guard, though always within signalling distance of Boots and the main body; and, when necessary, the two ex-army men wigwagged to each other across the uplands to the endless excitement and gratification of the children.

Eileen and Selwyn were standing on one of the treeless hills—a riotous tangle of grasses and wild flowers—looking out to sea across Sky Pond. He had a rod; and as he stood he idly switched the gayly colored flies backward and forward.

Standing there—fairly swimming—in the delicious upper-air currents, she looked blissfully across the rolling moors, while the sunlight drenched her and the salt wind winnowed the ruddy glory of her hair, and from the tangle of tender blossoming green things a perfume mounted, saturating her senses as she breathed it deeper in the happiness of desire fulfilled and content quite absolute.

"After all," she said, "what more is there than this? Earth and sea and sky and sun, and a friend to show them to. Because, as I wrote you, the friend is quite necessary in the scheme of things—to round out the symmetry of it all. I suppose you're dying to dangle those flies in Brier Water to see whether there are any trout there. Well, there are; Austin stocked it years ago, and he never fishes, so no doubt it's full of fish. What is that black thing moving along the edge of the Golden Marsh?"

"A mink," he said, looking.

She seated herself cross-legged on the hill-top to watch the mink at her leisure. But the lithe furry creature took to the water, dived, and vanished, and she turned her attention to the landscape.

"Do you see that lighthouse far to the south?" she asked; "that is Frigate Light. West of it lies Surf Point, and the bay between is Surf Bay. That's where I nearly froze solid in my first ocean bath of the year. A little later we can bathe in that cove to the north—the Bay of Shoals. You see it, don't you?—there, lying tucked in between Wonder Head and the Hither Woods; but I forgot! Of course you've been here before; and you know all this; don't you?"

"Yes," he said quietly, "my brother and I came here as boys."

"Have you not been here since?"

"Once." He turned and looked down at the sea-battered wharf jutting into the Bay of Shoals. "Once, since I was a boy," he repeated; "but I came alone. The transports landed at that wharf after the Spanish war. The hospital camp was yonder. My brother died there."

After a while he picked up his rod, and sat erect and cross-legged as she sat, and flicked the flies, absently, across the grass, aiming at wind-blown butterflies.

"All these changes!" he exclaimed with a sweep of the rod-butt toward Widgeon Bay. "When I was here as a boy there were no fine estates, no great houses, no country clubs, no game preserves—only a few fishermen's hovels along the Bay of Shoals, and Frigate Light yonder. Truly this island with its hundred miles of length has become but a formal garden of the wealthy. Alas! I knew it as a stretch of woods, dunes, and old-time villages where life had slumbered for two hundred years!"

He fell silent, but she nodded him to go on.

"Brooklyn was a quiet tree-shaded town,"

he continued thoughtfully, "unvexed by dreams of traffic; Flatbush an old Dutch village buried in the scented bloom of lilac, locust, and syringa, asleep under its ancient gables, hip-roofs, and spreading trees. Bath, Utrecht, Canarsie, Gravesend were little more than cross-road taverns dreaming in the sun; and that vile and noise-cursed island beyond the Narrows was a stretch of unpolluted beauty in an untainted sea—nothing but whitest sand and dunes and fragrant bayberry and a blaze of wild flowers. Think of what this was but a few years ago, and think of what 'progress' has done to lay it waste! What will it be to-morrow?"

"Oh—oh!" she protested, laughing; "I did not suppose you were that kind of a Jeremiah!"

"Well, I am. I see no progress in prostrate forests, in soft-coal smoke, in noise! I see nothing gained in trimming and cutting and plowing and macadamizing a heavenly wilderness into mincing little gardens for the rich." He was smiling at his own vehemence but she knew that he was more than half serious.

"Oh—oh!" she protested, shaking her head; "your philosophy is that of all reactionaries—emotional arguments which never can be justified. Why, if the laboring man delights in the harmless hurdy-gurdy and finds his pleasure mounted on a wooden horse, should you say that the island of his delight is 'vile'? All fulfilment of harmless happiness is progress, my poor friend—"

"But my harmless happiness lay in seeing the wild-fowl splashing where nothings splashes now except beer and the bathing rabble. If progress is happiness—where is mine? Gone with the curlew and the wild duck! Therefore, there is no progress."

"But *your* happiness in such things was an exception—"

"Exceptions prove anything!"

"Yes—but—no, they don't, either! What nonsense you can talk when you try to. As for me I'm going down to the Brier Water to look into it. If there are any trout there foolish enough to bite at those gaudy-feathered hooks I'll call you—"

"I'm going with you," he said, rising to his feet. She smilingly ignored his offered hands and sprang erect unaided.

The Brier Water, a cold, deep, leisurely stream, deserved its name. If anybody ever haunted it with hostile designs upon its fishy denizens, Austin at least never did. Belted

kingfisher, heron, mink, and perhaps a furtive small boy with pole and sinker and barnyard worm—these were the only foes the trout might dread. As for a man and a fly-rod, they knew him not, nor was there much chance for casting a line, because the water everywhere flowed under weeds, arched thickets of brier and grass, and leafy branches criss-crossed above.

"This place is impossible," said Selwyn scornfully. "What is Austin about to let it all grow up and run wild——"

"You said," observed Eileen, "that you preferred an untrimmed wilderness; didn't you?"

He laughed and reeled in his line until only six inches of the gossamer leader remained free. From this dangled a single silver-bodied fly, glittering in the wind.

"There's a likely pool hidden under those briers," he said; "I'm going to poke the tip of my rod under—this way— Hah!" as a heavy splash sounded from depths unseen and the reel screamed as he struck.

Up and down, under banks and over shallows rushed the invisible fish; and Selwyn could do nothing for a while but let him go when he insisted, and check and recover when the fish permitted.

Eileen, a spray of green mint between her vivid lips, watched the performance with growing interest; but when at length a big, fat, struggling speckled trout was cautiously but successfully lifted out into the grass, she turned her back until the gallant fighter had departed this life under a merciful whack from a stick.

"That," she said faintly, "is the part I don't care for. Is he out of all pain? What? Didn't feel any? Oh, are you quite sure?"

She walked over to him and looked down at the beautiful victim of craft.

"Oh, well," she sighed, "you are very clever, of course, and I suppose I'll eat him; but I wish he were alive again, down there in those cool, sweet depths."

"Killing frogs and insects and his smaller brother fish?"

"Did he do *that*?"

"No doubt of it. And if I hadn't landed him, a heron or a mink would have done it sooner or later. That's what a trout is for: to kill and be killed."

She smiled, then sighed. The taking of life and the giving of it were mysteries to her. She had never wittingly killed anything.

"Do you say that it doesn't hurt the trout?" she asked.

"There are no nerves in the jaw muscles of a trout— Hah!" as his rod twitched and swerved under water and his reel sang again.

And again she watched the performance, and once more turned her back.

"Let me try," she said, when the *coup-de-grace* had been administered to a lusty, brilliant-tinted bull-trout. And, rod in hand, she bent breathless and intent over the bushes, cautiously thrusting the tip through a thicket of mint.

She lost two fish, then hooked a third—a small one; but when she lifted it gasping into the sunlight, she shivered and called to Selwyn:

"Unhook it and throw it back! I—I simply can't stand that!"

Splash! went the astonished trout; and she sighed her relief.

"There's no doubt about it," she said, "you and I certainly do belong to different species of the same genus; men and women are separate species. Do you deny it?"

"I should hate to lose you that way," he returned teasingly.

"Well, you can't avoid it. I gladly admit that woman is not too closely related to man. We don't like to kill things; it's an ingrained distaste, not merely a matter of ethical philosophy. You like to kill; and it's a trait common also to children and other predatory animals. Which fact," she added airily, "convinces me of woman's higher civilization."

"It would convince me, too," he said, "if woman didn't eat the things that man kills for her."

"I know; isn't it horrid! Oh, dear, we're neither of us very high in the scale yet—particularly you."

"Well, I've advanced some since the good old days when a man went wooing with a club," he suggested.

"You may have. But, anyway, you don't go wooing. As for man collectively, he has not progressed so very far," she added demurely. "As an example, that dreadful Draymore man actually hurt my wrist."

Selwyn looked up quickly, a shade of frank annoyance on his face and a vision of the fat sybarite before his eyes. He turned again to his fishing, but his shrug was more of a shudder than appeared to be complimentary to Percy Draymore.

She had divined, somehow, that it annoyed

Selwyn to know that men had importuned her. So, to torment him, she said: "Of course it is somewhat exciting to be asked to marry people—rather agreeable than otherwise——"

"What!"

Waist deep in bay-bushes he turned toward her where she sat on the trunk of an oak which had fallen across the stream. Her arms balanced her body; her ankles were interlocked. She swung her slim russet-shod feet above the brook and looked at him with a touch of *gaminerie* new to her and to him.

"Of course it's amusing to be told you are the only woman in the world," she said, "particularly when a girl has a secret fear that men don't consider her quite grown up."

"You once said," he began impatiently, "that the idiotic importunities of those men annoyed you."

"Why do you call them idiotic?"—with pretense of hurt surprise. "A girl is honored——"

"Oh, bosh!"

"Captain Selwyn!"

"I beg your pardon," he said sulkily; and fumbled with his reel.

She surveyed him, head a trifle on one side—the very incarnation of youthful malice in process of satisfying a desire for tormenting. Never before had she experienced that desire so keenly, so unreasoningly; never before had she found such a curious pleasure in punishing without cause. A perfectly inexplicable exhilaration possessed her—a gayety quite reasonless, until every pulse in her seemed singing with laughter and quickening with the desire for his torment.

"When I pretended I was annoyed by what men said to me, I was only a yearling," she observed. "Now I'm a two-year, Captain Selwyn. Who can tell what may happen in my second season?"

"You said that you were *not* the—marring sort," he insisted.

"Nonsense. All girls are. Once I sat in a high chair and wore a bib and banqueted on cambric-tea and prunes. I don't do it now; I've advanced. It's probably part of that progress which you are so opposed to."

He did not answer.

"All progress is admirable," she suggested. No answer.

So, to goad him:

"There *are* men," she said dreamily, "who might hope for a kinder reception next winter——"

"Oh, no," he said coolly, "there are no such gentlemen. If there were you wouldn't say so."

"Yes, I would. And there are."

"You can't frighten me"—with a shade less confidence. "You wouldn't tell if there was."

"I'd tell *you*."

"Me?"—with a sudden slump in his remaining stock of reassurance.

"Certainly. I tell you and Nina things of that sort. And when I have fully decided to marry I shall, of course, tell you both before I inform other people."

How the blood in her young veins was racing and singing with laughter! How thoroughly she was enjoying something to which she could give neither reason nor name! But how satisfying it all was—whatever it was that amused her in this man's uncertainty, and in the faint traces of an irritation as unreasoning as the source of it!

"Really, Captain Selwyn," she said, "you are not one of those old-fashioned literary landmarks who object through several chapters to a girl's marrying—are you?"

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"You are quite serious?"

"Quite."

"You won't *let* me?"

"No, I won't."

"Why?"

"I want you myself," he said, smiling at last.

"That is flattering but horribly selfish. In other words you won't marry me and you won't let anybody else do it. And I'm not to marry that nice young man?"—mockingly sweet. "No? What!—not anybody at all—ever and ever?"

"Me," he suggested, "if you're as thoroughly demoralized as that."

"Oh! Must a girl be pretty thoroughly demoralized to marry you?"

"I don't suppose she'd do it if she wasn't," he admitted, laughing.

She considered him, head on one side:

"You are ornamental, anyway," she concluded.

"Well, then," he said, "will you have me?"

She threw back her head and her clear laughter thrilled the silence. He laughed, too.

"So you won't have me?" he said.

"You haven't asked me—have you?"

"Well, I do now."

She mused, the smile resting lightly on lips and eyes.

"Wouldn't such a thing astonish Nina!" she said.

He did not answer; a slight color tinged the new sunburn on his cheeks.

She laughed to herself, clasped her hands, crossed her slender feet, and bent her eyes on the pool below.

"Marriage," she said, pursuing her thoughts aloud, "is curiously unnecessary to happiness. Take our pleasure in each other, for example. It has, from the beginning, been perfectly free from silliness and sentiment."

"Naturally," he said. "I'm old enough to be safe."

"You are not!" she retorted. "What a ridiculous thing to say!"

"Well, then," he said, "I'm dreadfully unsafe, but yet you've managed to escape. Is that it?"

"Perhaps. You *are* attractive to women! I've heard that often enough to be convinced. Why, even I can see what attracts them"—she turned to look at him—"the way your head and shoulders set—and—well, the—rest. It's rather superior of me to have escaped sentiment, don't you think so?"

Her running comment was her laughter, ringing deliciously amid the trees until a wild bird, restlessly attentive, ventured a long, sweet response from the tangled green above them.

After their laughter the soberness of reaction left them silent for a while. The wild bird sang and sang, dropping fearlessly nearer from branch to branch, until in his melody she found the key to her dreamy thoughts.

"Because," she said, "you are so unconscious of your own value, I like you best, I think. I never before quite realized just what it was in you."

"My value," he said, "is what you care to make it."

"Then nobody can afford to take you away from me, Captain Selwyn."

He flushed with pleasure: "That is the prettiest thing a woman ever admitted to a man," he said.

"You have said nicer things to me. That is your reward. I wonder if you remember any of the nice things you say to me? Oh, don't look so hurt and astonished—because I don't believe you do. Isn't it jolly to sit here and let life drift past us? Out there in the world"—she nodded backward toward the open—"out yonder all that 'progress' is whirling around the world, and here we sit—

just you and I—quite happily, swinging our feet in perfect content and talking nonsense. What more is there after all than a companionship that admits both sense and nonsense?"

And, as he did not respond: "I wonder if you realize how perfectly lovely you have been to me since you have come into my life? Men's kindness is a strange thing; they may try and try, and a girl may know they are trying and, in her turn, try to be grateful. But it is all effort on both sides. Then—with a word—an impulse born of chance or instinct—a man may say and do that which a woman can never forget—and would not if she could."

"Have I done—that?"

"Yes. Didn't you understand? Do you suppose any other man in the world could have what you have had of me—of my real self? Do you suppose for one instant that any other man than you could ever obtain from me the confidence I offer you unasked? Do I not tell you everything that enters my head and heart? Do you not know that I care for you more than for anybody alive?"

"Gerald—"

She looked him straight in the eyes; her breath caught, but she steadied her voice:

"I've got to be truthful," she said; "I care for you more than for Gerald."

"And I for you more than anybody living," he said.

"Is it true?"

"It is the truth, Eileen."

"You—you make me very happy, Captain Selwyn."

"But—did you not know it before I told you?"

"I—y-yes; I hoped so." In the exultant reaction from the delicious tension of a vow she laughed lightly, not knowing why.

"The pleasure in it," she said, "is the certainty that I am capable of making you happy. You have no idea how I desire to do it. I've wanted to ever since I knew you—I've wanted to be capable of doing it. And you tell me that I do; and I am utterly and foolishly happy." The quick mischievous sparkle of *gaminerie* flashed up, transforming her for an instant—"Ah, yes; and I can make you unhappy, too, it seems, by talking of marriage. That, too, is something—a delightful power—but"—the malice dying to a spark in her brilliant eyes—"I shall not torment you, Captain Selwyn. Will it make you happier if I say, 'No; I shall never marry as long as I

have you'? Will it really? Then I say it; never, never will I marry as long as I have your confidence and friendship. But I want it *all*!—every bit, please. And if ever there is another woman—if ever you fall in love!—crack!—away I go"—she snapped her white fingers—"like that!" she added, "only quicker! Well, then! Be very, very careful, my friend! I wish there were some place here where I could curl up indefinitely and listen to your views on life. You brought a book to read, didn't you?"

He gave her a funny, embarrassed glance: "Yes; I brought a sort of a book."

"Then I'm all ready to be read to, thank you. Please steady me while I try to stand up on this log—one hand will do——"

Scarcely in contact with him she crossed the log, sprang blithely to the ground, and, lifting the hem of her summer gown an inch or two, picked her way toward the bank above.

In the dry, sweet grass she found a place for a nest, and settled into it, head prone on a heap of scented bay leaves, elbows skyward, and fingers linked across her chin. One foot was hidden, the knee, doubled, making a tent of her white skirt, from a little edge of which a low russet shoe projected, revealing the contour of a slim ankle.

"What book did you bring?" she asked dreamily.

He turned red: "It's—it's just a chapter from a little book I'm trying to write—a—a—sort of suggestion for the establishment of native regiments in the Philippines. I thought, perhaps, you might not mind listening——"

Her delighted surprise and quick cordiality quite overwhelmed him, so, sitting flat on the grass, hat off and the hill wind furrowing his bright crisp hair, he began, naively, like a schoolboy; and Eileen lay watching him, touched and amused at his eager interest in reading aloud to her this mass of coördinated fact and detail.

There was, in her, one quality to which he had never appealed in vain—her loyalty. Confident of that, and of her intelligence, he wasted no words in preliminary explanation. He wrote simply and without self-consciousness; loyalty aroused her interest, intelligence sustained it; and when the end came, it came too quickly for her, and she said so frankly, which delighted him.

Lying there in the fragrant verdure, blue eyes skyward or slanting sideways to watch

his face, she listened, answered, questioned, or responded by turns; until their voices grew lazy and the light reaction from things serious awakened the gayety always latent when they were together.

Face to the sky, she began to sing to herself, under her breath, fragments of that ancient war-song:

"Le bon Roi Dagobert
Avait un grand sabre de fer;
Le grand Saint Eloi
Lui dit: 'O mon Roi,
Votre Majesté
Pourrait se blesser!'
'C'est vrai,' lui dit le Roi,
'Qu'on me donne un sabre de bois!'"

"In that verse," observed Selwyn, smiling, "lies the true key to the millennium—international disarmament and moral suasion."

"Nonsense," she said lazily; "the millennium will arrive when the false balance between man and woman is properly adjusted—not before. And that means universal education. Did you ever hear that old, old song, written two centuries ago—the 'Education of Phyllis'? No? Listen then and be ashamed."

And lying there, the back of one hand above her eyes, she sang in a sweet, childish, mocking voice, tremulous with hidden laughter, the song of Phyllis the shepherdess and Sylvandre the shepherd—how Phyllis, more avaricious than sentimental, made Sylvandre pay her thirty sheep for one kiss; how, next day, the price shifted to one sheep for thirty kisses; and the dreadful demoralization of Phyllis:

"Le lendemain, Philis, plus tendre
Fut trop heureuse de lui rendre
Trente moutons pour un baiser!

Le lendemain, Philis, peu sage,
Aurait donné moutons et chien
Pour un baiser que le volage
A Lisette donnait pour rien!"

"And there we are," said Eileen, sitting up abruptly and leveling the pink-tipped finger of accusation at him—"there, if you please, lies the woe of the world—not in the armaments of nations! That old French poet understood in half a second more than your Hague tribunal could comprehend in its first Cathayan cycle! There lies the hope of your millennium—in the higher education of the modern Phyllis."

"And the up-to-date Sylvandre," added Selwyn.

"He knows too much already," she retorted, delicate nose in the air. "Hark! Ear to the ground! My atavistic and wilder instincts warn me that somebody is coming!"

"Boots and Drina," said Selwyn; and he hailed them as they came into view above. Then he sprang to his feet, calling out: "And Gerald, too! Hello, old fellow! This is perfectly fine! When did you arrive?"

"O Gerald!" cried Eileen, both hands outstretched—"it's splendid of you to come! Dear fellow! have you seen Nina and Austin? And were they not delighted? And you've come to stay, haven't you? There, I won't begin to urge you. Look, Gerald—look, Boots—and Drina, too—only look at those beautiful big plump trout in Captain Selwyn's creel!"

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Gerald, "you didn't take those in that little brook—did you, Philip? Well, wouldn't that snare you! I'm coming down here after luncheon; I sure am."

Selwyn turned to Gerald. "I hunted high and low for you before I came to Silverside. You found my note?"

"Yes; I—I'll explain later," said the boy, coloring. "Come ahead, Eily; Boots and I will take you on at tennis—and Philip, too. We've an hour or so before luncheon. Is it a go?"

"Certainly," replied his sister, unaware of Selwyn's proficiency, but loyal even in doubt. And the five, walking abreast, moved off across the uplands toward the green lawns of Silverside, where, under a gay lawn parasol, Nina sat, a "nature book" in hand, the center of an attentive gathering composed of dogs, children, and the cat, Kit-Ki, blinking her topaz-tinted eyes in the sunshine.

The young mother looked up happily as the quintet came strolling across the lawn, and, as the children and dogs came crowding around the opened fish basket she said to her brother in a low, contented voice: "Gerald has quite made it up with Austin, dear; I think we have to thank you, haven't we?"

"Has he really squared matters with Austin? That's good—that's fine! Oh, no, I had nothing to do with it—practically nothing. The boy is sound at the core—that's what did it." And to Gerald, who was hailing him from the veranda, "Yes, I've plenty of tennis shoes. Help yourself, old chap."

Eileen had gone to her room to don a shorter skirt and rubber-soled shoes; Lansing

followed her example; and Selwyn, entering his own room, found Gerald trying on a pair of white footgear.

The boy looked up, smiled, and, crossing one knee, began to tie the laces:

"I told Austin that I meant to slow down," he said. "We're on terms again. He was fairly decent."

"Good business!" commented Selwyn vigorously.

"And I'm cutting out cards and cocktails," continued the boy, eager as a little lad who tells how good he has been all day—"I made it plain to the fellows that there was nothing in it for me. And, Philip, I'm boning down like thunder at the office—I'm horribly in debt and I'm hustling to pay up and make a clean start. You," he added, coloring, "will come first—"

"At your convenience," said Selwyn, smiling.

"Not at all! Yours is the first account to be squared; then Neergard—"

"Do you owe *him*, Gerald?"

"Do I? O Lord! But he's a patient soul—really, Philip, I wish you didn't dislike him so thoroughly, because he's good company and besides that he's a very able man. Well, we won't talk about him, then. Come on; I'll lick the very life out of you over the net!"

A few moments later the white balls were flying over the white net, and active white-flanneled figures were moving swiftly over the velvet turf.

The call to luncheon sounding after an hour's play, Eileen, one bare arm around her brother's shoulders, strolled houseward across the lawn, switching the shaven sod with her tennis bat.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" she said to Selwyn. "Gerald"—she touched her brother's smooth cheek—"means to fish; Boots and Drina are keen on it, too; and Nina is driving to Yoset with the children."

"And you?" he asked, smiling.

"Whatever you wish"—confident that he wanted her, whatever he had on hand.

"I ought to walk over to Storm Head," he said, "and get things straightened out."

"Your laboratory?" asked Gerald. "Austin told me when I saw him in town that you were going to have the cottage on Storm Head to make powder in."

"Only in minute quantities, Gerald," explained Selwyn; "I just want to try a few things. And if they turn out all right, what

do you say to taking a look in—if Austin approves?”

“Oh, please, Gerald,” whispered his sister.

“Do you really believe there is anything in it?” asked the boy. “Because, if you are sure——”

“There certainly is if I can prove that my powder is able to resist heat, cold, and moisture. The Lawn people stand ready to talk matters over as soon as I am satisfied. There’s plenty of time—but keep the suggestion in the back of your head, Gerald.”

The boy smiled, nodded importantly, and went off to remove the stains of tennis from his person; and Eileen went, too, turning around to look back at Selwyn:

“Thank you for asking Gerald! I’m sure he will love to go into anything you think safe.”

“Will you join us, too?” he called back, smilingly—“we may need capital!”

“I’ll remember that!” she said; and, turning once more as she reached the landing: “Good-by—until luncheon!” And touched her lips with the tips of her fingers, flinging him a gay salute.

In parting and meeting—even after the briefest of intervals—it was always the same with her; always she had for him some informal hint of the formality of parting; always some recognition of their meeting—in the light touching of hands, as though the symbol of ceremony, at least, was due to him, to herself, and to the occasion.

Luncheon at Silverside was anything but a function—with the children at table and the dogs in a semicircle, and the nurses tying bibs and admonishing the restless or belligerent, and the wide French windows open, and the sea wind lifting the curtains and stirring the cluster of wild flowers in the center of the table.

Kit-Ki’s voice was gently raised at intervals; at intervals some grinning puppy, unable to longer endure the nourishing odors, lost self-control and yapped, then lowered his head, momentarily overcome with mortification.

All the children talked continuously, unlimited conversation being permitted until it led to hostilities or puppy-play. The elders

conducted such social intercourse as was possible under the conditions, but luncheon was the children’s hour at Silverside.

Nina and Eileen talked garden talk—they both were quite mad about their fruit trees and flower beds; Selwyn, Gerald, and Boots discussed stables, golf links, and finally the new business which Selwyn hoped to develop.

Afterwards, when the children had been excused, and Drina had pulled her chair close to Lansing’s to listen—and after that, on the veranda, when the men sat smoking and Drina was talking French, and Nina and Eileen had gone off with baskets, trowels, and pruning-shears—Selwyn still continued in conference with Boots and Gerald; and it was plain that his concise, modest explanation of what he had accomplished in his experiments with Chaosite seriously impressed the other men.

Boots frankly admitted it. “Besides,” he said, “if the Lawn people are so anxious for you to give them first say in the matter I don’t see why we shouldn’t have faith in it—enough, I mean, to be good to ourselves by offering to be good to you, Phil.”

“Wait until Austin comes down—and until I’ve tried one or two new ideas,” said Selwyn. “Nothing on earth would finish me quicker than to get anybody who trusted me into a worthless thing.”

“It’s plain,” observed Boots, “that although you may have been an army captain you’re no captain of industry—you’re not even a non-com.!”

Selwyn laughed: “Do you really believe that ordinary decency is uncommon?”

“Look at Long Island,” returned Boots. “Where does the boom of worthless acreage and paper cities land investors when it explodes?”

Gerald had flushed up at the turn in the conversation; and Selwyn steered Lansing into other and safer channels until Gerald went away to find a fishing-rod.

And, as Drina had finished her French lesson, she and Lansing presently departed, brandishing fishing-rods adorned with the gaudiest of flies.

(To be continued.)



THE MADNESS OF WINDS

By LLOYD ROBERTS

ON all the upland pastures the strong winds gallop free,
Trampling down the flowered stalks sleepy in the sun,
Whirl away in blue and gold all their finery,
'Till naked crouch the gentle hosts where the winds have run.

Along the rocking hillsides shaggy heads are bent;
Out upon the tawny plains tortured dust leaps high;
The red roof of the sunset is torn awry and rent,
And chaos lifts the heavy sea and bends the hollow sky.

The winds are drunk with freedom—the crowded valleys roar—
The madness surges through their veins, and when they gallop out
The black rain follows close behind, the pale sun flees before,
And recklessly across the world goes all the broken rout.

I was striding on the uplands when the host was running mad,
I saw them threshing through the leaves and daisy tops below,
And as their feet came up the hill, my tired heart grew glad—
'Till at the music of their throats I knew that I must go.

So the winds are now my brothers, they have joined me to their ranks;
And when their rampant strength wells up and drives them singing forth,
I am with them when they roll the fog across the oily Banks,
And tumble out the sleeping bergs that crowd beyond the North.

The woods are drenched with moonlight and every leaf's awake;
The little beads of dew sit white on every twig and blade;
A thousand stars are scattered thick beneath the forest lake:
We pass,—and only laughter for the havoc we have made.

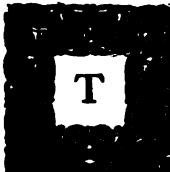
There's not a wind that brushes the long bright fields of corn,
Or shrieking, drives the broken wreck beneath a blackened sea;
There's not a wind that draws the rain across the face of morn,
That does not rise when I arise and sink again with me.



THE PRODIGIES

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPPS WARD

HE Tenor sat talking to the mother of the boy prodigy. He told himself she had distinction; the thought also occurred to him that if the boy prodigy should ever be in need of will power the mother could supply him bounteously. Her intensity of greed for the boy's genius was like an inward flame that burned in spite of her through the chill correctness of her manner. Her belief, her absorption in the child's career showed in everything she did—in her way of looking after the boy as he trudged off to his dressing room with his fiddle case under his arm; in the way she spoke of him to the Tenor. At the same time the Tenor, with his searching, kindly eyes, missed something.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she hasn't shown an atom of maternal tenderness for the little chap!"

He wondered at this. He had offered up prayers that his own small son might be kept from the cruel road of the prodigy, and he felt repelled by this attitude of the other boy's mother.

"But your son"—he put out tentatively—"is rather young to have worked so hard. Does he never play?"

"He has his recreation hours, certainly," she said. "But you understand he is not an ordinary child. Other children do not attract him; he does not care to play at their games."

"But little chaps, you know," the Tenor persisted, "need other boys for the good of their minds as well as their bodies."

"Oh, David is quite strong, I assure you," she replied, rather more coldly. "From the time he was born he has been most carefully

trained. He has always been under the care of a noted gymnast. He has a wonderful left hand—the true violin hand. Of course most games are impossible for him because one has to be so very careful of the bow arm, you know."

The Tenor stood up; he felt he could endure no more. He left the mother with an abruptness which could be excused only by the fact that he was a very great tenor. As he went down the passage to his dressing room he heard the little boy prodigy warming up his fiddle with scales—wonderful scales, in thirds, in octaves, in harmonics—and he sighed, "Poor little chap!"

Across the hall from the Tenor's dressing room another door stood open and the sound of another fiddle being tuned came out to him. The Tenor looked at the programme pinned beside his mirror.

"That must be the other prodigy," he sighed. "Sweet charity, the programmes we arrange in your name!"

The fiddle across the hall just then sang out in a tiny passage, which was as joyously sweet as the call of a starling.

"I say—" laughed the Tenor, and looked in at the open door of the room across the narrow passage. The fiddler smiled back at him from where she stood in front of a great pier glass. The Tenor thought her the prettiest thing he had ever seen. She reminded him of a flower, or a humming bird, or of something miraculously fairylike. Her little fluffy gown might at any instant reveal gauzy wings springing from the place where two pink bows perched airily.

"How do you like my fiddle?" she called to him at once—and in the same breath—"How do you like this dress?"

He heard a voice protest "Sweetheart!"

and then a lady came into the line of his vision. She flushed a little and bowed when she saw him. She was plainly the mother of the fiddling Titania; they had the same mouth and eyes. The Tenor enjoyed an instant of amusement in the comparison of this mother with the one he had just left. The mother of the little girl prodigy had only the distinction of youth; moreover, when she knelt to tie the slipper of the radiant elf, the Tenor saw that there was a difference of kind in her very air as she looked at the child. Her tenderness shone in her eyes and radiated from each finger tip as she patted a filmy ruffle in place or tucked back one of the child's shining ringlets.

"This is my best concert dress," declared the small fiddler, her eyes laughing at the Tenor over her mother's shoulder. "I have another, but it isn't all crispy like this; I wear that one when we play in little places."

Upon this the mother straightened up and looked at the Tenor, a little flushed. "This is the first time we have played in London," she explained, "and of course we must be very fine." Her eyes laughed. "Do you think we are smart enough for St. James Hall?"

"Oh—oh!" said the Tenor, and he made it express more than a long sentence. The mother and child looked at each other happily.

"I play a Vieuxtemps Concerto when I wear this dress," the child enlightened him.

"Oh!" said the Tenor again sadly. "Titania bound on the rack of a concerto!" Something in his tone made the mother put one arm about the child's head. There was everything in the look she bent upon the little girl—fear and sadness and pride and love.

"I don't think it is too much for her," she said wistfully. "She doesn't seem to mind."

"I like it," declared Titania—"especially the jolly parts. Have you any little girls?"

"Two," said the Tenor. "One of them just large enough to make a nice doll for you, Titania."

The little girl fetched a rapturous sigh. "I'd love to see her! In Detroit where we used to live there were ten babies in our block. I don't believe that ever a little girl lived in our boarding house here."

The Tenor looked at Titania's mother. "Little girls are out of place in lodgings," he said, with meaning. He was interested to see that this mother, unlike the other, did not

regard him coldly at this point. There was a wistful protest in the way she smiled at him.

"It isn't so bad," she said. "We only practice four hours a day now, and there is the Zoo and sometimes even a trip up the river—and always Detroit as an ultimate reward."

"But there are no little girls," Titania persisted.

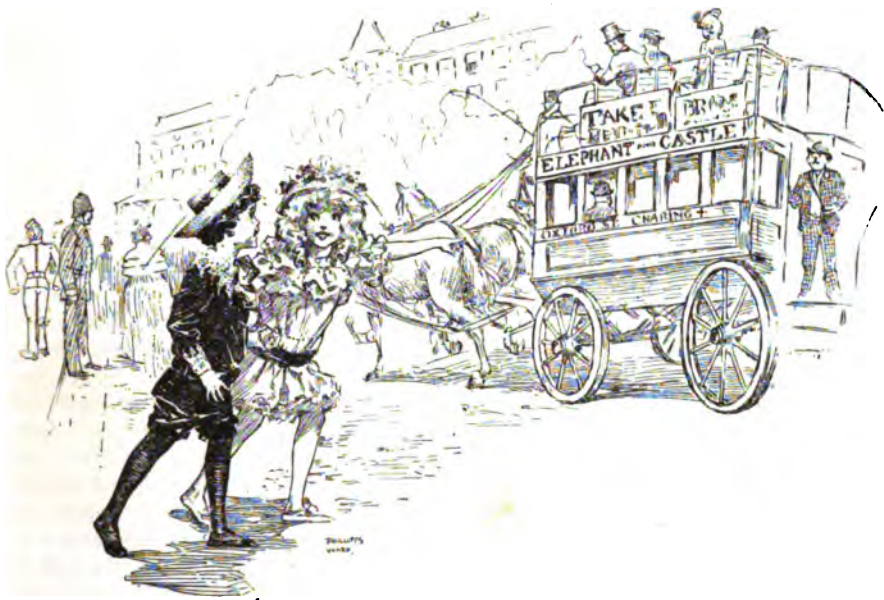
The Tenor turned away; if he had stayed longer he felt he must convey to Titania's mother that he considered her a misguided woman. He shut himself in his dressing room until the sound of a fiddle lured him forth again. The little boy prodigy was on the stage playing a Sarabande of old Corelli's. His dark eyes looked dreamily over the heads of his audience. A very young, slightly Italian cherub might have played Corelli like that—with the look of one to whom God whispers in the ear.

The Tenor had a strange feeling of shame. Since when had *he* sung with such high fervor? He could understand the mother now, he told himself, and almost forgive her—the boy had something worthy the utmost sacrifice. But little Titania—what excuse was there in her case?

To answer his own question he lingered until Titania in her turn came upon the stage. He had meant to disapprove, and he found himself clapping with the others when she made her bow. Ah, really, it would be better if she did not play a note—if she merely let them look at her! But there she was, nestling her pretty chin upon the fiddle and curving her absurd little left hand into position. Her fearless eyes commanded attention; she lifted her round bow arm; it ripped out a dauntless chord and she was off on the tide of her concerto.

Down in the first rows of St. James Hall the old war horses of the afternoon recital raised their lorgnettes. A lonely man who had gone to sleep with his cane in his mouth awoke and forgot that he had meant to go home; the students in the gallery left off their critical manner and smiled at each other. A little breeze of pleasure seemed to stir the heavy air; a grim old lady in velvet and jet exclaimed aloud, "Bonny little lass!" and a new tenderness came into the *blasé* faces about her.

The pink bows on the shoulders of Titania quivered with the energy of her fiddling; a long curl bobbed into her left eye and had



"It was Titania's sharp eyes saw it."

to be shaken out. Her tiny fingers snapped down upon the strings like well-trained white mice; and when she came to the "jolly part" she smiled. Her smile took in everyone from the overdressed dowagers to the ushers at the back. Her friendly eyes twinkled over the brown fiddle; she cocked her head invitingly as if she said, "I like it—don't you?"

The Tenor liked it—so well that he leaned farther out toward the stage and then he saw that in the entrance opposite him the other prodigy stood watching Titania. His look devoured her. There was in his face some such expression of wondering adoration as Botticelli put into the wistful eyes of his candle-bearing boys. The Tenor understood boys, and as he looked at this one he realized that there was such a thing as a boy's being hungry—and not for food.

"What can I do?" he thought. "One must do something."

What he finally did he found very amusing. He dragged the two mothers together, introduced them, made them talk, and, what was better, talked himself in his most fas-

cinating vein. There was no resisting him; the minutes ran into half an hour and the programme had come to an end when Titania's mother exclaimed with a start that she had forgotten her daughter.

"Poor little thing!" she cried, "waiting for me in our dismal dressing room!"

The Tenor smiled behind his hand. He had seen the two children half an hour before standing in one of the entrances, shyly making friends. There was a glow of happiness in the boy's eyes and Titania had evidently just asked him how he liked her dress. The Tenor smiled again as he thought of the half hour of freedom from grown-ups that he had managed for the kiddies. He followed the mothers down the passage with much satisfaction.

Five minutes later, when they had looked into all the rooms behind the stage, had searched the platform itself and the empty hall, the three met each other's paling faces. The children were gone. The doorkeeper was frantically questioned. Yes, he had seen a little boy and girl go out; he had supposed they were with some of the other

artists. The Tenor's guilty heart went down, but he faced the mothers bravely.

"Come, come," he said, "we'll find them in the nearest pastry shop."

"Now," said Titania, skipping joyously, "let's hurry up and find them. I know there are lots of children if we only look in the right place."

They had reached the point where the Queen's Walk branches off from Piccadilly and the Green Park begins. A flower girl with her bright burden had seated herself to rest on a near-by bench. The boy darted toward her and returned with a posy for Titania. He was red and uncomfortable as he gave it to her, but a new, immeasurable happiness compelled him to lay what offering he could find at her feet. She accepted the posy with sweet enthusiasm and they went on once more through the grateful freshness of the park. The way was none of the boy's choosing. If Titania had suggested scaling the wall of Buckingham Palace he would have followed her happily. He was blind to everything except the dear necessity of pleasing Titania. He could see nothing but the wag of her crisp skirts, her bobbing curls, her jolly little nose, her blue eyes which were incitement and appeal in one.

When they came out once more upon a crowded street she took his hand. He reddened again, but walked very erect beside her, holding her hand as carefully as if it were a rose.

"There's an awful lot of people here, but no children," she said when they had walked a long way. There was the least hint of a sigh in her voice. The boy's brow puckered anxiously. Already Titania's tired little legs were beginning to drag a bit and ahead of them was another street of shops and crowds

—an unlikely place to look for playmates. But all at once a very interesting thing happened. It was Titania's sharp eyes saw it—a green bus ambling down the street with "Elephant and Castle" painted on it.

"Oh, boy!" cried Titania, "if there's an Elephant and Castle anywhere around here I want to see 'em!"

"So do I!" he agreed loyally.

"Let's run!" she shrieked, and they were off. A kind policeman stopped the bus and helped them on. It went on its way with the boy and Titania sitting on top in the warm spring sun. Titania's cheeks were the hue of the pink bows on her shoulders. As the boy looked at her a delicious fancy stirred within him. In his short and too busy life he had played at many secret games with his imagination, and now he played at another. He was an armored knight and Titania a damsel whom he had sworn to protect from all harm. The fancy was too dear to share even with Titania, but it added an indescribable zest to everything that happened. When the bus lurched around a corner it was his steed shying at a hidden foe; when he and Titania leaned out to look at the people in the street below he tingled with the thought that they were prowling beasts who would gobble up Titania if he were not there.

It was altogether an exciting ride. The only unpleasant thing was the way the bus conductor grinned when they told him they wanted to see the Elephant and Castle. They were more than ever convinced that he was a sordid and wicked man when he stopped the bus after a long time and told them that here was where they were to get off. "'Ere's the El'phant an' Caws'le, kids," he said, when anybody could see with half an eye there was nothing of the sort in sight. It was



"His dark eyes looked dreamily over the heads of the audience."

queer and disappointing. They were standing at the starting-point of a maze of streets.

"Never mind," said the boy. "I expect that Elephant and Castle is just the name they put on buses to get people to ride on 'em. They wouldn't do that in New York, no, sirree!"

Titania wailed aloud. To distract her mind the boy suggested that they walk down one of the streets and see if they could find some candy.

Now, as everyone knows, if there isn't an elephant within miles of the Old Kent Road there are other things. There are, for instance, costers' barrows and hot-potato men and old clothes markets and children. They mingle in fascinating profusion, but mostly the children predominate. There is a child to every square yard in the dingy streets off the Road. They swarm like shabby bees; they quarrel and play after a fashion quite their own. At the moment when Titania and the boy reached the end of one of these swarming streets a score of children were circling with hungry eyes about the tray of a toffee man. One affluent urchin out of the twenty possessed a farthing. They were watching him greedily as he chose a pink bit of toffee when a miracle happened. A boy angel and a girl angel, nothing less, descended into their midst. Round-eyed, open-mouthed awe fell upon the children; they shrank away a little, unsmiling. One or two snatched at a baby brother or sister. In the middle of the street Titania and the boy stood alone.

For a long moment they looked into twenty pairs of sullenly wondering eyes and then Titania said "Hello!" in her friendly voice. There was a little stir like a sigh; a girl crept behind Titania and took a fold of her frock between a sly thumb and forefinger.

"I s'y," she said huskily, "it's *silk*!"

Instantly the circle closed about them. Eager fingers caressed the boy's velvet jacket and touched with awe Titania's pink bows. Such a diversion as this had never come into their lives before. Their eyes shone in a crowding ring about the two splendid beings who had dropped from the sky into their

street. Titania shrank a little from them, but her friendly smile was unabated. There was something about the crowding, ragged children that rather took away the boy's breath, but his resources did not fail him. He backed toward the toffee man, still holding Titania's hand. The children watched him intently. He was buying toffee—sixpence worth—a stupendous lot; he was—oh, wonderful—he was passing it about among them!

As the toffee melted away in twenty mouths they began to smile. They showed that they could look as friendly as Titania. She for her part responded with splendid spirit by hopping upon the curb and taking things in hand.

"Now," she cried energetically, "what shall we play?"

The children were silent until the child who had first touched Titania's dress spoke up.

"If we 'ad a 'urdy-gurdy, miss," she said in a husky whisper, "we c'd dance fer you."

"Oh, I should love that!" cried Titania and looked at her knight appealingly.

"Oh, well, I suppose I can," he said, as if he had read her thought. "Say—if any of you have got a fiddle, I can play."

If any of them had a fiddle! There was an instant of gasping astonishment, and then with one consent a dozen of them whirled and ran off down the street. They returned immediately with a shoemaker, who was incredulous but curious. He held in his hand



"How do you like this dress?"



"'I s'y!' she said buskily, 'it's silk!'"

a fiddle. The children swarmed upon him and forced him to hand over the precious instrument to the magician in velvet. The boy looked distastefully at the black old fiddle, sticky with rosin and the grime of years, but Titania stood at his elbow demanding music, and he tuned it with his artistic nose in the air.

"Now, now," shrieked Titania, "something lively, boy dear!"

The something lively began to trip off his bow. For an instant the children listened as if they couldn't believe their ears and then the dance began. Such an hour had never been known in Taggs Street. The shoemaker stared at his bewitched fiddle; the windows swarmed with mothers who let the supper burn while they stood agape; fathers coming home from work slapped their thighs and called to their women folk to come out and join in; the toffee man began to shuffle; a coster drove up, took one look, and ran to fetch his girl. In the middle of the street, on the curb, and in the gutter the children danced—in pairs, in squads, or solemnly alone. Titania bestowed her hand impartially; she danced with everyone. Her hat had long since been cast down upon the curb and her curls had escaped all bounds, but her face glowed with delight. For the first time in weary weeks she had her fill of children.

The sun setting on Taggs Street that night lighted up more happy faces than the grimy

place had ever seen at one time before. In Piccadilly also it fell slantwise on many faces, among them the unhappy countenances of the Tenor and the two mothers. They were listening eagerly to a flower girl who had walked through the park with them to point out the corner where she had last seen the boy and girl. The mother of Titania thanked her and the Tenor pressed money into her hand, but the mother of the boy hurried on. Her face was white and still; she had said very little since the time they set out, but when they came at last to the policeman who admitted helping the children on to a green bus, her self-command broke down.

"Newington!" she groaned; "that's in the south of London—miles from here!"

"Yes, ma'am," assented the policeman sympathetically, "they said they was going to the Elephant and Castle, ma'am."

When the three in their turn had taken a green bus, the boy's mother turned to the younger woman with such a passionate breaking down of pride and will that the Tenor looked away. There was one burning question in her eyes.

"Do you think," she whispered—"do you think he ran away from *me*?"

The other mother looked back at her. "Shall we ever know what they ran away from? Do we know our children?"

"Do we know them?" her companion repeated. Suddenly she pressed her hands to

her quivering face. "I haven't tried to know, God help me," she whispered. "I've been too busy making him into something the Creator never meant a child to be. Oh, if I ever find him again, I'm going to make him happy first, and if there is any time left, an artist afterwards!"

"Amen!" said the Tenor to himself.

At the center of a maze of streets which is the Elephant and Castle they found a police-

of Spohr, played furioso, served as a jig. To this the shoemaker was teaching Titania the sailor's hornpipe. Her curls were damp with her exertions and her slippers were gray with the dust of Taggs Street, but her blue eyes shone as she followed her instructor. He had just entreated her to "shake yer left leg like a rag, missy, while yer makes a 'eel-an'-toe shuffle with yer right un!" when Titania saw a change come over the ring of



"Such an hour had never been known in Taggs Street."

man who remembered seeing the children. He waved him in the direction of the road, and the Angel-in-waiting to Mothers did the rest. At the top of Taggs Street the boy's mother heard the fiddle. She cast her dignity behind her and ran. The others followed, and together they came upon the scene of the dance.

The children had procured a barrel from a near-by alley for the fiddler. He had taken off his velvet jacket and abandoned himself to the infection of the moment. A choice bit

children who had formed about her. They began to cower and slink away. Areaway and alley opened to swallow them up until over the street which had been so merry a moment before there fell a hush of fear and suspicion. Authority in the shape of three "toffs" had come upon them—and the fun was over.

The boy said nothing. He handed over the fiddle to the frightened shoemaker and stood up for his reprimand. But Titania wailed aloud.

"I had it 'most learned!" she cried, "and now you've frightened away the nice shoemaker and all the jolly children." It surprised her to be caught up in her mother's arms and to feel the tears on her cheek. "But we were coming back to the concert place pretty soon," she protested, "though to-morrow," she added honestly, "when we have done our practicing we're going to get on the green bus and come down here again."

The Tenor reached down and took her hand.

"At our house," he remarked casually, "we've a garden and a bull pup and four children. The bull pup is white with pink eyes and to-morrow we're going to have a party. It begins at two; will you and the boy come?"

Titania's eyes sparkled. She ran to where the boy stood beside his mother, listless and rather sullen.

"Oh, boy!" she cried, "he's going to have a party! There are four children and a

bull pup—white with pink eyes!—and we're invited at two to-morrow!"

A heavenly flash of light came into the boy's eyes, but it was gone almost before his mother had seen it. He scraped a sullen toe along the pavement.

"Can't," he said. "I've got a fiddle lesson at two."

His mother stooped hastily. "Not to-morrow, Davy, dear. We'll put off the lesson for the party."

The boy glanced up at her with dumb astonishment. Then he looked at Titania. The mother's heart gave a wrench of jealousy. She would have given much to receive the adoration the boy gave as unconsciously as the little maiden accepted it, but she was learning that even a mother and her ambition must bow before a world-old instinct. The boy's heart shone in his face, but he assumed an air of grand indifference.

"All right, Titania," he said. "I'd just as soon go to the party with you—anyway, I'd rather like to see that bull pup."

COLOR SONG

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

GRAY

I AM the eyes of a long dead moon
That deep in a twilight grave was laid,
But left her shroud to walk the sea
With violet feet all unafraid.
I cannot rest,
I will not stay,
I must not meet
The night or day,
A rose is falling
Far away,
Let me go
For I am gray.

Swift are my feet in the falling rain,
Twined in my hair are flowers of mist,
And my smile is the ghost of happiness
Like an ashen mouth by an opal kissed.
I cannot rest,
I dare not stay,
Between the clouds
I hear the day,
A rose is sobbing,
Far away,
Let me go
For I am gray.

A MARINER RETURNS

BY WILLIAM BEVIER ASHLEY

THE big merchantman, in dry dock for repairs to some stove-in ribs, smells a smell coming up from the room beneath which confirms his growing belief that renovators are somewhere about the house.

"The life of the sailor in these days lacks the versatility that enlivened the years long since fallen below the horizon," he remarks to the wondering lady who had been contentedly sewing by the sunny window in a little old-fashioned green rocker. "In this age of specialists, your sea dog must kennel in a monster five-master, or a steel double-turreter, until he dies of old age or is dismissed for the same cause. Now, we who began our seafaring in the infancy of the craft knew the whole line of vessels and every water that washed a dock, and were as much at home on the bridge of a liner as on the jib of a whaler."

"Yes," says the little lady, with rising inflection. "The doctor said you were to sleep this afternoon."

"I'll warrant you," continues the damaged hulk, "that of all those many scenes, most of us now living recall with the greatest pleasure a remarkable passage known as the Straits of Darkhall. Sheer on both sides, so close we could actually touch it, rose the precipitous coast, covered summer and winter by trailing vines loaded with gorgeous grapes, until, one early spring that I well remember just now, a terrific sweeping wind, that carried the dust in choking clouds for miles, peeled off the verdant foliage like paper from a wall, and neither grape nor vine grew there again. Instead, rhododendron in full bloom sprang up in a day and its fragrance was a thing of horror till the paste dried."

The little lady laughs and gently draws the shade; then, pouring something in a glass for the ancient mariner, says she will leave

him for his nap, and will close the door while the halls are being aired.

A wagon rattles by; somewhere some one whistles and a dog barks in reply; voices of boys rollic up through the drawn shades; the merchantman, first looking slyly about, reaches under his pillow for pipe and match safe, starts his furnace, and steams away for Darkhall.

Where he loved most to lie at anchor in those free days was in a little bay somewhat off from the lower entrance to the Straits, where he could wake o' mornings to a sound of frying potatoes coming up the winding galley stairs. He was contented enough with the trim little cutter under him, but there were times when he would willingly give a pocket-knife with a hook thrown in to be aboard the great four-master which cruised continually in the gulf at the head of Darkhall. Black nights when the tempest whipped about the upper deck till he thought the chimney would come down; when the thunders rolled down Middle Street and the lightning flashes just missed his porthole by a clip every time, and the scraping of the maple across the clapboards warned him that his stanch little ship was breaking up at last—at such times he hailed that four-master and listened tensely for the far-off reply, so slow in coming:

"Turn over on your side, Peter, and go to sleep!"

"I've tried, father, and I can't go to sleep," echoed back over the angry waters. The fearful bang of the mainsail breaking loose as the shutter slammed drowned the reply; then he hailed again, "Can't I come, father?"

And then the big ship's boat was manned and run alongside and gathered him in and made its way back along Darkhall with many a narrow escape from a jutting door or a sunken rocker end; and he climbed up the side and snuggled next the mate and rode the

storm out bravely enough. (The merchantman heaved a long deep sigh—and presently relighted his furnace.)

But take it all in all Captain Peter would have searched long, and even then in vain, for another sloop like his for speed and adaptability. Had she not more than once taken him into the drifting floe of the Arctic while sleep settled heavily upon his wearied watching, and danced him out into the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean as he roused him to the morning's calls! Nay, had she not swung from the van of a racing fleet off the Banks right into the ugliest swarm of pirates the southern seas could stand for at the mere whim of his mood! And how often, from the bounding waves in a fearful blow that all but wrecked the springs, she had glided into the perfect calm necessary to hearing what mother was telling the hired girl down below to have for breakfast. (Heigh-ho, my hearties! Even the hired girls have changed, eh, matey? And blow me if they don't mix pancakes in paper packages these days! Presently the merchantman relighted his furnace.)

Mondays he seldom felt equal to an extended cruise because Sunday nights he often sailed as far as to the Sandwich Islands before allowing himself needed sleep, arriving there just as the treacherous natives were about to overwhelm the white-bearded missionary and his family and little girl. The little girl's eyes were brown. It was an exciting moment when the captain's white sails gleamed inside the bar and his crew pellmelled up the beach to cut the rascals to pieces. Parson Graves might talk of some going and some sending, but he never dreamed of anybody arriving; Captain Peter did. Besides, on Mondays there were other things to do, as he very well knew, and he sailed in and did them, before a spanking breeze could come up the back stairs and turn him over.

The storms that came sweeping in with daylight he generally weathered in his own sloop.

"I'll pretend we're a fishing smack off Newfoundland," he would order the crew. "Look lively, men; here comes a squall!" And the crew would spring to jib and mainsail, while he stood to the wheel and held her head to the wind. *Crash, crash*, the heavy waves broke against the sides, and *creak, creak*, the bulging canvas carried him over till his head almost touched the floor. The stinging spray wet him from head to foot, and the wind whipped his hair into his steel-blue eyes. But he held her, till she slowly righted,

while tons of bedclothes rushed off her deck and the casters shrieked like anything. If only Grace could see him then!

Captain Peter Johnson of the sloop *Meteor* was not one of those men who go in droves, or who had to have women about all the time. He liked to get off by himself just for the adventure's sake; cry up the anchor and away! Alone, to spread his breast to the breeze, to draw in the glorious air, to watch the distant gulls, to hail an inward-bound three-master, to feel the powers of physical strength and unquestioned authority—

"Ma'am? Yes'm, I'm getting up— S'pose I've got to clean out that old henhouse before I can go over to Ned's. Anybody'd think I was a hired man."

That was, indeed, the one bane of his sea life. He never could tell how far he might sail before being summoned back to earth. On the river it was different. When some of the other fellows of rougher years had gone off fishing, and Bess and Grace had their children whose eyes shut when you lay them down—"like," said nurse, "goodness knows I wish they'd make real babies!"—out for a long walk, he sat on the sunny bank and listlessly skipped pebbles across the smooth surface until the lure of it dragged him down to the edge and out on the float where Tom Stanley's "round-bottom" was loosely tied, with oars lying winsomely in. For a moment he paused, as memory brought up the boy who received a beautiful ring with a jewel in it that pressed against his finger and hurt whenever he was going to do a wrong act; and memory carried him on past that hateful part to the joyous moment when the boy tore off the ring and cast it from him; and, when Captain Peter got to that part in the story, the pause was ended and he slipped the rope and pushed off.

Where wormy willow bushes lined the bank suddenly appeared throngs of citizens excitedly watching him and the three days' naval engagement by ramming the formidable British ironclad *None-Such*, floating baitless with the current; after which they went their ways, unmasking the grim forts of Vicksburg that frowned upon the captain's stealthy voyage past to relieve Grant. Beyond the range of those guns, he hoisted the black flag and gave chase to a galleon so far off as to appear no bigger than a floating log. He was a pretty far piece out by the time he overhauled and boarded the hapless prize, and could hardly distinguish Grace's face in the

merry crowds lining the bank to watch the annual regatta.

"Ready?" "Yes." That was Albany. "Yes." That was Poughkeepsie. "Yes," which was the captain as he glued his heels to the cleat, took a long breath, and listened for the "Go."

Poughkeepsie gets off first, Albany next, Troy, the host, represented by Captain Peter, dropping a length behind in the first ten strokes. The banks break out into groans, save for wild yells from the few visitors. An eighth—still behind; a quarter, still lagging; but the sculler smiles grimly, for he *knows*—and then everything gets quiet and tense as he closes up, nearer, nearer, slowly nearer; and then, pandemonium as he lets up beyond the finish line, winner by three lengths.

He had covered more distance than the committee demanded, however, and found himself off the Banks of Newfoundland in a tossing fishing smack, with a storm coming up. He felt it on his face, he could tell it by the sudden ripples that zigzagged over the water. He knew it by a whirl of dust up in the village street, and by a dull cloud beginning to show above the cupola on Mr. Stanley's house; and, while he'd like nothing better than to ride it out, he remembered with some misgivings that the last time that happened father was along and had had to row like sixty to get to shore before the storm broke.

It is no slight thing to be in charge of an Atlantic liner carrying a trillion dollars in gold to General Washington at Valley Forge, and have a typhoon strike you. "If I can only keep the bow around," ordered the captain, forcing the tears back as he failed for the fourth time. The friendly old river was alive with piratical waves that leaped boldly over the gunwales and drenched the intrepid captain in their dying gore till he had to stop rowing to bail it out. The afternoon was suddenly wiped out of the day, and night arrived. By the next dazzling flash from the pursuing squadron, the captain perceived he was rowing hard away from port, and, by a strange coincidence, directly with the wind.

"That's why she stopped rocking," he conferred with his officers; then roared out his order, "I'll beat this old wind yet." Slowly forcing her bow around toward shore, he brought her broadside to the swells. "Now, I'll fight all the enemy's forces single-handed," he commanded sharply, and the wind and

waves leaped to the challenge and dashed upon him with renewed fury. But he kept her headed for home, and the exultation in that thought ripped through the darkness like the ray of the kitchen lamp when he had to go out to the well on winter nights. For a space the thrilling thunders of the continuous broadsides banished fear of personal safety, and he was about to signal his vessels to close up for concerted attack, when under cover of an extra heavy report a torpedolike gust rammed the flagship, carrying away its left propeller.

With it went the dreams. Peter Johnson was awake to the grim realities, not the least of which was the fact that he had lost one of Tom Stanley's oars. God help him! And at that came a gleam of hope; perhaps God could help him. What was that about Jesus and the storm of Galilee? Sure enough, Jesus could still the—hold on, though, what did Miss Simpkins say in that lesson about scholars agreeing that Jesus didn't really still the storm—only knew it was one of those sudden blows that came and went of themselves? Well, if he knew when that one was going to stop, he'd know when this one would. But then—well, something had to be done. It was darker than ever, and the wind was getting worse every minute. He didn't so much mind dying, but there were the folks at home to consider. He'd feel all right with the music and the class all there, and the flowers, and everyone crying; but, first, right now, they were missing him at home. His cap would not be where it belonged, on the closet floor; and Bess would come running back from Ned's to say he hadn't been there; and father would go rushing over to Mr. Stanley's to find out if he had loaned Tom's boat to the American Colonies, and mother—but at the thought of mother going from window to door, and up in his room where the *Meteor* lay at anchor, and then downstairs again and out on the front stoop bareheaded, listening for father's return, he just had to chance it, and, being already conveniently on his knees, he stretched out his arms of faith, and, as the demons of Inferno whirled the boat clear around and dragged it under to its very edge, wildly called:

"Father!"

The voice that through the roar of conflict had often struck terror to the hearts of attacking legions successfully pierced the sudden lull in the wind; a vivid flash revealed its location to the lifeboat crew; and the minister, hatless and coatless, and Tom Stanley

veered fiercely from their course at the answering cry from a white-faced father peering far over the bow.

The captain shipped for a short cruise in the big four-master after that, to recuperate from the effects of his exposure, and often got the ship's surgeon up against the rail for a pleasant chat. Calm, sunny afternoons he stretched out under the canvas and idly watched the little green tender slowly rocking on the low swells of the gulf; and now and then would hail its occupant:

"Mother, when can I get up?"

As the gentle lady returns to the dry dock, a mere ripple of pasty smell curls over the floor and evaporates in the clouds of tobacco smoke. The merchantman has a wistful grin on his unshaven lips.

"When do you think I can get up, Grace?" he coaxes. "Why wouldn't it do me good to sit in the sun over there?"

"Well, perhaps; I'll have Jane bring in your big chair."

"Nonsense," growls the trader; "just let me slip my pants on and sit in that green rocker awhile."

SUNSET ON THE BLUFF

By MARION LORRAINE

SILENCE; and then from afar
 A high sharp cry from a wandering crow,
 And a locust's whirl in the bush near by;
 Never a wave to mar
 The glassy calm of the water below
 Nor a cloud to whiten the blue of the sky.

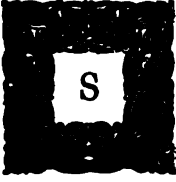
Gently a black-hulled yawl
 Drifts to the neighboring harbor; bright
 With the sunset's autumn flare of flame
 Two butterflies sway, and fall
 Among asters and golden-rod, drenched with light
 And trumpeting forth September's fame.

Over the evening sky
 A lambent veil of red is hurled
 And dropped from the sky to the ebbing sea:
 In sunset colors lie
 The wooded bluff, and the outstretched world,
 And the black-hulled yawl with her golden lee.

“THE DOUBLE EAGLE”

BY FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON

HE looked like a steam-whaler, she smelled like a steam-whaler, and she cleared from Portland bound for Bering Sea in the pursuit of whales. These facts did not deter those who knew her from shaking their heads and wondering what she was up to now.

Her skipper's name was Clason, and a six-foot, roaring, heavy-fisted man he was. A black beard covered the best part of his face, and his nose upreared from the undergrowth like an outcrop of old red sandstone on the side of a fir-covered mountain. His eyes were blue and pleasant enough when he had his way, but heaven pity the wretch who ran foul of him in anger.

They tell of his having lifted a man clear over the rail with one swing of his fist, after which he jumped overboard to rescue him. Anger came on him suddenly and left him between two breaths, and he was a horror while it held him, but a just man when it passed. So his crew, even to Moore the chief engineer, stood from under when his blue eyes began to gleam, and followed him devotedly trip after trip. He led them by strange courses but the profits were usually proportionate to the risks.

Pavloff, who had deserted from the Russian navy and who read Karl Marx for his Bible when he was not shoveling coal, claimed that the *Double Eagle* was the only real Socialist community on earth. How he reconciled this with the absolute autocracy of Clason is not clear, but it was true that down to the last sweaty stoker the crew of the *Double Eagle* had an interest in the vessel and shared in her fortunes.

As a whaler she was not remarkably suc-

cessful. Cruising in the lower reaches of Bering Sea they finally captured one small cetacean and spent some days cutting up the blubber and trying out the oil. When the business was complete the vessel's decks swam with oil, bits of decaying blubber fouled the scuppers, and the stench of her lay like a blight for a mile to leeward.

But whales proved scarce and two weeks' diligent search failing to produce results. Then Pavloff emerged from the darkness of the stoke-hole into the lime-light of the bridge. He was put forward by Nichols the mate, and the things he told Clason seemed of interest. The skipper sent for Moore, the chief engineer, who listened and shook his head.

"I think we'd best stick to whales," said he. "The books'll tell you that the fur-seal breeds in just four places, two in the Pribylov Islands and two in the Commander Islands."

"But me, I have seen them," broke in Pavloff, "thick, so you should walk on their backs; the bulls roaring, the pups sporting themselves, the matkas—oh, millions!"

"Yes," said Moore, "sounds like Pribylov Islands to me."

Whereupon Pavloff grew excited and incoherent and Moore remained cool and sarcastic till Clason ended it by rendering his decision.

"Whales don't look to me to pay," he announced, "and I believe this is worth a try. We'll head southwest I reckon. If we meet up with a Russian gunboat, why, we're nothing but an innocent whaler. And if Pavloff makes good, it's large money for all hands."

Four days' slow steaming through a fog as thick as lard, and the *Double Eagle* slipped past Cape Lopatka into the Okhotsk Sea. At this juncture the disciple of Karl Marx was

hailed from his duties as stoker to an enlarged position on the bridge, where he rendered more or less expert advice. As a deserter from the Russian navy he was not entirely easy in his mind, but he relied much upon his American citizenship and, above all, lodged his faith in the abilities of his skipper, after the manner of all hero-worshippers, socialist or not.

It was dismal work. The dripping fog came in over the bows in solid cloudy phalanxes, enshrouding the ship till she seemed a phantom thing, her outlines wavering and changing with every shift of the wind. Slowly they plowed forward, dead reckoning their only reliance and the willing but rather incompetent Pavloff their only pilot. His knowledge was sure as to generalities, but lamentably indefinite as to details.

"I have seen them," he urged, "thick, so you should walk——"

"Any idea whereabouts up here?" asked Clason, his blue eyes narrowed on the Slav.

"It is beyond, I think," answered Pavloff mildly.

Now the Okhotsk Sea is a thousand miles long and five hundred miles wide, so Pavloff's "beyond" fell upon a generous range. But they went forward, steering due north and trusting to luck. The ship's company to a man backed the skipper and pestered Pavloff for details. Clason would assuredly have held the course determined on whether they agreed with him or not, and as his leadings as a rule brought them to fat pickings in the end, they were not inclined to rouse his certain wrath by raising objection now.

Even Moore, having expressed his opinion, was too good a gambler to hold back, once the die was irrevocably cast. But when two weeks went by, two weeks of blind groping through solid masses of dripping gray that shut the ship in to a world composed of itself alone, it became their sport to harry the Marxian disciple with pertinent queries as to his million seals.

Still the skipper drove her forward and ultimately there came a day when fortune bowed to their persistence and Pavloff was justified of his words. They found a rocky island close upon the rocky coast, and long before they reached it the roar of the bull seals came to them mingled with the roar of the surf.

When they dropped anchor finally, fearful to go nearer though the lead still gave them water to spare, the sea about the steamer

frothed with tumbling seals and the boats drew up to the shores of the island to find a fur-seal paradise, the rocks swarming with the barking animals.

For six days and nights they clubbed and skinned in the welter of a slaughter-house. Then out of the fog came a gray-black shape with a raking funnel and two military masts, and the *Double Eagle* up anchor in haste and away.

They had been seen in turn, for a random shot or two came futilely boring the drifting mists as they plowed away south. They salted down their catch, worth triple a full load of sperm, and called down anathemas upon the gunboat which had interrupted them. Pavloff was especially disturbed.

"It is my ship," said he. "I know her, oh, very well. She is very fast sailor. She will pursue. It is—how do you say—all up."

For a day Moore crowded the engines to their utmost. The fog never left them for a moment, and lovers of darkness as they were, they rejoiced in the fact. Thick, white, and dripping it wrapped them in till the lifting bows were hidden from the bridge and the bridge was as a cloud-wrapped mountain summit from the level of the deck. The big black funnel shouldered up into obscurity and belched its sooty volumes unheeded.

They heard nothing of the pursuing gunboat and as evening came on Clason cut her down to six knots. He was running by dead reckoning and some magnetic force was at work on the compass, so he felt no certainty as to their position. Six knots, therefore, with a lookout and a leadman at the bows was the best he dared venture.

They carried no lights and blew no fog-horn. At three in the morning the sound of a ship's bell striking the hour came plainly to them.

"Where away was it?" demanded Clason of Nichols, who was with him on the bridge.

"On the port bow, it seemed to me," hazarded Nichols.

It would appear that Clason agreed with him, for he altered the vessel's course two points to the west. They heard nothing more and it seemed the danger was past, when the lookout forward turned with a retching yell. His cry roused the ship like jumping tooth-ache.

"Put her over, sir. For God's sake put her over."

Leaning forward, his blue eyes squinting through the smother, the captain saw a

gray-black object develop through the blink dead ahead. An instant later he made out two military masts, a raking funnel, and a, barbette veiling an ominous-looking gun.

Then the *Double Eagle*, plowing stolidly forward despite reversed engines and a wheel hard down, thrust her iron bow into the side of the craft ahead, cut her way relentlessly onward to the scream of rasping steel, and stopped with her prow buried a good ten feet in the other's vitals. Had she been moving at her maximum of twelve knots she would probably have passed through like a cleaver through a cheese.

For the space of five seconds there was a silence save for the threshing screws and the grind of the welded vessels. Then on both ships the men picked themselves up with shouts or screams or oaths according to each one's temperament and the lid was lifted from a select little bedlam.

Ahead of them all was Clason, bellowing his orders from the bridge before the racing engines of the *Double Eagle*, still reversed, tore the two apart.

Up from below came the engine-room force, fighting for the ladders, the unnatural white of their faces contrasting strangely with the smears of grease and coal dust. Then he drove below again with strong words, and they went before his anger because death by his hand was more terrible at the moment than the death by drowning they had feared the moment before. Moore had stuck to his engines and met the deserters with a sarcasm cold and biting.

Meanwhile the two vessels had swung apart and the saving fog had drifted down between. Clason pushed his indicator to "Full Stop" and the plunging engines slowed and stood. Out of the fog came sounds of terror, cries, hoarse orders in an uncouth tongue, and the hiss of escaping steam.

Clason stood for a moment listening, his bearded head thrust forward, his blue eyes winking savagely. His knotty fingers gripped the bridge-rail as though they would bite it in two, while inarticulate menaces rumbled in his throat. Nichols returned from a quick inspection and reported some of the bow plates buckled a little, but no vital damage done and no water to speak of coming in. Like a flash the captain's anger left him.

"We can't leave 'em to drown," he said. "Give me the megaphone."

He raised the brass tube to his beard and sent a roaring question into the fog.

"Ahoy, there! Do—you—need—help?"

Came back the answer in very respectable English: "Who—are—you?"

The skipper's anger flared again.

"None of your damned business. Do—you—want—help?"

"Stand—by—till—I—as—cer—tain," came the reply.

"I'll—stand—by," bellowed the skipper and laid down the cone. "If he was half a sailor he'd know by this time, with that hole in him. I'll bet we cut clean to his engines."

"I thought I heard steam," said Nichols.

Five minutes passed, when the fog, which had hitherto attended them, drifted softly off to leeward and laid the whole gray ocean bare. Two hundred yards away the gunboat rolled groggily upon the water with a heavy list to starboard and a hole amidships to drive a truck through.

"Get away the boats and be quick about it," ordered Clason instantly.

On the stricken craft they were already lowering boats, jamming the tackles in their haste, a drove of frightened stokers warring with their officers to be first away. The gunboat settled momentarily. Clouds of steam burst from her shattered decks as the water drowned her fires.

"They'll be lucky if her boilers don't go up," said Clason, watching his own boats tearing to the rescue.

There was fifteen minutes' sharp work, back and forth between the two vessels. The gunboat was listed so badly that her port boats could not be launched, but the men of the *Double Eagle* worked smoothly and efficiently with a quality in their seamanship wholly lacking in the crew of the gunboat. The last boatload was swinging in to the steamer's side when the gunboat rolled heavily to starboard and disappeared.

Now the situation was delicate to say the least. The Russian officers had seen the outlines of the whaler slipping away from the seal island, and the chances were largely against there being two such vessels in this far-away sea at the same time. The accident was therefore what Clason described it: "the plumb acme of hard luck."

Having performed the obvious duty of the moment and saved their lives, several questions instantly presented themselves, demanding undelayed answers. In the first place what was he to do with them? And in the second place how was he to allay suspicion while he was doing it? These two forced

themselves prominently forward and blatantly clamored for solution even while he was receiving the Russian captain and conducting him to the cabin.

"May I ask what ship this is?" asked the Russian in excellent English.

"*Double Eagle* of Portland. American whaler," replied Clason glibly.

"And where bound?"

"Homeward bound."

"You will take us to Vladivostok?" asked the Russian.

That was asking the bird to enter the net of the fowler. The very name was ominous to the ears of a poacher. It is to Vladivostok that captured sealers go and whence their crews depart in shackles for the mines. The skipper thought rapidly.

"I can't do it, captain," he said. "How about Sakhalin?"

"I should prefer Vladivostok."

"No," said Clason with an inspiration. "My bow plates are badly sprung. She's leaking forward. I'm afraid we'd never make it. It'll have to be Sakhalin," and he betook himself to the bridge and summoned Moore.

"I've told him we're leaking, and it's the truth. But that ain't enough," explained the skipper. "There's forty odd of them and we're nineteen all told."

The grised engineer thought for a moment.

"Leave it to me," he said then. "One pump is handling all the water that's coming in now, but I'll fix it," and he departed for the engine-room.

Clason set the vessel's course southwest and while clear weather lasted drove her at top speed. The buckled bow plates impeded her slightly but she made something over eleven knots. Toward evening, however, the fog shut down once more and her speed was lowered to the foul weather six, at which rate she steamed all night.

On the second day suspicion, carefully veiled at first, began to raise its head. The vessel reeked superficially of sperm oil, and the trying-out boilers in her waist were *prima facie* evidence of her reputed calling. None the less the Russian officers began displaying a polite interest in the cargo. They would like to see the arrangement of the hold, and Clason obligingly ordered a hatch lifted and showed them a tier of sperm-oil barrels ranged carefully to block the opening.

Later the Russian captain wondered, always politely, why the *Double Eagle* was where she was, and Clason unbound a plausible

fairy tale of a monster cetacean which had lured them into the Okhotsk Sea and finally eluded them. The Russian's face was as a mask during the recital and Clason discerned that his yarn was not believed.

Added to this Pavloff sought his ear and reported that while off duty he had overheard two Russians discussing in their own tongue the belief that the hold was full of sealskins and arguing the necessity of confiscation. The skipper listened, sent Pavloff back to his stoke-hole and called the second officer.

"Billy," said he, "sound the forward well. Seems to me she's a bit down by the head."

Billy returned swiftly, reporting six feet of water in the forehold.

"Bad," said Clason. "Them bow plates must be buckled worse'n we thought."

In ten minutes the knowledge had gone through all the vessel that the buckled bow plates had sprung before the pressure of the pounding seas, that there was six feet of water in the forehold, and that the pumps were making no headway with it. Clason appeared cheerful but there were many who thought they discerned that this attitude was assumed.

Moore, hastily summoned, ostentatiously tinkered at the pumps but his efforts failed to produce proportionate results, this being due perhaps to the fact that he had previously doctored the pressure gauges so that a registry of ninety pounds indicated an actual working force of thirty.

Meantime the water gained on them steadily, and when night came the *Double Eagle* was put to her full speed despite the fog. Early in the evening some of the Russian sailors were detected in the act of launching a boat, but were driven back by the crew of the whaler. After that they sat in clusters about the main deck and discussed the possibilities with Slav intensity, while their officers made occasional examinations of the battered bows and pointed out to one another that she was obviously settling by the head. They seemed to have lost all interest in sealskins in anxiety over the safety of their own.

About midnight the skipper sent for the Russian captain. By this time the vessel's bows were so low that every sea swashed over the forward deck most alarmingly. In the waist the Russian sailors had hung an ikon conspicuously and were offering pious petitions to the bit of painted wood. The Russian captain seemed to be wondering what he had better do.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"Them he drove below again with strong words."

"I expect to make the coast of Sahkalin by morning," announced Clason. "No time must be lost in landing the men. Your people will be cared for first and I shall expect you to have them ready to enter the boats."

In fact there was not the least danger of their being unready. When later the pound of breakers through the fog announced the proximity of land, the Russians were only restrained from a wild rush for the boats by the utmost exertions of their own officers and the steady front of the whaler's crew.

The engines were immediately stopped, an anchor let go, and a boat in command of Nichols departed, to return in half an hour, guided through the fog by the ship's siren, with the word that a landing could easily be effected through the breakers. Disembarkation instantly began. The Russian sailors crowded like rats to leave the sinking ship and their shouts of joy as they reached the beach caused the skipper to smile grimly in his beard. Their officers went last and he announced the fact of their departure to Moore by means of the speaking tube.

The engineer immediately did certain things which raised the pressure in the pumps some sixty pounds and forthwith assured the engine-room force that all danger was averted. Later when the water had been sufficiently

lowered he sent a stoker into the forehold to find and close an open sea-cock.

The boats returned and to their crews' surprise were hoisted to the davits instead of being refilled. In rare good humor Clason descended from the bridge and delivered to his socialist community the gratifying news that the vessel was still seaworthy, thanks to the efforts of their chief engineer.

Howling with delight they got in their anchor, and the *Double Eagle* put softly out to sea, fog enveloped, her engines purring gently at quarter speed. To the waiting Russians on the beach her silent disappearance argued doubtless a terrible disaster.

In half an hour the pumps sucked and by noon the *Double Eagle* was steaming down the west coast of Yezo Island for a Japanese port where sealskins may be profitably disposed of without inconvenient questioning.

And lest suspicion should still linger in Russian minds, and cables be invoked to obstruct her future, they painted the *Double Eagle* a greenish gray with a yellow funnel, they changed her name to the *Kubla Khan*, and raising a strange flag to her masthead they sailed away beyond the utmost limits of the Muscovite sphere of influence. Also Pavloff was advanced to a place in the engine-room where he had more leisure to peruse Karl Marx.

THE VAGRANT

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

HE came unto the door of Heaven,
Free as of old and gay:
"What hast thou done," the porter cried,
"That thou should'st pass this way?"

"Hast fed the hungry, clothed the poor?"
The vagrant shook his head.
"I drank my wine and I was glad,
But I did not give them bread."

"Hast prayed upon the altar steps?"
"Nay, but I loved the sun."
"Hast wept?" "The blossoms of the Spring
I gathered every one."

"But what fair deed can'st thou present?
Like light, one radiant beam?"
"I robbed no child of his fairy tale,
No dreamer of his dream."



THE HALF-FORGOTTEN COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING



THAT which was once Illyria is now Dalmatia, or rather that part of Illyria which reaches the Adriatic is Dalmatia, "the half-forgotten country," as the Austrians called it when it fell into their hands not so many years ago.

The whole of the country is a mere strip of coast without an interior of its own, the seaward slope of dark and precipitous mountains which on the other side drop into Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Bosnia, narrowing to next to nothing in the southern extremity, where it makes no more than a stupendous buttress to the borders of the Balkan Peninsula.

It is one of the few bits of Europe that remain in a measure unhackneyed, and it is still out of the beaten paths of the tourist, who himself is almost as much of a curiosity to the people as they are to him. Many of its primitive characteristics survive, the characteristics of a people isolated on the dividing

line between the East and the West, an unvulgarized people, warlike, agricultural, and pastoral, who still find diversion in chanting by the fireside and in the fields the Homeric epics of their heroes.

Less than a quarter of a century ago everybody wore the native costume, and was in habits of mind, as well as in dress, what his fathers had been before him. That is not so now. The "ready-made" tailor has begun to spread his leveling wares, and soon he may succeed here as elsewhere in sinking all that is brilliant, appropriate, and individual in his uniform ugliness. But all changes in a land like this must be slow, for it is as insular as any island, and the people must keep to themselves in their own bays and among their own mountains, while the world chafes around them only in reverberations.

You can reach Dalmatia from Trieste or Fiume by train, or by small steamers from those and other ports like Naples, Venice, and Ancona. Our approach was by water through the Ionian Sea and the Straits of

Otranto, and that is the way I recommend, for then one may see Etna slanting in spectral majesty above the knolls of Taormina and the feathered blue of the Sicilian bays, and all the soft and enchanting beauty that is held between the silvery mountains of Corfu and the Albanian coast, mountains that seem intangible in the drowsy, silky air.

This silveriness is characteristic of all the Dalmatian mountains from where that coast begins near Cattaro to where it merges two hundred and fifty miles or so farther north in Croatia and Istria at the head of the Adriatic.

chain of islands extends up and down the coast, tens of thousands of them, with scarcely a habitation in sight—these but sunken remnants of other mountains which have fallen before their fellows.

But barren as the islands and the mainland look, the soil where it exists is amazingly fertile, and supports both a tropical and semi-tropical vegetation. Dalmatian oil and wine go all over the world, though the oil gets to the customer as that of Lucca and the wine as that of Bordeaux; and another article of export is Dalmatian insect powder, which



THE GULF OF CATTARO

It gives them the appearance of being powdered to the base with snow when all the snow has melted, except from the peaks, and like snow it catches the glow of sunset and turns to rose. The atmosphere plays strange tricks with them, and they may be seen apparently floating in mid air, shining like a celestial picture in a frame of wreathing clouds, their feet and all connection with the surrounding earth hidden in vague gray, while they stand out in vivid detachment.

They are all high, bare and gaunt, and slope precipitously into deep water and rocky bays, between which and the outer sea a

perhaps is not so much appreciated by the natives themselves as it ought to be.

Nothing could be more delightfully surprising than the landing at such a place as Cannosa, a village near Ragusa, where from the sea the coast looks as sterile as much of it is. Climbing in heat from the little harbor over glittering rocks and slipping on loose stone for a few hundred feet, we suddenly emerge in a sheltered garden alive with roses, lilies, bourgainvilleas, camellias, and less familiar flowers and shrubs, and enter, still climbing, vineyards and orchards of olives, citron and orange, drowsy with scent and soft



THE VIRGIN OF ABBAZIA

in a golden-green mist. Beyond them and higher on the slope we come through aisles of pine, cedar, and cypress to a plateau, and there in the shade of enormous plane trees with a circumference of forty feet or more, lies the unexpected village embowered in a semitropical luxuriance of bloom, while above it only the somber evergreens crop out on the ledges and in the fissures of chaotic and unfruitful precipices.

So precious is the soil that they nurse it and cherish and hoard it. Where it exists they embank it and terrace it with tireless care, and build retaining walls around it to keep it from slipping into the sea or sliding through their fingers as they pat and coax it; and indeed we can imagine them singing lullabies to it as they caress it.

Nor is the thinness of



RAGUSA—PIAZZA E CORPO DI GUARDIA

the soil all that the people have to contend with. There are few lakes and rivers, and the rain sweeps in wasteful torrents to the sea as soon as it falls, flooding the channels momentarily and then leaving them dry. Much of the water of the melting snows and mountain springs also is lost through natural tunnels, which, receiving it above, conduct it through subterranean passages and discharge it at or below the sea level without giving any opportunity for its utilization either as power or for irrigation.

And then there are seasons when the bora blows, that "wind of death," as the natives call it, which comes out of the blue with more than the suddenness of a tornado and shakes the earth and



RAGUSA



CATTARO

all that is on the earth, stinging, blinding, choking. In the squares of Trieste life lines are prominent features which the citizens must grasp when the bora clutches them and they grope their way through the whirling dust and the promiscuous missiles flying in the darkened air. But the bora goes as quickly as it comes, and when it is gone the people simply excavate themselves out of the drift and think no more about the winged demon which has left no trail whatever in the restored serenity of the scoured sky.

Of the many and varied natural beauties of Dalmatia none surpasses the Gulf or Bocche of Cattaro in massive grandeur and in the cumulative interest of our progress through its smooth and silent depths from the sea to where it ends in the fortresses of mountain piled on mountains. Close together at the fortified entrance, dark, frowning, imminent, they draw nearer and nearer as we advance,

threatening and deceiving us by one seemingly impossible barrier after another, which when reached still gives access to a more distant and a darker and more awesome passage. Silvery in the sun, they are purple in the shade, and from the splintered peaks, sharply notched against the brazen blue and glittering with snow, the river crags fall sheer to the surface and below the surface to their submerged foundations fathoms farther down.

Here nature seems to have wrought not by slow processes of erosion, deposit, and upheaval, but convulsively in passion and pain and desolation.

From the foot of a precipice the town of Cattaro straggles along the water front and up ravines, where the high houses of Italian pattern look as if they had been hewn out of the rocks that hem them in and overtop them—some of them with columns and sculptured balconies and the lion of St. Mark over

their doors, reminding us that not so long ago Cattaro was Venetian. The Italians still cling to it as to other of their lost possessions on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, but mingling with them are Greeks, Turks, the conquering Austrians, Herzegovinians, Servians, Dalmatians, and Montenegrins, the Montenegrins apparently outnumbering the others, for the boundary of their country can be seen higher up the mountains—the upper story of a house only the basement of which belongs to Dalmatia. On a plane, indeed, the distance from Dalmatia to Montenegro is not more than a few hundred yards, and vertically it is about three thousand feet; by road it is over eight miles.

That road, built by the Austrian engineers in recent times, is not only one of the wonders of Dalmatia, but of the world. From the anchorage at Cattaro you see it, a white ribbon, strung across the precipices, loop above loop from base to summit, seventy-three zigzags in all. With the kind of starveling horses that are offered you the ascent seems impossible. But you are no sooner seated in the rattle-trap carriage than they start off at a gallop and keep up that gallop in a way which proves the sinews and endurance under their shaggy coats. The bay disappears and appears again, diminishing till the ships in it are no bigger than resting birds. Peaks to which you have looked up with tilted head sink below you: the chasms open; the castle on its spiked eminence dominating the town shrinks to the size of a spear-head. Yet the road goes on, smooth, firm, and easy, with only a low, solid masonry wall between it and perdition. It goes on and up till it passes out of Dalmatia at the summit, and twists among those other dark mountains of Montenegro, which have always been and are now an impregnable bulwark against the Turk. At the divide the whole of the Bocche from Cattaro to the sea becomes visible, and the three bays of that marvelous gulf glimmer deep among the splintered peaks and awful gorges.

In all the distance from the foot of the summit there is but one habitation, and that is a rude stone inn, with shuttered and iron-barred, but unglazed, windows where we call for wine. Tumblers and a carafe are brought

to us, and the carafe holds at least a quart of the fruity and heady Dalmatian claret. How much does it cost? Twenty-five heller, which is the equivalent of five cents. When we come to pay for a second carafe, however, the charge is threefold what it was before. Why? We have seen a tall Montenegrin whispering to the woman who has served us, and no doubt counseling her that the price to the foreigners should be more than what it is to the natives. She yields, but is reluctant and shame-faced in doing it.

I know of no people simpler and less spoiled by the sharp practices of the world than those of the Balkan shores of the Adriatic. Few of them have yet learned that the stranger should be fleeced on all occasions, and they treat him not effusively but honestly. Charming little groups of them—Montenegrins—coming from and going to market at Cattaro, pass us on the road, carrying with them their lambs and fowls and bringing back the groceries and odds and ends of clothing and domestic utensils they have bought.

The girls are slender, dark, but clear-skinned, low-bosomed, bright-eyed, and demure. On their heads they wear small black



FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, RAGUSA

turbans, with crimson embroidered crowns, from which long funereal veils hang down the back to the waist. A scanty jacket richly embroidered with many colors and silver is fitted over a white shirt of linen or wool, and a loose petticoat comes down to white stockings and white felt moccasins.

The men are usually much more splendid in attire and in stature than the women, who only have their share of color when arrayed

straight and supple, hard and sinewy; never flabby, they carry themselves nobly, and their shaven faces, mustached but never bearded, are as suggestive of strength and quickness as are their bodies. Put them in buckskin breeches, flannel shirts, and sombreros, and by their flexibility and sparseness, their toughness and their quietness and shrewdness of eye, you would mistake them for scouts or crack cavalymen of our own



THE TOWER OF FORTIFICATION, RAGUSA

for weddings and holidays, but then they, too, become as gorgeous as birds of paradise.

The women are the drudges to the same extent as are Indian squaws; their slim shoulders bend under the loads of firewood and of wool slung with straps from the breast, leaving the arms and hands free to knit and knit as they do unceasingly while they toil homeward up the appalling mountain paths. If they could shift their loads on to the men, who saunter beside them smoking cigarettes, they probably would not, for does not the primitive woman love to see strength reserved for war and not frittered away in ignoble tasks?

Fit objects of feminine reverence are the men in form, feature, and dress. Tall and

West. Like the women, they are crowned with a much-embroidered cap or beretta. Their blue trousers are baggy and pleated and joined at the knees to white stockings, ending in white felt shoes. Over their white shirts they wear an embroidered jacket, and over that a long white frock coat edged with crimson and lace, which in winter is reinforced by a sheepskin or such a rug as the Highlanders of Scotland use for protection. Lace and buttons of silver and gold in complicated design glitter on both caps and jackets; it would be almost impossible to add another stitch to the embroidery, so elaborate is it and so profusely applied. The waist is bound by a brilliant sash for ornament and by a belt for arms: a yataghan in a sheath

crusted with silver and a pair of revolvers in decorated pockets.

But they use their weapons only legitimately; crimes of violence are rare among them, though for war they are always ready. The reigning prince, says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "has but to issue a summons by bale-fire and bugle, flashing and thrilling from summit to summit, and twenty thousand splendid infantry would be at the fixed muster places within a couple of hours. Every house would be emptied; women and children would be hurried off into the fastnesses of the hills, and the white-coated army would be disposed by the prince in the manner which has saved his country again and again. A column would be thrown forward to meet the invader, but not to repel him. The secret of past successes has been to fall back before the Turks, luring them on through a region where bare, gray precipices repeat each other in endless monotony. There is scarcely a feature to distinguish one from the other—not even that whereon five thousand riflemen lie couched like ptarmigan in the snow, so closely do the weather-stained white coats match the dry limestone. Let the enemy be drawn through this pass, and the ambush springs to life in his rear, pouring a merciless fire into the dark column—an easy target, helpless against invisible marksmen."

They are so clean, so virtuous, so thrifty, so brave, and so amicable, these people, that one hesitates to say all in their praise that should be said lest it seem too much, and in doing it one must take courage from the unanimity of other travelers who have written about them with unvarying enthusiasm.

Galloping part of the way up, we gallop all the way down, in a quarter of the time the ascent has taken. Now for a few minutes the mountains are dark blue and old rose, and the water in the bays is as red as blood. Darkness swallows all before we come to Cattaro again, and as we enter the environs of the little town, doubled in size by its reflected lights on the still depths, the darkness is scented with lilacs and orange blossoms, the spray of a torrent sprinkles our faces, and nightingales are singing in the murmuring foliage of plane trees, palm, cypress, ilex, and pine. A bit of Venice has dissolved tremulously in a pool at the bottom of the world.

Extricating herself from the coils of the Bocche, our yacht steams northward for about forty miles, and then calls at Ragusa, entering it by a back door. Unlike Cattaro,

Ragusa, the Epidaurus of the Greeks, is built on the sea itself, and though once it was called "the city of argosies," its harbor is too exposed and too small for larger craft than coastwise steamers and feluccas, which traffic in fruit, oil, wine, vegetables, and fish. The island of Croma, where Richard Cœur de Lion left a church as a votive offering for an escape in the crusade, serves only partly as a breakwater, and its caverns and outlying boulders show how much it has suffered in that service. So our ship goes a mile farther, and there finds an always safe anchorage in the deep, landlocked, and wooded refuge of Gravosa, from which a mile of flowery road leads to its older and more important neighbor.

Ragusa, for centuries the capital of an independent republic, is unbelievable as a real place as one first glances at it. We cannot convince ourselves that it is not something we are imagining, or seeing only in an illuminated illustration from some book of medieval history, or a scene in a stage play. Surely it is the city of Maxfield Parrish's dreamland, where tower rises above tower, and turret above turret, armed and bannered and pinnacled: the bravest and the sauciest of cities, bristling with defenses and peopled only by archers and halberdiers, men with spears and battle-axes, knights and beautiful maidens. The guns peeping out of round towers and square towers and embrasures in the walls are anachronisms. Nothing more modern than the mangonel belongs there. And it is all compact and snug within tremendous walls that spring from the naked precipices above to the rock-bound shore and turn threats of invasion to derision. Impregnable it has been found in many a siege.

After the illusion of first acquaintance passes, Ragusa remains curiously ancient, but its strength, like its glory, is of the past. Embraced within its walls, its narrow sleepy streets climb the hill on which it sits, and end below in windy gaps where the sea charges and roars against the fortifications. Much of the architecture is Venetian and expresses itself in campaniles and high-balconied houses, some of them arcaded in the lower stories, and pinnacled along the cornices. It is not more than a quarter of a mile from one gate to the other, and all the town, its monasteries, its cafés, its palaces, its tenements, and its bazaars can be seen between the two. So quiet and uncrowded is it that one hardly perceives a greater silence in passing from

the clean, smooth streets, paved with solid blocks of masonry, into the lovely Franciscan cloisters where a fountain drips among the graceful arches and orange blossoms and roses in a dreamlike garden of utter peace. We dream of Ragusa while Ragusa dreams of itself, and lives only in dreams of the middle ages.

Outside the walls toward Gravosa there is more activity. The tourist is coming to Dalmatia now, and new hotels are springing up for his accommodation; new villas of stucco and red-tiled roofs, also, some of them for natives, who have come home to spend fortunes made in America.

Other natives are going to America. We pause to observe some of them in a café near the Piazza e Corpo di Guardia. The girls are in the most resplendent of all the native costumes, scarlet, blue, and gold, as brilliant as the plumage of a cock pheasant, and loaded with rings and bracelets, necklaces, and brooches, so that they tinkle as they move. But they are weeping under the great white caps starched and pleated, which flutter over their heads, and their tears dimple their little cups of coffee. The men are in full Turkish breeches, and embroidered jackets, girdled with red sashes supporting the leather pouch and an arsenal of weapons.

It is not a wedding, nor a funeral that calls for the emotions which the others are spending on those who have renounced the apparel of their birthright. To-night they will take the little steamer to Fiume, and to-morrow go on board the big Cunarder from Trieste for the New World, not to come back, perhaps, until they, too, are rich enough to own one of the white garish villas among the olives and palms, which line the hill between Ragusa and Gravosa.

Out in the archipelago again, with the gray Dinaric Alps thrusting themselves down to the sea, which, though turbid on the Italian shores of the Adriatic, is clean and clear along this coast, we reach Spalato, one hundred and fifty miles to the north of Ragusa. The mountains are less close to the sea here, but are not far away, and the town is gathered in a semicircle on a bay sheltered by islands. With a glass you can see Clissa from the deck, a Bluebeard's castle of much antiquity on a tapering precipice, and opposite the precipice appears an amphitheater so vast that compared with it all other amphitheaters, even the Colosseum at Rome and that at Cagliari in Sardinia are but cockle-shells. The

receding benches rise tier above tier in a perfectly proportioned semicircle of architectural precision. It is not, however, of human design and workmanship, but a natural formation, and the seats are commodious enough for an audience of Titans. Between it and the town are the crumbling remains of Salona, the Roman capital of the period, when Dalmatia was a Roman province, an imperial city reduced to fragments and whole only in parts of the foundations of its temples, theaters, baths, and palaces.

Spalato is full of surprises, which begin as soon as we land, and it is no exaggeration to say that the world has nothing else quite like it. It is the busiest and most bustling of the Dalmatian cities. The railway from Trieste, which does not extend as far south as Cattaro, crosses the harbor front, and trains and little steamers and blunt-bowed feluccas and schooners come and go, hailing from Fiume, Bari, Ancona, Zara, Chioggia, and Venice. A fleet of the smaller vessels cling stern foremost to the wharves, and their dark-skinned crews in Phrygian caps, who are both carriers and marketmen, press for sale their cargoes of wine, olives, oranges, lemons, and fish. They guarantee the purity of their wine by drinking it themselves without getting drunk, though they keep at it as steadily as they breathe the air. The streets are edged with the booths of hucksters, and the squares are full of them. Commerce is vociferous, and intercourse with the world beyond has brought modern clothes. Here and there only may you see a native Dalmatian in a native costume, which is much less picturesque than that of the Montenegrins, the Servians and the Herzegovinians: he himself is duller, shorter, stouter than they are: his features are coarser, his bearing is less alert.

But it is not in these things that Spalato has its interest and its surprises. In searching for the great Palace of Diocletian we come upon it quite unexpectedly. Opposite the row of feluccas at the wharf a high and massive wall appears with towers at both ends, and along the street it is partitioned into little workshops and little stores of merchandise of all kinds. We look up and, behold! the wall is arcaded and embossed with worn sculpture. We pass an archway, and are at once within the palace itself, a palace erected to hold 20,000 men, and that houses that number still, or more than half the whole population of Spalato. We should say, "what was the palace." When it fell into

decay, it was not razed or abandoned, and the people took possession of it instead of surrendering it to owls and bats. So it stands now, with every corner utilized by a swarming populace, its colonnades bricked up into small tenements and shops, the magnificent mausoleum Diocletian built for himself transformed into a cathedral; its Temple of Æsculapius used as a baptistery, its Campanile, a campanile higher than that which was the pride of Venice, in process of restoration, and its Golden Gate, through which imperial splendor flowed, surrendered to traffic.

Diocletian was a native of Dalmatia, and came back to his birthplace to end his days. He desired seclusion and repose, and security from his enemies, and said, according to the familiar story, which sounds well, but, like the best of stories, is not beyond suspicion, that he preferred growing potatoes at Spalato to ruling the world from Rome. But he grew weary of even his potatoes and finding Time too slow with his scythe, dispatched himself with his own hand.

I should like to keep the reader longer with me in such places as these, opulent as they are in natural beauty and historical interest. I should like to take him farther on this delightful cruise—up the Gulf of

Quarnero in the northwest corner of the Adriatic, where Istria lies on one side and Croatia on the other, and to show him how enchanting the Austrian Riviera is at Abbazia, where the columns of the palms are hidden in envelopes of crimson ramblers, and all the luxuriant gardens are tended by red-jacketed, blue-skirted, rosy-faced girl gardeners, who laugh and sing as they work. The sails of the boats at Abbazia, yellow and carmine, and figured with crosses, crowns, stars, and sunbursts, are more splendid than those of Venice, and the hulls, studded fore and aft with bright nails and striped with rainbow colors, run up into dragonlike prows, where the hawse pipes are ringed to look like the staring eyes of the dreadful basilisk. We should see the shrines all along the inveigling bays and lagoons before which the mariners bow and cross themselves, and seeing we would always remember that pathetic and graceful figure of the Virgin by an unknown sculptor, which, splashed by the sea and wind-beaten on a lonely rock off Abbazia, seems to breathe and flutter and bless like a living presence.

But since that is not possible, I can but wish for every reader a chance to repeat the journey in person, when my enthusiasms will be justified by the most phlegmatic.

THE BORDERLAND OF BIRTH

By RHODA HERO DUNN

A FAR I seemed to hear a troubled sea,
 A multitude of waters tossed, and wild,
 While half in languorous fear, yet half beguiled,
 For gentle Death I waited quietly.
 The murmur of the ocean seemed to be
 Sweet angel voices, and, as one exiled
 Is welcomed home in accents soft and mild,
 I heard them calling, calling, calling me.
 Then those deep surges sharply piercing through
 And piercing through the strange allure of death,
 I heard a cry! And, love, though near undone,
 Though nearly soothed away, I drew strong breath,
 Drew eager breath, dear love, and turned and knew
 Thy face above me, and our Little One!

THE SUFFRAGETTES OF THE HAREM*

BY DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



SLEEP, I gradually became conscious of a low murmuring song, and opened my eyes to meet those of the slave assigned to me during my stay in Selim Pasha's household.

"May the day be a happy one to you, glorious hanum," she said when her eyes met mine.

"Is it late?" I asked.

"The magnificent sun has been at his pleasure-giving task for some time now. My mistress's sister gave me orders not to let the daylight make you heavy with sleep; for you are going out with her before the heat begins. That is why I have been coaxing your spirit back to your body with my song."

"Did you have to coax it long?" I asked, smiling at the Oriental superstition against awakening anyone suddenly. They believe that the soul leaves the body during sleep, and wanders in other lands.

"Yes, young hanum. It must have gone far away from here, and where the flowers blossom their prettiest; for a pleasant smile was on your lips. Now your body and spirit are together again, and here is your coffee while I go to make ready your bath."

I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to six. In harems one goes to bed early, and wakes up early again. Perhaps this is the secret of the beauty of the Eastern women.

As I was sipping my coffee I remembered that to-day I was to go with Houlmé Hanum to the meeting of advanced Turkish women, of which she had spoken to me on the night when we listened to the nightingales.

My coffee finished, and my bath and my toilet, I went to the window to look at the east in its morning glory. A heavy rain had

fallen in the night, and the beflowered nature that met my eyes was a very clean and fresh one. It looked like a Turkish hanum coming from her morning bath. And this loveliness alone was left from the rain: the thirsty earth had drunk every drop of the water.

As I looked through the latticed window my eyes roamed first down to the gay Bosphorus plashing at the feet of the fairylike dwellings along its banks; then to the coquettish hills bathed in the morning glow. From the farther view my glance came back to our garden to be surprised by the sight of two young Turks walking about among the flowers, in that portion allotted to the men. Then I remembered that Selim Pasha, the master of the house, had brought a number of guests with him the night before. As I was looking at the two Turks my surprise became delight on recognizing in one of them a friend of my childhood, of whom I had been very fond.

I clapped my hands, and my slave came.

"Please go down and see if the Validé Hanum is up yet," I said; "and if she is, ask her if she could receive me."

In a few minutes the slave returned to tell me that the Validé was about to partake of her morning meal, and would consider it an honor if I would join her.

I rushed down to her. "Good morning to you, Validé Hanum," I cried, and plunged at once into the reason for my visit, without those flattering and ceremonious approaches that would have been fitting. "You need not grant me what I am going to ask of you, but I should like you very much to grant it."

"Good morning to you, first rose of a young rosebush," she answered, unvexed by my lack of politeness. "And I shall grant you what you wish, provided that it comes

* This is the fifth of Mrs. Kenneth Brown's articles describing the intimate domestic life of Turkish women as she observed it during a recent visit to her girlhood home in Constantinople.

under my jurisdiction. If it does not we shall have to apply to our just master, Selim Pasha, who is again back among us."

I pointed out of the window at the young men walking in the garden. "I want to go and speak to them," I said.

"What?" She threw back her lovely head and laughed her fresh, happy laugh.

"You dear, dear yavroum! You are already tired of us women folk, and want to go and talk with the men."

"Not a bit," I protested. "I would gladly give up the society of ten men for yours, Validé Hanum; but one of those young fellows is Halil Bey, with whom I used to play when I was a child. Do, please, say that I may go and speak to him!"

"Nay, nay, little pearl, you must not speak to him. He is to be married in two weeks, and I cannot allow any temptation in his way. I might change my mind, however, after we have partaken of some nourishment. You know, yavroum, a hungry person sees the world all awry."

As she spoke the slaves were bringing in freshly picked fruit from the orchard on brass trays on their heads. A small slave also carried a basket charmingly arranged with vine leaves and grapes from the house vineyards—and nowhere on earth do grapes taste as good as those of Constantinople.

All the different fruits were arranged on their own leaves on low tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and we ate them without the use of knives. Then one slave brought in a graceful brass basin, while another presented the soap and poured out water for us from a slender brass water jug. A third handed us embroidered Turkish towels to dry our hands on. Meanwhile an old slave came in with a brazier, sat down in the middle of the room, and cooked the coffee, while the two young slaves passed the delicious beverage to us with toast and cakes. This was all our breakfast. At its close the Validé turned to the old slave and asked:

"Nadji, what do you suppose this young hanum wants to do?"

The old slave looked at me with her kind, motherly eyes. "The young hanum has good taste. I suppose she wants to marry one of our men and be one of us. Indeed Allah, the great and only God, be my witness, but since she has been with us she looks prettier and healthier."

The Validé and I shrieked with laughter.

"No, Nadji, the young hanum has not yet

come to such a grave resolution. She wants to go and talk with those two young men walking in the garden."

The slave left her embers, walked to the window, and looked critically at the two men. "Mashallah!" she cried, smacking her lips, "but they are two worthy young specimens. The young hanum will want to stay among us more than ever."

"Nadji, would you then let her go?"

"It is not for me to decide, but for you, honored head of a most honored household."

"But would it be right, Nadji, to let her go talk to them?"

Nadji looked me straight in the eyes as if to ascertain whether I were worthy.

"She talks to men when she is at home, my beloved mistress."

"Yes," smiled the Validé, "she does. But you know, Nadji, the young hanum particularly wishes to talk to Halil Bey, who is to be married in two weeks' time." The Validé's smile was full of mischief.

Nadji examined me again. "It does not matter, my Validé. Halil Bey's mind is filled with the thought of one woman, who is to be his, and whom he has not seen. His fancy is clothing her with wondrous beauty, and no real person can do any harm. Allah is wise as well as great." Her gray head was bowed low at Allah's name.

"I am glad you approve, Nadji; for this young hanum here so pleases my fancy that I am likely to spoil her." She turned to me: "Run along, yavroum, only be sure to put on your wooden sandals, for there might be some chill left in the earth after the rain. I will notify the young men of the honor you are about to bestow on them."

A few minutes later I was by the side of the astonished Halil Bey, who, if he ever thought of me, thought of me as in the wilds of America. In his gladness at seeing me again he picked me up, kissed me on both cheeks, and set me down on the bench to pour into my ears the wonders of the beauty of his unknown bride to be.

"But suppose," I suggested to him, when his enthusiasm at length gave me an opportunity to put in an objection, "suppose when you raise the veil, instead of seeing a beautiful young girl with a slim figure, as you picture her to yourself, you meet a fat, ugly woman, what will you do?"

He laughed at the idea. "But I have seen her in the street and she is slim. And I know she is pretty—my heart tells me so."

Lovers seem to be the same everywhere, even though they are Turkish lovers, supposed by us to be devoid of romantic raptures; and though I stayed some time with Halil Bey we talked of nothing except the girl who was to become his first and—as he vowed—his only wife.

When I returned to the house several of its inmates shook their fingers at me and sang in chorus, "I saw you!" But the Validé put a protecting arm around me, and—looking around for the effect it would produce—impressively gave me this invitation:

"Yavroum, Selim Pasha wishes me to beg of you to do him the honor to dine to-night with him and his guests."

It was my turn to shake my fingers at the Turkish women, as I challenged them: "Those who do not admit that they would give anything to be in my wooden sandals, let them raise their hands!"

Not a hand was raised, though they might have debated the point further, had not Houlmé run her arm through mine and interrupted with: "Young hanum, the sun does not favor those who travel many hours after he has started his journey. Let us start. We have a long way before us, and the day I know will prove interesting."

In my room I was surprised to find a new tchicharf of silver-gray silk. "What is this for?" I asked Houlmé.

"You cannot go to the meeting unless you have this color on. It is the emblem of dawn, the dawn we are about to bring to the Turkish women's life."

A few minutes later Houlmé and I, in company with an old slave inside the carriage with us, and an old eunuch, who was the shadow of Houlmé, sitting on the box by the coachman, were driving to Hanum Zeybah's house, where the meeting was to be held. It was half past ten o'clock when we reached there, and we were the last to arrive. Inside the door stood two gray phantoms, to whom we gave the password "Twilight."

In a large hall stood the rest of the gray symbols of dawn, all closely veiled so as to be unrecognizable. Without a sound they saluted us in the Turkish fashion; and then we were all conducted to a large room. It was all very mysterious and conspirator-like. The nine windows of the room were tightly shuttered that no ray of unromantic sunlight could fall upon the forerunners of a new epoch. We all sat crosslegged and motionless on a bare settle which ran around

two sides of the room. Over our heads hung a banner of sky-blue silk, embroidered in silver with "*Freedom for Women!*" Beneath that hung another of black, bearing the words "*Down with the Old Ideas!*" in fiery red. There were no chairs. The beautiful oak floor was partially covered with Eastern rugs, and on some fat cushions in the middle of the room sat our hostess, the originator and president of the society.

President Zeybah clapped her hands three times and announced that the meeting was about to begin. It did begin, and continued for more than an hour.

The president produced a manuscript with gilt edges from a European satchel at her side, and read her contribution to the club.

"Women fellow-sufferers and fellow-workers," she read, "we come here to-day to dig a little farther into the thick wall which the tyranny of man has built around us. By nature woman was meant to be the ruler. By her intuition, her sympathy, her unselfishness, her maternal instinct, she is the greatest of the earth. One thing alone brute nature gave to man—strength! Through that he has subjugated woman. Let us rise and break our bonds! Let us stand up *en masse* and defy the brute who now dominates us! We are the givers of life; we must be the rulers and lawmakers as well. Down with man!"

In this strain, and in a deep voice befitting a ruler and a lawmaker, the president read from her gilt-edged paper, and ended up with the proposition that six members of the club should be chosen by lot to kill themselves, as a protest against the existing order of things. The proposition, which was made in all seriousness, provided, however—with a *naïveté* that might have imperiled the gravity of a meeting of American women—that the president of the club should be exempt from participation in the lot drawing.

This plan for making tyrant man sit up and take notice was received with a murmur from the veiled listeners, rather more of approval than of disapproval. The question, however, was not discussed further at the moment, and the president called on another lady to read her paper.

The first speaker having proved that women were great and were only kept from recognition by the brute force of man, the second one went ahead to prove that women were capable of doing as good work as men in certain cases, by citing George Sand, George

Eliot, and others. A third one asserted that women were mere playthings in the hands of men, and called on them to rouse themselves and show that they were capable of being something better.

I was utterly disgusted at the whole meeting. I might just as well have been in one of those silly clubs in New York where women congregate to read their immature compositions. There was totally lacking the sincerity, the spontaneity, and the frankness which usually characterize Turkish women.

When the meeting adjourned we passed into several dressing rooms, where the veiled and secret conspirators against the dominion of man all kept luncheon gowns. When the assemblage came together again the majority of them were corseted and in Paris frocks, and all were quite unveiled, the mystery of the meeting having been mere pretense and affectation. These forty-odd women, ranging in age from seventeen to forty, were drawn from the flower of the Turkish aristocracy. Luncheon was served in a large room overlooking the Golden Horn. We were seated at four round tables, and during the meal the great cause was forgotten, and they were again spontaneous Turkish women.

After luncheon we passed into the reclining room, where Eastern dances and music were given for our pleasure. I was happy to notice that as we lay about on the couches the Parisian-gowned ladies were distinctly less comfortable than the rest of us. After the music was over the heavy conversation was started again by our hostess, who was never happy for long unless she considered that she was shining intellectually. She was not yet thirty, but had found time already to divorce two husbands.

"What I like most about American women," she said to me and to her disciples, "is the courage they have in discarding their husbands. Why should a woman continue to live with a man whom she finds to be not her intellectual companion?" Her pose was fine, as she uttered these words, and murmurs of appreciation arose among her hearers.

"Few men are women's companions intellectually," I said, having listened to as much as I could without replying. "The only men who are the companions of intellectual women are half-baked poets, sophomores, and degenerates. Normal men, nice men, intelligent men never talk the tomfoolery women want to talk about. They are too busy with things worth while to sit down

and ponder over the gyrations of their souls. In fact they don't have to worry over their souls at all. They are strong and healthy, and live their useful lives without taking time to store their heads with all the nonsense women do."

Those forty women breathed heavily. To them I represented freedom and intellectual advancement, and here I was smashing their ideals unmercifully. I pretended not to notice the effect of my words, and continued:

"If you expect real men of any nationality to sit down and talk to you about your souls you will find them disappointing. As for American women, they are as different from you as a dog from a bird. Whatever they do cannot affect you. They are a different stock altogether. Will you tell me what you are working for specifically?"

"Freedom to choose our husbands, and freedom to go about with men as we like," the president answered.

"We want to go about the world unchaperoned and free—to travel all over the world if we choose," another answered.

The last speaker was a girl barely eighteen years old, and beautiful with a beauty the East alone can produce. I laughed openly.

"My dear child," I said, "you could not go alone for half a day without having all sorts of things happening to you."

"But that is just what I want," she retorted. "I am tired of my humdrum life, when such delicious things as one reads of in books might be happening to me."

This girl in her youth and simplicity was really revealing the cause of their malady. They were all fed on French novels.

"Even American women, when they are young, do not go about with men unchaperoned as you think," I said, "nor do they travel alone with men, at any age. Of course there are American women who are compelled to go about alone a good deal, because they are earning their own living; but they only do this because they have to. As to what Zeybah Hanum said about their divorcing their husbands frequently, I am afraid she is looking at American civilization from the seamy side. I do not deny that there are American women who have parted with decency, and whom one divorce more or less does not affect; but the really nice American women have as much horror of divorce as any well-bred European woman."

Zeybah Hanum here interrupted me. "I beg your pardon, but I have read in the

American papers that a woman may divorce her husband in the morning, and marry again in the afternoon. Also that no other reason for divorce is required than that she does not wish to continue to live with him. It is called 'incompatibility of temper.' I believe"—here the learned lady threw back her head, and turned to the rest of her audience—"that a nation that has such laws has them not for those who have parted with decency, but for the nice women, in order to help them to rid themselves of undesirable husbands. I hear that the courts proclaim that a woman may not only get rid of her husband, but that the husband shall continue to support her. Can you tell me after that that America does not uphold divorce?"

I was rather staggered by her argument, although I knew that fundamentally she was mistaken.

"What you say is true, in a way," I admitted; "but the fact remains that nice American women do not believe in indiscriminate divorcing."

"Oh, well, there are always backward women in every country. I was told by an American lady, once, that not to be divorced nowadays was the exception. And wait till the women have the power to vote. That is the one thing the American men are afraid to grant women, because they know that then women will make laws to suit themselves."

I did not ask Zeybah Hanum how much farther women could go, with the ballot, than she thought they already had gone, in the home of the free. I was very sorry for the women who were under her influence, because most of them were young and all of them inexperienced, so I took up another side of the subject.

"Let's leave American women alone then, since you will only believe the yellow journalism, and come to your own affairs. Do you really think that by having six women kill themselves you will accomplish anything?"

"At any rate we shall teach men a lesson."

"And that is?"

"That we are capable of going to any lengths to get what we want. Woman is a power to-day!"

"But do you think you can bring about what you want by violent methods? There are a great many among your men who believe that women should be free to choose their husbands, and to educate themselves as they like. So far you have been given privileges in studying music and art. Little

by little other things will come. But remember that to one woman who thinks as you do there are a hundred who don't."

"They are blind, and we wish to open their eyes. It is our duty—in the name of humanity. We owe this to the Progress of the World," Zeybah announced oratorically.

"Since you have descended to Duty," I said with some heat, "I suppose you are capable of anything cruel and unkind."

At this point a lady who was an instructress in a girls' seminary, though she was the daughter of a rich man, quietly put in: "Zeybah Hanum, I should like to hear the lady tell us how she thinks it would be wise to proceed. She knows our ways, what privileges we now have, and our shortcomings."

"Yes, yes," several voices cried.

"Since you do not like your system—although it seems to me admirable on the whole—it is only right that you should be allowed to live your lives as you want to. Only you must go about it in a sensible way and take into consideration the others who are involved in it. For example, I should think that you ought to tear down that banner of 'Down with the Old Ideas!' and put up another, reading: 'Respect for the Old Ideas, Freedom to the New!' Then instead of closeting yourselves together and behaving like imitation French Anarchists, you ought to have your meetings in the open. Since you all wear your veils you can invite the men who are sympathetic to your movement, to take an interest in it. Little by little more men will come, and also more women. Really your troubles are not so serious as those of European women, because under the laws of the Koran women have many privileges unheard of in other countries. The Mussulman system is very socialistic. What you want is to be free to mingle with men. Since you want it, you had better have it, though you are overrating the privilege. There is a great deal of poetry and a great deal of charm in your system; but if you don't like it, you don't like it. You will all be mothers some day; bring up your sons in the new thought, and thus gradually you will bring about the change."

"But you are spoiling our society," the president cried. "What is the object of it if not to push things along fast?"

"I do not agree with you," the quiet lady said. "I believe in what the foreign hanum has just said. We ought to go about this in a rational manner."

"Do I understand that you wish to leave our association?" the president asked, bristling up.

"Not in the least; but I do not believe in the bloody demonstration you proposed."

Thereupon arose a discussion which lasted the whole afternoon. The president was vehemently in favor of her plan for having six of the members kill themselves. Most of the others, however, encouraged by the moral support they received from me and from the quiet lady, finally admitted that they did not wish to die. Yet that they would unhesitatingly have committed suicide, had the club decided on the plan, and had the lot fallen to them, I have not the slightest doubt, knowing the nature of Turkish women as I do.

Just as the meeting was breaking up I was very much surprised to have Houlmé come to me and ask me if I should like to meet the young woman whom Halil Bey was to marry in two weeks. I had had no inkling that she was at the meeting, or even that she held advanced views. Naturally I was most anxious to know her, and as it happened that we were going a good part of the way home in the same direction, she invited me to drive with her in her brougham until we came to the parting of the ways. She was a very pretty brunette, with large violet eyes, and such a lovely, kissable mouth—but what a *précieuse*!

"I suppose you are very busy over your coming marriage," I said to her.

"My marriage interests me very little, mademoiselle," she replied coldly. "In fact I think of it as little as possible. It is not a love match, you know, but an arranged affair."

"But your future husband is young, handsome, and a well-educated nobleman. I feel certain that you will find in him your ideal."

"Indeed!" she snapped. "So you think that all a man has to have to be acceptable to a young woman is youth, good looks, and education?"

"What else?"

"A beautiful mind," she said as pompously as Zeybah Hanum herself might have spoken. "I wish my husband to understand the world of Kant and Schopenhauer and all the great thinkers. I wish him to treat me as if I, too, had a mind capable of soaring above the sordid conditions of our daily life. Do you think, when I am married, that I am likely to find in Halil Bey a man to speak to me on these subjects? No! he will tell me

that I am beautiful, and that he loves me. As if his paltry love mattered in this great world."

"I should think it would matter to him, and to you."

"Excuse me, mademoiselle, but are you not taking rather a commonplace view of happiness?"

"Perhaps I am. But I might learn to appreciate a high-minded one if it were explained to me."

"I should like a husband who would forget his petty personality, and me as well, who would realize that the greatest love of all is intellectual companionship. The other kind of love is good enough for the inferior class of people whose only participation in the great world is their part in the perpetuation of the race."

"How do you know that your future husband is not animated by the same noble ideas as you are?" I asked, though I had no such hope myself.

"Quite impossible! Our men are incapable of appreciating such high ideals of life, since they allow their women so little freedom."

By the time I parted from Halil Bey's *fiancée* I was so filled up with high ideals that if Houlmé Hanum had talked any more in the same line I should have gone mad. "Poor Halil Bey!" I kept thinking to myself.

Once home I had to rush to my room to get ready to dine with the men. The Validé followed me.

"Yavroum, what will you wear to-night?"

"Dear me! I have not had time to think of that. I have not a dinner gown with me. I suppose a little white lawn will have to do."

"I have thought all about it, and I have several gowns for you to choose from. As soon as your bath has been given to you, come to me."

In her apartment I found a bevy of women all anxious to help in my attiring. Of all the beautiful clothes displayed the choice fell on a lovely brocade which the Validé had worn in years gone by. With the help of the wives and several of their slaves, and with jewelry enough to start a goldsmith's shop, I was made ready for the extraordinary occasion. When they were through with me I looked as if I were for sale, and said so.

"I do hope, yavroum," the Validé said piously, "that you will find your master there."

"Allah bayouk!" murmured several women with bowed heads.

The Validé conducted me to the *mabeyn*, or dividing line between the *haremlik* and *selamlık*, where Selim Pasha himself was waiting for me, arrayed in his uniform. The rest of the guests were in European clothes, and after the introductions were over I told them that a few of them at least would have to approach the Validé for my hand, otherwise she might fear that she had not done all in her power to make me charming.

The dinner was a very interesting one; indeed, I believe it was the most interesting one I have ever been to. Contrary to the opinion of most people who do not know them, the Turks are very attractive men. They are frank, chivalrous, and, above all, considerate to women. They also possess a keen sense of humor, and enjoy a joke even at their own expense. They are good talkers, and pretty well informed.

Though it was after eleven o'clock when I returned to the haremlık, all the ladies and slaves were sitting up to see me return from the remarkable adventure of dining with a dozen men.

"Well, yavroum?" the Validé said.

"Oh! I think some of them will ask you for my hand. Don't you worry, Validé."

She was beaming with happiness.

"And Validé," I said, after a little more talk, "not to trouble you again, I asked Selim Pasha if I might speak to Halil Bey again to-morrow morning in the garden, and he gave me permission. And since my engagement with him is at half past eight, I think I will wish you good night."

The next morning, though I was on time in the garden, I found Halil Bey already there, and very impatient to hear all about his *fiancée*.

"Tell me," he cried out as soon as we had shaken hands, "is she beautiful?"

"Very," I answered; "but, my poor boy, she is crazy over Kant and Schopenhauer."

"Who are they?" he bellowed, thunder in his voice and fire in his eyes. "Tell me quick, and I will draw every drop of blood from their veins."

"I have no doubt that in a fist-to-fist encounter you would have the best of them, but they are both dead and gone, and only their miserable books are left to fight against."

"Oh!" he laughed, "is that all? I think I can take care of that."

It was my turn to laugh. "Halil Bey, you have read 'Cyrano de Bergerac'?"

He nodded.

"You remember what Christian answered when Cyrano was trying to coach him: 'Et par tous les diables, je saurais toujours la prendre entre mes bras.' It did not work, however. Now, if you want to be happy, listen to me! Devote your time from now till your marriage day to those two writers. Memorize as much of them as you can. When your bride comes home and you raise her veil and see her face, be a Spartan. Don't make love to her; don't tell her that she is beautiful. Just talk Kant, recite Schopenhauer, and give her every kind of tomfoolery about your soul that you can think of, provided it sounds highfaluting enough. Buy all the works of Maeterlinck and make her read them to you till she is ready to drop. Tell her that she is to remain for you the ideal companion, the complement of your soul, and any other silly thing that comes into your head. She will help you along; for she has all that at the tip of her tongue. Before a month is over she will be sick of it and crazy for you. Then fire ahead and make love to her as much as you want to."

Halil Bey looked anything but enthusiastic over the course I had mapped out for him; so I had to repeat to him most of the conversation I had had with his unknown lady-love.

"I am going to Russia in a week," I ended, "and shall be back in six weeks. Come to my hotel for luncheon then and tell me all about it."

I had forgotten all about Halil Bey and his *fiancée* on my return from Russia, and was getting ready to sail for America, when Halil Bey came to see me.

"Hullo, Boy!" I said. "How is the *précieuse*?"

"She is dead!" he answered simply.

I stared at him. "Why, Halil, you have not killed her?"

"Not I, but Kant and the other fellow did. And now hurry up; I want you to come and see my little wife. She is waiting for you."

In less than an hour our carriage brought us to Halil Bey's residence, where a very charming hostess was waiting. She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Mademoiselle, I think you are a happiness giver."

"And don't you think that his love and your love matter a little in this world?"

"It is the only thing that does matter," she answered, while her violet eyes were looking not at me but at Halil Bey.



THE

BY
EDMUND VANCE COOKE

GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRÉD RICHARDSON



PLAY BALL!

ABOVE, a heavenly bend of blue
Touched with a fleecy fluff or two
To temper summer's ardent smile
And hint of rain-checks after while.

A level stretch of restful green
Crowned by the symbol of the scene
Made up of geometric signs
Severely simple in their lines.

An incense from the Cuban isle,
A dudheen puffing, black and vile,
A gust of God's own air which fills
The nostrils and the spirit thrills.

The elemental passion housed
In every breast here roars aroused,
The loyal lust for greater powers
And place for mine, of gain for ours.

And now, the dulcet day and scene,
The square-set sign, the blue, the green,
The myriad-lunged and tongued are all
Pent in the passionate cry "Play ball!"

"Play ball!" the slogan of the age,
The final word of fool and sage;
We win, we lose, we rise, we fall;
No matter which! play ball! play ball!

DEMOCRACY

Mulholland, he owns traction stocks,
And so he sits in a grand-stand box.
I'm cleverer far than he, I think,
For his stock's water, while mine is ink,
But my thin purse can better afford
The soft, warm side of a bleacher board.

He sits with the mien of a major Fate,
As the Reubens' in-shoots cut the plate,
While my position can only see
Whether they're shoulder-high or knee,
But O'Loughlin rules and it's my belief
He doesn't care which of us calls him "Thief!"

And when the ball toward the left field wings
And the bleachers rise and the chorus sings
For "Topsy!" Top's legs whirl like spokes
And the grass beneath him fairly smokes,
As he leaps like a panther toward his kill;
Then let them sit in the stands who will!

Mulholland sits in the grand stand. Fudge!
That doesn't make him any better judge
Of the game than I. And, as for that,
That knot-holed, shrill-piped, foul-fed brat
Is twice as happy as both. Baseball
Is the real democracy after all.

Sometimes I think it is much the same
In the somewhat more pretentious game
Called life. The man in the grand stand
knows
No more of pleasure, no less of woes.
Wealth? is a ticket. Learning? is dope.
And the ball coming over the fence is hope!

THE IMMORTAL NINE

Thou who stand'st behind the plate
As the globules deviate,
With thy hands outstretched to show
Whither should the next one go,
Hail, all hail the stony-wallness
Of thy reaching wide-and-tallness.

Thou who fling'st the twirling twist,
Steel of arm and wire of wrist,
With thine eye alert to know
Every weakness of the foe,
Hail, all hail the deep astuteness
Of thy out-drop and in-shootness.

Thou who stand'st at first to nip
Runners in their early trip,
Thou with hand which seems a ham,
Yet as nipping as the clam,
Hail, all hail thy deft alertness,
High up-reach and scoop-up-dirtiness.

Thou of second with thy squat
Waiting for thou scarce know'st what;
Throw of catcher, hissing grounder,
Texas-leaguer, awkward bounder,
Hail, all hail the versatility
Of thy limber-legged agility.

Thou at third with one eye front
For the foul-intentioned bunt,
Swift and certain as a gunner
As thou nailest ball and runner,
Hail, all hail thy timeless-lossness
Catapulting throw-acrossness.

Thou of short, whose spread is wide,
Elbows crooked and both hands thighed,
Eager on thy toes to start,
Backward run or forward dart,
Hail, all hail the rumming stoopness
Stop-and-snap-it-at-one-swoopness.



Thou out in the dexter garden,
As thy muscles strain and harden,
Swift of act and sure of clinch
Needful in the hasty pinch,
Hail, all hail the bound-to-winness
Of thy long and strong throw-in-ness.

Thou in center, fever-footed,
Yet a moment standing rooted
At the bat-crack, then upspringing
Like a hawk away a-winging,
Hail, all hail thy glad get-over
Hasty rods of grass and clover.

Thou in left whose eye is scorched
By the constant sunbeam torched,
Glove upshaded from the habit,
Yet as swift as any rabbit,
Hail, all hail thy foul-and-flyness
Judgment of the dizzy highness.

Hail, ye Nine, ye modern muses,
Hail your hidden, slidden bruises;
Hail each memory which lingers
Round your blunt and skew-skawed fingers;
Hail each face, by this afflatus,
Hail its hue of ripe tomatoes!

JUDGMENT!

The game is begun, for better, for worse,
And your chance shall indeed be small
In the innings of life (with an umpire nurse)
If you do not start with a "Bawl!"

And many a hard chance you must take,
And many a play be missed,
And many a sacrifice you must make,
And many a ready assist.

In team work alone is the winning play,
As you'll find ere the game be done,
When the clerical umpire has his say
And the score boy marks you "One!"

But whether your hit be a single clout,
Or whether you're good for a double,
The Short Stop one day will toss you out
As the end of your play and trouble.

And then? Does the Player still run, or rest?
Does the game still fret him and chafe?
Or is there a Home, if he played his best,
Where the final word is "Safe!"



RUN IT OUT!

When you once have hit the ball,
Run it out.
Though your chance be great or small,
Run it out.

Many a fumble comes, you know,
Many a baseman muffs a throw,
But *you're* lost, unless you *go!*
Run it out!

Come the best, or come the worst,
Run it out.
You are gone? All right, but *first*
Run it out.

Would-have-done or Might-have-been
Never have a chance to win;
Lively now and dig right in!
Run it out!

In the game, or out, the rule
"Run it out"
Is the motto of your school;
Run it out.

Here is one who thinks it wise
Just to play for exercise,
But he'll *score* more, if he *tries*;
Run it out!

You may fail? Of course, but still
Run it out.
If you don't, you *know* you will.
Run it out.

How alike are the beginning
Of the losing or the winning—
Just an eyelash to an inning!
Run it out!

Courage now and keep your heart!
Run it out.
Nothing comes without a start,
Run it out.

Other Shakespeares might be printing,
Other Titians might be tinting,
If some constant coach kept hinting
Run it out!

DAILY BREAD

"Peanuts and pop!" from the boy's raucous
throttle,

"Five cents a bag an' a nickel a bottle!
De game's gittin' sloppy, but don't be a mut;
Quit a-chewin' de rag an' be chewin' a nut.
De game's gittin' dry. Dere's no use to git
hot;
Ferget it an' wet it—a nickel a bot.

"Well, wouldn't dat ice wagon drive you to
drink?

I got it right here an' it's cheaper dan ink.
Aw, well, if yer scared it'll give you a jag,
Smoke up on some peanuts—a nickel a bag.
He's agoin' to second! right! right! he's all
right!
Now, which will you have, mister, red pop
or white?

"Dere's two strikes on Nealon, he's goin' to
strike out;

Dese peanuts'll take de bad taste from yer
mout';

Well, say! *did* he hit it? Wow! ain't he de
peach?

You'll sure take a bottle on dat. I kin
reach.

He's safe! yer a robber! Say, mister, I'll
drop

Dat guy wid a bottle, if you'll buy de pop."

"Peanuts and pop!" are his work of the day;
Peanuts and pop are my portion of play.
Each in his own way, from bottom to top,
We're all of us working for "peanuts and
pop."

Never enough in bag, bottle, or store,
But each of us bleachers is looking for more.

Lawson sells copper; it's taken a drop.
Why does he do it? For "peanuts and pop."
Barrie turns out a new play from his shop;
Champagne and turtle are "peanuts and
pop."

Wagner has just made a beautiful stop,
And his reward shall be "peanuts and pop!"



YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER

Kittredge threw to Hickman's bag;
 "Cheerful" wasn't there.
 They grouched as if he had lost the flag,
 And nobody seemed to care
 That Hick caught a thousand throws, or
 more,
 In the season of eighteen-ninety-four!

Howell with malice and skill prepense
 Sent up a slanting shot.
 Hickman pushed it over the fence
 And everybody forgot
 (Though the score card showed it beyond a
 doubt)
 That the last time up big Hick struck out.

So if you ever make a miss,
 Or bungle up your play,
 There's a bit of cheer to be found in this:
 There's always another day.
 Nobody cares for your vain regrets;
 Hit out and win! and the crowd forgets.

Or if you've made your hit and won,
 Buck up still and brace!
 Many another mother's son
 Is pushing for your place;
 What you have done looks large to you,
 But the crowd only cares for what you do.



RESTRAINT

Tim called Sully out on third;
 Sully flung a wicked word
 So that all the grand stand heard;
 Tim said something then.
 Just a moment's fretful wrath,
 Just a step from out the path,
 Just a swing from out the swath,
 But it cost him ten.

Four were wide. Jiggs took a walk.
 Dusty threw. Tim called a balk.
 That let out a line of talk
 Too much for my pen.
 Just a moment's sideward slip,
 Just an atmospheric trip,
 Just a little loosened lip,
 But it cost him ten.

Looking on, and coolly placed,
 "Fools!" said we, "and foolish waste!"
 That same night I spoke in haste
 Once and yet again.
 That same day you lost a trade
 By a short remark you made.
 Tim was not around to aid,
 But it cost you ten!

VANITAS VANITATUM

'Twas in the twelfth; the score was tied,
 When Commy smote the horse's hide
 And safely beat it down;
 A spurt, a slide, a throw too wide,
 And Commy owned the town.
 The game was through, the cushions flew,
 But Commy's now with Kalamazoo.

The bases full, our men asleep;
 "Dutch" bumped the ball to make one weep;
 The grand stand sat aghast;
 A lightning leap, a sudden sweep,
 And Dunlap held it fast.
 'Mid glad acclaim he saved the game,
 And now nobody knows his name.

'Twas in the prime of old Cy Young
 And as his sizzling slants unslung
 Our men went down like grass,
 Till Big Ed swung his wagon tongue
 And drew a home-run pass.
 And near and far they hailed him "Star!"
 And now Big Ed is tending bar.

And Patsy Burke! men called him great;
 The baseball extras of his date
 Kotowed before his feet,
 His words, his weight, the things he ate
 Were all their daily meat.
 And now poor Burke is county clerk
 And some day he may have to work!

GENIUS AND TALENT

The first Great Hitter I recall was old Jim
 White.
 This great Locator of the ball leaped into
 sight
 In 'Seventy-something, and I still recall his
 poise,
 Copied and practiced with a will by all us
 boys;
 He stood widespread to meet the ball. He
 held his bat
 At "carry arms!" as did we all. We fell
 down flat,
 But what of that?
 We knew the method must be right,
 Because we did it "just like White."

He lost our love and fell from grace. The
 cause was simple:
 The official scorer gave his place to James
 Dalrymple.

Dal swung his bat behind his neck, with feet
 together.
 We followed at the bell and beck of this new
 wether.
 He was our diamond god and we were most
 devout.
 Before his shrine we bent the knee, nor felt a
 doubt
 When we struck out;
 Our faith was like the pyramid
 We did it "like Dalrymple did!"



The next year's leader at the plate stood stern
 and solemn
 And held himself and war club straight as
 any column.
 One Adrian Anson was this man of new
 reliance.
 And once again we changed our plan of
 batting science.
 We marked his mien! This look, that
 frown might be the key,
 But still the pitchers mowed us down in one,
 two, three,
 Nor could we see
 How anything could be the matter;
 For Anson was the champion batter.

At last a light began to burn in every noddle,
 By which we saw that each must learn from
 his own model.
 The style which suited old Jim White was
 good—for Jim;
 Dalrymple's style was also quite correct for
 him.
 And Anson never had succeeded in word or
 act
 By following the plan which we did. The
 whole thing's packed
 Upon this fact:
 You'll make no hit (believe it true)
 By doing "just like" others do.

PLAY OR PROXY

We proxy players who sit and yell,
Do we gain of the game one jot or tittle
Of its genuine good? Would it not be
well

To get into the game ourselves a little?

We citizens, careless and all unskilled,
Whose bosses throw us a stick to whittle,
While our national house they shabbily
build,

Shall we not get into the game a little?

We artist workers who praise the past,
And whose faith in ourselves is weak and
brittle,

Is not our day and our chance as vast,
Shall we not get into the game a little?

We grubbers and grinders after wealth,
With nothing in life but its drink and
victual,

Will it not be better for each soul's health
To get into the game ourselves a little?

GAME CALLED

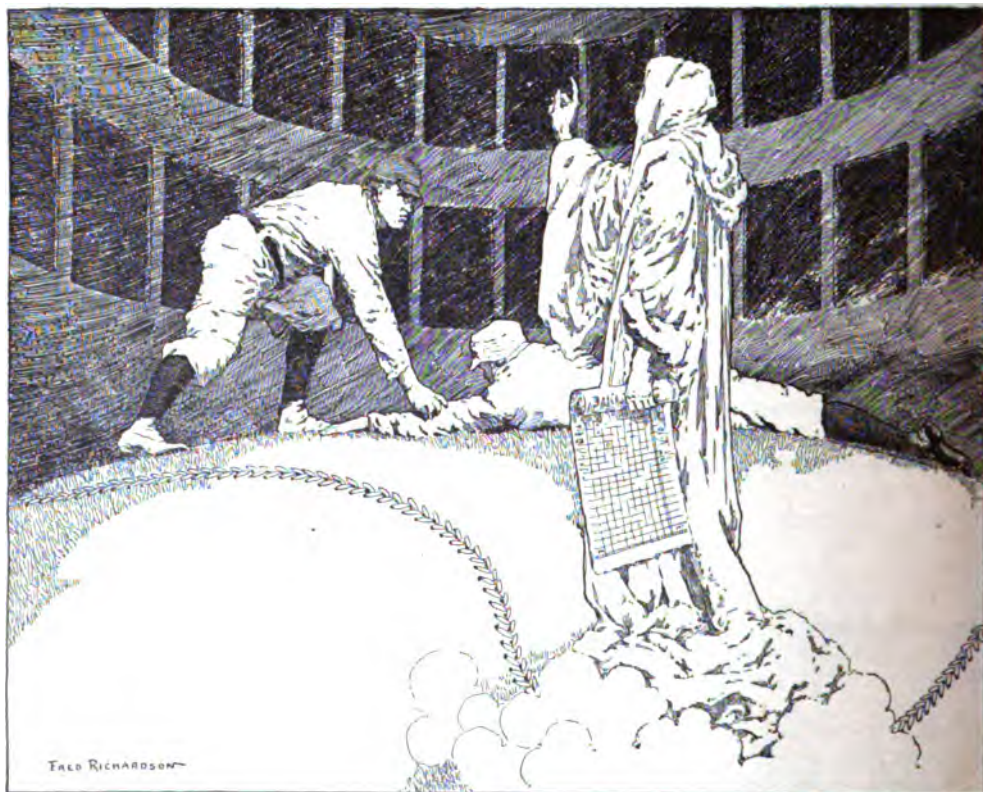
Game called. The day's hot work is done;
The Player is a man again
And even as you and other men
Is grateful that his rest is won.

Game called. The bleacher's right to groan
He purchased with a few poor pence
Is forfeited. Outside the fence
The Player calls his soul his own.

Game called. The effort which they cheered
Was good because they saw it win;
For failure is our only sin;
A stronger struggle—and they jeered.

Game called. And we have spent our breath.
No more the mad mob roars and frets.
The world turns from us and forgets;
The Game of Life, the Umpire, Death.

Game called. An Error or a Hit?
Why, what to us are praise or blame?
We only know *we played the game*,
Home beckons—and the Lights are lit!



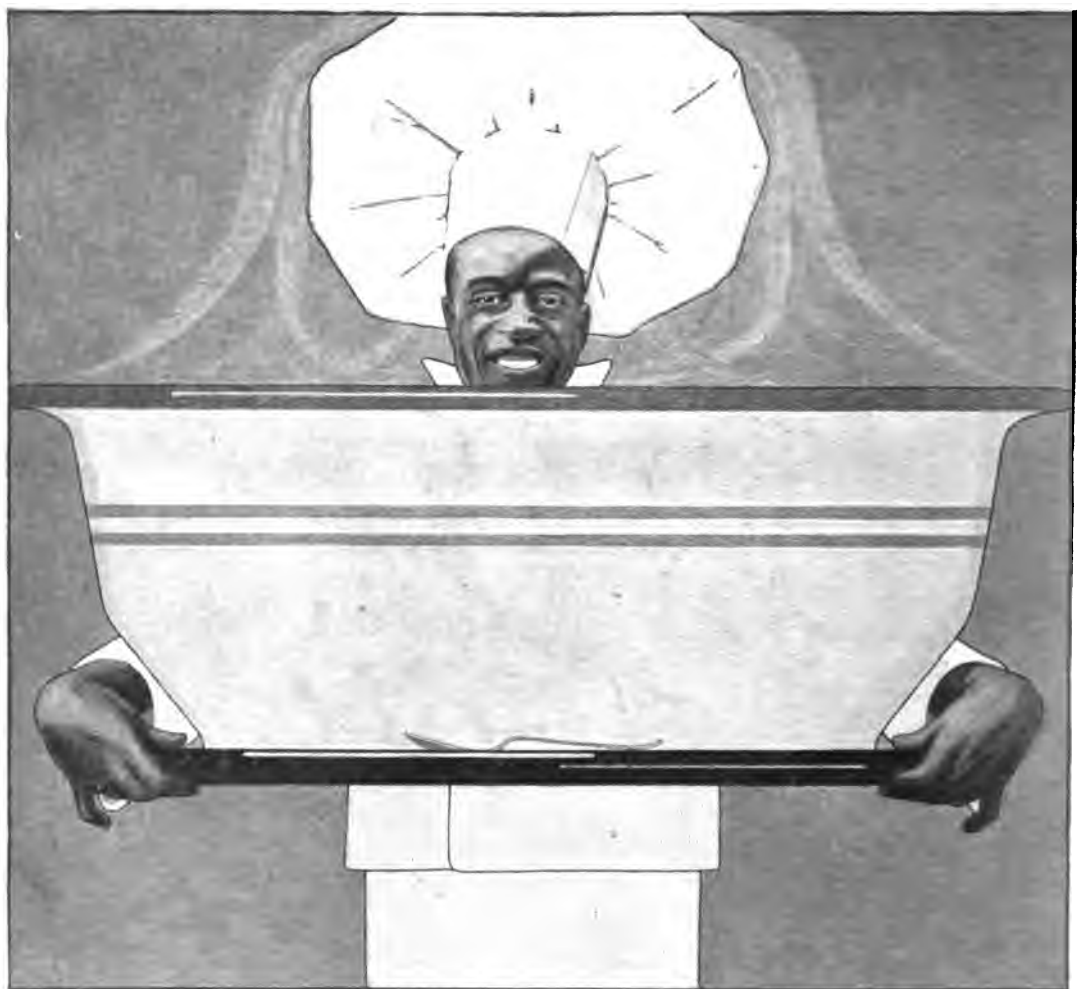
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APPLETON'S MAGAZINE





BIGGES' I COULD GET, SAH!
MO' WHEH DIS COMED FUM,
YAS SAH,

CREAM_{of}WHEAT



SARAH BERNHARDT

From an early portrait.



Drawn by G. C. Willemschmidt.

"Neergard's snickering laugh grew more significant and persistent."
—"The Younger Set," page 328.

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. X

SEPTEMBER, 1907

NO. 3

MAKING PRESIDENTS BY PHOTOGRAPHY

BY ROBERT LEE DUNN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ROOSEVELT was the first statesman to rebel at the notion of president-making by photography. It happened at the Philadelphia convention, just after he had been nominated for vice-president, and was starting for the platform, his address in his hand, to make his speech of acceptance. I, who had adjusted my camera on three chair tops, so as to command a view of the scene, shouted:

"One moment, please! I want your picture."

Depew, Roosevelt, Leslie Ward, and Odell halted. Roosevelt was highly incensed, and Platt, who was sitting near by, snickered aloud at his discomfiture.

"Don't you do it!" bellowed the vice-president-to-be.

But I had already snapped my shutter. There was a great commotion at once. My camera was upset, and fell toward a man who shoved it off so that it grazed Mr. Roosevelt.

"Get that man out of here," he commanded, pointing at me, "or I won't speak."

I was unceremoniously ducked under a

platform and kept there for over an hour, so that I never got a picture of him in the throes of his oratorical acceptance. I amused myself, however, by cutting a hole through one of the planks with my pocketknife and making through the aperture plate after plate of the convention assembled.

Curiously enough, four years later the camera was adopted as a means of exploiting this same rebellious Mr. Roosevelt, who had long before forgiven the offending photographer of 1900 and had many times aided me in securing important and interesting pictures. To-day the Department of Pictorial Publicity is a recognized factor in the making of presidents, vice-presidents, governors, and the like, and is utilized gladly by the National and State committees.

Up to about the year 1904, the process of newspaper exploitation of the various candidates by means of quickly prepared photographs for press uses was in its infancy; the newspapers in each town had to depend upon their own artists and photographers for pictures of the candidates which would possess a local interest, and though the National Committee flooded the press with staple



"Croker the only man of the crowd who wasn't on his feet and cheering."

photographs of their men, these became well known so early in the campaign that they came to possess little or no news of value.

This was the condition of affairs at the opening of the Roosevelt-Fairbanks campaign when I was drawn into service.

I fitted up a dark room at one end of the Campaign special car and had just about arranged my chemicals, supplies, ice, and water—we used thousands of gallons of water and literally tons upon tons of ice, frequently bringing the train to a stop simply to allow me to stock up on these two commodities—when the telegrams began to pour in. These wires came from local delegations up the line telling what sort of an affair the candidate was to expect in this town or that, how many people, how prominent they were, how they were dressed, on which side of the track the depot was located, whether it was in the sunshine or not, and such information. They came in by the peck, and they nearly swamped me at first; but they proved very reliable.

At the smaller towns, where there wasn't much of a crowd present, I stood on the back platform, close to the candidate, and deliberately posed him before their very eyes. At such times he assumed an attitude which

gave a sort of "spread-eagle" effect; these pictures, I found, got more space in the newspapers. By having no background except a bit of the car platform, photographs could be palmed off on any community as being taken in that very town, whereas they may have been taken a week before in a town five hundred miles away. The candidate grumbled at being posed in this open-and-above-board fashion, but I got around that difficulty by convincing him that it was absolutely necessary in order to get the pictures, and by making the crowd believe I did not belong on the train with him.

Soon, however, we began to cut out the little five-minute stops and center our efforts on more prominent places, allowing ourselves forty-minute stops in such towns. Here was where quick work had to be done. To take a typical instance, I remember at Salt Lake City, I was out mingling with the crowd before the train had slowed down. Of course, all through the campaign I tried to keep secret the fact that I belonged on the candidate's special train; hence, the need for mingling in with the crowds about the stations en route.

As the delegation moved up to greet the



"In military uniform with a 'dee-lighted' smile."

Secretary Loeb, the President, and Major Patcher at Yellowstone Park.

candidate he quite naturally made room for them on the platform of the car, unostentatiously disposed the local dignitaries about him in a hail-fellow-well-met group, while others of our party gently maneuvered them into the sunlight (all by previous arrangement with me), and I did the rest.

I snapped several views and then, while he

was delivering the speech, I hurried around the front of the car to the dark room, developed those plates, and my assistants printed dozens of the photographs and actually made a score or more of very large bromide enlargements before the train was ready to leave the town. With these under my arm, and some of them hastily autographed by the



"Depew, Roosevelt, Leslie Ward, and Odell halted; Platt was sitting near by."

candidate, I jumped down into the crowd again, presented the various local dignitaries with photographs of themselves and the candidate, scattered others around among the citizens, and even had a number of the enlarged pictures displayed in the shop windows of the town. The various newspaper representatives were each given an exclusive plate, made right in their own city, you know, and as a consequence we left behind us a highly satisfied lot of people.

In another town, where the entire population had gathered around the public square, I climbed a pole and took a comprehensive photograph of the whole gathering, hastened back to the car, made several enlargements at least four feet high, and stuck them up in store windows with the query above them: "Can you find yourself in this picture?" It mattered little to us whether they could or not so long as they stopped, looked at the photograph, and recalled the occasion. This whole business was also accomplished before the train pulled out.

The matter of dress, alluded to heretofore, is a thing which may appear humorous rather than important. But if you will look closely at all campaign pictures (not necessarily those reproduced here) you will see that the candidate invariably wears the same style of hat and clothes as do the members of the visiting delegation which welcomes him. This is not always due to a freak of chance. The secretary

on the private car frequently receives a telegram ahead of time "tipping us off" as to what to wear. Thus, on one occasion, the wire ran:

STATE CAMPAIGN SPECIAL

Arrangements perfected; train will remain outside station in sunlight; committee wearing high hats, frock coats, will greet party on arrival.

(Signed) STATE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



"I never offend a Democrat!"

When Fairbanks went through Indiana he wore a slouch hat and slouchy clothes, as any native son should do, but when he got across the line into Illinois, out came his high hat, Prince Albert coat, and white vest.

The accompanying photograph of Roosevelt in a mirth-provoking pair of trousers shows him unconsciously "doing as the Romans do." The audience on that occasion was a plain, everyday audience.

As for adapting appearances to the country through which a candidate is traveling, I



"Look at all the ugly men!"

have known times when even the train has been changed, the luxurious private cars being discarded and the cheapest, tawdriest coaches possible being substituted.

Bryan, of soft-hat fame, did not need to make any change, as everybody knew his invariable rule. Indeed, the "Great Commoner" made no appeal by this perfectly legitimate method of "faking"; the enthusiasm which he aroused for his democracy was always natural. He really got along better with the local press than any other candidate, but he did not get the advantage of new methods of photography as he might



"You of the Blue!"

to-day. In 1896, when he was jocularly known as "The Boy Orator of the Platte," only the big dailies had perfected a rapid system of half-tone reproduction. The smaller papers could not afford the expense, and hence, though Bryan frequently had me on board his train, the photographs were generally unused by the papers.

The mania for souvenirs has often caused candidates considerable trouble. On one occasion some one stole Mr. Roosevelt's half-hosiery, on another his supply of handkerchiefs, on another his shirt, and on the occasion of a famous Waldorf banquet, some one made away with his evening coat. The resourceful Oscar at once took in the situation and at the last moment, Mr. Roosevelt walked into the banquet room in a coat, the sleeves of which were three inches too short for him.

The main point about campaign photography is the press publicity it can obtain for the candidate. Newspaper space is practically invaluable; there is no way of computing how much it is worth. And although the cost of maintaining a completely equipped photographic apparatus en route is very heavy, the National Committee does not grumble. It costs probably \$50 all told, counting the expense of a private car, to make a dozen



"Bryan did not need to make any change."

pictures on the train, which would cost but \$3 in a local gallery—and in some towns we turned out these pictures in great numbers.

Such pictures as they are, too! What reader does not realize the marvelous characterizations of Theodore Roosevelt that have been caught in the open air by the campaign photographer, showing the vigor and energy of the man—an effect impossible of attainment in a tamely posed gallery picture. Sometimes I reproduced these pictures life-size and sent them ahead to be hung in the hotels where the candidate would lodge, thus helping to work up local interest in him several weeks before he put in an appearance. For the enlargement work of some of my candidates I carried the usual arc light, and the electricity to supply this, of course, had to be generated on the train. Thus by day or night we could get our enlargements, and it was generally by night while the candidate slept that we were busiest. Sometimes, though, the great man would sit up overtime himself, autographing the more imposing photographs.

The method we pursued with these large, signed pictures might prove of interest to the

reader. If we were due in San Francisco, say, in a short time, I would look up the editors of the various papers and send each of them one of these autographed pictures—each, of course, being a different pose. With it would go a note:

Dear Mr. —: Mr. — (naming our candidate) happened to remember his old acquaintance with you, and has requested me to send you the inclosed photo. It is considered one of his best likenesses, etc.

The result generally was that, before this photograph was framed and hung in the office, it was run in that editor's paper.

I have told how we posed the candidate and the local committeemen and turned out dozens of prints from the negative inside of forty minutes. This is by no means a record. Upon one occasion I left New York City after my candidate had been speaking there at the Broadway noonday meeting. By the time we had made the run from Jersey City to Newark, some fifteen minutes, I

had my photographs of that meeting finished, sealed in packages, and ready for our porter. He took them and met a porter on an incoming train going back to New York.

"Carry these to Jersey City," said our porter, handing the other a \$10 bill. "A messenger boy will meet you at the train."

This messenger boy was on hand when the train pulled into Jersey City, took the bundles, and delivered them in turn to a score or more of boys who were waiting at the ferry. These then spread out and delivered the photographs to the newspapers designated, all in time for the afternoon issues.

The New York *Tribune* also printed a flashlight of the Ohio Society dinner, held on Saturday night, March 3, 1900, at the Waldorf-Astoria, which was taken by me at 7.03 P.M., rushed downtown (almost an hour's ride in those days); up to the top of the *Tribune* building, there developed and printed, twelve duplicate half-tone plates were engraved from it, and before the banquet had ended a messenger boy was delivering printed copies of the *Tribune*, with the picture on the front page, to the various banqueters.

President McKinley autographed each copy. It was considered quite a newspaper feat at the time.

One way of working the press occurs when the candidate arrives in a city too late for a photograph to be taken. He is going to speak that night, we will say, and intends to leave early the next morning. This happened at Cincinnati once, when I was out with another one of my candidates. About seven o'clock in the evening the train pulled in, and was besieged by a band of newspaper men. They were referred to me for photographs.

"Fellows," I said, "we haven't anything exclusive but a lot of half-tone plates, already made up."

"All the better," was the chorus.

Of course, by pre-arrangement, these plates were enormous affairs, twelve or fifteen inches high, and depicting the candidate (another trick) with outspread arms. All in all, each plate must have covered the half of an ordinary newspaper page. They were dealt out to the various newspaper men, put on the presses, and the next day the town was simply plastered with enormous reproductions of the campaigner in various of his perfervid, spread-eagle moments. It was a very impressive exhibition, and we obtained about five times the usual pictorial publicity.

Another subterfuge which the campaign photographer works—he must never, never associate himself publicly with that private car down in the yards—is to walk into a newspaper office casually and say, "I see that So-and-so (who, by the way, is his candidate) is in town to-night."

"Yes," replies the managing—or perhaps city- or art-editor.

If the photographer happens to be known in the office, then the conversation takes a personal turn for a while. At last, drawing a bundle of photographs from under his arm, the "pictorial publicity" agent says:

"By the way, I've got some good pictures of So-and-so here that I took myself some time ago. They're exclusive stuff, and I thought they might come in handy to you. Just happened to be in town on some private



"Delivering himself of his favorite 'personal appeal.'"

business. I'll make you a present of them."

Naturally enough, the photographs are accepted with avidity, for they really are exclusive and generally very good, expressive likenesses.

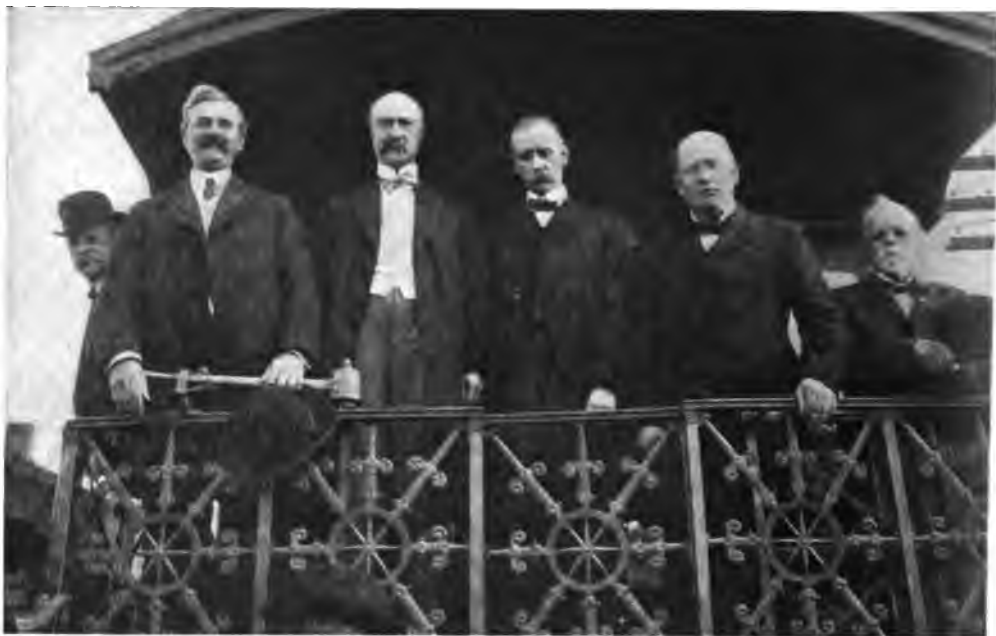
In the year 1900, when I was in Kansas City at the Democratic National Convention in Convention Hall there, a rather amusing circumstance took place. Bryan had just been nominated amid the most tumultuous sort of hullabaloo, and people were jumping to their feet, tossing their hats, and shouting. I took a flashlight of the New York part of the celebration, and started to move my camera toward another part of the house, when a messenger approached me.

"Didn't you just take a picture of that bunch?" he asked, pointing his finger at the Empire State delegates.

"I did," I answered.

"Well, Mr. Croker asked me to ask you not to print it. Take another." He disappeared.

I looked at Croker. He was on his feet, cheering and roaring louder than the rest, in anticipation that I would come back and



Governor Cummins of Iowa. Vice-President Fairbanks.

"On the rear platform to get their pictures taken with the great ones."

photograph his enthusiasm. Later in the dark room I understood. You will observe from the picture I give here (the one that Mr. Croker didn't wish reproduced) that he kept his seat morosely during the first pandemonium. Croker never was for Bryan, and I happened to catch him. He was sitting very languidly in his chair, the only man of the crowd who wasn't on his feet and cheering. That was what was the matter.

"Dressing the part," as I have said, is one of the features of a campaign. Roosevelt in baggy trousers, Roosevelt in military uniform with a "dee-lighted" smile (one of the best "dee-lighted" photographs ever taken of him, and one which I tried for months to get before finally obtaining it), Roosevelt with a sunflower in his buttonhole (could this occur in any other State save Kansas?) are not always circumstantial happenings.

There are other tricks of the game, there are other ways of being democratic, of being "all things to all men." Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, had a habit of appearing with a "quid" of tobacco in his mouth. The audience tittered as he stood before them, rolling his "chaw" in silence. Gradually the

titter spread to a guffaw. Dolliver spoke not a word. Finally, when the merriment had reached its highest, he would dig a finger into his jowl, extract the "quid" and throw it on the floor amid a burst of democratic applause. By expectorating profusely as a *finis* to his ruse, he gained his point. Everybody was in a high good humor when his speech began.

Senator Charles W. Fulton, of Oregon, was another "stumper," whose methods were as effective as Dolliver's. He would begin something like this: "Well, I must say I'm disappointed at this crowd! Look at all the ugly men! Not a good-looking man in the whole convention! How does it happen that such a lot of misshapen features on the masculine side have been able to attract so many beautiful female partners? Here I've been a bachelor for forty years; but if I had known you fellows could do as well as you've done I'd never have been a bachelor for fifteen minutes," etc. By this heart-to-heart method he placed himself on the best of terms with his hearers and then took a dive into politics. The joke of it all was that his wife was probably sitting in the audience listening to his remarks.

Vice-President Fairbanks always had a ready stock of short stories applicable to the occasion. If he was in a Republican community, of course, he was on home ground and could let the eagle scream. If, however,

he is a human being. His beliefs, too, are patriotic, I know. But—his methods of reaching his results are erroneous. It is like the case of an old friend of mine, who was talking of his chum, a man whose affliction



"In a hail-fellow-well-met group."

Secretary Taft.

he happened to be in a Democratic stronghold he told the following:

"I never offend a Democrat, because I realize that, first of all, politics or no politics,

with rheumatism at times made him other than genial. 'I do not hate John,' he said, 'because he has got the rheumatism, but I hate the rheumatism because it has got John.'"



"The candidate disposed the local dignitaries about him, while others gently maneuvered them into the sunlight."

Such were the subterfuges by which the campaign orators held the crowds in good humor until they could get at the meat of their speeches, and, incidentally, until I could get my plates and have them developed.

Roosevelt, from a photographic point of view, has always been an almost impossible subject. He has a mode of address which makes it extremely difficult to catch him. The grotesque picture of him here given, with his mouth wide open, speaking off the rear end of his train, was taken at a time when he was delivering himself of his favorite "personal appeal."

"You," he would say in impassioned tones, pointing his finger directly at some one in the audience, "you of the Blue—" —everybody craned his neck to look— "and you," continued the speaker, pointing in an opposite direction— "you of the Gray!" By this time half the town audience would be on its feet to see which of its citizens had been designated. The speaker's appeal would immediately follow, burning with patriotism. It is highly probable, but hardly necessary to add, that there wasn't a war veteran within forty miles of his voice. Or, if it was another subject under discussion, he would point

down and shout, "*You*, mother with your baby in your arms!" and perhaps there was no such person in the hall.

Speaking of the soldiers reminds me of the fact that the committees and their adjutants are prone at all times to assemble the veterans, the lodge members, and other uniformed bodies and parade them prominently about with the candidate. They are placed on the speaker's stand, appealed to in the oratory, always photographed, and otherwise raised to honor because of their votes and their influence. It is a great card to play.

And that is the way the business of making a president is conducted. No small part is played by the man behind the camera. If you get a glimpse of statesmen hurrying into old pantaloons and slouch hats in the aisle of a railway car, or hustling their local delegations out on the rear platform to get their pictures taken arm in arm with the great ones, or if you can imagine a hot night in a dark room with the camera man developing negatives and the candidate autographing pictures while the train makes sixty miles an hour, this bit of reminiscence will not have been written in vain.

THE NIGHT

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS



ND this is your life!" observed the elder man thoughtfully.

The other nodded, smiling his tolerant, pleasant smile. "Such is my life."

He would have said more, apparently, but, interrupted by the locust warning of the buzzer, he turned and, taking up the nicked headpiece of the receiver, fitted it to his head.

For a few moments his slender fingers moved deftly about the clustered apparatus on the plain wood table, here tightening a turn-screw, there locking a switch. Then sitting passive, he listened, his abstracted gaze ranging through the open window, over the sun-smitten sweep of dunes and naked glaring beach, beaten upon by sleek, green-bellied, silver-crested combers, over the purple-sheeted sea to the dark heaving rim of it: a prospect patterned in level low lines broken by the abrupt skeleton of the aerial.

"Steamer?" inquired the guest, bending forward in eager interest.

"Yes—calling Montauk. So far no answer. I'll cut in."

The supple fingers were again momentarily busy with the instruments, at length settling gently on the sending key. Instantaneously, with a rippling crackle startlingly loud, a violet-colored spark like lightning bridged the gap between the platinum knobs of the induction coil. For a brief time thereafter crash after crash responded in syncopated rhythm to the expert manipulation of the key, shaking the little cottage upon its foundations.

As suddenly as it had begun, the racket ceased. "There's Montauk at last," commented the operator. He swung round,

maintaining his intent expression. "It's the *Minnesota*, of the Transatlantic Transport Line, two days overdue—heavy weather, she says. Do you care to listen, Wain?"

The elder man assenting, his friend made place for him and surrendered the headpiece. After a time, with a perplexed expression, "I don't hear anything but a faint, intermittent ticking, Speed—like a watch with locomotor ataxia," Wain complained.

Speed laughed quietly. "That's it—that's the still small voice of Wireless. It's loud enough—you heard—when it starts out, but after it has filtered through a few odd miles of atmosphere it sneaks down the aerial like a dying whisper."

"I don't understand it at all—don't presume I ever shall." Wain vacated the chair in Speed's favor, but the latter merely laid aside the receiver and shut off the current from the variegated and formidable-looking mechanisms.

"It's simple, really," he explained carelessly. "You've seen ripples widening from the spot where a stone has dropped into a pool? It's just that way with Wireless; you drop an electric impulse into a sea of Hert-zian waves, and they go rippling off indefinitely. Now figure to yourself a chip of wood rocked by the wavelets on the pool; it corresponds to the receiving station—the aerial, out there, the sensitive antenna that receives the impulse and passes it on down to the resonator, here. You see?"

"I begin to. And you're devoting your life to this business?"

"Not altogether. I am experimenting with—along certain lines; the Wireless paraphernalia is merely a sort of guide."

"Don't the Marconi people object?"

"No-o; we're working together in one di-

rection. I'm on the track of a few simplifications of the system, which is at present clogged by too much machinery."

"But aside from that—?" persisted Wain, inquisitive. "Those 'certain lines'——?"

"It'd be hard to explain without going pretty deep into an abstruse subject." Speed eyed him a bit uneasily. "You believe in telepathy?"

"Thought transference?" Wain shook his square head, a sturdy skeptic. "I doctor the body of man, not his brain."

"Well, it's in that direction. Few people realize how thin is the wall between the phenomena we call wireless telegraphy and pure, abstract telepathy."

"I hope they never will," grunted the elder man sharply, half in scorn, half in acquiescence. It was with the physician's eye that he looked Speed up and down. "You're trained pretty fine," he summed up tersely. "Smoking much?"

"Inordinately," laughed Speed. "I always did, you know."

"Hmm. Sleep well?"

"No-o." Speed averted his keen young face from the too searching gaze. "I—er—haven't, you know, since——"

"You're lonely?" It was, however, as much an assertion of fact as a question.

"I have Chester," evaded Speed.

"Your valet? Where is he now?"

"I sent him to New York to make some purchases. He'll be back to-morrow morning."

"Wel-l." Wain consulted his watch. "I presume you realize it's madness—or the quickest, surest way there—to bury yourself alive in this solitude. I am equally convinced that argument and advice would be wasted on you. Come along over to the dock with me; it's nearly six, and if I don't start now I'll be late for dinner."

"Glad to."

The two men left the cottage and, turning their backs to the surf, swung shoulder to shoulder along a well-defined path through the dunes, from the sea beach to the edge of the landlocked bay. Before them, beyond the intense green of the flats, the water stretched wide, a serene sheet mirroring flawlessly the translucent glory of the summer evening's sky. On the farther shore the lighthouse thrust a red finger high above the ragged, dark contour of scrub-oak and pine forest. Along the water line straggled a

string of summer cottages, dwarfed by the barrackslike hotel.

As they gained the rude landing stage to which was moored the catboat in which Wain had crossed, Speed prematurely congratulated himself upon having turned the conversation.

"You won't come over and dine?" Wain dropped heavily into the tiny cockpit of the boat and prepared to hoist sail. "My wife wants to see you, and the hotel table isn't altogether impossible."

"You're good, but—no, thank you," returned Speed from the dock. "Shall I cast you off?"

"Please. I'll sing out when." Wain tugged, panting, at the halyards until he had the canvas spread to his satisfaction, thereafter making fast to cleats and slowly coiling up the surplus rope. "These experiments?" he demanded suddenly, with a troubled face. "Do they lead anywhere? You get results?"

"To some extent, yes."

"I gather you're trying to project your voice——?"

"In a way. . . ."

"And you succeed?"

"I—can't say; I get answers."

"The deuce you do! From whom?"

"Perhaps I exaggerate. What I mean is that I have caught words and fragments of phrases that might be replies."

Wain snorted indignantly, tucking the coiled slack between peak-halyard and trunk. "Oh, voices! Recognize any of 'em?"

Speed moistened his lips nervously and stared purposely toward the mainland. "Only my wife's," he admitted eventually, in a low tone.

"But how d'you know she's not——?"

"Bess isn't dead," asserted Speed with quiet conviction.

"But you don't *know*!" disputed the physician vehemently. And then, more mildly: "Can't you forget?"

"No, I—A fellow doesn't, you know. I dare say it was my fault. It still hurts."

There was real pain in the faltered admission; Wain, tender of heart, melted in compassion and forbore further intrusion into the sanctuary of his friend's sorrow. To no other living being, he knew, would Speed have opened his heart; and he prized this proof of intimacy. To-morrow, possibly, the

man might be won back to society and the ways of sanity by a little explicit argument based on accepted truths of medical science. But for to-night—"I'm ready," Wain announced, grasping the tiller and trimming the main sheet. "Till to-morrow, then!"

"I count on you." Speed cast the painter aboard and gave the bows a shove. The cat slid away irresolutely; then, sail filling, it heeled and gathered momentum.

Speed watched its breadth of rose-tinted canvas dwindle to a tiny drifting patch ere he turned again toward the lonely cottage in the dunes—with a sigh. For Wain had hit upon the truth; Speed was lonely, desperately so, and more so at that moment, perhaps, than ever he had been since, without warning or explanation, his wife had left him. That day marked the second anniversary of their marriage—since waking his mind had been filled with the consciousness of it. Within six months would come the second anniversary of their separation. . . . He bowed his head, eyes somber and vacant, lips twitching. For him there could be neither oblivion nor surcease of longing.

For distraction, that night, after eating mechanically, he threw himself with a certain fierce ardor into the pursuit of his vision—struggling, through the long, lamplit hours, with his great problem, the solution of which was to revolutionize the world's methods of communication, doing away not only with the antiquated telegraph and telephone, but with wireless itself. He dreamed curious dreams, this man; and the greatest of them was this.

It was midnight ere, worn and spent, he put aside books, plans, and blueprints, and seated himself before the little deal table, switching a heavy voltage into the strange yet simple combination of devices wherewith he sought to aid the transference of thought by the more gross expedient of projecting the human voice through space. Nightly at this hour, when conditions were most propitious, he experimented thus, striving always in the one direction—to reach the subliminal ear of the woman who was his wife.

Adjusting the duplex receiver so that both ears were covered, he bent forward, tuned up the induction coil, and called repeatedly into the transmitter, in a voice vibrant and clear, the one word: "Bess!" And at each iteration of the monosyllable a brilliant spark leaped silently between the knobs. Then,

swiftly shifting the current to the receiving mechanism, he hung in suspense, waiting, scarce breathing, listening, while the great hush of the night-wrapped world sang sibilant in his hearing, only accentuated by the crisp rattle and thud of the slow-breaking surf.

Suddenly he stiffened in the chair, a spot of color burning above either cheek bone, an odd light in his eyes. Had he heard, or had he dreamed he heard, that attenuated whisper which, night after night, had seemed to sound in answer to his heart's bitter cry?

"Allan!"

"Bess!" he cried. "Bess! It is I—Allan, your husband! Do you hear? Answer me!"

An uncontrollable tremor shook him violently. Faint and sweet and far as the winding of a fairy's horn he seemed to catch the answer: "Allan, I hear, and I am coming!" And then, as always, fell the dead silence.

After a while, despairing of further attempts, he shut off the current and sat back, profoundly agitated. Reality or illusion? His wife's voice, or the articulate yearning of his soul? He clenched his hands tightly, knotting his brows in anguish. Was Wain but too justly vindicated of his solicitude for his friend's sanity?

The harsh alarm of the buzzer again disturbed and distracted him. Unthinkingly he had diverted the current into the Wireless apparatus. Out of the vast void of darkness some one was calling the Marconi station at Montauk. Abstractedly Speed put on the receiver and eavesdropped—his privilege, by reason of his understanding with the Wireless management.

The buzzer silenced, his ears were filled with a ceaseless, frantic repetition of the code signal for Montauk, thrilled with an accent of emergency. It educed no answer. After a minute or two Speed cut in, giving the signal of the Nokomis Experimental Station—thinking it probable that some accident had temporarily disabled the regular station. The reply came immediately:

"Hello, Nokomis! What's the matter with Montauk?"

"I don't know," Speed drummed out. "Who are you?"

"Minnesota, Liverpool—New York, twenty miles southwest Nokomis Light. Please transmit these messages to Montauk or New York as soon as possible."



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"Her name broke from his lips like a sob."

"Go ahead." Speed reached for pad and pencil.

"*Transatlantic Transport, N. Y.,*" he translated the faint, rapid tapping in the receiver. "*Ss. Minnesota, 20 m. S. W. Nokomis, struck derelict this P.M. 11.50. Sinking by the bows. Steerage uncontrollable, rioting on boat deck. Two boats lowered, overloaded, and sunk. Sea quiet. No vessel in sight. Hopeless. (Signed) Barrester, Captain.*"

"Great God!" whispered Speed, stripping off the sheet of paper, and dropping pencil for sending key. "Hello, *Minnesota!*" he called. "Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," came the curt reply. "Don't waste time. Water may reach engine room any moment. I'll keep on sending until we sink or blow up. Ready?"

"Ready."

Stupefied with horror, torn with pity, the young man began to write.

"Passengers' messages," came out of the night. "*A. L. Speed, Sciences Club, N. Y. We were coming back to you, Bess . . .*"

The clicking stopped; inexorable silence ensued. Though for the better part of the next half hour the cottage quivered and resounded with the dull thunder of his signaling, Speed got no further answer.

Dropping the key at length he stood erect, compressing his temples with both hands in the effort to compose himself and think. The thought of what had taken place twenty miles out at sea, coupled with the consciousness of his impotency, menaced him with madness. He was conscious of black despair closing down upon his sentence like a palpable cloak of darkness.

Something happened within his head—something which his overwrought mind could compare only to the closing of a circuit; he seemed almost to hear the sharp metallic click as the switch was clamped. A mist wavered, tenuous, dissolving, before his eyes, oppressing him with a passing sensation of vertigo. He swallowed with difficulty, gritted his teeth as if in superhuman endeavor, and lifted his head, staring blankly with eyes credulous and luminous with happiness and peace. For he was no longer alone.

He had not seen her enter, but she was there, his wife, standing by the center table in one of her well-remembered poses of unaffected, unstudied grace. Her hair, he saw, was braided as she had been wont to braid

it for the night. A negligee, a flimsy silken thing of palest blue, trimmed with exquisite lace—a present he had made her—molded itself closely to the lines of her gracious body; at the throat it hung open, betraying the sweet firm contour of her neck, rising like rosy marble from the edging of her night-dress. About her waist was clasped a girdle of wrought gold and gems, richly shimmering in the lamp's soft light; this likewise he had given her. One small white hand rested palm down upon the table, supporting her; it was unadorned. Her left arm she held curiously crooked; the broad golden circlet of their wedding ring shone upon her hand. In the shadow of her wonderful hair her forehead showed serene, unlined, immaculate. Her lips he likened to rose leaves set against alabaster. In his sight she was unutterably lovely. His eyes were drawn ineluctably by hers, the changing violet eyes of a child.

He knew that she waited for him to speak; her face was a prayer and an appeal for his forgiveness. But he seemed unable to speak; he was suffocated with emotion—with joy, with love, with compassion. He noted that water dripped from her sodden clothing, forming in little pools upon the floor. Her name broke from his lips like a sob: "Bess!"

She inclined her head quaintly, lips shaped in a tender smile. He fancied that she breathed the words, "It is I." He grasped the chair beside him, steadying himself.

"You—you escaped?" he cried.

"I escaped, Allan." The deep nuances of her voice, rich with the love he had thought forever lost, thrilled the chords of his being like the smitten strings of a harp. He trembled in uncontrollable agitation.

She continued, her every accent and gesture piteous, saddened, breathing the spirit of her penitence. "What else could I, Allan, my husband? Night after night you have called me, my beloved; night after night my heart has answered that I would come. Could I suffer anything to stand between us, oh, my heart? 'Neither fire nor water.' " She smiled in gentle deprecation. He stood speechless. After a little time, and now stronger, the wonderful voice went on:

"I had dreamed that to-morrow, at the latest, I would come to you, kneel before you, beg your forgiveness, Allan. For, oh, the blame was altogether mine, my husband!

But if I have caused you suffering, I, too, have suffered—sorrowed even in my greatest joy." She lowered her face momentarily above the inexplicably crooked arm, lifting it luminous with emotion.

He did not understand. "There is no need," he said brokenly—"no need, since you have come back to me—"

She stopped him with an imperative gesture. "There is need—great need, my husband. Between us there can no longer be any misunderstanding. Faith, faith and understanding as complete as our love, must be ours, henceforth and forevermore, Allan. You did not know, nor did I guess, how little worthy I was—"

"No!" he cried violently.

"But it is so, truly 'so, Allan," she contended inflexibly. "I, who have sorrowed, know. Through sorrow I have learned. I did not appreciate; I thought, because you left me for your work, that your love must be a lesser thing than mine, who would have sacrificed my every desire and hour in your service, beloved. To keep you with me, always! But you would go. Insensibly I grew jealous of this rival; I conceived for the work of your life, a man's work and worthy of you, a hateful enmity; it seemed to threaten me, like some malicious, heartless identity, bent on separating you from me. I did not understand, Allan—I was too young, too poor in experience and knowledge. I lived in a world of illusion, unreal, woven of a girl's dreams, until we were married, and thereafter for a little time. The meaning of living and of love, the lesson of womanhood, I had never known. No—let me go on!

"One day you seemed even more abstracted, less considerate than ever. That day I—for the first time, Allan"—a slow flush burned her cheeks, but her eyes held steadily to his own—"I was made to understand the meaning of my woman's birthright, the burden and the joy of it. I was dazed, frightened. Instead of turning to you, in my folly I turned away. I fled to England, staying with my mother's family. They were very sweet and good to me, but in the long months of waiting, Allan, I came to see my error, my sin against your love. Slowly I began to see.

"There came no word from you; I thought your heart must have turned against me. I waited, waited, hoping against hope, until

that first night when your voice sounded in my ears, though the sea lay between us, calling me back, back to your heart, Allan! Meanwhile the boy was born—"

"The boy!" he interrupted hoarsely. In his hands the back of the chair cracked, threatening to break. "What boy?"

"Our boy, Allan—your son and mine." A second time she bent low over the curved, cradling arm. When again she faced him, she seemed transfigured with joy. "I have brought him home to you, beloved—the man-child, worthy of his father. See!" she cried proudly, lifting toward him her empty arms. "Is he not beautiful, your son, my beloved? Was ever a child more strong and sturdy and sweet and wonderful? See his little hands, the adorable creases in his little legs."

"Bess!" The cry was torn from the man's soul. For now it was made plain to him that she was mad. "You—you have not—he was not drowned, Bess?"

Her troubled eyes questioned his, bewildered. Slowly she shook her head. "I have told you that we escaped, he and I, Allan! No; he is there." She hugged close to her bosom the terribly empty cradle of her arms. "He is safe, my heart's dearest."

Choking, in his agony the man dropped the broken chair and strode toward her. And stopped. For suddenly she was not. And his heart became as ice in his breast; his tongue clave to the dry roof of his mouth; his brain reeled. Then, with an exceeding bitter cry, he turned and fled the awful desolation of that place.

An hour later, it may be, the shock of cold water brought him to partial rationality. He found himself standing waist deep in the surf, with arms outstretched, his eardrums throbbing with the echo of his wife's name, shrieked in a voice he failed to recognize as his own.

But for that, with the unceasing chant of the sea, the night had been quiet and beautiful. Overhead the sky was clear and splendid with stars. A slight haze, dimly luminous, blurred the distances. Out of its occult bosom long, black, foamless rollers shouldered sluggishly, with a singular seeming of reluctance lurching in over the outer bar, pale cold fire gleaming on their crests as they curled to break in a welter of phosphorescence.

Lowering his arms the man turned back. Behind the beach the dunes rolled away in

ghostly procession, a chill breeze stirring the sand grass on their rounded summits and filling the air with eerie whisperings. Above them the unlovely façade of the cottage lifted up, flanked by the gaunt aerial, doors and windows golden with lamplight.

As he gained the unwashed beach the man's knees seemed to give beneath him. Racked by strange and terrible spasms of sobbing, he fell, pillowing his head instinctively upon his forearms.

In this posture, at length, a sort of syncope mercifully numbed him into insensibility. In this posture the day discovered him.

A film of water, upthrown by the making tide, half strangled him. He rose, staggering, a little blinded by the glare of light.

Over the edge of the placid sapphire sea the sun was rising, red and hot, its level rays splashing a scarlet lane across the waters. The wide arc of the horizon, stark against its border of magenta and purple cloud, was bare of any sail or smoke smudge; but, clear and black against the blood-red trail, something floated, a tiny spot, far offshore.

The man's eyes were arrested and held by it. Wan and haggard he stood at gaze for many minutes. Then, almost automatically, he stooped and unlaced his shoes.

Free of these, he was attired only in a light cotton shirt and duck trousers. Without any trace of hesitation he advanced into the surf. The water rose to his knees, a wave splashed him to the waist; presently his feet left bottom and he began to swim straight out for the drifting spot of black. He was a strong swimmer and unafraid. His methodical, long,

powerful overhand strokes urged him rapidly through water limpid green and warm. Once only he paused to rest and regain his wasted breath. He had then covered half the distance; the spot had taken shape as a small life raft, composed of two air-tight metal cylinders with a scanty breadth of planking uniting them. Upon this fragile platform something lay without motion. As he watched a wave lifted the raft high in the brilliant sunlight. He saw a flutter of something white, backed by a shimmer of turquoise blue. A sunbeam shattered itself blindingly upon a jeweled boss of a golden girdle.

Speed turned upon his side and struck out, fear gripping his throat with fingers of ice.

Some moments later he grasped the edge of the life raft and skilfully lifted himself aboard.

As he knelt above her, his wife lay supine, at ease, as if asleep, face turned to the sun and glorified by its radiance. An end of rope had been passed round her waist and made fast, inexpertly, to the deck planks. Held jealously in her arms a child rested, chubby arms clasping her neck, one fat, rosy cheek against her own.

Wearying of the constraint of her embrace, he turned and whimpered in his sleep. The shadow of a smile moderated the anxious line of her scarlet drooping lips; a tinge of color crept into her cheeks; upon them the long, light lashes quivered and lifted. She sighed; and the first glance of her widening violet eyes probed deep into the soul of Speed.

COLOR SONG

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

PURPLE

THE fingers of the stars are round my throat,
The moon has laid her hands with jewels set
Upon my hair—while in my ears still rings
The grief of passion-flower and violet.

The night has spread her treasures on my dress,
While nuns are soft at chanting and their hymns,
And all the saints have stretched abroad their arms,
To draw my glory round their pallid limbs.



WALL STREET AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER

BY W. G. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL COLLINS



BESIDES being a great market place and money reservoir, Wall Street is a manufacturing community, as much so as Pittsburg, Chicago, Fall River, and any mill or factory town. The only difference is in the kind of goods produced.

Wall Street's industrial specialty is the manufacturing of stocks and bonds and every other form of securities. That is its principal business and around it has been built a wonderful and complex machinery for the sale and distribution of its output.

The market and the manufacturing features of Wall Street are interdependent. Each is indispensable to the other. Money and credit is the life fluid.

The great fortunes of Wall Street have been made in the production and sale of securities, nearly always accompanied by market juggling, and not in speculation. Many speculators have amassed fortunes, it is true, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the successful ones have been identified with the manufacturing end of the game or have made part of the selling machinery.

The machinery of Wall Street is called the

Market. This Market receives new stocks and bonds as they are manufactured, and keeps them before the public until their quality is tested and value gauged by income-producing ability or strategic position, and until they find permanent investment lodgment.

This process may take a few years or many, depending on the properties underlying the securities, and upon their management. Some stocks find their way into the strong boxes of investors in ten, twelve, fifteen, or twenty years, while others remain in perpetual "solution." Notable in this last enumeration is Erie, which has been a football in the stock market from the very beginning, more than fifty years ago. Other stocks which have been "tried out," like Lake Shore, Chicago & Northwestern, New York, New Haven & Hartford, and Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, find permanent resting places in the hands of the investor class.

To get at the real inside of Wall Street one has to go behind the stage play of speculation and stock gambling, which is the spectacular feature held up most strikingly to view. Speculation is encouraged by the manufacturers of securities because it is an active aid



to them in creating and maintaining a market for their goods. Without the speculative feature Wall Street would be a dry affair and the difficulties in the way of marketing the merchandise would be greatly increased. A stock market without speculation would be like a human being without lungs, heart, stomach, and other organs, as well as without flesh and blood. It would be mere skin and bones. The manufacturers of stocks and bonds would have to peddle their wares in primitive huckster fashion, from office to office and house to house.

It costs the public an immense sum of money to maintain a stock market for the benefit of the manufacturing contingent and its numerous sales agencies.

In its crystallized form the Market is represented by the New York Stock Exchange, an unincorporated association having a membership of 1,100 men. Seats on this Exchange have sold for \$95,000 each, making a total valuation of \$104,500,000. The present quotation is a few thousand dollars less, but it is likely ere long to cross \$100,000,000. Aside from a life-insurance provision of \$10,000 the value of seats on the Stock Exchange is predicated on what they earn for their owners. That they should command \$95,000 each must be accepted as conclusive evidence that they are worth that much. Allowing ten per cent as a minimum return on personally directed active capital, a single membership may be rated as having an average income value of \$9,500 a year or \$10,450,000 net for the entire membership.

As a matter of fact, \$10,450,000 annually is only a tithe of what the public pays the members of the New York Stock Exchange. In commissions and interest alone it pours into the Exchange every year not less than \$60,000,000, an average of \$54,545 per member.

This vast sum is contributed purely for the privilege of playing in a game where the chances are heavily against the players. To employ a gambling comparison, it may be said in truth that the New York Stock Exchange bears the same relation to the speculative public that the "kitty" does to a poker game where there is a "rake-off" on every pot played. I may be permitted to assume that a large number of my readers will understand this illustration if accentuated by the further explanation that such a "rake-off" is almost confiscatory, and that six men engaging in such a game with \$100 each will all get up "broke" at the end of a session of moderate duration. So it is with those who "sit into the game" of speculation as played on the New York Stock Exchange. Their contributions to the "kitty" are bound to extinguish their capital unless they have unusual means of replenishment and an inexhaustible income from other sources.

Wall Street has also been described as a "Tollgate in the Highway of American Progress," levying an inexorable tribute on all enterprises of magnitude. There is truth in the figure of speech.

Every big financial thing has to go to Wall Street for money and for credentials. Without the proper Wall Street "O. K." a corporation proposing to issue securities for general investment lacks the brand of legitimacy entitling it to respect and confidence. People may rail at Wall Street and denounce it as a nest of swindlers, and as being wholly and irredeemably bad, but the fact remains that corporate property, to get the right treatment from the public, must come from Wall Street and carry Wall Street's expressed approval. The public curses Wall Street and then inconsistently jumps to the conclusion



that there must be something wrong with a corporate issue that cannot show the Wall Street mark of friendly identification. To get the right kind of a send-off any sort of corporate proposition must submit to Wall Street inspection and to Wall Street taxation.

There is a harsher name for it—blackmail.

On numerous occasions rich men or groups of rich men have undertaken to do large things in Wall Street independent of the established banking interests there and of the organized machinery of the Street. Sooner or later they one and all bow to the yoke and acknowledge obedience to the recognized powers. Until they submit to the paying of the customary toll, those who have tried the experiment of being independent—going it alone—find their paths beset with trouble. Pitfalls are dug for them, obstacles put in their way, traps set for them, credit mysteriously and secretly attacked, motives impugned, and sand thrown in their machinery at every stage of action. They do not make headway, and find themselves uncomfortably isolated. They are made to feel in many ways that they have violated the rules of the game, and that they are being subjected to discipline. They are taught that higher Wall Street is a club and that membership in good standing in this club is essential to success in the practice of high finance. Without such membership and without probationary experience to test the clubable qualities of the candidate an outsider is placed at a disadvantage which makes life a continual trial.

An instance is told of the quite recent experience of a coterie of very rich Westerners, who, soon after arrival in New York, realized from their industrial holdings \$75,000,000 in free cash, with some of which they bought control of an important railroad and launched

an ambitious campaign of extension and amalgamation, their purpose being to own and operate a great railroad system. They were seeking a legitimate investment for their money, had planned a splendid life work for themselves, and fully believed that they were strong enough in themselves to carry out their plans. In the consciousness of their strength they imprudently let it be known that they would not have to call on banks or insurance companies of New York and would save for themselves the usual tolls exacted of others who had been forced to stand and deliver.

Everything went off smoothly at first, chiefly because of the dash and superb self-confidence displayed, but ere long rough traveling was encountered. Opposition, open and covert, was met at every step and more than once the entire personal fortunes of the coterie were pledged. The hard fact was finally driven into them that they need not expect peace until they "joined the club" in the usual way. They fell into step and after tying up with two or three old and recognized banking institutions of international standing they found the going easy. They might have won along the lines originally laid down, but the struggle would have been a hard one and they wisely decided that it would conduce to their personal comfort and to their peace of mind to seek the lines of least resistance; in other words to travel the beaten road and abandon pioneering.

It may be in this case that the keepers of the tollgate charged usurious interest on the deferred payment and then something for the bother they had been put to in making the collection. Whatever the assessment may have been it was paid cheerfully, and this Western coterie found itself in good-fellowship in the Wall Street Club of high financiers.



The incident is frequently mentioned in Wall Street as an object lesson which it would be well for outsiders to study before entering independently upon lines of business which might at some stage require large credit or indorsement.

The Wall Street life of a speculator is said to average less than three years. This may be regarded as entirely reasonable, when the speculators pay directly into the "kitty" in the items of commissions and interest \$60,000,000 a year.

But even that by no means comprises the total public losses to Wall Street. There occur two or three times a year what are termed "shake-outs," a phrase descriptive of violent breaks in the market marked by a wholesale slaughter of innocents and the agonizing extinguishment of marginal accounts in commission houses and bucket shops. These "shake-outs" follow the climax of seasons of unusual speculative activity, on the bull side of the market. At such periods the public is invariably found to be loaded to the guards with stocks, having been drawn into the play by the *furor* of wild fluctuations and arrant manipulation. Not one in ten of these outsiders could be coaxed or driven into buying stocks when cheap and inactive, yet when bitten by the gambling bug they rush blindly into the Street with their money and buy whatever the broker may suggest.

It is the broker's business to buy and sell stocks for what there is in it for him, which is a commission of \$25 on every 100 shares bought and sold—\$12.50 each way—plus a "scalp" on interest charges. The adviser nine times out of ten knows no more about the inside of the market or the merits of the stock he puts his customer into than the boy who marks quotations on the blackboard or the gentleman behind the bar who composes his

cocktails. The victim cares very little about that, however. He has the fever in his blood and is determined to "make a play," unmindful of previous losses or of the experience of others.

Insiders take advantage of these periods of active speculation to get rid of the stocks they have been carrying for just such a market. Experience has taught them that the time to sell stocks is when the public clamors for them. After the public has been "landed with the goods," to use another phrase of Wall Street coinage, the insiders either stand aside and passively await the finish or hurry it along by "getting on top of the market"; that is to say, by "selling short." To sell short it is only necessary to give your commission broker an order to sell a certain number of shares and he will go into the market and execute the order just as if he had the certificates. To make a legal delivery, the broker who has sold the shares borrows them from an actual holder. There can always be found in Wall Street great numbers of such holders who are willing to loan their shares because by so doing they relieve themselves of the carrying charges, i. e., interest, etc.

"Short stock" thrown on the market at such times has as much influence as "long stock." A market already "overbought" or top-heavy does not long stand up under such pressure, and prices sag. A decline thus inaugurated oftentimes runs into a violent break or slump which sometimes takes on the complexion of a panic. By the time the panic develops the public has been pretty well shaken out of its marginal deals and the insiders in self-protection rally to the support of their specialties, buying at the bottom the stocks they sold when the market was soaring and outsiders were breaking their necks to get their money into the game.



The cost to the public for one of these "shake-outs" ranges from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. In a fairly active market the open speculative account on the books of commission houses is at a very low estimate 2,000,000 shares. When the firm of C. G. Gates & Co. decided to quit business, it had 700,000 shares on its books. This account is protected by an average margin of ten per cent, a total of, say, \$20,000,000. At the climax of a great market boom the open interest of the public on the Exchange is quite likely to be 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 shares. The aggregate interest in the bucket shops is considerably larger than the Stock Exchange total. This account has an average protection of two to three per cent. In the Stock Exchange, as well as in bucket shops, stubborn players keep on remargining until they can go no farther, but the great majority simply stand martyrlike and see their original margins wiped out and then go back home

to raise more money to play with, or else quit broken-hearted.

To the \$60,000,000 annual contribution to the Wall Street "kitty" add \$60,000,000 to \$100,000,000 lost every year in the oft-recurring "shake-outs" and on top of that figure a steady average yearly loss of \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 chargeable to bad judgment and "freeze-outs," and a fair estimate may be reached of what it costs the public to support Wall Street—a grand total of approximately \$250,000,000 every twelve months. The 85,000,000 people composing the population of the whole United States do not pay much more than double that sum for the support of the national government, the maintenance of the naval and war establishments, the post office, the custom houses, the federal judiciary, and the innumerable incidental expenses of the civil structure. Wall Street comes high, but it seems to be indispensable.

THE POET

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

BACK of his splendid song, O think of the songs unsung!
 Back of his painted dreams, the dreams that he never reveals!
 Behind each lyric of rapture
 The songs that he cannot capture
 Save for his own delight, to keep his heart still young!

But the songs that he never can sing—
 Children created of one glad song tells us what he feels—
 Some day they shall be uttered
 When far his soul has fluttered,
 Sung by an unborn singer in a new and wonderful Spring!



THE PRICE OF PARADISE

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SHAVER



FOR the want of thirty cents!

True, many a man who has starved to death would be alive to-day—or at least yesterday—had he had that sum. But what is anguish of the body compared with anguish of the soul? Why speak of mere starving?

On Tuesday Sammy had "run a errant" and had received as emolument five cents; Wednesday morning his communistic ideals had suffered temporary eclipse and he had surreptitiously bought—but dern it all! wasn't it thirty cents they needed? Five wouldn't do no good. Sethie would 'a' spent it himself if he'd 'a' made it.

Sethie just guessed not! Sam knew that show was comin', didn't he?

Yes, he knew it all right enough, but how was he goin' to know it would rain all week so's they couldn't make no more money?

If Sammy had not spent five cents there would be only twenty-five more to earn.

Granted; but just the same: Sethie *would* have spent the nickel.

"Liar!"

"I ain'd! You're one!" Anyway, who run that errant? Wasn't it *his* nickel?

Yes, but—hadn't they both said they was *partners*?

But supposin' he, Sammy, had the nickel right now in his pocket, how was that to help if they couldn't get a quarter more before the show? Wasn't it as likely (with scorn) they'd get thirty cents as twendy-fife?—say! wasn't it now?

Incontrovertible argument, and there was silence in the vestibule. Each leaned gloomily against a door jamb and stared miserably at the slushy pavements and at the sodden March snow, the sound of whose intermittent gurglings in the water-spouting made the chill dusk yet more dismal. Five o'clock Saturday afternoon, and the world is closing its books and tidying up its shelves and desks, for the work of the week is nearly done; with the firm of Gishkin & Doyle, odd jobbists, the week's work had never been. And this, this was the last night of the Justly Celebrated, Universe-Famed, Professor Margand's Dog and Pony Show. Direct from Private

Audiences before the Crowned Heads of European Royalty, and now showing for one week only at the Harlem Opera House. The last night!—the thought was preposterous, intolerable, it just couldn't be the last chance.

Sammy, in soliloquy, spoke aloud: "Id may nevver come again, nevver, nod next year neither."

"I know it," assented the mourner against the opposite door jamb. The two souls bled afresh, but in silence.

"Id has bedder bills than any other show this year!"

Assent.

"Sammy, let's go look again at that one in the saloon winder."

"Aw, whad's the use; we can't see the show."

Sethie, the indomitable, wagged his head: "Show ain't over yet!" he observed succinctly. They moved out of the sheltering vestibule and splashed toward the corner. As they passed a shabby apartment house, a four-year-old youngster beat upon the window pane to attract their attention; both glanced up.

"There's that Clancy kid!—it bawls on good days, might just as well be outdoors now," bitterly complained the tired mother's true friend, eying the baby contemptuously. On fine days, Sethie minded babies or wheeled them in the park, after school, "for five cents a kid." The weather had been bad all week, hence, no babies, no nickels, so now, no show.

"You'd oughd o' tried gettin' a job mindin' 'em indoors, Sethie, then we'd be goin' to the show," grumbled his partner.

Sethie turned on him wrathfully: "See here, Sam Gishkin! Y' think I'm goin' to earn all the money? Last time I put up twenty cents. You spend your money on—" The argument swung back into the vicious circle and buzzed round and round. But it was agreed that thirty cents must be forthcoming within two

hours or—no show. Neither thought of appealing for help from the family exchequer; the pocket money of the two was an invisible item on the monthly disbursement lists of the Doyle, Gishkin households. By their own hands or their brains must they win it.

The saloon windows shone before them in the blur of drizzling rain. They stood side by side beneath the poster for perhaps the hundredth time, and the two sighs that they gave were as one, or as origin and echo.

There was Professor Margand in cream-colored tights; gold-spangled crimson coat, tight-fitting; his gold embroidered cap set rakishly on one side of his handsome head, and his glossy mustache waxed most pointedly. In a semicircle about him

sat the Crowned Heads, fully crowned, of all Europe. But it was not at Professor Margand nor at the Crowned Heads that the two stared, and sighed, and stared again. In Professor Margand's hand there was a hoop, and through the hoop, held high above his head, there bounded from opposite directions two of the most wonderful dogs that the hand of man ever drew.

"Sethie, do you think thad they ever col-



"They stood side by side beneath the poster for perhaps the hundredth time."

lision?" asked the senior partner in awed tones. Mutual recriminations had been forgotten.

"They might—maybe to-night if we was to go," Sethie answered gloomily. Long staring in silence; presently the voice of Sam hushed in sorrow: "An' they may nevvèr come again!" and then the yearning, disappointed soul found relief in two words—"Oh, hell!" and they averted their eyes, and turned away.

From far down the block, a girl's voice called: "Se-e-eth-ie! Seth-ie! Come ho-o-ome to sup-per!"

"I got to go home, Sam; you come out when I whistle."

Professor Margand and the bounding Fifi and the leaping Flo were left alone, unworshiped.

There is that about the inflection of a boy's whistle which reflects the state of mind of the boy; he may hold his fingers the same way each time—the fingers may be equally dirty—he may blow with the same cubic amount of breath and be satisfied each time that his whistle has been the perfection of tone, and yet—exuberance, warning, derision, query—each has its part in the sound, and is unconsciously so interpreted and understood by d' gang.

But in Sethie's whistle an hour later there was an unknown quantity—a vague, uneasy, puzzled quality, which caused young Sam to stir restlessly. Mrs. Gishkin also heard the whistle, but to her ears it meant only that that tow-headed little Doyle kid was hangin' round.

She looked sharply over her fat cheeks at her son: "You ain'd agoin' oud to-night, Sammy," she said with conviction; "you got t' take a ba-ath."

"Aw, ma!" whined Sam.

Again came the whistle. Mrs. Gishkin opened the window and leaned out into the night: "Sammy ain'd comin' oud; he got t' take a ba-ath," she called shrilly; there was no response; Sethie had heard the raising of the window and had ducked into the vestibule. Mrs. Gishkin waited irresolutely, then banged down the window. At intervals the whistle sounded shrill, now pleading, now imperative.

"Led 'im vistle!" Mrs. Gishkin decreed vindictively.

With maddening regularity and iteration the whistle floated up from the dark. She

flung open the window again in exasperation: the street was empty. Before she had recrossed the room her ears were tortured afresh by the monotonous signal.

"Vell!" she snapped. "Sammy, you go tell thad liddle deffil he stob thad vistle und go home. Here! don'd you take thad cap!" But he had gone.

He made no attempt to explain, as he dashed out of the vestibule, and Sethie asked no questions but raced with him; they heard a window flying up: "Sam-me, you gomb back—" But they turned the corner.

Under the gas lamp, Sethie opened his tight-clenched fist.

"Gee! fordy-fife, fivdy, sixdy cends! Gee!"

"Goin' to the butcher's," explained Sethie. Yet somehow there was a something in the wind that created a doubt of the butcher's ever seeing that sixty cents. They turned into First Avenue and plodded on in silence; the clock in Lowenstein's jewelry window indicated 7.20.

"Id begins ad eighd fifteen," irrelevantly.

"One soup bone, one rump steak, and a ring o' bologny," murmured Sethie. Silence.

"Ain'd you got no bill at the butcher's?"

"Nope."

"Won'd he trusd y'?"

"Naw!"

Half a block farther in a silence fraught with import, generations, centuries of ancestral spirits strove to add the touch of inspiration to the natural instinct of Samuel Gishkin. Suddenly he clutched Capital's arm excitedly.

"Sethie!" he cried, "I tell you wad we do. I buy thad mead ad Mr. Gorshski's shop an' pud id on mine mother's bill!" Fine! Somewhere in the mind of each was the dim intention to some way replace that money to the butcher before detection could lay its iron grasp on their collars; but there would be time for that later; just now there must be quick work, for 125th Street and Professor Margand lay far to the north.

They passed the shop of the Doyle butcher and turned in at the delicatessen of Mr. Gorshski.

"One soup bone, one rump steak, an' a ring o' bologny," prompted Sethie.

"I got t' ast him in Kosher," explained Sammy impatiently; and Sethie listened uneasily to the strange jargon of the order. Mr. Gorshski harpooned hunks of meat from vats and kettles on the marble counter, wrapped

up the catch, and looked inquiringly at the boys.

"Fivdy-fife cends," he said.

"Mister, you pud thad on my mother's bill—Mrs. Gishkin," said Sammy. Both trembled. The butcher nodded and turned to wait upon another customer.

"Come on," Sammy whispered breathlessly.

Outside, the package changed hands. They trotted home swiftly.

"I'll waid down here." Sam hung back.

"Aw, come on; my mother won'd do nothin' to you!"

"Naw, I'll waid"; and Sethie carried the marketing in alone.

Without a word he laid it on the table and sidled toward the door.

"An' where would y' be goin' to-night, Sethie?" asked his mother.

"Over to Sam's," evaded Sethie.

"Y'll be in early," cautioned Mrs. Doyle as the door closed. Sammy waited below, fearfully.

"Thought y'd nevver come; where y' goin' now?"

"I told 'er I was goin' to your house," explained Sethie.

"Aw, come on."

"I ain't goin' to tell my mother a lie!" So they hurried back a block and tip-toed into the Gishkin vestibule.

"Now I've been; come on!"

Seven-forty-five and nearly a mile to go. But what is a mile in any kind of weather, when unexpected wealth fills one's pocket to undreamed fullness?

"Led me carry haf, Sethie?" panted the partner.

"Sure!"

They jogged on joyously. There is melody in the jingle of thirty cents.

"What'll we ged with the rest o' the monney, Sethie?" This was a new thought. But like the gambler who, on his last coin, has

won a fortune, so whirled the heads of the two with the delirium of sudden wealth.

"Peanuts!"

"Ice cream!" (The March wind dashed a spray of cold rain in their faces.)

"Both!" cried Monte Cristo recklessly. And both they bought; then toiled up, up, up the stairs, and in the dusk scrambled down the uncertain steps of the aisle, then edged and wormed their way through the crowd of gods to the very center of the front row of the gallery. Not a moment too soon; the orchestra was just wailing out the last bars of the overture; the lights in the body of the house popped out; the footlights broke into a glare; there was a moment of suspense, and the curtain slowly rose.

Oh! Paradise!

Sammy, his forehead pressed tight against the brass rail under which he peered, and which he gripped with a grimy hand on either side of his head, gasped with delight, then in his exuberance kicked his comrade's shin as the only adequate expression of his rapture; Sethie as joyously kicked back, and unbounded appreciation had been conveyed.

"Them's grander woods than the Bronx," whispered Sethie.

The extremely violet forest of the back drop billowed away to where the gleaming stream serpentine its way to the vanishing point of infinity, and over the horizon a crimson sun shot up into

a lemon-colored sky.

"Id's like bein' oud o' doors. I can almost smell id," Sammy sniffed. If he referred to the canine section of the cast it is probable he could. The orchestra swung into "Hot Time in the Old Town" at a gallop. Professor Margand, cracking his whip, ran lightly out from the wings; he was followed by a whole pack of yelping, bounding, capering dogs of every size and color and species; across the stage to the center, then down to



Z.B. SHAFER

"Again came the whistle."



"A very stout lady shook a paper under the nose of Mr. Gorsbski."

the footlights, and in an instant every dog was in his place and the professor stood bowing and smiling to right and left with a soldierlike line of dogs, head to the audience, stretching across the stage front on either hand. The gallery stormed with approbation, high above the staccato clatter of feet rose two shrill cheers from down by the brass rail, and the copper stationed at the aisle top rapped angrily with his night stick. But such wonderful dogs had never before been seen—that cop was a mutt—then they forgot all else in the movement on the stage. There was something all but uncanny about that Professor Margand; it was as though he had suddenly grown from six inches to six feet, and had stepped right onto the stage out of the bill in O'Halligan's saloon window.

Perhaps the gold on the red coat had glittered a trifle more in the original, and perhaps the waxed mustachios were not quite so long and pointed as one had been led to believe, but they would have *known* him anywhere! For a moment they looked anxiously for the Crowned Heads of all Europe, but at that instant some minute ponies, each ridden by a chattering monkey, trotted onto the stage, and the Crowned Heads were contemptuously dismissed from all further thought. For what Crowned Heads could run up the ridge of a galloping pony's neck and balance right between his ears? Say now! could a Crowned Head beat *that*? Only the cracking of the whip punctu-

ated the performance and prevented one marvel from overlapping the next. Dogs, ponies, monkeys, in solo parts, in pairs, groups, and ensembles, by their contrasted intelligence put the silent attendants to shame. And Professor Margand! *how* could he think up such side-splitting jokes so quick! Gee! Sethie, if we had jes' *one* o' those dogs. Which? Oh, any one! Well, then, if he must choose, why, the clown dog. Sethie thought not; *he* would take Fifi. Say, gimme some o' your peanuts. Sure!

Oh, Paradise! Paradise!

It was some time after Sethie had put the meat on the kitchen table that Mrs. Doyle opened the package. She looked at the contents in perplexity; then she leaned over and smelled of it suspiciously. She straightened up with a jerk. Sour! Pickled, spiced, Kosher meat!

"The dirty perfumeried sheeny meat!" she cried in exasperation. "Aw, y' little divil o' a boy, if I had y'! Y' and yer Sammy and



"Pickled, spiced, Kosher meat!"

yer Sammy's sour meat. They'll be tryin' next to sell hyssop t' the Irish." But her sense of humor got the better of her, and she laughed. "Bless the boy, he wasn't meaning it," she said, and taking her shawl and her galoshes and rewrapping the meat, she set out for Mrs. Gishkin's. Further consideration caused her to keep on for the delicatessen so as to "make sure o' the job this time."

As she neared the shop, shrill and angry tones filled the air; for a moment they would be stilled and there would sound a deeper voice in a tone of expostulation and excuse and pacification which would suddenly be overwhelmed by the shrill accusing voice growing louder, shriller, and more angry. As she reached the door she stopped on the threshold. Holding the center of the stage was a very stout lady who leaned across the counter and shook a paper under the nose of Mr. Gorshski, at whom she was pouring a torrent of protest and defiance.

"I tell you thad ve neffer got no mead dieces nacht. You haf send me mine weekly bill mit fivdy-fife cends charged vor to-day und ve haf got nein mead since *Vensday*."

Mr. Gorshski was alternately rubbing his hands together, then drying them nervously on his much-stained apron. He now edged in a word:

"Your Sammy he god dot mead nod zwei hour ago," he protested excitedly. Mrs. Gishkin became yet more purple. Mr. Gorshski hastened on: "He comb into der shob mit anodder poy—" Mrs. Gishkin clutched at the new clew.

"He had white hair—thad oder poy?" she demanded.

"Yellow—well, maybe white," he assented.

"Ah-h-h!" cried Mrs. Gishkin with a world of understanding in the exclamation. "Id vas thad white-headed liddle deffil Sethie Doyle has made mine Sam steal der mead."

Mrs. Doyle stiffened to the top height of her five feet three, and swept grimly into the fray.

She flung the package down on the marble counter. "There's yer dirty Kosher meat," she announced. "An' y' kin be a little careful what y' say about me son, Mrs. Gishkin." Mrs. Gishkin turned and faced her. Mr. Gorshski fell back in relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead with the corner of the much-abused apron.

"*Your* son, Mrs. Doyle! Und so-o—! Your son he make mine Sammy buy fivdy-fife cends' worth o' mead vor him und charge id on mine beel!"

The spectators drew closer to the wall. A policeman, hearing the altercation, put his head in at the door, took one look, and withdrew with all speed.

"*Your* son, Mrs. Gishkin, has made my Sethie buy your dirty Kosher meat, and——"

"Und then vhy am I charged mit id?" triumphed Mrs. Gishkin. "Her Sethie hass stole his mother's monney." She bestowed a broken-toothed smile upon the spectators. "Und so-o!"

"Well! *if* they have the money, Mrs. Gishkin, your Sammy has the most o' 't by now, like all his trickin' tribe!" and Mrs. Doyle swept haughtily out of the shop, and home. She dabbed her eyes now and again with the corner of her shawl, though she said nothing. But she took down a time-stiff-

ened razor strop from where it hung from the bathroom door knob; then she went into Sethie's room, sat down upon the edge of the bed, and waited.

Fifi and Flo had made their great leap and had safely passed each other in the hoop. The two in the balcony front, center, had held their breath. They wouldn't have had those two dogs "collision," not for worlds.

"And we was hopin' they would!" Sammy whispered.

"Shut up!" muttered Sethie; it seemed as wicked as wishing your mother would die, even to have thought of such a thing as a



"Sethie dived hastily for his."



"Ob, Paradise!"

collision. "That was before we knowed them," Sethie apologized.

Then had come the great pyramid with Professor Margand flanked on either side by three ponies and on them the great Danes, and then the dogs like Bill Peters's—only smarter—and then Fifi and Flo, and then a curly haired dog, and on top of all a monkey who had undressed himself and as a last unveiling of his nudity had stripped off an American flag that he had waved solemnly, which suggested to the orchestra that they play "Oh-say-can-you-see-by-the-dawn's-early-light," and the curtain had fallen and everybody had got up and gone out. The two had sat and looked at each other and at the empty seats and the darkening theater beneath them, until the copper had angrily shouted at them and had wanted to know if they were asleep.

Then they had gone out into the night, and it was very late and dark and cold; it rained harder too. Unconsciously, Sammy plunged his hand into his pants pocket and drew out—a nickel. Sethie dived hastily for his; yes, it was there. They looked at each other but said nothing. They could have ridden home in the car, but cars were a luxury to which they were not used and the thought never entered their heads.

Sethie answered the unspoken query.

"Soder water!" he said desperately. To spend those nickels seemed like destroying the last evidence of guilt, or like putting one's hand hard over the mouth of an accuser.

They drank the soda water, and it is surprising how cold soda water can be at eleven o'clock of a March night. Then they began the tramp home. It was interminable. When they reached the house which contained the Doyle flat they paused irresolute.

"Would you like to walk home with me, Sethie?" The senior partner tried to make his voice sound natural.

"Sure!" Another pause at the door of the Gishkin mansion. The Gishkin suite was on the ground floor; the blinds were down but light shone around the edges.

"Let's go round the block," Sam quavered.

"Sure."

During the third round Sammy whimpered. The Gishkin portals again.

"I got t' go—go home, Sammy," Sethie broke the silence. But when Sam had said good night, and, with one last, miserable, despairing glance back, had shut the door, Sethie lingered, held by a dreadful fascination—dreading to hear that for which he was impelled to listen. It would seem that no questions whatever were asked. It was inconceivable that it should begin so soon. He believed he could hear the swish through the air before each thud, and his knees trembled so that he clutched the iron railing of the areaway. Sammy made no sound at the first three blows, but at each one after that—! Sethie's blood ran cold; he covered his ears with his hands, but even then he could hear, and he began unconsciously to count—he must have been counting all the time for he

commenced—twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four! Then there fell silence, and he turned and ran! If only it weren't in the night. He had been licked before—so had Sammy—but somehow this thing of its bein' night! He was walking now; he glanced up surprised that he should be crossing First Avenue, but he kept on toward the river. Across Pleasant Avenue, and then on to the foot of the street where the ferry house was all dark and deserted. He had never seen it closed before, and that added to his loneliness and to the feeling that everything was gone. He leaned against a railing where he could look between two buildings and see the river flowing dark and silent on its way to the sea. He wondered if it was so awful wicked to drown yourself, and then, deciding it was quite too wicked, he wished earnestly that it were not. Supposin' a policeman should come along: he would be arrested! He turned and slunk away close to the buildings, retracing his steps. The rain had ceased and a pale moon leered at him from behind swift-moving, sloppy clouds; the pavements were deep in ooze and slush. He began to be oh! so very tired and cold. He did not pause at the steps but went in; some way it didn't seem quite so bad once he was indoors; true, he shut his eyes as he climbed the stairs, but he squared his shoulders, and he never stopped once. He gently pushed open the door of the apartment and entered on tip-toe; it was dark in the front room, and he went noiselessly on to his own little room in which he could see there was a dim light burning. He stole in. His mother was lying asleep on his bed; she had slipped the string of the strop about her wrist, and now the strop dangled ominously over the bedside. There

were tears on his mother's cheeks as though she had been crying when she fell asleep. He darted to her and flung himself on her, kissing her over and over again; she sprang up startled and stared dully at him for an instant, then with a low cry of relief caught him to her. After a little he slipped out of her arms, and taking off his soggy little jacket he laid it over a chair, then, glancing at the strop, he asked, "Don't y' think y'd better begin?" but she shook her head.

"Come here, son, and tell me all about it—everything."

He went to her and sat upon her lap, and he wondered vaguely why he had thought for so long that he was too grown up to sit on his mother's lap and be cuddled; just about now it seemed like a mighty fine place to be all right, all right, and he snuggled closer. And he told her all about it—everything. Suddenly she noticed how wet his boots were and she pushed him off her lap, anxiously, and told him to undress and jump into bed before he got his death of cold. And when he was in bed she came over and covered him and tucked him in, then sat down upon the edge of the bed and looked at him. She laughed softly, in that way mothers have—some mothers—and she leaned over him and asked: "So it was a pretty fine show, son?"

"Oh, mother! Yes!" His sleepy eyes sparkled for a moment at the memory. She kissed him and told him to go to sleep—he was asleep already!—and she put out the light. As she was about to hang up the strop in the bathroom she looked at it reflectively. The bathroom window was open a few inches; she walked over and dropped the strop out of the window. "Just so's I won't be tempted in the mornin'," she said.

MIGNONETTE

By ALMA WIAR

CARELESS of heights where bolder blossoms stalk
 To flaunt a flaming or inviting hue,
 Nightly it kneels beside my lowly walk—
 And prays me evening memories of you.



ELEPHANTS, RHINOS, AND HIPPOS

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN BIG-GAME HUNTING TRIP

BY JOHN W. NORTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



IT is not a new thing to look for big game in Africa. There is nothing, therefore, of pretense at discovery in this article, but only something of the experiences of one man who went in search of sport in a country new to him. I

had never got an African elephant or a hippopotamus or a rhinoceros, and I wanted to try. There is the whole story.

This brought me about the middle of last October by ship to Zanzibar and thence by another vessel some six hours to the northward on the east coast of Africa to a town called Mombasa, the southernmost seaport of British East Africa and the beginning of the Uganda Railway. It seemed necessary to gather together for the outfit about thirty men, native blacks of all grades, various colors, and marvelous types—porters who carried daily on their heads sixty pounds of my own luggage

and whatever each needed for himself besides, and dressed in the most remarkable costumes it has been my fortune to see. They will walk from fifteen to twenty miles a day, up hill and down, through jungle and over open flats, with as little trouble as I would walk down Fifth Avenue. And in recompense for all this labor these dusky gentlemen get eleven cents per day and one and a half pounds of rice for the comfort of their insides.

There were porters, a personal servant, a cook, gun bearers, and a headman. The latter held the whole motley crew in the hollow of his hand, and ran them and me, and cheated us both with a frankness and thoroughness that was too genial to be irritating. He stole and sold my aluminum cooking outfit that was the apple of my eye, and never so much as gave me a commission.

This Uganda Railway runs up from Mombasa through the Ukamba into the Masai province, and thither we thirty-odd proceeded so far as the station called Njoro, some three hundred miles into the interior.



NATIVE AFRICAN PORTERS

Carrying the Author's camp paraphernalia from Njoro to the game country.

Thence we made for the rhino country in the vicinity of Lake Solai.

It is a beautiful wild land, fascinating to anyone who likes the open. The country is some seven thousand feet above the sea level and consists of big flats or bottoms, sometimes covered with scrub thorn, sometimes open. All about are hills that might be complimented by being called mountains. Sometimes they are quite clear of timber; sometimes covered with a dense forest jungle so rank and thick that it is impossible for men to get through except on the well-worn game trails. In the flats—everywhere in fact—the long African grass grows to a height of six feet.

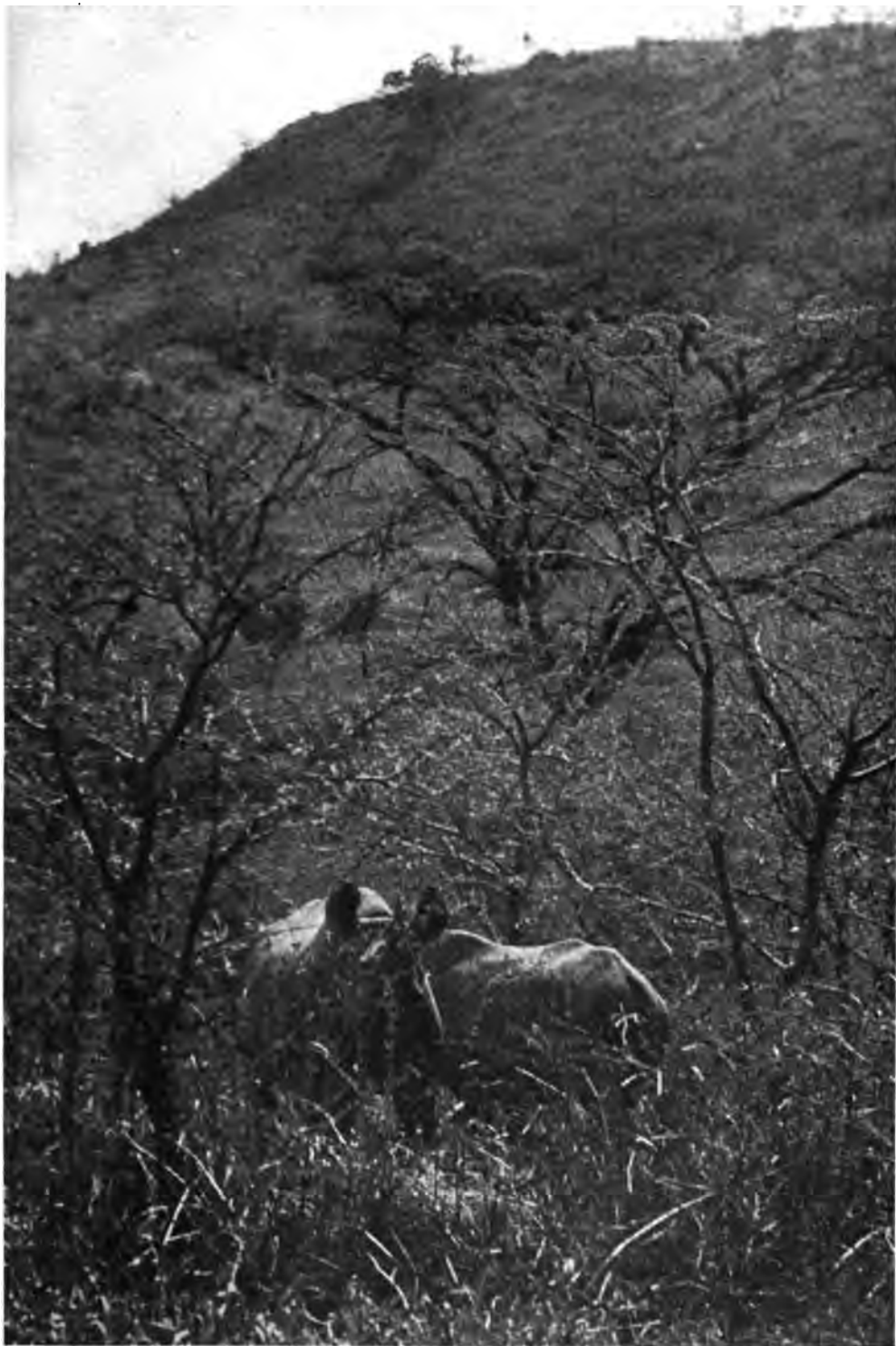
He is a stupid beast—this rhino—apparently not using his sight to any great extent, but relying on a wonderful sense of smell and a very disturbing ability to hear. Once he strikes a scent that is irritating to his temper, or hears a sound that dissatisfies him, he takes an instant to decide the direction and then putting down his huge ugly head so that his big horn is ready for business, he charges at the top of his speed in a perfectly straight line, making a terrible rumpus over it. You only have to jump a few feet to one side or the other and he will go tearing by and keep on

going until he is tired. I let one go by because conditions did not admit of my stopping him, and then climbed a little tree and followed him with a field glass as he tore along in a cloud of dust for over two miles.

Into this country and in search of these pachyderms our outfit entered on December 10th. We made a permanent camp of the usual sort for such climate, setting up tents in which groups of five natives lived under the charge of a sort of lieutenant, who in turn was directly subordinate to the headman.

Each morning I left with two gun bearers, one carrying a double-barreled 450 rifle by Watson, and the other a 35 Winchester repeater. The only other baggage was a camera which I carried myself much to the constant disgust and occasional amazement of the gun bearers. After we had covered that immediate vicinity, doing perhaps twenty miles in the day, I would leave camp one morning as usual and that evening bring up at an agreed-upon spot fifteen or twenty miles distant where the headman and his crew had meantime moved the entire outfit and set up a new camp.

We were moving in such country when we came upon my first rhino. The two gun bearers had led me to the top of a hill, that



A COUPLE OF STARTLED RHINOS

They were surprised by the camera while trying to get the scent.

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A BULL ELEPHANT KILLED BY THE AUTHOR

The beast ran a long distance with the herd after receiving two mortal wounds.

we might have a look down into the man-high grass. This time one of the men gave a grunt, spoke the one word "kifaru," and pointed to a black spot half a mile away which under the glass turned out to be one of the strange cumbersome beasts we were looking for. He showed a very good front horn and the boys both agreed that he was a reasonably good "man."

It became necessary to move along the top of the ridge in a direction at an acute angle to the one the rhino was taking in order to intercept him and still be to leeward. Being settled on the direction, we descended into the flat and in a moment the long grass hid us and the game and everything else but the sky. We had located a small burnt patch that would naturally come into the line of the rhino's march and this was our destination.

It was only a few moments when we could hear the rhino moving toward us dead to windward and sniffing about in his own peculiar and rather appalling fashion. Suddenly he came directly into the burnt patch perhaps a hundred yards away. The first thing that I noticed now was that there were six or seven brown birds perched in a row on his back. These signal birds—sometimes

white, sometimes brown—sit on their big companion's spine and relieve him of superfluous ticks. So long as they sit there he knows that there is no danger and eats on in peace and quiet. The instant they fly off, as they do on the slightest warning, up comes his big snout and he lets out a succession of sniffs or whistles, caused by his attempt to scent the direction of the danger; for danger there is, he knows.

On came the beast in a zigzag line until he was not over fifty yards away. Then the birds caught sight of me and flew off. Up came the big head and the fun began. All was ready except that he was too directly head on for me to get in a shot below the ear, which was what I wanted.

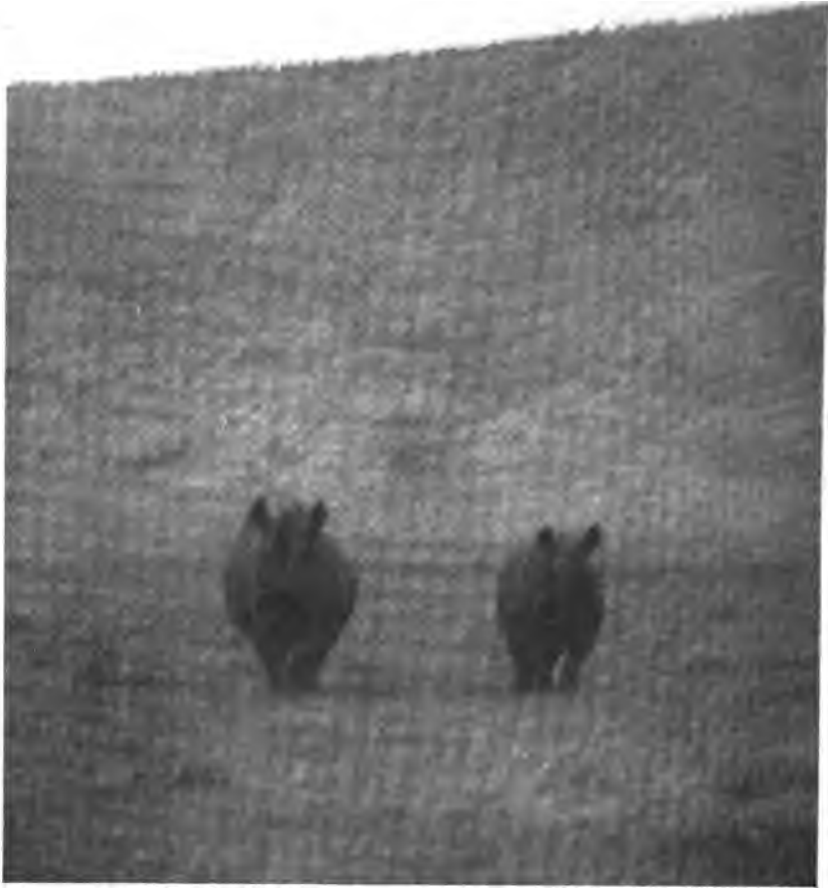
Then he turned into the long grass and we lost sight of him. I moved into the long grass also, taking care to keep always to leeward. In a moment we could see the top of his back about twenty yards off and I covered the place where his head ought to be with the rifle. Then I got what seemed to be the best sight I might have, especially as twenty yards was about as close as personal comfort and ease of mind allowed—and I fired.

He was the first very large animal I had



THE COW AND YOUNG BULL RHINO

The picture was secured just before the white signal birds rose apprising them of danger.



THE COW AND YOUNG BULL RHINO AT CLOSE RANGE

The animals paused uncertain within something over fifty feet. As the camera was set for exactly fifty feet they are slightly out of focus.

killed, and my first sensation was one of blank astonishment that one bullet could put him out of business so suddenly and so completely. As a matter of fact he simply sank down in the grass and was dead before he was fairly stretched on the ground.

The two natives ran at him at once, being careful to approach him from behind, and grabbing his tail climbed up on his back, dancing a cancan and yelling and screaming like madmen—and then we went back and

got ten porters to come and cut him up. The skull is so big and heavy that it is not feasible to carry away the whole head, and we therefore cut away the horns, taking care to get the skin intact.

As my license for shooting rhinos permitted me to take only two, I wanted if possible to make the second one of the rarer sort which have the big horn behind or nearer the eyes instead of, as usual, in front. And while, during the next week, we searched for him, I

used a camera instead of a gun as a weapon.

It was while going over a ridge, looking for the long back-horned beast, that we brought a big flat into view one morning, and discovered two rhinos perhaps a couple of miles away feeding in the bottoms.

After half an hour when we had made a big circuit, and come up to within 200 or 300 yards, they turned out to be a cow and a young bull; but as they promised good photographs we had at them. I succeeded in getting one picture of them just as several white signal birds rose and scared the little bull out of his senses. He began running around his mother, sniffing and snorting in a great fashion as we moved very quietly toward them. We were in plain sight some sixty yards to leeward, when I set the camera at fifty feet



A HIPPOPOTAMUS RISING TO BREATHE

The water's edge is lined with papyrus swamps.

and waited. By this time the old cow began to show irritation at the little fellow's antics and followed him as he approached us.

When they came within fifty to seventy feet of us I snapped the camera, the little "click" of the spring gave them the hint they wanted, and they charged together.

It appears to be a tradition that if you will stand quite still a rhino will not molest you; whether because he takes man for an inanimate object like a tree, or for some other reason, I do not know. At all events I made the try, with some misgivings to tell the truth, but with the idea that I could jump aside if necessary.

There was a quick change from camera to rifle. I was ready for a jump or a shot, when both the ugly beasts stopped short about four yards away, and I have never since ceased to regret that I did not keep the camera and get a twelve-foot picture of them.

They stood a moment in doubt, apparently looking directly at us, and making a lot of fuss with their snorting. I kept the old lady covered with the rifle and waited—wishing I was a little farther in the enchanting distance. The bull moved after a moment, and presently they both swayed a little and then trotted off, still snorting and evidently as mystified as they had ever been in their lives.

It was in the midst of this rhino country that we came upon the first elephant tracks. The elephant travels in large groups and by beaten paths through the long grass. Once we struck the trail it was quite easy to follow them, for they travel in single file, and it does not require a very large number to beat down



AN ELEPHANT TRAIL

Showing the swathe left by the beasts in the long grass.



TOWING IN THE AUTHOR'S FIRST HIPPO

The native boats of planks, held together by vines, are the only available craft in which to hunt the amphibians.

a path in the long grass that looks like a road through a field.

As they roll along the beasts tear off branches from the trees, perhaps to eat, perhaps to play with. At all events the men almost immediately led me to a tree and showed me where the broken branches had been torn off and the sap dried and stained. That meant that three or four days had elapsed since the elephants who had torn off the branches had passed that way.

Thereupon we returned to camp, proceeded to work, brought the whole outfit to the trail and fell into line behind the herd. Each night we made a temporary camp and moved on again the next morning. After four days of this, we came into a large basin that seemed to be the junction of several valleys; and there the trail went into a perfect maze of old elephant tracks so that we lost all trace of our game.

Next morning, I spread out half the company in a long skirmish line and we moved slowly and carefully forward. About noon I had climbed a tree on the slope of a ridge, when a boy ran up the hill and pointed across the valley to the other slope. Through the glass I made out two old elephants, one half grown and one very small one. Appar-

ently they had dropped out of the herd because they could not go the pace.

I suppose I had been irritated by the unseemly delay. At any rate, the invariable rule that a sportsman must never carry his own gun got on my nerves. I dashed in the face of custom and insisted on taking possession of the Watson gun; and we came up to within a hundred yards of them. One elephant—the biggest thing I had ever laid eyes on in the open—seemed to have fine long tusks, and I decided for him—or her, as it turned out. There was a big thorn bush about twenty yards nearer the beasts, and with the second gun bearer I crawled slowly and carefully up to this. Once arrived there I took plenty of time, got a good line on the big one, and put a bullet through her temple just back of the eye. She let out a terrific scream and fell into the thorn bush, thrashing around in appalling fashion. The others ran off a little, as if uncertain of what had happened, and then started back until I put another bullet into the elephant, when they made off after the big herd.

It was a successful shot and all seemed well, until on going round to the other side of the beast I found she only had one tusk. Still, there was a good thirty pounds or more,

and so I technically came within my license, which allows one to take only elephants whose ivory is sixty pounds or more.

These license laws are very carefully guarded now in the attempt to preserve the game. No one can go into this part of Africa without buying his permit at Mombasa. You pay fifty pounds for the privilege of taking two elephants and you can take one more for fifteen pounds extra. If you should kill an elephant with ivory weighing less than sixty pounds, in self-defense, the ivory is confiscated by the government, but you can generally buy it back at the market price.

Next morning the three of us started off again on the trail of the big herd. Suddenly the second gun bearer began to point and I made out what seemed to be an enormous ridge of rocks, but it eventually proved to be a herd of 300 elephants.

We moved toward a little bush, perhaps three feet high, that was literally the only thing like cover anywhere near. When we reached the bush we could see about half the herd coming in our direction, walking slowly toward the swamp, the females and their young leading. As they passed along about seventy-five yards from us, my boy began picking them out. This was a "man!" That a "wife!" At last a big fellow came in our direction and I could see that he was a bull with short and heavy tusks. He came within less than fifty yards of us and then turned to go in the same direction as the herd. It was a fine chance. I got up on my elbows, aimed at the usual place just back of the eye, and fired. Before he could start away, or drop, I shot him again in the shoulder. Then the gun jammed!

The shots turned the herd, the forward elephants running back into those in the rear, the whole herd trumpeting. Finally they all decided to go back, the mothers herding the young with their trunks. By this time I had gotten my gun open and reloaded and ran along beside the elephants, looking for another bull. Running at top speed I could just keep up with them. Soon a good animal edged his way out on my side and I shot at his shoulder, but it seemed to make no impression. I could hear the bullet strike him, and still he shambled along as if lead was just the thing he liked best during an afternoon. In a moment he had turned into the herd and was lost in the indescribable jumble of swaying, trumpeting animals.

Fifteen minutes of such a pace was enough for me. They steadily gained and forged ahead. Finally just as I began to realize that they were all getting away, one big elephant who was in the rear guard got into a fairly good position; but just as I put up the rifle he tumbled over absolutely dead. He was the big fellow I had hit.

I sent back to camp and soon the porters came rushing up, the headman of each tent with his force of five, all of them dancing and shouting like wild men. While they were chopping out the ivories the big herd stood off about six hundred yards from us, every elephant with his trunk straight up in the air, with the lip quivering, "feeling the wind," and now and again some big fellow trumpeted as if announcing the discovery of some new taint in the air, and making a sight—the 300 of them—that one would not soon forget.

It was some time after leaving Lake Soali that we started for the hippopotamus country, proceeding by railroad to Kisumu on Kivironzo Gulf, which is an arm of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Naturally the hippopotamus lives in quite a different country from either rhinoceros or elephant. He is in the water most of the day, coming out in the night for food. It is not very difficult to get the beasts; for, once you are in their country, they are most plentiful and they have no sense of danger until long after the sportsman has come within easy range. You get them either as they go to or come from the water, or when they come up to the surface to breathe. The queer, ugly-headed animal rises to the surface, showing only his two huge nostrils, and lies there breathing and spouting like a whale, until he decides to sink again. Then his snout quietly disappears, and no man knows when and where he may come up again. The only hint that I could discover of the danger of hippo hunting was that through some piece of bad judgment the old fellow may come up under a boat.

The boats looked to me so precarious that I tried an old launch, which was brought up to Kisumu some fifteen years ago, and we started with an Indian engineer, his assistant, my headman, and the two gun bearers. It required half a day of steaming before we reached a point in Lake Victoria where the game was reported.

When we did finally get a glimpse of an



HAULING THE HIPPO ASHORE

The natives gladly assist in anticipation of receiving the meat of the carcass.

animal or two, as we lay close inshore waiting for them to move out into the papyrus swamp, it developed that the launch with its steam and screw and general fussiness and noise scared the few animals from coming to the surface at all. We then procured one of the log canoes and set sail again. I was more nervous about the canoe than I was about the hippo. However, after shooting several times from the launch at the heads of as many hippos I confess to a feeling of chagrin at that method. Each time a good animal was wounded; each time he sank immediately; and I had the uncomfortable knowledge that a wounded creature was suffering somewhere beneath the surface where I could not put him out of misery. For these hippos always sink on being wounded, and rise again about an hour after they are dead. And to sit in a boat and wait that length of time to learn if your game is secured, while the water all about you is red, takes away the pleasure.

And so we took to the so-called canoe. This being much lower in the water and much quieter, it did the business. For the hippo on coming to the surface had to raise his eye a few inches above the water to see the

boat, and that brought enough of his head into view to give me a fair chance.

It was then that I got my animal. He showed each of his bulging eyes to make a target, and the Watson did the rest. Then he sank as had others and we sat in the canoe forty minutes before I was startled by one of the men grabbing me and pointing out a round gray mass like the bottom of a dory some distance away. Within a few minutes of our first sight of him the beast swelled to huge size, looking very much like one of our half-submerged submarine boats.

We had secured the hippo off the shore from a little native village, and now the whole outfit came down to the beach, as we towed the big animal in, to give us all the assistance we could ask. A line was passed around his head and the sturdy blacks took hold of the line. Then a grand tug of war continued until we had him on dry land. There they all set to and cut him up; and after the grand seigneur who had shot him had in most magnanimous and well-chosen English presented all but his ivories to the populace, my headman sold him to them for a canoe load of treasures—chickens, dried skins, a goat, and heaven knows what else.

THE CURING OF CARY

BY WOLCOTT LECLÉAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



WHEN the Powers which dwell in Manila temporarily transferred Cary, the Supervisor of Pangasinán, to the half-conquered province of Uniguét, they volunteered many reasons for their action. But the Provincial Physician knew that these assertions of the Powers were one thing, the real reason for Cary's transfer quite another.

He knew that one of the Powers of Manila had a friend, a still greater Power, who lived for the time in Washington. He knew that this friend had a son, who was better away from home for various and unsavory reasons. Everyone knew how Cary had organized the works of Pangasinán. In this province, even the friend's son, if cautioned to let things alone, and confine his exertions to the drawing of his salary, could do little harm until an-

other and more lucrative post could be manufactured for his benefit. So Cary was transferred. Q. E. D.

The doctor snorted with disgust whenever he thought of Uniguét, but he thought of it often, nevertheless. Cary was his friend, and the doctor loved him, though he would probably have died of shame had he thought any-

one suspected the fact. Cary's letters had been far from satisfactory. This troubled the doctor, and the upshot of it was that he, too, applied for a temporary transfer to Uniguét, obtained it with a suddenness that astonished him, and left at once for his post.

Steamers there were none, so the doctor spent many spray-soaked days on a dirty práo, his hand ever on his pistol, and most of his time spent in watching the outriggers as they bent, and wondering whether or not the next wave would break one of them, thus sending práo and crew to perdition. But the



"She evidently was a mestiza."

outriggers held, and at length a little, land-locked harbor opened, revealing Uniguét's capitol.

It was night when the *práo* entered the harbor, leaving the tumbling China Sea for a surface that heaved so gently as hardly to disturb the stars that twinkled in the depths of the water, thus making the vessel seem to glide between two skies. A crescent moon had just strength enough to touch with silver Cary's new Government House, a long affair of bamboo and thatch, the squalid little village that straggled at his feet, the strip of white beach, and then to send its glimmering path diagonally across the harbor. In this path, the spidery mangrove roots stood out in weird silhouettes of deepest black, and the unfinished Government wharf took on the romantic outlines of a ruin.

The doctor, who had a soul most susceptible to this kind of beauty, drew a long, quivering breath of admiration. But he was practical, this doctor, so the exhalation of the breath was utilized to emit a most fiendish yell, to announce his coming. Whereupon the whole population, as it seemed, trooped down on the beach to meet him.

The doctor's impressions of his new post were not complex, and by the afternoon of the next day, which was Sunday, he had them all formulated in his mind. First, that Uniguét was lonesome beyond even what his wildest fears had whispered. Second, that the natives, apparently composed of equal parts of mountaineer, pirate, and fisherman, were of a sort that was new and distinctly distasteful to him. Thirdly, that judging from their personal habits and the condition of the village, a doctor was like to have his time well taken up. And lastly, that it was as he feared. Something was wrong with Cary.

Sunday was nearly at an end. At a little table, near one end of the long, thatched veranda, Cary had been working at some calculations, but the light had gone, though he still sat there, staring at the paper, his pencil motionless. Near by lounged the doctor, idly watching a group of the provincial under-officers—foremen, clerks, and the like—at the other end of the veranda. It was a silent group. Long before, every man in it had learned the views and experiences of all the others. But at last one of them burned his finger with a cigarette, and softly swore.

The sound, slight as it was, roused Cary. He looked up quickly. "Sunset," he said.

Clancy, long, grizzled and powerful, rose from the box on which he had been sitting, and walked over to the flag-pole, planted on the little open space between the house and the edge of the low bluff upon which it was built. Casting loose the halliards, he began leisurely to lower the flag, while Olafsen, the timber man, stood by, ready to receive it, that none of its folds might touch the ground. Schmidt, of the pile-driver, lighted a lantern and hung it on a pillar of the veranda. The others watched them intently, as idle men will watch trivial things. Clancy resumed his seat, the folded flag on his knee.

"Strange 'ow we likes that flag," observed Spencer, a treasury-clerk, after a little. "There ain't one of us, outside the chiefs, wot really belongs to it."

"Aye t'ank it soots me," observed Olafsen, and Schmidt nodded assent.

"Well, d'ye see, 'tis a white man's flag," explained Clancy. "Annything what belongs to a white man sure is good to see here."

"It's bloomin' well the only good thing there is," growled Spencer.

"Dot's raight," agreed Schmidt.

"That's wrong!" shouted a man who stepped into the circle of light cast by the lantern. He was tall, dark, and thin. His clean-shaven face was that of a fanatic.

"I say that's wrong!" this man repeated. "Criminally wrong! Deadly wrong. 'White man's flag!' And because it is a 'white man's flag' we who were born under it allow it to stand for oppression and murder. Because we do this you who were born elsewhere respect our flag and are not ashamed. Where an alien race is concerned, you feel that a 'white man' can do no wrong. But what gives you the right, I ask, thus to set yourselves on pinnacles? Are not all men free and equal? Is not the glorious field of the brotherhood of man far too broad to be overshadowed by any flag, however great?"

The speaker made a dramatic pause. The men looked bored, but only Spencer spoke. "Ow I s'y, Wilson, dry up," said he.

The doctor watched the scene with much interest. "Hm. Insufficient education, imperfectly assimilated," he diagnosed swiftly. "But there's something beside that—something that has been added, I should say," he reflected, a second later.

Cary nodded. "Yes. It's the woman."

"The woman?" repeated the doctor, quick-



"'Come, catch hold,' he called."

ly, glancing at his friend. Then he saw that Cary's eyes did not meet his, and that Cary's face had reddened. But before any answer came, the tide of oratory had broken forth once more.

"How do you regard these men in whose country you live? As friends? As equals?" thundered Wilson. "Oh, no," he continued, with fine sarcasm. "Why should you? They are but the natural lords of the soil. They are not worth considering. If you are kind to them, it is with the kindness you show to other lower animals. What matter to you if they hate you? You despise them too much to care! And for this our flag

stands. For this you love our flag. Not so I. I tell you I renounce with scorn——"

"*Buenas noches, señores,*" said a feminine voice, and at the same time the form of the speaker came into the circle of light from the outer shadows. She brushed close to Wilson, and in passing cast a look at him that made him stop his speech abruptly and slink away. But the doctor did not see him go. He was looking with wonderment at the woman.

She evidently was a *mestiza*—of mixed blood. Of Spanish and Filipino blood in nearly equal parts, probably, and with a faint dash that had come, centuries before, from the

Chinese pirates, scattered by defeat through the islands. Her skin was creamy, her face that of a madonna. The single braid of her dark bronze hair hung far below her slender knees. The cotton *camisela* and

"Go on into our dining room and eat, Jack," he said, rather shamefacedly. "Don't let the things get cold. I'll be with you in a minute or two."

But the doctor did not go into the dining



"The doctor spent many days on a dirty prao."

limp calico skirt she wore hardly attempted to conceal the lithe curves of her body.

"May I speak for a little moment with the señor?" she asked, in Spanish, of Cary.

"Supper!" roared a voice from the cook-shed. The men trooped eagerly away. Cary hesitated, then turned to the doctor.

room. He went only as far as the doorway and stood, watching the two in the faint light.

What was said he could not—would not—hear, at first. But it was evident that the woman knew, as all women do, of her beauty and its power. She was pleading for some-

thing with heartfelt earnestness, pleading with all her might and with every means at her command. The pantomime was plain enough. It was quite clear to him who watched that when the woman laid her hand

bloodedly, noting each movement as though it were the symptom of a disease.

Slowly, Cary had been retreating backward, step by step, toward the place where the doctor stood. Step by step she followed him,



“She’s of the gente fina, all right.”

on Cary’s arm, and he shivered and pushed it away, that it was not disgust that made him behave in that manner. And equally clear was it that she knew this, and that her pretended hurt at his conduct, though never so well done, was but coquetry, intended to lead him on. The doctor looked on quite cold-

still pleading as though for her life. Suddenly he stopped.

“No, I tell you—no!” he said, in a tone the doctor could not help but hear. “Heavens! You—*you*—ask me that? When you know what it means? After all you’ve said? Then marry the man if you want to—and



Drawn by Gustavus C. Widney.

"Thank you for the wedding gift you left us."

he'll have you. It's my last word. I'm done."

But still he stood there. They both were closer to the doctor than when they had begun to talk, and now the woman moved closer still to Cary. Therefore he who stood by the door could see plainly that her great eyes were swimming with tears, which now and then ran over and fell, unheeded, down her cheeks. Then her body shook with sobs. She was crying, and yet managing what few women can—to look more beautiful than ever. She unclasped her hands and threw her arms wide in an agony of supplication, her lovely face upturned to Cary's. He trembled, his hands opened and shut.

The doctor heaved a sigh. "No man can stand that sort of thing for long," said he to himself: then he spoke aloud. "Cary," he remarked quietly, "do you know, I think dinner will be getting cold if you don't come."

The Supervisor started as though water had been dashed in his face. The tenseness of his figure relaxed, and turning on his heel with a backward gesture of dismissal, he strode toward the house. The woman, springing forward, caught his arm and whirled him around.

"You have done with me, you say?" she said hoarsely through her teeth. "Then you lie! You shall yet see more of me, and of *mi marido*, too. You hear? My husband!"

Even the doctor was startled at the change in her face. Beautiful still, it became the face of a devil—of a devil of the Orient, where diabolism has possibilities unknown to us.

Cary passed on into the dining room. His face was ash-colored, and it had aged ten years. "That means trouble, I suppose," he said dully, as he sank into his seat.

"It would mean trouble if a native spoke to me like that," agreed the doctor.

Cary winced.

"And then, of course," the doctor went on, "'Hell hath no fury——'"

"Don't!" begged Cary.

"All right," assented the other. "I won't. Now eat your dinner."

"Eat? Heavens! I don't want any dinner—it would make me sick. I'll have a whisky and tan-san, I think."

"I think you'll have nothing of the sort," replied his friend decidedly. "Look here, my son. You've taken far too many whiskies lately. No, I don't mean that you've been getting drunk," he added hastily, seeing that

a protest was coming. "I don't mean that at all. I mean simply that very few whiskies will do an awful lot of work in a place such as this is. I haven't any prejudice against it—you know that—and I use it myself, when I'm in anything remotely approaching civilization. But here, for example, one is too apt to drink by one's self, and then the good whisky helps one on toward—other things."

"What other things? What do you mean?" demanded Cary, with some attempt at indignation.

The doctor made no direct reply. He had filled a plate with soup, and this he placed before his friend. "Who was that person, by the way, to whom you were speaking just now?" he inquired.

Cary colored easily, and he knew it. Bending over his plate, he began eating the soup with indecent haste, to conceal his face.

"You saw her. She came from Pangasinán originally. That's all," he said.

The doctor made no further remark at the time. He ate his own dinner, and when Cary's soup was finished, he pushed other food before his friend, who ate rather than look up. He shifted uneasily in his seat, ate faster and faster, and at last, in desperation, threw down his knife and fork.

"I know why you're sitting there, like a Chinese idol, watching me," he cried. "It's because you see that I'm a coward, who tried to put off the questions you were going to ask, but which you wouldn't ask while the eating was going on, and in that way made me stuff till I'm like a sausage. I know as well as you that my nerve is gone!"

"Was gone," corrected the doctor.

Cary looked up. "Think so?" he asked, with a gleam of hope. But the gleam soon passed, and his face fell again. "Was gone and is gone, too, I think," he said, drearly, and sat gazing at his empty plate, his elbows on the table, his fingers clutching his hair. The doctor waited, but not for long. Cary sprang suddenly to his feet, and began to talk, jerking the sentences over his shoulder, as he paced rapidly up and down the room.

"Don't you suppose I despise myself—loathe myself? Well, I do. More than you do—more even than you will when I tell you the whole beastly show. And the worst of it is—the worst shame of it—is now that I know—realize fully—what she is, and what she wants, yet I can't help thinking—and wishing for—oh, it's sickening!

"I don't know how it came about—what got into me. It was the loneliness, I guess. The cursed loneliness, that makes a man ready to commit any crime that might dispel it. That makes you fear all the time that one more day of it will drive you clear off your head—and so it does, only you don't realize it until it's done. It's the sameness, the little noises in the palms at night; the swash of the surf, and all those things, that just go to underline the great emptiness. There isn't enough work to keep one warm. The men don't count in any such way—not even for each other. And it just cuts one adrift from all he ever thought or felt. Can't you understand, man? Can't you *see*?" Cary had stopped, and was shaking his friend by the shoulder. The doctor nodded.

"I understand," said he. Cary let go his grip, and marched up and down again.

"I got talking to her about Pangasinán—the old province seemed like home after this place. That's how it all started. And, you see, the girl has a mind. She has, really. A queer one, with odd Oriental twists to it, that make you want to see farther in. Why, all the stuff that silly ass spouted to-night he took from her. He hasn't an idea in his head. Nothing but a memory, and a mouth that he uses to pour words out of and shovel food into—with a knife. And that's the sort of thing that the Government sends down here to teach the schools!—for he's the school-master."

"You don't seem to think highly of—your rival," observed the doctor, coldly. "But then, you see, he started lower down than you, and he's been sliding longer."

"Oh, you're right, I suppose—yes, of course you're right. But he is a loathly beast. He hung around her whenever she'd let him. He's crazy over her. *Crazy*. He's offered to marry her—begged her to marry him—and says he'll go off somewhere where there aren't any white people and become a Filipino by adoption. He's done it already, for that matter, right here. Lives with the natives, and associates with 'em. No American will have anything to do with him. He's gone *janti*. He's all in."

"And there, but for the grace of God, goes——"

"Jack, even you shan't tag my name on to that quotation. It isn't true! God knows it's bad enough, but—oh, what right have I to kick at anything?" He threw himself once

more into a chair, and laid his face on his arms, which rested on the table.

"I can't tell what right you have until I hear," said the doctor, gravely, after a little. Cary jerked himself erect.

"There isn't much more. And there wasn't anything sentimental at first. That came suddenly, one night, when I saw, or thought I did, what she felt. It was moonlight—but what's the use of talking that stuff! At first I tried to—to comfort her, because I felt sorry for her—sorry that she felt as I couldn't. Then I found out, after a while, that it wasn't all pity—that pity hadn't anything to do with it. I didn't realize this at first, but she did. And as soon as she did, it came out what she wanted. She wanted to be a *señora* of the *gente fino*, as she called it. Heaven knows what her idea of 'the fine people' is. But that's what she wanted, and she proposed a plan. Look here."

Picking the candlestick, with its burden of partially burned insects, from the table, Cary led the way into another room—the office of Government House. It was scantily furnished, but in one corner stood a large chest, of dark wood, crossed and recrossed by iron bands, and secured with two huge, ineffective padlocks. He opened it, and held the candle so that its light fell inside. It was nearly filled with Mexican dollars, and bills of the same nation, of green or blue or red, that looked like small circus posters.

"Taxes," explained Cary. "Nearly six months of 'em."

"But what on earth have you to do with them?" asked the doctor.

"What have I to do with them? Everything. Do you suppose I'd touch the beastly revenues if I could help it? I'm Governor and Treasurer as well as Supervisor in this hole. Have you forgotten that?"

"I had for the moment. But still I don't understand. What had she——"

"What had she to do with this Government money?" interrupted Cary, slamming the lid of the chest and locking it. "What had she to do with it? Nothing. She wanted it. That was her whole play. That's why she was playing me. And the day before you came she sprang it on me. No, don't interrupt—let me tell the whole beastly thing my own way, and have done."

"She'd planned it all. Banálang and his whole gang, it seems, is somewhere around here in this 'pacified' province. You know

who he is. Calls himself 'General,' an insurrecto, who has never surrendered to the Americans. It's true enough. And it's just as true that he and his men are just *ladrones*—thieves—out for what they can get, so long as it isn't work. Just like Aguinaldo and the other 'patriots' of that sort. Her plan was to tell him—Banálang—of this Government money, and of course he'd attack. But we were to have buried the money and skipped. People would think we were killed, as the others would be. Then, when everything got quiet, we'd come back, get the plunder, then go off to some place where we weren't known and live a 'life of ease and happiness,' as she said. That was her plan. And it would have worked, so far as the first part of it went. Did you ever hear anything more cold-blooded and scoundrelly? But it would have worked."

Cary was standing, his hands clenched and his muscles strained, in his effort to control himself. But his nostrils were twitching, and once or twice his chin trembled, as though with cold. The doctor saw these things.

"But it didn't work," said the medical man, with assumed carelessness. "You threw them down—the plan and the woman."

"Of course I did. Instantly. But it tempted me, Jack. I wanted—I wanted her. I longed for the animal life she pictured, without cares, or conventions or ambitions or anything—and with her. My mind hadn't gone—I knew how unutterably low the whole thing was. But almost beyond my strength it tempted me—and damn it, it tempts me yet! That's all. Now think what you like." Cary sank into a heap on the treasure chest.

The doctor forced a little laugh. "I think you're a bally ass," he said. "A bally ass, who has brooded until he's almost hysterical, who's going to take the medicine I shall give him and then go by-by—*pronto*—and sleep."

Cary, temporarily, was "all in." He could hold himself together no longer. "I can't go to bed!" he exclaimed, with the querulousness of a child, as the doctor rose and fetched a medicine case. "Can't you see that she's likely to bring Banálang and his gang down on us any time, now? I've got to see to the guards—a hundred things."

"You take this. I'll see to the guards. Turn in all standing, if you like, then you'll be ready for anything. You won't be fit for veal if you don't. And that's as sure as that the devil wears petticoats."

Cary resisted feebly, he had not will enough left for much resistance. So, with comparative ease, the doctor got him to his room.

"Oh, all right," he said peevishly. "Clancy has charge of the guard under you. But don't blame me if we all get our throats cut." He took the proffered draught, and throwing himself on his cot, fell almost instantly asleep.

The doctor shook his head, and with a sigh buckled on his pistol, and taking a rifle went outside. A glance told him that the guard had been placed. He went to the edge of the bank and looked over.

The bank went steeply down to the sea, save for one natural terrace, upon which rested the village. Here, through the thick growth, he could see patches of light, and the sound of voices came to him, but the words he could not catch. He began to descend the path carefully, for it was very dark. Then he heard footsteps behind him, and halted.

"Don't shoot, sorr. It's us—Clancy an' Olafsen," said a voice, as the two men felt their way down to him. "'Tis not safe for you alone." Clancy spoke in a rattling whisper, that carried like a scream.

"Hush!" whispered the doctor, in return, and led the way downward. Soon they reached the terrace, where the village was, and carefully parting the undergrowth, looked.

A fire burned in the middle of a clearing, lighting up the fronts of the bamboo huts that were scattered here and there around a little plaza. In the doorway of the largest hut lounged the woman, the red fire-glow lighting her wonderful face. She was looking at Wilson, who harangued in the native tongue a group of Filipinos standing near. These Filipinos, for the most part, were dressed in dingy white. That in itself was ominous—a departure from the usual custom.

"'Tis a dillygation he's addressin'," said Clancy, in one of his stage whispers. "They've been sint be some wan to lishen to the worrds av wisdom that Wilson do be droolin'."

"Can you understand what he's saying?" asked the doctor.

"I cannot. It's a tongue fit fer no white man, sorr. It's few what know it, 'n' them few ain't no good, sorr, you can take that from me. But it'll be the sem stuff he was a-givin' us above."

The doctor sighed. His rifle was on his hip, and for a moment it looked as though he might use it. Then he shook his head.

"It's no use," he said. "There'd only be a fight if we tried, and that isn't good enough—yet." He sighed again, and took the way down the trail that led to the strip of beach.

The moon had not risen above the surrounding hills, yet there was a faint light. It frosted the ripples, and showed in sharp profile the tossing palms on the hilltops. The Uniguét River rushed into the bay close by, and a rising wind rustled through the trees. The sounds they made rendered caution in speech unnecessary. A whaleboat, tied to an overhanging tree, rocked at the end of its painter.

"Set in there, sorr, an' then they can't see us, but we can hear, an' if ther's a row, we can take 'em in the rear," advised Clancy.

The doctor nodded assent. First lengthening the painter, Olafsen signed for the others to get in, then followed himself, allowing the boat to drift outward, under the dense shadow of the tree.

"The tide's turned. It's strong ebb, now," said Clancy, then all fell silent.

Where they were, a little way from the steep bank, sound came to them far more distinctly than when the thick growth surrounded them. The harangue, apparently, had ended, yet each of the three thought he heard a faint sound, as of stealthy footsteps and lowered voices; but though they listened, and stared as if their eyes could help their ears, they were not certain. Gradually the sounds became more distinct. Some one threw fresh fuel on the fire, for a flight of sparks soared above the tree-tops. In the distance a monkey screamed.

From the shadows of the bank came an exultant feminine laugh. The boat at the same moment glided out into the moonlight; her painter had been cut. Clancy sprang to his feet, and his rifle spat three shots into the darkness.

"Don't fire!" called the doctor. "That was the woman—didn't you hear? You may have hit her."

"I fear not, sorr," replied Clancy, sadly.

There was but one thing resembling an oar in the boat; this was the paddle of a native *banca*. Olafsen snatched it up, and throwing it over the stern, attempted to scull; but the first stroke, taken with all the big timberman's enormous strength, snapped the puny thing in two, so that the blade floated away, and with a curse in his own tongue, Olafsen sent the frail bamboo shaft to join it.

Borne by wind and tide and river current, the whaleboat shot swiftly outward toward this narrow entrance to the harbor, where the waves from a sea that was rising in power met the current, boiling and roaring over the jagged rocks. The doctor grasped the thwart upon which he had been sitting and strained with all his might, but he could not stir it.

"Come get hold of this with me, and pull together," he called to the others. "It'll be better than nothing to paddle with!" But Olafsen shook his head, and Clancy gently restrained him.

"Don't, sorr—don't," called the Irishman. "Faith, ye'll have the ribs out of her. She's a Gover'mint boat, an' rotten—only stuck together be th' paint. We'll have to chance it as it is, sorr. It'll not be long, now."

It was not long, but it seemed so to the men who sat and waited for the end to come. Into the harbor's mouth they drifted, taking the sea broadside on, and nearly filling. The two workmen began doggedly to bail with their hats, and the doctor followed suit. Any action was welcome.

Their progress was slower now, but still outward. Almost they had cleared the land, then a mighty sea tossed the boat lightly upward, as a boy might toss a ball. There was a crash. The doctor knew that he fought—for hours, he felt—to get his breath, amid a smother of white and green that twisted and tugged at him. Once a little welcome air, quickly gasped, reached his lungs; then oblivion.

Remembrance came back slowly to the doctor. One side of his head ached and stung, as though salt water had got into a cut that was there, which was the fact. He heard Clancy say "Thank God," and then the crash of the surf brought everything back. A glance at the two men who bent over him told him that neither was seriously hurt. He struggled to rise.

"Oh, thank God!" repeated the Irishman, fervently. "Do ye think ye can walk, sorr? It's a long walk we have—that painter wasn't cut fer a joke, I'm thinkin'—our guns is in the bottom av the ocean, so we're no good to thim at the House till we get more, an' God knows how soon daylight'll be here."

The explanation was fragmentary, but sufficient. The doctor knew that he must have been unconscious long—how long neither he nor they had the means of telling, and as Clancy had said, the walk was a long one;

nearly two thirds of the way around the harbor. The paths were few and bad, but instantly the doctor turned toward the nearest.

"Come on!" he said, testily. "Do you want them all to be murdered?"

But the doctor's head swam, and his legs were unsteady. The others held him each by an arm, and thus they managed to make their way, stumbling and aching, dripping and weary, but spurred onward by the thought of what might be happening in the place they had left. The stars grew dim as they walked, and the indescribable smell of dawn came into the air.

"Hark!" cried Clancy, suddenly stopping, and making an ear-trumpet of his hand.

They all listened. Faintly—very faintly—from the distance came the sound of dropping shots, which soon strengthened into an irregular volley—then the report of a heavy explosion.

"Dynamite!" cried the doctor, and attempted to start off at a run, but the run became a walk again at once, for the path still was difficult and his legs not yet reliable. The path widened, and just as it did so, the full day burst suddenly forth, as it does in those countries.

"We're most there," panted Clancy. "Lave me get a fresh hold av ye, sorr. Lift, there, Oly! Is yer back made av paper? Don't ye see the doctor can't walk alone? Lift, I say!"

They were almost carrying the doctor, now, and in this shape they made better time. Soon the path gave suddenly on to the little plaza where stood Government House.

The sloping plain was littered with bodies. Leaning against the flag-staff sat Schmidt. He was quite dead. Above his head still waved the flag. His fouled pistol, cocked at its last cartridge, was gripped in his stiffening hand.

The three men shouted, making for the house. Its doors swung open, showing Cary, his rifle ready, standing in the portal, and Spencer lying at his feet.

"Have they gone?" asked the Supervisor weakly. "Yes? Then we must go, too—go now. The country's full of them. They rushed us at sunrise, just as the flag went up. And these bamboo walls wouldn't keep any bullets out. But we threw dynamite at them, and they kept farther off, then. But come—help me, you two. We must go, I say!" He ran back into the house. "Did you bring

the boat back?" he called out over his shoulder.

It was Clancy who replied. "No, sorr. She's in bits now. But there's a *banca* below—I seen her when we come along. Better go down an' see that she don't get away, Oly—I'll help Mr. Cary."

Olafsen departed in silence, as was his wont, but Cary did not seem to notice. Clancy found him tugging at the great treasure chest, which the strength of four men could hardly have stirred. "Come, catch hold," he called, as Clancy came in.

Clancy caught hold as directed, then straightened his back. "Faith, sorr, there's no takin' that with us," he said. "'Twould sink the *banca*. It's silver in there, ain't it?"

"It's Government money, and it must go—or I must stay," replied the Supervisor.

But the box could not go, that was plain. It also would have been plain, to anyone who could have seen Clancy's face at that moment, that Cary would not have been permitted to remain. At that moment the doctor entered.

"Bad, I fear. Very bad," he said, in a low voice, answering an inquiring glance in the direction in which the wounded man lay. "But what are you doing?" he added impatiently. "Why aren't you getting things ready—want to get all our throats cut?" They explained, and the doctor turned on Cary. "Are you crazy?" he asked impatiently. "Hand over those keys, will you? Of course it's Government money, but do you think the precious Government would be any better off by losing it all—certainly, instead of probably? Hand over those keys!"

Cary hesitated, then did so. He was becoming accustomed to obey the doctor.

The lid of the great chest was thrown open. Snatching a pillow case from a bed, the doctor began stuffing into it the red-and-blue "circus-dodger" bills. "There's a hole—a fresh one, out there on the edge of the bluff," said he, as he finished his task, and was tying up the mouth of the improvised sack. "I suppose it was made by some of that dynamite you threw. Throw that Mexican silver in there, Clancy, and cover it up. They can send back and get it. It ought to be safe."

Soon everything was ready, and the wounded man carried tenderly down to the beach and laid in the clumsy, dugout *banca* that floated there. Cary sighed as he took his place, and looked back; but it was he, nevertheless, who gave the order to push off.

Clancy and Olafsen dug their paddles into the still waters of the harbor, and Cary turned his face resolutely toward its entrance.

Then sounded again the little laugh of derision, which had been heard the night before. All of them looked around. On the beach stood the woman, leading Wilson by the hand, as one might lead a child. Wilson's eyes were bent upon his feet; they would not meet those of the other whites. But on his face was a smile of sheepish pride. The woman waved her free hand and laughed again.

"*Mi novio* is bashful and will not speak," she cried. "It is I, therefore, who have to thank you for the wedding gift you left us.

The gesture she made was unmistakably toward the place where they had buried the silver. "She watched us!" cried Clancy, with a curse, as dropping his paddle, he reached into the bottom of the canoe; but before he found what he sought, the woman kissed her hand to them and vanished into the jungle that fringed the beach. In silence the men resumed their paddles.

"I didn't think she'd really do it, when it came to a test," said Cary at last. "I didn't think—that is, I hoped—well I thought she wouldn't." And he sighed.

Only the doctor heard what he said. "You didn't think so, because you were an ass," he remarked gruffly, and bent over his patient, who was regaining consciousness, but Cary did not see that; again his eyes were fixed upon the shore.

"Oh, yes, I was an ass, all right," he admitted listlessly. "But sometimes I wonder if we'll ever see this place again," he said, after a little.

The wounded man stirred. "I waon't, any'ow," he answered weakly. "They did for me—I'm goin' naow, ain't I, doctor?" And the doctor bowed his head. He did not look up, as he heard Cary's gasp of horrified surprise, and he spoke softly.

"It's hard that two men must pay so high for the cure of—" He did not finish the sentence, and only Cary knew what he meant. The Supervisor covered his face with his hands, and was silent, but Clancy spoke.

"God grant it's but two," said he. "A death's an ill sign to commence a voyage on."

Then a silence fell upon them all, broken only by the dip of the paddles and the gasps of the man who was dying.

An ill voyage it was in the making. For days which at last were uncounted they

made their way along rivers so lonely that the eyes of man seemed never to have seen them before; then through forests and jungle, on foot always, ragged, hungry, and sore, abandoning or daring everything that the contents of the pillow case should be saved.

But at last there came a day when the path they traveled became a road—a road bearing wheel-marks of *carabao* carts, and this road led them into a squalid, dusty square, a market place for the wretched *barrio* of some far-distant town. Three sides of this square were lined with bamboo huts, where dirty children and women dressed in gaudy colors, together with some villainous-looking men, scowled at the strangers as they filed through. But the men did not care to attack these browned, tattered strangers. They were not more than ten to one, and such odds were not long enough, in their opinion, to warrant them fighting Americans in the open. Cary now had taken his proper place, at the head of the others, and his step was springy and his manner alert as of yore.

The fourth side of the plaza was lined with shops; one of them newer and more pretentious than the others. It had an awning, made of flour sacks sewed together, and propped, lopsidedly, on poles. Good store was displayed of cheap German cutlery, sticky bottles of *vino de nipa*, the deadly liquor of the country, and some articles of native food. It was a place like thousands of others. No one noticed it particularly until Cary half stopped and laughed aloud.

Sitting on the ground, leaning against the shaded front wall of the store, was a man, barefooted and dressed like his neighbors. He looked up, and they saw that it was Wilson, and that near him stood the woman.

Her beaver-tailed skirt, much soiled, was of cheap silk, gorgeously colored; her *camisela* of coarse *abaca* was likewise of gayest hues. She had taken on flesh, and her face was a livid, light blue, caused by her having powdered it thickly while it was wet.

Cary snorted with disgust. "Why, she's fat—she's just like any other *mestiza*," he said to the doctor. Then he laughed again. "But she has her heart's desire now, Jack, eh? She's of the *gente fina* all right."

Still laughing, he swung out again on the march. The doctor's face took on the cheerfulness that it had not worn since his friend had left Pangasinán. For he knew that Cary was cured.

THE VALUE OF A VOICE

By JOSEPH L. STICKNEY



ALTHOUGH it is close upon 100 years since the United States has been threatened by a hostile fleet—for of course Admiral Cervera's bluff at an approach to our shores was never considered a danger by navy men—the summer of 1863 witnessed a bold raid upon the shipping along our northern coast that created great alarm among the owners and skippers of American vessels. The Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee*, having arrived off Cape Cod, captured the fast brig *Tacony*, manned and armed her; and together these craft continued the work of capturing and destroying merchantmen, there being almost no protecting naval force north of the blockaded Southern waters. News soon began coming into New York and Boston of the burning of several ships off Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod, followed by the arrival of a neutral craft bringing the crews of the destroyed vessels.

Among the few available cruisers of the Federal navy remaining in northern ports at the moment was the old-fashioned sailing sloop of war *Manitou*. To the reader of the present day it may be well to explain that a sloop of war was not a sloop at all, but a full-rigged ship, the name having come down from the time when the smallest fighting vessels had been sloop-rigged. This respect for custom and tradition accounts for an incident that happened off Nantucket when the *Manitou* was sent out to capture or destroy the Confederate cruisers.

The sloop of war was commanded by one of the most punctilious seamen of the "old navy." Able, conscientious, thoroughly trained in every detail of his duty, and ready to fight anything where he could bring a gun to bear, Captain Magnum sailed from New York in the month of July determined to

bring the *Tallahassee* and the *Tacony* into port as prizes.

So far as the *Tacony* was concerned he had no doubt, for the brig had no battery worthy of consideration; and, being a sailing vessel also, it was improbable that it could escape from a larger and more seaworthy craft, like the *Manitou*. The latter carried ten of the latest type of 32-pounder smooth-bore guns, five in each broadside, and a 60-pounder Parrott rifle on a pivot carriage on the forecastle. At any distance within a mile these guns, throwing time-fused shells, could deliver a very destructive fire.

Of course a steamer is able to choose its own position in a fight with a sailing ship, and the *Manitou* would have been practically helpless in a set action with the *Tallahassee*; but Captain Magnum purposed getting into close quarters with his enemy by a stratagem, believing that he could suddenly cripple the cruiser's motive power. Accordingly every effort was made to efface the *Manitou's* man-of-war characteristics casually visible at a little distance. The slender royal poles—those parts of the masts that extended above the standing rigging—were cut off; several discolored and clumsy patches were put into the sails; the broad white band around the ship at the gun port level was painted black like the rest of the hull; the ports themselves were filled up flush with the sides, the guns being run in so that no muzzle protruded; a clever imitation of a windmill was rigged in the middle of the quarter-deck, this kind of motive power for pumping water from the bilge having been recently introduced to save the crews of merchant ships the necessity for manning the pumps every day; pendants and whips were fitted as braces for the yards, because the light crews of merchantmen required these devices not necessary in the fully manned sloop of war, and occa-

sional tangles of rope-yarn were hung to the footropes of the yards to give an air of slovenliness not to be tolerated in the navy.

The 60-pounder rifle on the forecastle, however, was a too conspicuously bellicose object to be disguised. Any kind of covering that could have been put over it would have failed to deceive a navy-bred officer in the Confederate service, for he would have known that merchant captains do not pile cargo on the forecastle. Accordingly Captain Magnum had the fore staysail patched out to about twice its natural size, so that it would wholly hide the gun and carriage when it was clumsily hauled down. Tripping lines were so arranged that the whole sail could be instantaneously flung overboard.

It was Magnum's intention that, as soon as a vessel resembling the *Tallahassee* should be sighted, he would head the *Manitou* away from her, as if trying to escape. Then, if it proved to be the *Tallahassee*, she would not get a good view of the *Manitou's* forecastle, and the fore staysail would sufficiently hide the pivot gun until it was time to open fire.

With a fresh northwesterly wind the *Manitou*, under all plain sail and port stunsails, bore away to the eastward from Sandy Hook, holding a good speed until the neighborhood of Old South Shoal was reached. Here the wind fell to almost nothing, fog came up, and for a day the vessel drifted with hardly steerage way. The next day was still foggy, but there was a light southerly breeze. That the *Manitou* was close in the wake of the *Tallahassee* was evident from the discovery of two burning vessels. Then a British merchant ship carrying immigrants to New York was spoken, and the *Manitou*, running within hailing distance, learned that the Briton had as passengers five crews of American ships, put aboard by the *Tallahassee* after she had burned their vessels.

Next morning, just at daybreak, there was a lifting of the fog, and the officers of the *Manitou* saw a steamer stopped alongside of a sailing vessel about six miles away. Then the fog shut down, and for more than thirty hours it was impossible for the eye to penetrate it. Captain Magnum had no doubt the steamer sighted was the *Tallahassee* in the act of capturing a merchant ship; and, while he hoped the Confederate was hunting in the fog for the big vessel—the *Manitou*—sighted in the morning, he knew there was no certainty of a meeting.

Shortly before dawn the wind shifted to the westward, the fog began to lift, and, just as the gray light of morning began to reveal the horizon, a steamer was sighted about two miles to windward. The air was still murky and unfavorable to distant vision, but the officers of the *Manitou*, peering over the break of the poop deck—for Captain Magnum had cleared everybody except himself out of sight—saw a schooner-rigged steamer heading toward them.

The *Manitou* was put dead before the wind, the battery was loaded carefully, the fuses being cut to explode the shells in one half a second after firing, and the guns were still left run in to the full length of their breechings. Ever since leaving New York the crew had had daily drills for the coming emergency. At the order to fire, the port-stoppers were to be released and thrust overboard, the side tackles and handspikes were to be smartly used to give the exact train necessary to lay the guns on the midship section of the enemy, each gun captain was to have his gun already properly elevated for the distance between the two ships, and, as soon as the sights and the enemy's water line coincided, the lock strings were to be pulled.

Captain Magnum was counting upon the *Tallahassee's* captain coming up abeam close enough to hail him; and as the steamer ranged alongside within talking distance it would be almost impossible for any of the *Manitou's* six guns to miss sending its projectile into the enemy. He counted upon the surprise and the execution done by this broadside being sufficient to enable him to reload before the *Tallahassee* could return an effective fire, so that he had a reasonable expectation of planting ten 32-pounder and two 60-pounder shells in his enemy before the latter could use his steam power. If any of these shells destroyed a vital part of the *Tallahassee's* steaming or steering mechanism, the *Manitou* would have a fair chance.

The *Manitou* was now slipping along at a five-knot speed, but astern the steamer was coming up fast. Captain Magnum, dressed in an old suit of oilskins, stood at the edge of the poop deck, in full view of all the guns' crews, grasping a shroud of the mizzen rigging with his left hand while he held his trumpet behind him in his right, steadily facing the oncoming steamer. On the main-deck the men at the lock strings, the handspikes and the side tackles, with faculties

alert and muscles tense, waited for the fall of the captain's trumpet as the signal to fire. A couple of seamen lounged about the fore-castle in ragged togs and sou'westers. In the misty, uncertain morning light the *Manitou* was giving a very decent imitation of one of the old-time, full-rigged cargo carriers.

As the steamer drew closer Captain Magnum noted her characteristic features with intense satisfaction. The shape of her hull, the rake of her smokestack, the arrangement of her battery, the general outline of her upper works—all conclusively identified the stranger as the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee*. When the bow of the steamer was overlapping the *Manitou's* stern, on a course parallel to the latter's and less than 100 yards distant on the starboard side, from the bridge of the steamer came the hail:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" snarled back Magnum in his queer, high-pitched tones.

"What ship is that?"

"The Canadian ship *Le Bon Dieu*," replied Magnum.

"Where are you from and where bound?"

"From New York, for Québec," was Magnum's answer; and then, following the usual sea etiquette, "What ship is that?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Spitfire*," was the reply. "Heave to and I will send a boat aboard of you."

This was all that was needed to satisfy Magnum that the stranger was the *Tallahassee*. It was a very usual custom for Confederate vessels to pass themselves off as British men-of-war; but Magnum had often seen the genuine *Spitfire*, and he knew that the steamer now ranged up nearly abeam of him did not resemble the British war ship at all. In another instant the trumpet would have dropped, and the guns of the *Manitou* would have belched forth their deadly shells.

It suddenly occurred to Magnum, however, that he might get a still greater advantage, since evidently the steamer's captain had not seen through his disguise. If he could induce his adversary to back his engines, in order to give the *Manitou* room to haul by the wind—which would be necessary before he could heave his own ship to—he

would be able to rake his enemy as he luffed across his bows; and, as the steamer would be dead in the water, with only her forward pivot gun available for an immediate return, he would have a great tactical advantage.

"If you'll back your engines and drop astern," he hailed, "I will haul by the wind on the starboard tack to heave to."

Magnum's shrill voice had hardly ceased when from the poop deck of the other vessel came a quick shout, vibrant and penetrating:

"For God's sake, Magnum, don't fire! This is the *Tolona*, looking for the *Tallahassee*!"

The United States ship *Tolona*, commanded by Captain Burgwin, an intimate friend of Captain Magnum, had arrived at the Boston Navy Yard from the Gulf Blockading Squadron two days before and had been hurried out to catch the *Tallahassee* and the *Tacony*. On sighting what seemed to be a merchant ship early in the morning the *Tolona* had overhauled her for the purpose of inquiring whether she had seen the enemy's vessels. In usual routine fashion the man-of-war had run close to the *Manitou*, well knowing that the Confederates had no ship of that character and, therefore, not taking the vigilant precautions that would have marked her approach to a more questionable type of stranger. The officer of the deck had done the hailing, but Captain Burgwin was on deck, aft, listening.

Telling the story afterwards in Captain Magnum's presence, Burgwin said:

"I was first astonished at the nerve of a Blue Nose skipper asking what he supposed to be a British man-of-war to back her engines to give him sea room; and then it suddenly came to me that nobody but 'Pat' Magnum could possibly have that peculiar voice. In a glance I recognized the hull of the *Manitou*; and Magnum's mistake in our identity and his intention to broadside us flashed into my mind instantaneously."

"Well," replied Magnum dryly, "I had no knowledge that any navy ship like the *Tolona* was near those waters, for I had left New York before your arrival in Boston; but I knew your craft wasn't the *Spitfire*, and if you hadn't spoken in that second you would have been blown out of water."

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER VIII (Continued)



THE house and garden at Silverside seemed to be logical parts of a landscape, which included uplands, headlands, sky, and water—a silvery harmonious ensemble, where the artificial portion was neither officiously intrusive nor, on the other hand, meager and insignificant.

The house, a long two-storied affair with white shutters and pillared veranda, was built of graystone; the garden was walled with it—a precaution against no rougher intruder than the wind, which would have whipped unsheltered flowers and fruit trees into ribbons.

Walks of hardened earth, to which green mold clung in patches, wound through the grounds and threaded the three little groves of oak, chestnut, and locust, in the centers of which, set in circular lawns, were the three axes of interest—the stone-edged fish pond, the spouting fountain, and the ancient ship's figurehead—a wind-worn, sea-battered mermaid cuddling a tiny, finny sea-child between breast and lips.

Whoever the unknown wood carver had been he had been an artist, too, and a good one; and when the big China trader, the *First Born*, went to pieces off Frigate Light, fifty years ago, this figurehead had been cast up from the sea.

Wandering into the garden, following the first path at random, Selwyn chanced upon it, and stood, pipe in his mouth, hands in his pockets, surprised and charmed.

Plunkitt, the head gardener, came along, trundling a mowing machine.

"Ain't it kindar nice," he said, lingering. "When I pass here moonlight nights, it seems like that baby was a-smilin' right up into his mamma's face, an' that there fish-tailed girl was laughin' back at him. Come here some night when there's a moon, Cap'in Selwyn."

In the rose garden, and along that section of the wall included in it, the rich, dry, porous soil glimmered like gold under the sun; and here Selwyn discovered Nina and Eileen busily solicitous over the tender shoots of favorite bushes. A few long-stemmed early rosebuds lay in their baskets; Selwyn drew one through his buttonhole and sat down on a wheelbarrow, amiably disposed to look on and let the others work.

Eileen came over to him, fingers doubled into her palm and small thumb extended.

"Thorns and prickles, please," she said; and he took her hand in his and proceeded to extract them while she looked down at her almost invisible wounds, tenderly amused at his fear of hurting her.

"Do you know," she said, "that people are beginning to open their houses yonder?" She nodded toward the west: "The Minsters are on the way to Brookminster, the Orchils have already arrived at Hitherwood House, and the coachmen and horses were housed at Southlawn last night. I rather dread the dinners and country formality that always interferes with the jolly times we have; but it will be rather good fun at the bathing beach. Do you swim well? But of course you do."

"Pretty well; do you?"

"I'm a fish. Gladys Orchil and I would never leave the surf if they didn't literally drag us home. You know Gladys Orchil? She's very nice; so is Sheila Minster; you'll like her better in the country than you do in town. Kathleen Lawn is nice, too. Alas! I see many a morning where Drina and I twirl our respective thumbs while you and Boots are off with a gayer set. Oh, don't interrupt! No mortal man is proof against Sheila and Gladys and Kathleen—and you're not a demigod—are you? Thank you for your surgery upon my thumb—" She naively placed the tip of it between her lips and looked at him, standing there like a schoolgirl in her fresh gown, burnished hair loosened and curling in riotous beauty across cheeks and ears.

Nina, basket on her arm, snipping away with her garden shears, glanced over her shoulder—and went on, snipping. They did not notice how far away her agricultural ardor led her—did not notice when she stood a moment at the gate looking back at them, or when she passed out, pretty head bent thoughtfully, the shears swinging loose at her girdle.

The prairie rosebuds in Eileen's basket exhaled their wild, sweet odor; and Selwyn, breathing it, removed his hat like one who faces a cooling breeze, and looked at the young girl standing before him as though she were the source of all things sweet and freshening in this opening of the youngest year of his life.

She said, smiling absently at his question: "Certainly one can grow younger; and you have done it in a day, here with me. You are very like a boy, sometimes, as young as Gerald, I often think—especially when your hat is off. You always look so perfectly groomed; I wonder—I wonder what you would look like if your hair were rumpled?"

"Try it," he suggested lazily.

"I? I don't think I dare—" She raised her hand, hesitated, the gay daring in her eyes deepening to audacity. "Shall I?"

"Why not?"

"T-touch your hair?—rumple it?—as I would Gerald's! I'm tempted to—only—only——"

"What?"

"I don't know; I couldn't. I—it was only the temptation of a second—" She laughed uncertainly. The suggestion of the intimacy tinted her cheeks with its reaction;

she took a short step backward; instinct, blindly stirring, sobered her; and as the smile faded from eye and lip, his face changed, too. And far, very far away in the silent cells of his heart a distant pulse awoke.

She continued moving along among the bushes, pinching back here, snipping, trimming, clipping there; and after a while she had wandered quite beyond speaking distance; and, at leisurely intervals she straightened up and turned to look back across the roses at him—a quiet, unsmiling gaze in exchange for his unchanging eyes, which never left her.

She was at the farther edge of the rose garden now where a boy knelt, weeding. Selwyn saw her speak to him and give him her basket and shears and saw the boy start away toward the house, leaving her leaning idly above the sun-dial, elbows on the weather-beaten stone, studying the carved figures of the dial. And every line and contour and curve of her figure—even the lowered head, now resting between both hands—summoned him.

She heard his step, but did not move; and when he leaned above the dial, resting on his elbows, beside her, she laid her finger on the shadow of the dial.

"Time," she said, "is trying to frighten me. It pretends to be nearly five o'clock; do you believe it?"

"Time is running very fast with me," he said.

"With me, too; I don't wish it to; I don't care for third speed forward all the time."

He was bending closer above the stone dial, striving to decipher the inscription on it:

Under blue skies
My shadow lies.
Under gray skies
My shadow dies.

If over me
Two Lovers leaning
Would solve my Mystery
And read my Meaning,

—Or clear, or overcast the Skies—

The Answer always lies within their Eyes.
Look long! Look long! For there, and there alone
Time solves the Riddle graven on this Stone!

"I never understood it," she observed, lightly scornful. "What occult meaning has a sun-dial for the spooney? *I'm* sure I don't want to read riddles in strange gentlemen's optics."

"The verses," he explained, "are evidently

addressed to the spooney, so why should you resent them?"

"I don't. I can be spoons, too, for that matter."

"You still spoon? Impossible! At-your age? Nonsense!"

"It isn't at all impossible. Wait until there's a moon, and a canoe, and a nice boy who is young enough to be frightened easily!"

"And I," he retorted, "am too old to be frightened; so there's no moon, no canoe, no pretty girl, no spooning for me. Is that it, Eileen?"

"Oh, Gladys and Sheila will attend to you, Captain Selwyn."

"Why Gladys Orchil? Why Sheila Minster? And why *not* Eileen Erroll?"

"Spoon? With *you*!"

"You are quite right," he said, smiling; "it would be poor sport."

There had been no change in his amused eyes, in his voice; yet, sensitive to the imperceptible, the girl looked up quickly.

"Have you misunderstood me?" she asked in a low voice.

"How, child?"

"I don't know. Shall we walk a little?"

Traversing the grove which encircled the newly clipped lawn, now fragrant with sun-crisped grass tips left in the wake of the mower, he glanced up at the pretty mermaid mother cuddling her tiny offspring against her throat.

"Plunkitt tells me that they really laugh at each other in the moonlight," he said.

She glanced up; then away with him:

"You seem to be enamored of the moonlight," she said.

"I like to prow! in it."

"Alone?"

"Sometimes."

"And—at other times?"

He laughed: "Oh, I'm past that, as you reminded me a moment ago."

"Then you *did* misunderstand me!"

"Why, no——"

"Yes, you did! But I supposed you knew."

"Knew what, Eileen?"

"What I meant."

"You meant that I am *hors concours*."

"I didn't!"

"But I am, child. I was, long ago."

She looked up: "Do you really think that, Captain Selwyn? If you do—I am glad."

He laughed outright. "You are glad that I'm safely past the spooning age?" he inquired, moving forward.

She halted: "Yes. Because I'm quite sure of you if you are; I mean that I can always keep you for myself. Can't I?"

"You wish to keep me—for yourself?" he repeated, laughing.

"Yes, Captain Selwyn."

"Until you marry. Is that it, Eileen?"

"Yes, until I marry."

"And then we'll let each other go; is that it?"

"Yes. But I think I told you that I would never marry. Didn't I?"

"Oh! Then ours is to be a lifelong and anti-sentimental contract!"

"Yes, unless *you* marry."

"I promise not to," he said, "unless you do."

"I promise not to," she said gayly, "unless you do."

"There remains," he observed, "but one way for you and I ever to marry anybody. And as I'm *hors concours*, even that hope is ended."

She flushed; her lips parted, but she checked what she had meant to say, and they walked forward together in silence for a while until she had made up her mind what to say and how to express it:

"Captain Selwyn, there are two things that you do which seem to me unfair. You still have, at times, that far-away, absent expression which excludes me; and when I venture to break the silence, you have a way of answering, 'Yes, child,' and 'No, child'—as though you were inattentive, and I had not yet become an adult. *That* is my first complaint! *What* are you laughing at? It is true; and it confuses and hurts me; because I *know* I am intelligent enough and old enough to—to be treated as a woman!—a woman attractive enough to be reckoned with! But I never seem to be wholly so to you."

The laugh died out as she ended; for a moment they stood there, confronting each other.

"Do you imagine," he said in a low voice, "that I do not know all that?"

"I don't know whether you do. For all your friendship—for all your liking and your kindness to me—somehow—I—I don't seem to stand with you as other women do; I don't seem to stand their chances."

"What chances?"

"The—the consideration; you don't call any other woman 'child,' do you? You don't constantly remind other women of the difference in your ages, do you? You don't *feel* with other women that you are—as you please to call it—*hors concours*—out of the running. And I *don't* regard you so. And I—and it troubles me to be excluded—to be found wanting, inadequate in anything that a woman should be. I know that you and I have no desire to marry each other—but—but please don't make the reason for it either your age or my physical immaturity or intellectual inexperience."

Another of those weather-stained seats of Georgia marble stood imbedded under the trees near where she had halted; and she seated herself, outwardly composed, and inwardly a little frightened at what she had said.

As for Selwyn, he remained where he had been standing on the lawn's velvet edge; and, raising her eyes again, her heart misgave her that she had wantonly strained a friendship which had been all but perfect, and now he was moving across the path toward her—a curious look in his face which she could not interpret. She looked up as he approached and stretched out her hand:

"Forgive me, Captain Selwyn," she said. "I am a child—a spoiled one; and I have proved it to you. Will you sit here beside me and tell me very gently what a fool I am to risk straining the friendship dearest to me in the whole world? And will you fix my penance?"

"You have fixed it yourself by the challenge of your womanhood."

"I did not challenge——"

"No; you defended. You are right. The girl I cared for—the girl who was there with me on Brier Water—so many, many centuries ago—the girl who, years ago, leaned there beside me on the sun-dial—has become a memory."

"What do you mean?" she asked faintly.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea what I am going to say, Eileen?"

She looked up quickly, frightened at the tremor in his voice:

"Don't—don't say it, Captain Selwyn!"

He said quietly: "I was afraid you could not listen. You see, Eileen, that, after all, a man does know when he is done for——"

"Captain Selwyn!" She turned and caught his hands in both of hers, her eyes bright with tears: "Is that the penalty for what I said? Did you think I invited this——"

"Invited! No, child," he said gently. "I was fool enough to believe in myself; that is all. I have always been on the edge of loving you. Only in dreams did I ever dare set foot across that frontier. Now I have dared. I love you. That is all; and it must not distress you."

"But it does not," she said; "I have always loved you—dearly, dearly. Not in that way. I don't know how. Must it be in *that* way, Captain Selwyn? Can we not go on in the other way—that dear way which I—I have—almost spoiled? Must we be like other people—must sentiment turn it all to commonplace? Listen to me; I do love you; it is perfectly easy and simple to say it. But it is not emotional, it is not sentimental. Can't you see that in little things—in my ways with you? I—if I were sentimental about you I would call you Ph—by your first name, I suppose. But I can't; I've tried to—and it's very, very hard—and makes me self-conscious. It is an effort, you see—and so would it be for me to think of you sentimentally. Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!—you, so much of a man, so strong and generous and experienced and clever—so perfectly the embodiment of everything I care for in a man! I love you dearly; but—you saw! I could—could not bring myself to touch even your hair—even in pure mischief. And—sentiment chills me; I—there are times when it would be unendurable—I could not use an endearing term—nor suffer a—a caress.' So you see—don't you? And won't you take me for what I am?—and as I am?—a girl—still young, devoted to you with all her soul—happy with you, believing implicitly in you, deeply, deeply sensible of your goodness and sweetness and loyalty to her. I am not a woman; I was a fool to say so. But you—you are so overwhelmingly a man that if it were in me to love in *that* way—it would be you! Do you understand me? Or have I lost a friend? Will you forgive my foolish boast? Can you still keep me first in your heart—as you are in mine? And pardon in me all that I am not? Can you do these things because I ask you?"

"Yes," he said.

CHAPTER IX

A NOVICE

GERALD came to Silverside two or three times during the early summer, arriving usually on Friday and remaining until the following Monday morning.

All his youthful admiration and friendship for Selwyn had returned; that was plainly evident—and with it something less of callow self-efficiency. He did not appear to be as cocksure of himself and the world as he had been; there was less bumptiousness about him, less aggressive complacency. Somewhere and somehow somebody or something had come into collision with him; but who or what this had been he did not offer to confide in Selwyn; and the older man, dreading to disturb the existing accord between them, forbore to question him or invite, even indirectly, any confidence not offered.

So their relations remained during the early summer; and everybody supposed that Gerald's two weeks' vacation would be spent there at Silverside. Apparently the boy himself thought so, too, for he made some plans ahead, and Austin sent down a very handsome new motor boat for him.

Then, at the last minute, a telegram arrived, saying that he had sailed for Newport on Neergard's big yacht! And for two weeks no word was received from him at Silverside.

Late in August, however, he wrote a rather colorless letter to Selwyn, saying that he was tired and would be down for the week-end.

He came, thinner than usual, with the city pallor showing through traces of the sea tan. And it appeared that he was really tired; for he seemed inclined to lounge on the veranda, satisfied as long as Selwyn remained in sight. But, when Selwyn moved, he got up and followed. There was trouble somewhere, stress of doubt, pressure of apprehension, the gravity of immaturity half realizing its own experience.

Selwyn had come to the conclusion that his Chaosite was likely to prove a commercial success. And now, in September, his experiments had advanced so far that he ventured to invite Austin, Gerald, Lansing, and Edgerton Lawn, of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company, to witness a few tests at his cottage laboratory on Storm Head.

About noon his guests arrived before the cottage in a solemn file, halted, and did not appear overanxious to enter the laboratory

on Storm Head. Also they carefully cast away their cigars when they did enter, and seated themselves in a nervous circle in the largest room of the cottage. Here their eyes instantly became glued to a great bowl which was piled high with small rose-tinted cubes of some substance which resembled symmetrical and translucent crystals of pink quartz. That was Chaosite enough to blow the entire cliff into smithereens; and they were aware of it, and they eyed it with respect.

First of all Selwyn laid a cubic crystal on an anvil, and struck it sharply and repeatedly with a hammer. Austin's thin hair rose, and Edgerton Lawn swallowed nothing several times; but nobody went to heaven, and the little cube merely crumbled into a flaky pink powder.

Then Selwyn took three cubes, dropped them into boiling milk, fished them out again, twisted them into a waxy taper, placed it in a candlestick, and set fire to it. The taper burned with a flaring brilliancy but without odor.

Then Selwyn placed several cubes in a mortar, pounded them to powder with an iron pestle, and, measuring out the tiniest pinch—scarcely enough to cover the point of a penknife—placed a few grains in several paper cartridges. Two wads followed the powder, then an ounce and a half of shot, then a wad, and then the crimping.

The guests stepped gratefully outside; Selwyn, using a light fowling piece, made pattern after pattern for them; and then they all trooped solemnly indoors again; and Selwyn froze Chaosite and boiled it and baked it and melted it and took all sorts of hair-raising liberties with it; and after that he ground it to powder, placed a few generous pinches in a small hand grenade, and affixed a primer, the secret composition of which he alone knew. That was the key to the secret—the composition of the primer charge.

"I used to play baseball in college," he observed smiling—"and I used to be a pretty good shot with a snowball."

They followed him to the cliff's edge, always with great respect for the awful stuff he handled with such apparent carelessness. There was a black sea-soaked rock jutting out above the waves; Selwyn pointed at it, poised himself, and, with the clean-cut, overhand, long, straight throw of a trained ball player sent the grenade like a bullet at the rock.

There came a blinding flash, a stunning, clean-cut report—but what the others took to be a vast column of black smoke was really a pillar of dust—all that was left of the rock. And this slowly floated, settling like mist over the waves, leaving nothing where the rock had been.

"I think," said Edgerton Lawn, wiping the starting perspiration from his forehead, "that you have made good, Captain Selwyn. Dense or bulk, your Chaosite and impact primer seem to do the business; and I think I may say that the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company is ready to do business, too. Can you come to town to-morrow? It's merely a matter of figures and signatures now, if you say so. It is entirely up to you."

But Selwyn only laughed. He looked at Austin.

"I suppose," said Edgerton Lawn good-naturedly, "that you intend to make us sit up and beg; or do you mean to absorb us?"

But Selwyn said: "I want more time on this thing. I want to know what it does to the interior of loaded shells and in fixed ammunition when it is stored for a year. I want to know whether it is necessary to use a solvent after firing it in big guns. As a bursting charge I'm practically satisfied with it; but time is required to know how it acts on steel in storage or on the bores of guns when exploded as a propelling charge. Meanwhile," turning to Lawn, "I'm tremendously obliged to you for coming—and for your offer. You see how it is, don't you? I couldn't risk taking money for a thing which might, at the end, prove dear at any price."

"I see that you possess a highly developed conscience," said Edgerton Lawn, laughing; "and when I tell you that we are more than willing to take every chance of failure——"

But Selwyn shook his head. "Not yet," he said; "don't worry; I need the money, and I'll waste no time when a square deal is possible. But I ought to tell you this: that first of all I must offer it to the Government. That is only decent, you see——"

"Who ever heard of the Government's gratitude?" broke in Austin. "Nonsense, Phil; you are wasting time!"

"I've got to do it," said Selwyn; "you must see that, of course."

"But I don't see it," began Lawn—"because you are not in the Government service now——"

"Besides," added Austin, "you were not a

West Pointer; you never were under obligations to the Government!"

"Are we not all under obligation?" asked Selwyn so simply that Austin flushed.

"Oh, of course—patriotism and all that—naturally. Confound it, I don't suppose you'd go and offer it to Germany or Japan before our own Government had the usual chance to turn it down and break your heart. But why can't the Government make arrangements with Lawn's company—if it desires to?"

"A man can't exploit his own Government; you all know that as well as I do," returned Selwyn, smiling, but there remained the obstinate squareness of jaw and his eyes were clear and steady. Young Lawn looked into them and the hope in him flickered; Austin looked, and shrugged; but as they all turned away to retrace their steps across the moors in the direction of Silverside, Lansing lightly hooked his arm into Selwyn's; and Gerald, walking thoughtfully on the other side, turned over and over in his mind the proposition offered him—the spectacle of a modern and needy man to whom money appeared to be the last consideration in a plain matter of business. Also he turned over other matters in his mind; and moved closer to Selwyn, walking beside him with grave eyes bent on the ground.

The matter of business arrangements apparently ended then and there; Lawn's company sent several men to Selwyn and wrote him a great many letters—unlike the Government, which had not replied to his briefly tentative suggestion that Chaosite be conditionally examined, tested, and considered.

The younger set, now predominant from Yoset to Wonder Head, made up parties to visit Selwyn's cottage, which had become known as *The Chrysalis*; and Selwyn good-naturedly exploded a pinch or two of the stuff for their amusement, and never betrayed the slightest annoyance or boredom; in fact, he behaved so amiably during gratuitous interruptions that he won the hearts of the younger set, who presently came to the unanimous conclusion that there was Romance in the air. And they sniffed it with delicate noses uptilted and liked the aroma.

Kathleen Lawn, a big, leisurely, blond-skinned girl, who showed her teeth when she laughed and shook hands like a man,

declared him "adorable" but "unsatisfactory," which started one of the Dresden-china twins, Dorothy Minster, and she, in turn, ventured the innocent opinion that Selwyn was misunderstood by most people—an inference that she herself understood him. And she smiled to herself when she made this observation, up to her neck in the surf; and Eileen, hearing the remark, smiled to herself, too. But she felt the slightest bit uncomfortable when that animated brunette Gladys Orchil, climbing up dripping on to the anchored float beyond the breakers, frankly confessed that the tinge of mystery enveloping Selwyn's career made him not only adorable, but agreeably "unfathomable."

Sheila Minster, seated on the raft's edge, swinging her stockinged legs in the green swells that swept steadily shoreward, modestly admitted that Selwyn was "sweet," particularly in a canoe on a moonlight night—in spite of her weighty mother heavily afloat in the vicinity.

"I like him," said Gladys Orchil, "because he has a sense of humor and stands straight. I like a sense of humor and—good shoulders. He's an enigma; and I like that, too. I'm going to investigate him every chance I get."

Dorothy Minster liked him, too. "He's such a regular boy at times," she explained; "I do love to see him without his hat sauntering along beside me—and not talking every minute when you don't wish to talk. Friends," she added—"true friends are most eloquent in their mutual silence."

"He is exactly the right age," insisted Gladys—as though somebody had said he was not—"the age when a man is most interesting."

The Minster twins twiddled their legs and looked sentimentally at the ocean. They were a pair of pink and white little things with china-blue eyes and the fairest of hair, and they were very impressionable; and when they thought of Selwyn they looked unutterable things at the Atlantic Ocean.

In leisure moments he often came down to the bathing beach at the hour made fashionable; he conducted himself amiably with dowager and chaperon, with portly father and nimble brother, with the late *débutantes* of the younger set and the younger matrons, individually, collectively, impartially.

He and Gerald usually challenged the rollers in a sponson canoe when Gerald was

there for the week-end; or, when Lansing came down, the two took long swims seaward or cruised about in Gerald's dory, clad in their swimming suits; and Selwyn's youth became renewed in a manner almost ridiculous. And this deepened the fascination of the younger set for the idol they had set up upon the sands of Silverside.

Gladys was still eloquent on the subject, lying flat on the raft where all were now gathered in a wet row, indulging in sunshine and the two minutes of gossip which always preceded their return swim to the beach.

"It is partly his hair," she said gravely, "that makes him so distinguished in his appearance—just that touch of silver; and you keep looking and looking until you scarcely know whether it's really beginning to turn a little gray or whether it's only a lighter color at the temples. How insipid is a mere boy after such a man as Captain Selwyn! I have dreamed of such a man—several times."

Eileen Erroll bit her under lip and stood up suddenly. "Come on," she said; joined her hands skyward, poised, and plunged. One after another the others followed and, rising to the surface, struck out shoreward.

On the sunlit sands dozens of young people were hurling tennis balls at one another. Above the beach, under the long pavilions, sat mothers and chaperons.

As Eileen Erroll emerged from the surf and came wading shoreward through the seething shallows, she caught sight of Selwyn sauntering across the sands toward the water, and halted, knee-deep, smilingly expectant, certain that he had seen her.

Gladys Orchil, passing her, saw Selwyn at the same moment, and her clear ringing salute, and slender arm aloft, arrested his attention; and the next moment they were off together, swimming toward the sponson canoe which Gerald had just launched with the assistance of Sandon Craig and Scott Innis.

For a moment Eileen stood there, motionless. Knee-high the flat ebb boiled and hissed, dragging at her stockinged feet as though to draw her seaward with the others. Yesterday she would have gone, without a thought, to join the others; but yesterday is yesterday. It seemed to her, as she stood there, that something disquieting had suddenly come into the world; nor could she comprehend the slight quickening of her

heart beats as she waded to the beach. She turned and walked to the foot of a dune and seated herself crosslegged on the hot sand.

How far away they were. Gerald was with them. Curious that Selwyn had not seen her waiting for him, knee-deep in the surf—curious that he had seen Gladys instead. True, Gladys had called to him and signaled him, white arm upflung. Gladys was pretty—with her heavy, dark hair and melting, Spanish eyes, and her softly rounded, olive-skinned figure. Gladys had called to him and *she* had not. Why should a girl call him?—unless she—unless—unless—

The canoe, drifting toward the surf, was close in, now. Gerald rose and dived; Gladys, steadying herself by a slim hand on Selwyn's shoulder, stood up on the bow, ready to plunge clear when the canoe capsized.

How wonderfully pretty she was, balanced there, her hand on his shoulder, ready for a leap, lest the heavy canoe, rolling over in the froth, strike her under the smother of foam and water. How marvelously pretty she was. Her hand on his shoulder.

Miss Erroll sat very still; but the pulse within her was not still.

When the canoe suddenly capsized, Gladys jumped, but Selwyn went with it, boat and man tumbling into the tumult over and over; and the usual laughter from the onlookers rang out, and a dozen young people rushed into the surf to right the canoe and push it out into the surf again and clamber into it.

Gerald was among the number; Gladys swam toward it, beckoning imperiously to Selwyn; but he had his back to the sea and was moving slowly out through the flat swirling ebb. And as Eileen looked, she saw a dark streak leap across his face—saw him stoop and wash it off and stand, looking blindly about, while again the sudden dark line crisscrossed his face from temple to chin, and spread wider like a stain.

"Philip!" she called, springing to her feet and scarcely knowing that she had spoken.

He heard her, and came toward her in a halting, dazed way, stopping twice to cleanse his face of the bright blood that streaked it.

"It's nothing," he said—"the infernal thing hit me. Oh, don't use *that*!" as she drenched her kerchief in cold sea water and held it toward him with both hands.

"Take it!—I—I beg of you," she stammered. "Is it s-serious?"

"Why, no," he said, his senses clearing; "it was only a rap on the head—and this blood is merely a nuisance. Thank you, I will use your kerchief if you insist. It'll stop in a moment, anyway."

"Please sit here," she said—"here where I've been sitting."

He glanced up, smiling; then, as the wet kerchief against his forehead reddened, he started to rise, but she took it from his fingers, hastened to the water's edge, rinsed it, and brought it back cold and wet.

"Please sit perfectly still," she said; "a girl likes to do this sort of thing for a man."

"If I'd known that," he laughed, "I'd have had it happen frequently."

She only shook her head, watching him unsmiling. But the pulse in her had become very quiet again.

"It's no end of fun in that canoe," he observed. "Gladys Orchil and I work it beautifully."

"I saw you did," she nodded.

"Oh! Where were you? Why didn't you come?"

"I don't know. Gladys called you. I was waiting for you—expecting you. Then Gladys called you."

"I didn't see you," he said.

"I didn't call you," she observed serenely. And, after a moment: "Do you see only those who hail you, Captain Selwyn?"

He laughed: "In this life's cruise a good sailor always answers a friendly hail."

"So do I," she said. "Please hail me after this—because I don't care to take the initiative. If you neglect to do it, don't count on my hailing you—any more."

The stain spread on the kerchief; once more she went to the water's edge, rinsed it, and returned with it.

"I think it has almost stopped bleeding," she remarked as he laid the cloth against his forehead. "You frightened me, Captain Selwyn. Did you know I was frightened?"

"Of course I did."

"Oh," she said, vexed, "how could you know it? I didn't do anything silly, did I?"

"No; you very sensibly called me Philip. That's how I knew you were frightened."

A slow bright color stained face and neck.

"So I was silly, after all," she said, biting at her under lip and trying to meet his humorous gray eyes with unconcern. But her face was burning now, and, aware of it, she turned her gaze resolutely on the sea. Also, to her

further annoyance, her heart awoke, beating unwarrantably, absurdly, until the dreadful idea seized her that he could hear it. Discouraged, she stood up—a straight youthful figure against the sea. The wind blowing her disheveled hair across her cheeks and shoulders, fluttered her clinging skirts as she rested both hands on her hips and slowly walked toward the water's edge.

"Shall we swim?" he inquired, looking up at her. "You've got to wash your hair again, anyhow."

She said, feeling suddenly stupid and childish, and knowing she was speaking stupidly: "Would you not rather join Gladys again? I thought that—that—"

"Thought *what*?"

"Nothing," she said, furious at herself; "I am going to the showers. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, troubled—"unless we walk to the pavilion together—"

"But you are going in again; are you not?"

"Not unless you do."

"W-what have I to do with it, Captain Selwyn?"

"It's a big ocean—and rather lonely without you," he said so seriously that she looked around again and laughed.

"Really, that won't do," she said; "much moonlight and Gladys and the Minster twins convict you. Do you remember what I told you one day in early summer?—that Sheila and Dorothy and Gladys would mark you for their own! Oh, my inconstant courtier, they are yonder! And I absolve you. Adieu!"

"Do you remember what I told *you*—one day in early summer?" he returned coolly.

"You protested so many things, Captain Selwyn—"

"Yes; and one thing in particular. You've forgotten it, I see." And he looked her in the eye.

"No," she said, "you are wrong. I have not forgotten."

He halted, looking out over the shining breakers. "I'm glad you have not forgotten what I said; because, you see, I'm forbidden to repeat it. So I shall be quite helpless to aid you in case your memory fails."

"I don't think it will fail," she said, looking at the flashing sea. A curious tingling sensation of fright had seized her—something entirely unknown to her heretofore. She spoke again because frightened; the heavy, hard pulse in breast and throat played tricks with her voice and she swallowed and at-

tempted to steady it: "I—if—if I ever forget, you will know it as soon as I do—"

She covered her eyes with her clenched hands, stood a moment, motionless; then her arms dropped, and she turned sharply with a gesture which left him standing there, and walked rapidly across the beach to the pavilion.

Luncheon being the children's hour, Miss Erroll's silence remained unnoticed in the jolly uproar; besides, Gerald and Boots were discussing the huge house party, lantern fête, and dance which the Orchils were giving that night for the younger set; and Selwyn, too, seemed to take unusual interest in the discussion, though Eileen's part in the conference was limited to an occasional nod or monosyllable.

At last Mrs. Gerard gave the rising signal, and Selwyn was swept away in the rushing herd of children, out onto the veranda, where for a while he smoked and drew pictures for the younger Gerards. Later, some of the children were packed off for a nap; Billy with his assorted puppies went off with Drina and Boots, ever hopeful of a fox or rabbit; Nina Gerard curled herself up in a hammock, and Selwyn seated himself beside her, an uncut magazine on his knees. Eileen had disappeared.

For a while Nina swung there in silence, her pretty eyes fixed on her brother. He had nearly finished cutting the leaves of the magazine before she spoke, mentioning the fact of Rosamund Fane's arrival at the Minsters' house, Brookminster.

"Mr. Neergard is a guest, too," she observed.

"What?" exclaimed Selwyn, in disgust.

"Yes; he came down with the Fanes."

"I'm sorry that crowd is to be in evidence."

"They always are and always will be," smiled his sister.

He looked up at her: "Do you mean that Alix is a guest at Brookminster?"

"Yes, Phil."

He looked down at the book on his knees and began to furrow the pages absently.

"Phil," she said, "have you heard anything this summer—lately—about the Ruthvens?"

"Not a word."

"You have heard no rumors—no gossip concerning them? Nothing about a yacht?"

"Where was I to hear it? What gossip? What yacht?"

His sister said very seriously: "Alixé has been very careless. It is understood that she and Jack Ruthven have separated."

He looked up quickly: "Who told you that?"

"A woman wrote me from Newport. And Alixé is here and Jack Ruthven is in New York. Several people have—I have heard about it from several sources. I'm afraid it's true, Phil."

They looked into each other's troubled eyes; and he said: "If she has done this it is the worse of two evils she has chosen. To live with him was bad enough, but this is the limit."

"I know it. She cannot afford to do such a thing again. Phil, what is the matter with her? She simply cannot be sane and do such a thing—can she?"

"I don't know," he said.

"If—if there's any talk about it—if there's newspaper talk—if there's a divorce—who will tolerate it, or her? Men—and men only—the odious sort that fawn on her now and follow her about half-sneeringly. They'll tolerate it; but their wives won't; and the kind of women who will receive and tolerate her are not included in my personal experience."

A trifle paler than usual, he said: "There is no real harm in her. I know there is not."

"You are very generous, Phil——"

"No, I am trying to be truthful. And I say there is no harm in her. I have made up my mind on that score." He leaned nearer his sister and laid one hand on hers where it lay across the hammock's edge;

"Nina; no woman could have done what she has done, and continue to do what she does, and be mentally sound. This, at last, is my conclusion."

A little later Nina sat up in the hammock, daintily effacing the traces of tears. Selwyn was saying: "If this is so, that Ruthven man has got to stand by her. To whom can she turn if not to him? By every law of manhood he is bound to stand by her now. If she does these—these indiscreet things—and if he knows she is not altogether mentally responsible—he cannot fail to stand by her! How can he, in God's name!"

"Phil," she said, "you speak like a man, but she has no man to stand loyally by her in the direst need a human soul may know. He is only a thing—no man at all—only a loathsome accident of animated decadence."

He looked up quickly, amazed at her sudden bitterness; and she looked back at him almost fiercely.

"I may as well tell you what I've heard," she said; "I was not going to, at first; but it will be all around town sooner or later. She learned—as she manages to learn everything a little before anybody else hears of it—that Jack Ruthven found out that Alixé was behaving very carelessly with some man—some silly, callow, and probably harmless youth. But there was a disgraceful scene on Mr. Neergard's yacht, the *Niobrara*. I don't know who the people were, but Ruthven acted abominably. The *Niobrara* anchored in Widgeon Bay yesterday; and Alixé is aboard, and her husband is in New York, and Rosamund says he means to divorce her in one way or another! Ugh! the horrible little man with his rings and bangles!"

She shuddered: "Why, the mere bringing of such a suit means her social ruin no matter what verdict is brought in! Her only salvation has been in remaining inconspicuous; and a sane girl would have realized it. But"—and she made a gesture of despair—"you see what she has done. And Phil—you know what she has done to you—what a mad risk she took in going to your rooms that night——"

"Who said she had ever been in my rooms?" he demanded, flushing darkly in his surprise.

"Did you suppose I didn't know it?" she asked quietly. "Oh, but I did; and it kept me awake nights, worrying. Yet I knew it must have been all right—knowing you as I do. But do you suppose other people would hold you as innocent as I do? Even Eileen—the sweetest, whitest, most loyal little soul in the world—was troubled when Rosamund hinted at some scandal touching you and Alixé. She told me—but she did not tell me what Rosamund had said—the mischief-maker!"

"Rosamund—spoke of scandal to—Eileen?" he repeated. "Is that possible?"

"How long do you suppose a girl can live and not hear scandal of some sort?" said Nina. "It's bound to rain some time or other, but I prepared my little duck's back to shed some things."

"But the pity of it; that tight, hard-shelled woman of the world—to do such a thing—to a young girl."

"Rosamund is Rosamund," said Nina

with a shrug; "the antidote to her species is obvious."

"Right, thank God!" said Selwyn between his teeth; "*Mens sana in corpore sano!* bless her little heart! I'm glad you told me this, Nina."

He rose and laughed a little—a curious sort of laugh; and Nina watched him, perplexed.

"Where are you going, Phil?" she asked.

"I don't know. I—where is Eileen?"

"She's lying down—a headache; probably too much sun and salt water. Shall I send for her?"

"No; I'll go up and inquire how she is. Susanne is there, isn't she?"

And he entered the house and ascended the stairs.

The little Alsatian maid was seated in a corner of the upper hall, sewing; and she informed Selwyn that mademoiselle "had bad in ze head."

But at the sound of conversation in the corridor Eileen's gay voice came to them from her room, asking who it was; and she evidently knew, for there was a hint of laughter in her tone.

"It is I. Are you better?" said Selwyn.

"Yes. D-did you wish to see me?"

"I always do."

"Thank you. I mean, do you wish to see me now? Because I'm very much occupied in trying to go to sleep."

"Yes, I wish to see you at once."

He heard her laugh to herself; then her clear, amused voice: "What are you going to say to me if I come out?"

"Something dreadful! Hurry!"

"Oh, if that's the case I'll hurry," she returned, and a moment later the door opened and she emerged in a breezy flutter of silvery ribbons and loosened ruddy hair.

"Come out on the west veranda," she said; "I know what you wish to say to me. Besides, I have something to confide to you, too. And I'm very impatient to do it."

He followed her to the veranda; she seated herself in the broad swing, and moved so that her invitation to him was unmistakable. Then when he had taken the place beside her she turned toward him very frankly, and he looked up to encounter her beautiful direct gaze.

"What is disturbing our friendship?" she asked. "Do you know? I don't. I went to my room after luncheon and lay down on

my bed and quietly deliberated. And do you know what conclusion I have reached?"

"What?" he asked.

"That there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship. And that what I said to you on the beach was foolish. I don't know why I said it; I'm not the sort of girl who says such stupid things—though I was apparently, for that one moment. And what I said about Gladys was childish; I am not jealous of her, Captain Selwyn. Don't think me silly or perverse or sentimental, will you?"

"No, I won't."

"Now, what have you to say to me?"

"I wish to ask you something."

"With pleasure," she said; "go ahead." And she settled back, fearlessly expectant.

"Very well, then," he said, striving to speak coolly. "It is this: Will you marry me, Eileen?"

She turned perfectly white and stared at him, stunned. And he repeated his question, speaking slowly, but unsteadily.

"N-no," she said; "I cannot. Why—why, you know that, don't you?"

"Will you tell me why, Eileen?"

"I—I don't know why. I think—I suppose that it is because I do not love you—that way."

"Yes," he said, "that, of course, is the reason. I wonder—do you suppose—that in time—perhaps—you might care for me—that way?"

"I don't know." She glanced up at him fearfully, fascinated, yet repelled. "I don't know," she repeated pitifully. "Is it—can't you help thinking of me in that way? Can't you be as you were?"

"No, I can no longer help it. I don't want to help it, Eileen."

"But—I wish you to," she said in a low voice. "It is that which is coming between us. Oh, don't you see it is? Don't you feel it—feel what it is doing to us? Don't you understand how it is driving me back into myself? Who am I to go to if not to you? What am I to do if your affection turns into this—this different attitude toward me? You were so perfectly sweet and reasonable—so good, so patient; and now—and now I am losing confidence in you—in myself—in our friendship. I'm no longer frank with you; I'm afraid at times—afraid and self-conscious—conscious of you, too—afraid of what seemed once the most natural of intimacies. I—I loved you so dearly—so fearlessly—"

"Dear," he said gently, "nothing is altered between us. I love you in that way, too."

"D-do you—really?" she stammered, shrinking away from him.

"Truly. Nothing is altered; nothing of the bond between us is weakened. On the contrary, it is strengthened. You cannot understand that now. But what you are to believe and always understand is that our friendship must endure. Will you believe it?"

"Y-yes—" She buried her face in her handkerchief and sat very still for a long time. He had risen and walked to the farther end of the veranda and for a minute he stood there, his narrowed eyes following the sky flight of the white gulls off Wonder Head.

When at length he returned to her she was sitting low in the swing, both arms extended along the back of the seat.

"I want to ask you something," she said—"merely to prove that you are a little bit illogical. May I?"

He nodded, smiling.

"Could you and I care or each other more than we now do, if we were married?"

"I think so," he said.

"Why?" she demanded, astonished. Evidently she had expected another answer.

He made no reply; and she lay back among the cushions considering what he had said, the flush of surprise still lingering in her cheeks.

"How can I marry you," she asked, "when I would—would not care to endure a—caress from any man—even from you? It—such things—would spoil it all. I *don't* love you—that way. Oh! *Don't* look at me that way! Have I hurt you—dear Captain Selwyn? I did not mean to. Oh, what has become of our happiness! What has become of it!" And she turned, full length in the swing, and hid her face in the silken pillows.

There was a chair near; he drew it toward her, and sat down, steadying the swing with one hand on the chain.

"Dearest," he said under his breath, "I am very selfish to have done this; but I—I thought—perhaps—you might have cared enough to—to venture—"

"I do care; you are very cruel to me." The voice was childishly broken and muffled. He looked down at her, slowly realizing that it was a child he still was dealing with—a child with a child's innocence, repelled by the

graver phase of love, unresponsive to the deeper emotions, bewildered by the glimpse of the mature rôle his attitude had compelled her to accept.

"There is one thing," he said, "that we mustn't do—cry about it—must we, Eileen?"

"I—the reason of it—my crying—is b-b-because I don't wish you to be unhappy."

"Why should I be? You do love me; don't you?"

"You know I do."

"But not in *that* way."

"N-no; not in *that* way. I w-wish I did."

"Then let us go back to the old footing, Eileen."

"Can we?"

"Yes, we can; and we will—back to the old footing—when nothing of deeper sentiment disturbed us. It was my fault, little girl. Some day you will understand that it was not a wholly selfish fault—because I believed—perhaps only dreamed—that I could make you happier by loving you in—both ways. A man who is locked up in Paradise is never satisfied until he can climb the wall and look over! Now I have climbed and looked; and now I climb back into the garden of your dear friendship, very glad to be there again with you—very, very thankful, dear. Will you welcome me back?"

She lay quite still a minute, then sat up straight, stretching out both hands to him, her beautiful, fearless eyes brilliant as rain-washed stars.

"Don't go away," she said—"don't ever go away from our garden again."

"No, Eileen."

"Is it a promise—Philip?"

Her voice fell exquisitely low.

"Yes, a promise. Do you take me back, Eileen?"

"Yes; I take you. Take me back, too, Philip." Her hands tightened in his; she looked up at him, faltered, waited; then in a fainter voice: "And—and be of g-good courage. I—I am not very old yet."

An hour later, when Nina discovered them there together, Eileen, curled up among the cushions in the swinging seat, was reading aloud "Evidences of Asiatic Influence on the Symbolism of Ancient Yucatan"; and Selwyn, astride a chair, chin on his folded arms, was listening with evident rapture.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Nina, "the blue-stocking and the foggy!—and yours *are* pale

blue, Eileen!—you're about as self-conscious as Drina—slumping there with your hair tumbling *à la* Merode! Oh, it's very picturesque, of course, but a straight spine and good grooming is better. Get up, little blue-stocking and we'll have our hair done—if you expect to appear at Hitherwood House with me!"

Eileen laughed, calmly smoothing out her skirt over her slim ankles; then she closed the book, sat up, and looked happily at Selwyn.

"Child, what on earth have you been doing? There are two smears on your cheeks!"

"I've been crying," said the girl, with an amused sidelong flutter of her lids toward Selwyn.

"Crying!" repeated Nina incredulously. Then, disarmed by the serene frankness of the girl, she added: "A bluestocking is bad enough, but a grimy one is impossible. *Allons! Vite!*" she insisted, driving Eileen before her; "the country is demoralizing you. Philip, we're dining early, so please make your arrangements to conform. Come, Eileen, have you never before seen Philip Selwyn?"

Nina had the girl by the hand, but she dragged back like a mischievously reluctant child hustled bedward:

"Good-by," she said, stretching out her hand to Selwyn—"good-by, my unfortunate fellow foggy! I go, slumpy, besmudged, but happy; I return, superficially immaculate—but my stockings will still be blue! Nina, dear, if you don't stop dragging me I'll pick you up in my arms!—indeed I will!"

There was a laugh, a smothered cry of protest; and Selwyn was the amused spectator of his sister suddenly seized and lifted into a pair of vigorous young arms, and carried into the house by this tall, laughing girl who, an hour before, had lain there among the cushions, frightened, unconvinced, clinging instinctively to the last gay rags and tatters of the childhood which she feared were to be stripped from her forever.

It was clear starlight when they were ready to depart. Austin had arrived unexpectedly, and he, Nina, Eileen, and Selwyn were to drive to Hitherwood House, Lansing and Gerald going in the motor boat.

The drive to Hitherwood House was a dream of loveliness; under the stars the Bay of Shoals sparkled in the blue darkness set with the gemmed ruby and sapphire and emerald of ships' lanterns glowing from

unseen yachts at anchor. Then the majestic velvety shadow of the Hither Woods fell over them; and they passed in among the trees, the lamps of the depot wagon shining golden in the forest gloom.

But a few minutes later they were in the great hall of Hitherwood House, opened from end to end to the soft sea wind, and crowded with the gayest, noisiest throng that had gathered there in a twelvemonth. Mrs. Sanxon Orchil, a hard, highly colored, tight-lipped little woman with electric-blue eyes, was receiving with her slim brunette daughter, Gladys.

The Lawns were there, the Minsters, the Craigs from Yosset, the Grays of Shadow Lake, the Draymores, Fanes, Mottlys, Cardwells—in fact, it seemed as though all Long Island had been drained to pour a stream of garrulous and animated youth and beauty into the halls and over the verandas and terraces and lawns of Hitherwood House.

It was to be a lantern frolic and a lantern dance and supper, all most formally and impressively *sans façon*. And it began with a candle race for a big silver gilt cup—won by Sandon Craig and his partner, Evelyn Cardwell, who triumphantly bore their lighted taper safely among the throngs of hostile contestants, through the wilderness of flitting lights, and across the lawn to the goal where they planted it, unextinguished, in the big red paper lantern.

Then rockets began to rush aloft, starting the black void with iridescent fire; and everybody went to the lawn's edge where, below on the bay, a dozen motor boats, dressed fore and aft with necklaces of electric lights, crossed the line at the crack of a cannon in a race for another trophy.

Then, suddenly Neergard's yacht sprang into view, outlined in electricity from stem to stern, every spar and funnel and contour of hull and superstructure twinkling in jeweled brilliancy.

On a great improvised open pavilion set up in the Hither Woods, garlanded and hung thick with multicolored paper lanterns, dancing had already begun; but Selwyn and Eileen lingered on the lawn for a while, fascinated by the beauty of the fireworks pouring skyward from the *Niobrara*.

"They seem to be very gay aboard her," murmured the girl. "Once you said that you did not like Mr. Neergard. Do you remember saying it?"

He replied simply, "I don't like him; and I remember saying so."

"It is strange," she said, "that Gerald does."

Selwyn looked at the illuminated yacht. "I wonder whether any of Neergard's crowd is expected ashore here. Do you happen to know?"

She did not know. A moment later, to his annoyance, Edgerton Lawn came up and asked her to dance; and she went with a smile and a whispered: "Wait for me—if you don't mind. I'll come back to you."

It was all very well to wait for her—and even to dance with her after that; but there appeared to be no peace for him in prospect. At intervals he caught glimpses of Eileen through the gay crush around him; he danced with Nina, and suggested to her it was time to leave, but that young matron had tasted just enough to want more; and Eileen, too, was evidently having a most delightful time; so he settled into the harness of pleasure and was good to the pink-and-white ones; and they told each other what a "dear" he was, and adored him more inconveniently than ever.

Truly enough, as he had often said, these younger ones were the charmingly wholesome and refreshing antidote to the occasional misbehavior of the mature; they were, as he also asserted, the hope and promise of the social fabric of a nation—this younger set—always a little better, a little higher-minded than their predecessors as the wheel of the years slowly turned them out in gay, eager, fearless throngs to teach a cynical generation the rudiments of that wisdom which blossoms most perfectly in the hearts of the unawakened.

Supper, and then the Woodland cotillion was the programme; and almost all the tables were filled before Selwyn had an opportunity to collect Nina and Austin and capture Eileen from a very rosy-cheeked and indignant boy who had quite lost his head and heart and appeared to be on the verge of a headlong declaration.

Under a vigorous young oak tree thickly festooned with lanterns Austin found an unoccupied table. There was a great deal of racket and laughter from the groups surrounding them, but this seemed to be the only available spot; besides, Austin was hungry, and he said so.

Nina, with Selwyn on her left, looked

around for Gerald and Lansing. When the latter came sauntering up, Austin questioned him, but he replied carelessly that Gerald had gone to join some people whom he, Lansing, did not know very well.

"Why, there he is now!" exclaimed Eileen, catching sight of her brother seated among a very noisy group on the outer edge of the illuminated zone. "Who are those people, Nina? Oh! Rosamund Fane is there, too; and—and——"

She ceased speaking so abruptly that Selwyn turned around; and Nina bit her lip in vexation and glanced at her husband. For, among the overanimated and almost boisterous group which was attracting the attention of everybody in the vicinity sat Mrs. Jack Ruthven. And Selwyn saw her.

For a moment he looked at her—looked at Gerald beside her, and Neergard on the other side, and Rosamund opposite; and at the others, whom he had never before seen. Then, quietly but with heightened color, he turned his attention to the glass which the servant had just filled for him, and, resting his hand on the stem, stared at the bubbles crowding upward through it to the foamy brim.

Nina and Boots had begun, ostentatiously, an exceedingly animated conversation; and they became almost aggressive, appealing to Austin, who sat back with a frown on his heavy face—and to Eileen, who was sipping her mineral water and staring thoughtfully at a big, round, orange-tinted lantern which hung like the harvest moon behind Gerald, throwing his curly head into silhouette.

When Nina spoke to Eileen, the girl answered briefly but with perfect composure; Selwyn, too, added a quiet word at intervals, speaking in a voice that sounded a little tired and strained.

It was that note of fatigue in his voice which aroused Eileen to effort—the instinctive move to protect—to sustain him. Conscious of Austin's suppressed but increasing anger at her brother, amazed and distressed at what Gerald had done—for the boy's very presence there was an affront to them all—she was still more sensitive to Selwyn's voice; and in her heart she responded passionately.

It was all very well for a while—a brave, sweet effort; but ears could not remain deaf to the increasing noise and laughter—to familiar voices, half-caught phrases, indiscreet even in the fragments understood. Besides, Gerald

had seen them, and the boy's face had become almost ghastly.

Alixé, unusually flushed, was conducting herself without restraint; Neergard's snickering laugh grew more significant and persistent; even Rosamund spoke too loudly at moments; and once she looked around at Nina and Selwyn while her pretty, accentless laughter, rippling with its undertone of malice, became more frequent in the increasing tumult.

There was no use in making a pretense of further gayety. Austin had begun to scowl again; Nina, with one shocked glance at Alixé, leaned over toward her brother.

"It is incredible!" she murmured; "she must be perfectly mad to make such an exhibition of herself. Can't anybody stop her? Can't anybody send her home?"

Austin said sullenly but distinctly: "The thing for us to do is to get out. Nina—if you are ready——"

"But—but what about Gerald?" faltered Eileen, turning piteously to Selwyn. "We can't leave him—there!"

The man straightened up and turned his drawn face toward her:

"Do you wish me to get him?"

"I—I don't ask it——" she began.

"You do not have to ask it," he said with a smile almost genuine. "Austin, I'm going to get Gerald—and Nina will explain to you that he's to be left to me if any sermon is required. I'll go back with him in the motor boat. Boots, you'll drive home in my place."

As he turned, still smiling and self-possessed, Eileen whispered rapidly: "Don't go. I care for you too much to ask it."

He said under his breath: "Dearest, you cannot understand."

"Yes—I do! Don't go. Philip—don't go near—her——"

"I must."

"If you go—if you go—h-how can you care for me as you say you do?—when I ask you not to—when I cannot endure—to——"

She turned swiftly and stared across at Alixé; and Alixé, unsteady in the flushed brilliancy of her youthful beauty, half rose in her seat, and stared back.

Instinctively the young girl's hand tightened on Selwyn's arm. "She—she is beautiful!" she faltered; but he turned and led her from the table, following Austin, his sister, and Lansing; and she clung to him almost con-

vulsively when he halted on the edge of the lawn.

"I must go back," he whispered—"dearest—dearest—I must."

"T-to Gerald? Or—her?"

But he only muttered: "They don't know what they're doing. Let me go, Eileen"—gently detaching her fingers, which left her hands lying in both of his.

She said, looking up at him: "If you go—if you go—whatever time you return—no matter what hour—knock at my door. Do you promise? I shall be awake. Do you promise?"

"Yes," he said with a trace of impatience—the only hint of his anger at the prospect of the duty before him.

When Selwyn approached, Neergard saw him first, stared at him, and snickered; but he greeted everybody with smiling composure, nodding to those he knew—a trifle more formally to Mrs. Rutven—and, coolly pulling up a chair, seated himself beside Gerald.

"Boots has driven home with the others," he said in a low voice; "I'm going back in the motor boat with you. Don't worry about Austin. Are you ready?"

The boy had evidently let the wine alone, or else fright had sobered him, for he looked terribly white and tired. "Yes," he said, "I'll go when you wish. I suppose they'll never forgive me for this. Come on."

"One moment then," nodded Selwyn; "I want to speak to Mrs. Ruthven." And, quietly turning to Alixé, and dropping his voice to a tone too low for Neergard to hear—for he was plainly attempting to listen:

"You are making a mistake; do you understand? Whoever is your hostess—wherever you are staying—find her and go there before it is too late."

She inclined her pretty head thoughtfully, eyes bent on the wineglass which she was turning round and round between her slender fingers. "What do you mean by 'too late'?" she asked. "Don't you know that everything is too late for me now?"

"What do you mean, Alixé?" he returned, watching her intently.

"What I say. I have not seen Jack Ruthven for two months. Do you know what that means? I have not heard from him for two months. Do you know what *that* means? No? Well, I'll tell you, Philip; it means that when I do hear from him it will be through his attorneys."

He turned slightly paler: "Why?"

"Divorce," she said with a reckless little laugh—"and the end of things for me."

"On what grounds?" he demanded doggedly. "Does he threaten you?"

"Grounds? Oh, he thinks I've misbehaved with—never mind who. It is not true—but he cares nothing about that, either. You see"—and she bent nearer, confidentially, with a mysterious little nod of her pretty head—"you see, Jack Ruthven is a little insane. . . . You are surprised? Pooh! I've suspected it for months."

He stared at her; then: "Where are you stopping?"

"Aboard the *Niobrara*."

"Is Mrs. Fane a guest there, too?"

He spoke loud enough for Rosamund to hear; and she answered for herself with a smile at him, brimful of malice:

"Delighted to have you come aboard, Captain Selwyn. Is that what you are asking permission to do?"

"Thanks," he returned dryly; and to Alixe: "If you are ready, Gerald and I will take you over to the *Niobrara* in the motor boat—"

"Oh, no, you won't!" broke in Neergard with a sneer—"you'll mind your own business, my intrusive friend, and I'll take care of my guests without your assistance."

Selwyn appeared not to hear him: "Come on, Gerald," he said pleasantly; "Mrs. Ruthven is going over to the *Niobrara*—"

"For God's sake!" whispered Gerald, white as a sheet, "don't force me into trouble with Neergard."

Selwyn turned on him an astonished gaze: "Are you afraid of that whelp?"

"Yes," muttered the boy—"I—I'll explain later. But don't force things now, I beg you."

Mrs. Ruthven coolly leaned over and spoke to Gerald in a low voice; then, to Selwyn, she said with a smile: "Rosamund and I are going to Brookminster, anyway, so you and Gerald need not wait. And thank you for coming over. It was rather nice of you"—she glanced insolently at Neergard—"considering the crowd we're with. Good night, Captain Selwyn! Good night, Gerald. So very jolly to have seen you again!" And, under her breath to Selwyn: "You need not worry; I am going in a moment. Good-by and—thank you, Phil. It is good to see somebody of one's own caste again."

The boy seemed deathly tired as they crossed the dim lawn at Silverside. Once, on the veranda steps he stumbled, and Selwyn's arm sustained him; but the older man forbore to question him, and Gerald, tight-lipped and haggard, offered no confidence until, at the door of his bedroom, he turned and laid an unsteady hand on Selwyn's shoulder: "I want to talk with you—tomorrow. May I?"

"You know you may, Gerald. I am always ready to stand your friend."

The boy shivered—looked at the floor, then, without raising his eyes, said good night, and, entering his bedroom, closed the door.

As Selwyn passed back along the corridor, the door of his sister's room opened, and Austin and Nina confronted him.

"Has that damfool boy come in?" demanded his brother-in-law, anxiety making his voice tremulous under its tone of contempt.

"Yes. Leave him to me, please. Good night"—submitting to a tender embrace from his sister. "I suppose Eileen has retired, hasn't she? It's an ungodly hour—almost sunrise."

"I don't know whether Eileen is asleep," said Nina; "she expected a word with you, I understand. But don't sit up—don't let her sit up late. We'll be a company of dreadful wrecks at breakfast, anyway."

And his sister gently closed the door while he continued on to the end of the corridor and halted before Eileen's room. A light came through the transom; he waited a moment, then knocked very softly.

"Is it you?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes. I didn't wake you, did I?"

"No. Is Gerald here?"

"Yes, in his own room. Did you wish to speak to me about anything?"

"Yes."

He heard her coming to the door; it opened a very little. "Good night," she whispered, stretching toward him her hand—"that was all I wanted—to—to touch you before I closed my eyes to-night."

He bent and looked at the hand lying between his own—the little hand with its fresh fragrant palm upturned and the white fingers relaxed, drooping inward above it—at the delicate bluish vein in the smooth wrist.

Then he released the hand, untouched by his lips; and she withdrew it and closed the door; and he heard her laugh softly, and lean against it, whispering:

"Now that I am safely locked in—I merely wish to say that—in the old days—a lady's hand was sometimes—kissed. Oh, but you are too late, my poor friend! I can't come out; and I wouldn't if I could—not after what I dared to say to you. In fact, I shall probably remain locked up here for days and days. Besides, what I said is out of fashion—has no significance nowadays—or, perhaps, too much. No, I won't dress and come out—even for you. *Je me déshabille—je jais ma toilette de nuit, monsieur—et je vais maintenant m'agenouiller et faire ma prière. Donc—bon soir—et bonne nuit—*"

And, too low for him to hear even the faintest breathing whisper of her voice—"Good night. I love you with all my heart—with all my heart—in my own fashion."

He had been asleep an hour, perhaps more, when something awakened him, and he found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, dawn already whitening his windows.

Somebody was knocking. He swung out of bed, stepped into his bath slippers, and, passing swiftly to the door, opened it. Gerald stood there, fully dressed.

"I'm going to town on the early train," began the boy—"I thought I'd tell you—"

"Nonsense! Gerald, go back to bed!"

"I can't sleep, Philip—"

"Can't sleep? Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Well, then, sit here and talk to me." He gave a mighty yawn—"I'm not sleepy, either; I can go days without it. Here!—here's a comfortable chair to sprawl in. It's daylight already; doesn't the morning air smell sweet? I've a jug of milk and some grapes and peaches in my ice cupboard if you feel inclined. No? All right; stretch out, sight for a thousand yards, and fire at will."

Gerald strove to smile; for a while he lay loosely in the armchair, his listless eyes intent on the strange, dim light which fell across the waste of sea fog. But the dawn was no paler than the boy's face—no more desolate. Trouble was his, the same old trouble that has dogged the trail of folly since time began; and Selwyn knew it and waited.

At last the boy broke out: "This is a cowardly trick—this slinking in to you with all my troubles after what you've done for me—after the rotten way I've treated you—"

"Look here, my boy!" said Selwyn coolly, "I asked you to come to me, didn't I? Well,

then, don't criticise my judgment in doing it. It isn't likely I'd ask you to do a cowardly thing."

"You don't understand what a wretched scrape I'm in—"

"I don't yet; but you're going to tell me—"

"Philip, I can't—I simply cannot. It's so contemptible—and you warned me—and I owe you already so much—"

"You owe me a little money," observed Selwyn with a careless smile, "and you've a lifetime to pay it in. What is the trouble now; do you need more? I haven't an awful lot, old fellow—worse luck!—but what I have is at your call—as you know perfectly well. Is that all that is worrying you?"

"No—not all. I—Neergard has lent me money—done things—placed me under obligations. I liked him, you know; I trusted him. People he desired to know I made him known to. He was a—a trifle peremptory at times—as though my obligations to him left me no choice but to take him to such people as he desired to meet. We—we had trouble—recently."

"What sort?"

"Personal. I felt—began to feel—the pressure on me. And then he said something to me—"

"Go on; what?"

"He'd been hinting of it before; and even when I found him jolliest and most amusing and companionable I never thought of him as a—a social possibility—I mean among those who really count—like my own people—"

"Yes, my boy, I see. Go on! When did he ask to be presented to—your sister?"

"W—who told you that?" asked the boy with an angry flush.

"You did—almost. You were going to, anyway. So that was it, was it? That was when you realized a few things—understood one or two things; was it not? And how far did you reply? Arrogantly, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Exactly. And Neergard—was put out—slightly?"

"Yes," said the boy, losing some of his color. "He was very ugly about it."

"Threats of calling loans?" asked Selwyn, smiling.

"Hints; not exactly threats. I was in a bad way, too—" The boy winced and swallowed hard; then, with sudden white

desperation stamped on his drawn face: "O Philip!—it—it is disgraceful enough—but how can I speak of this matter to you——"

"What matter?"

"A—about—about Mrs. Ruthven——"

"*What* matter?" repeated Selwyn. His voice rang a little, but the color had fled from his face.

"She was—Jack Ruthven charged her with—and me—charged me with——"

"*You!*"

"Yes."

"Well—it was a lie, wasn't it?" Selwyn's ashy lips scarcely moved, but his eyes were narrowing to a glimmer. "It was a lie, wasn't it?" he repeated.

"Yes—a lie. I'd say it, anyway, you understand—but it really was a lie."

Selwyn quietly leaned back in his chair; a little color returned to his cheeks.

"All right—old fellow"—his voice scarcely quivered—"all right; go on. I knew, of course, that Ruthven lied, but it was part of the story to hear you say so. Go on. What did Ruthven do?"

"There has been a separation," said the boy in a low voice. "He behaved like a dirty cad—she had no resources—no means of support—" He hesitated, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "Mrs. Ruthven has been very, very kind to me. I was—I am fond of her; oh, I know well enough I never had any business to meet her; I behaved abominably toward you—and the family. But it was done; I knew her, and liked her tremendously. She was the only one who was decent to me—who tried to keep me from acting like a fool about cards——"

"*Did* she try?"

"Yes—indeed, yes! and, Phil—she—I don't know how to say it—but she—when she spoke of—of you—begged me to try to be like you. And it is a lie what people say about her!—what gossip says. And that is all, Philip. I was horribly in debt to Neergard; then Ruthven turned on me—and on her; and I borrowed more from Neergard and went to her bank and deposited it to the credit of her account—but she doesn't know it was from me—she supposes Jack Ruthven did it out of ordinary decency, for she said so to me. And that is how matters stand; Neergard is ugly, and grows more threatening about those loans—and I haven't any money, and Mrs. Ruthven will require more very soon——"

"Is that *all*?" demanded Selwyn sharply.

"Yes—all. I know I have behaved shamefully——"

"I've seen," observed Selwyn in a dry, hard voice, "worse behavior than yours. Have you a pencil, Gerald? Get a sheet of paper from that desk. Now, write out a list of the loans made you by Neergard. Every cent, if you please. And the exact amount you placed to Mrs. Ruthven's credit. Have you written that? Let me see it."

The boy handed him the paper, and he sat there staring at space over the top of the penciled sheet of paper, striving to find some help in the matter. But he knew Austin; he knew what would happen to Gerald if, after the late reconciliation with his ex-guardian, he came once more to him with such a confession of debt and disgrace.

No; Austin must be left out; there were three things to do: One of them was to pay Neergard; another to sever Gerald's connection with him forever; and the third thing to be done was something which did not concern Gerald or Austin—perhaps not even Ruthven. It was to be done, no matter what the cost.

After a moment he turned to Gerald, a smile on his colorless face:

"It will be all right, my boy. You are not to worry—do you understand me? Go to bed, now; you need the sleep. Go to bed, I tell you—I'll stand by you. You must begin all over again, Gerald—and so must I; and so must I."

CHAPTER X

LEX NON SCRIPTA

SELWYN had gone to New York with Gerald, "for a few days," as he expressed it; but it was now the first week in October, and he had not yet returned to Silverside.

A brief note to Nina thanking her for having had him at Silverside, and speaking vaguely of some business matters which might detain him indefinitely—a briefer note to Eileen regretting his inability to return for the present—were all the communication they had of him except news brought by Austin, who came down from town every Friday.

A long letter to him from Nina still remained unanswered; Austin had seen him only once in town; Lansing, now back in New York, wrote a postscript in a letter to Drina, asking for Selwyn's new address—the first

intimation anybody had that he had given up his lodgings on Lexington Avenue.

Eileen had not written him; his sudden leave-taking nearly a month ago had so astounded her that she could not believe he meant to be gone more than a day or two. Then came his note, written at the Patroons' Club—very brief, curiously stilted and formal, with a strange tone of finality through it, as though he were taking perfunctory leave of people who had come temporarily into his life, and as though the chances were agreeably even of his ever seeing them again.

The girl was not hurt, as yet; she remained merely confused, incredulous, unreconciled. That there was to be some further explanation of his silence she never dreamed of doubting; and there seemed to be nothing to do in the interval but await it. As for writing him, some instinct forbade it, even when Nina suggested that she write, adding laughingly that nothing else seemed likely to stir her brother.

On one of Austin's week-end visits—the hour for conjugal confab having arrived and husband and wife locked in the seclusion of their bedroom—being old-fashioned enough to occupy the same—he said, with a trace of irritation in his voice:

"I don't know where Phil is, or what he's about. I'm wondering—he's got the Selwyn conscience, you know—what he's up to—and if it's any kind of damfoolishness. Haven't you heard a word from him, Nina?"

Nina, in her pretty night attire, had emerged from her dressing room, locked out Kit-Ki and her maid, and had curled up in a big, soft armchair, cradling her bare ankles in her hand.

"I haven't heard from him," she said. "Rosamund saw him in Washington—passed him on the street. He was looking horridly thin and worn, she wrote. He did not see her."

"Now what in the name of common sense is he doing in Washington!" exclaimed Austin wrathfully. "Probably breaking his heart because nobody cares to examine his Chaosite. I told him, as long as he insisted on bothering the Government with it instead of making a deal with the Lawn people, that I'd furnish him with a key to the lobby. There's only one way to push such things, and he's as ignorant of it as a boatswain in the marine cavalry."

Nina said thoughtfully: "You always were

impatient of people, dear. Perhaps Phil may get them to try his Chaosite without any wire-pulling. I do wish he'd write. Hasn't Boots heard from him? Hasn't Gerald?"

"Not a word. And by the way, Nina, Gerald has done rather an unexpected thing. I saw him last night; he came to the house and told me he had just severed his connection with Julius Neergard's company."

"I'm glad of it!" exclaimed Nina; "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it!"

"Well—yes. As a matter of fact, Neergard is going to be a very rich man some day; and Gerald might have— But I am not displeased. What appeals to me is the spectacle of the boy acting with conviction on his own initiative."

"What are you going to do for him, dear? Of course he must go into some sort of business again——"

"Certainly. And to my astonishment, he actually came and solicited my advice. I'll see him Monday, and we'll have another talk. By gad! Nina, it's—it's almost like having a grown-up son coming bothering me with his affairs; ah—rather agreeable than otherwise. There's certainly something in that boy. I—perhaps I have been, at moments, a trifle impatient. But I did not mean to be. You know that, dear, don't you?"

His wife looked up at her big husband in quiet amusement. "Oh, yes! I know a little about you," she said, "and a little about Gerald, too. He is only a masculine edition of Eileen—the irresponsible freedom of life brought out all his faults at once, like a horrid rash; it's due to the masculine notion of masculine education. That's the difference: a boy looks forward to the moment when he can flourish his heels and wag his ears and bray; a girl has no such prospect. Gerald has brayed; Eileen never will flourish her heels unless she becomes fashionable after marriage—which isn't very likely——"

Nina hesitated, another idea intruding.

"By the way, Austin; the Orchil boy—the one in Harvard—proposed to Eileen—the little idiot! She told me—thank goodness! she still does tell me things. Also the younger and chubbier Draymore youth has offered himself—after a killingly proper interview with me. I thought it might amuse you to hear of it."

"It might amuse me more if Eileen would get busy and bring Philip into camp," ob-

served her husband. "And why the devil they don't make up their minds to it is beyond me. I'm fond of him—you know it—but he certainly can be the limit sometimes."

"I don't know. I was sure—I am sure now—that the girl cares more for him than for anybody. And yet—and yet I don't believe she is actually in love with him. But they are a curious pair, Austin—so quaint about it; so slow and old-fashioned. And the child is the most innocent being—in some ways. Which is all right unless she becomes one of those poky, earnest, knowledge-absorbing young things with the very germ of vitality dried up and withered in her before she awakens. For a girl *must* have something of the human about her to attract a man, and be attracted. There must be some response in her, some—some——"

"Devilry?" suggested Austin.

His pretty wife laughed and dropped one knee over the other, leaning back to watch him finish his good-night cigarette. After a moment her face grew grave:

"Speaking of Rosamund a moment ago reminds me of something else she wrote—it's about Alixe. Have you heard anything?"

"Not a word," said Austin, with a frank scowl, "and don't want to."

"It's only this—that Alixe is ill. Nobody seems to know what the matter is; nobody has seen her. But she's at Clifton, with a couple of nurses, and Rosamund heard rumors that she is very ill indeed. People go to Clifton for shattered nerves, you know."

"Yes, for bridge fidgets, neurosis, pip, and the various jumps that originate in the simpler social circles. What's the particular matter with her? Too many cocktails? Or a dearth of grand slams?"

"You are brutal, Austin. Besides, I don't know. She's had a perfectly dreary life with her husband. I—I can't forget how fond I was of her, in spite of what she did to Phil. Besides, I'm beginning to be certain that it was not entirely her fault."

"What? Do you think Phil——"

"No, no, no! Don't be an utter idiot. All I mean to say is that Alixe was always nervous and high-strung; odd at times; eccentric—*more* than merely eccentric——"

"You mean dippy?"

"Oh, Austin, you're horrid. I mean that there is mental trouble in that family. You have heard of it as well as I; you know her father died of it——"

"The usual defense in criminal cases," observed Austin, flicking his cigarette-end into the grate. "I'm sorry, dear, that Alixe has the jumps; hope she'll get over 'em. But as for pretending I've any use for her, I can't and don't and won't. She spoiled life for the best man I know; she kicked his reputation into a cocked hat, and he, with his chivalrous Selwyn conscience, let her do it. I did like her once; I don't like her now, and that's natural and it winds up the matter. Dear friend, shall we, perhaps, to bed presently our way wend—yes?"

The husband of Mrs. Ruthven was at that very moment seated in a private card room at the Patroons' Club with Sanxon Orchil, George Fane, and Bradley Harmon; and the game had been bridge, as usual, and had gone very heavily against him.

Several things had gone against Mr. Ruthven recently; for one thing, he was beginning to realize that he had made a vast mistake in mixing himself up in any transactions with Neergard.

When he, at Neergard's cynical suggestion, had consented to exploit his own club—the Siowitha—and had resigned from it to do so, he had every reason to believe that Neergard meant either to mulct them heavily or buy them out. In either case, having been useful to Neergard, his profits from the transaction would have been considerable. But, even while he was absorbed in figuring them up—and he needed the money, as usual—Neergard coolly informed him of his election to the club.

Rage made him ill for a week; but there was nothing to do about it. He had been treacherous to his club and to his own caste, and Neergard knew it—and knew perfectly well that Ruthven dared not protest—dared not even whimper.

Then Neergard began to use Ruthven when he needed him; and he began to permit himself to win at cards in Ruthven's house—a thing he had not dared to do before. He also permitted himself more ease and freedom in that house—a sort of intimacy *sans façon*—even a certain jocularly. He also gave himself the privilege of inviting the Ruthvens on board the *Niobrara*; and Ruthven went, furious at being forced to stamp with his open approval an episode which made Neergard a social probability.

How it happened that Rosamund divined something of the situation is not quite clear;

but she always had a delicate nose for anything not intended for her, and the thing amused her immensely, particularly because what viciousness had been so long suppressed in Neergard was now tentatively making itself apparent in his leering ease among women he so recently feared. This, also, was gall and wormwood to Ruthven, so long the official lapdog of the very small set he kennelled with; and the women of that set were perverse enough to find Neergard amusing.

Meanwhile, Neergard had almost finished with Gerald; and as his social success became more pronounced with the people he had crowded in among, he became bolder and more insolent, no longer at pains to mole-tunnel toward the object desired. One day he asked the boy very plainly why he had never invited him to meet his sister. And he got an answer that he never forgot.

All the while Ruthven squirmed under the light but steadily inflexible pressure of the curb which Neergard had slipped on him so deftly. He had viewed with indifference Gerald's boyish devotion to his wife, which was even too open and naïve to be of interest to those who witnessed it. But he had not counted on Neergard's sudden hatred of Gerald; and the first token of that hatred fell upon the boy like a thunderbolt when Neergard whispered to Ruthven, one night at the Stuyvesant Club, and Ruthven, exasperated, had gone straight home, to find his wife in tears, and the boy clumsily attempting to comfort her, both hands in his.

"Perhaps," said Ruthven coldly, "you have some plausible explanation for this sort of thing. If you haven't, you'd better trump up one together, and I'll send you my attorney to hear it. In that event," he added, "you'd better leave your joint address when you find a more convenient house than mine."

As a matter of fact, he had really meant nothing more than the threat and the insult, the situation permitting him a heavier hold upon his wife and a new grip on Gerald in case he ever needed him; but threat and insult were very real to the boy, and he knocked Mr. Ruthven flat on his back—the one thing required to change that gentleman's pretense to deadly earnest.

Ruthven scrambled to his feet; Gerald did it again; and, after that, Mr. Ruthven prudently remained prone during the delivery of a terse but concise opinion of him expressed by Gerald.

After Gerald had gone, Ruthven opened first one eye, then the other, then his mouth, and finally sat up; and his wife, who had been interestedly observing him, smiled.

"It is curious," she said serenely, "that I never thought of that method. I wonder why I never thought of it," lazily stretching her firm young arms and glancing casually at their symmetry and smooth-skinned strength. "Go to your own quarters," she added, as he rose, shaking with fury; "I've endured the last brutality I shall ever suffer from you."

She dropped her folded hands into her lap, gazing coolly at him; but there was a glitter in her eyes which arrested his first step toward her.

"I think," she said, "that you mean my ruin. Well, we began it long ago, and I doubt if I have anything of infamy to learn, thanks to my thorough schooling as your wife. But knowledge is not necessarily practice, and it happens that I have not cared to commit the particular indiscretion so fashionable among the friends you have surrounded me with. I merely mention this for your information, not because I am particularly proud of it. It is not anything to be proud of, in my case—it merely happened so; a matter, perhaps, of personal taste, perhaps because of lack of opportunity; and there is a remote possibility that belated loyalty to a friend I once betrayed may have kept me personally chaste in this rotting circus circle you have driven me around in, harnessed to your vicious caprice, dragging the weight of your corruption——"

She laughed. "I had no idea that I could be so eloquent, Jack. But my mind has become curiously clear during the last year—strangely and unusually limpid and precise. Why, my poor friend, every plot of yours and of your friends—every underhand attempt to discredit and injure me has been perfectly apparent to me. You supposed that my headaches, my outbursts of anger, my wretched nights, passed in tears—and the long, long days spent kneeling in the ashes of dead memories—all these you supposed had weakened—perhaps unsettled—my mind. You lie if you deny it, for you have had doctors watching me for months. You didn't know I was aware of it, did you? But I was, and I am. And you told them that my father died of—of brain trouble, you coward!"

Still he stood there, jaw loose, gazing at her

as though fascinated; and she smiled and settled deeper in her chair.

"We might as well understand one another now," she said languidly. "If you mean to get rid of me, there is no use in attempting to couple my name with that of any man; first, because it is untrue, and you not only know it, but you know you can't prove it. There remains the cowardly method you have been nerving yourself to attempt, never dreaming that I was aware of your purpose."

A soft, triumphant little laugh escaped her. There was something almost childish in her delight at outwitting him, and, very slowly, into his worn and faded eyes a new expression began to dawn—the flickering stare of suspicion. And in it the purely personal impression of rage and necessity of vengeance subsided; he eyed her intently, curiously, and with a cool persistence which finally began to irritate her.

"What a credulous fool you are," she said, "to build your hopes of a separation on any possible mental disability of mine."

He stood a moment without answering, then quietly seated himself.

"Go on," he said; "what else?"

"What do you mean?"

"You have been saying several things—about doctors whom I have set to watch you—for a year or more."

"Do you deny it?" she retorted angrily.

"No—no, I do not deny anything. But—

who are these doctors — whom you have noticed?"

"I don't know who they are," she replied impatiently. "I've seen them often enough—following me on the street, or in public places—watching me. They are everywhere—you have them well paid, evidently; I suppose you can afford it. But you are wasting your time."

"You think so?"

"Yes!" she cried in a sudden violence that startled him, "you are wasting your time! And so am I—talking to you—enduring your personal affronts and brutal sneers. Sufficient for you that I know my enemies, and that I am saner, thank God, than any of them!" She flashed a look of sudden fury at him, and rose from her chair. He rose with a promptness that bordered on precipitation.

"For the remainder of the spring and summer," she said, "I shall make my plans regardless of you. I shall not go to Newport; you are at liberty to use the house there as you choose. And as for this incident with Gerald, you had better not pursue it any farther. Do you understand?"

He nodded, dropping his hands into his coat pockets.

"Now you may go," she said coolly.

He went—not, however, to his room, but straight to the house of the fashionable physician who ministered to his circle of wealth.

(To be continued.)

SANS JOY

By HELEN HAY WHITNEY

HIDE your eyes, angels, beneath your gold phylacteries,
 Israfeel will charm you with the magic of his song,
 Yet you will not smile for him by reason of gone memories,
 For Lucifer is absent, and the cry goes up "how long?"—

For his expiation you would give your dreams and destinies;
 Paradise is clouded by the measure of your pain;
 Hide your eyes, angels, beneath your gold phylacteries,
 Till the jasper gates swing wide to bring him home again.



DAVID

THE SHEPHERD KING

A SERIES OF EIGHT PAINTINGS

By ARTHUR BECHER





DAVID THE SHEPHERD BOY

And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep.—1 Samuel xvi : 11.



DAVID HARPETH BEFORE SAUL

When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took a harp and played with his hand :
so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.—I Samuel xvi : 23.



DAVID AND GOLIATH

David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith.—I Samuel xvii : 51.



THE PLEA OF ABIGAIL

So David received of her hand that which she had brought him, and said unto her, Go up in peace to thine house ; see, I have hearkened to thy voice.—I Samuel xxv : 35.



DAVID SPARETH SAUL

And David said to Abishai, Destroy him not : for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless ?—1 Samuel xxvi : 9.



THE OVERTHROW OF THE AMALEKITES

And David smote them from the twilight even unto the evening of the next day : and there escaped not a man of them, save four hundred young men.—I Samuel xxx : 17.



DAVID AWAITETH NEWS OF ABSALOM

And David sat between the two gates : and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked.—II Samuel xviii : 24.



DAVID CHARGETH SOLOMON

And he charged Solomon his son, saying, I go the way of all the earth : be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man.—1 Kings ii : 1, 2.



HOW CHILDREN PLAY IN NEW YORK

BY GEORGE CALVERT



IN that cleverest of stories dealing with child life in New York, "Ardelia in Arcady," the small heroine, returned from the country to her native element—the noisy, dirty, smelly, East Side street—cakewalks impudently behind a fat policeman and gives ecstatic utterance to the cry, "Gee! New York's the place!"

Ardelia is but the type and abstract of 400,000 children who swarm in the parks, streets, alleys, and courts of the vast city under conditions which the average person would think utterly discouraging and offensive, and who yet find New York one of the finest playgrounds in the world. From the Battery to the Bronx, from the East River to the Hudson, the streets and parks teem with

children at play. They play in the halls of tenements, on the sidewalks jostled by the contending currents of traffic, and under the heads of horses, dodging trolley cars and automobiles, and risking their lives a score of times a day. They play in the parks, overlooked by amiable policemen and white-capped nurses. They play in the roof gardens of the public schools or on the flat tops of tenements. Negro and white, Jew and Gentile, Italians of Mulberry Bend, Syrians of the Syrian quarter of Washington Street, Irish from Eleventh Avenue, and Germans from Avenue A; poor youngsters in their "skooters" trundling along the sidewalks, and children of the rich in their automobiles touring through the parks, to all of them the city gives its freedom without distinction.

While the rich have private playgrounds on the roofs, and well-kept nurseries, there is no playground except the streets for the vast majority of children, and to the streets they throng in numbers like the sands of the sea. Mile after mile the visitor may walk and still the



"In the welcome shadow of a tenement-house hallway."

child is omnipresent and his play continuous.

Here is a cluster of youngsters in tatters and more or less dirt, leapfrogging it over the hydrant at the corner, and there their sisters, scanty of gown and bare of leg, are playing hopscotch on a court marked out upon the flagging—a most interesting game if one could but understand its intricacies. In the welcome shadow of a tenement-house hallway a collection of "little mothers" ply the needle diligently through grimy bits of cloth, while the babies sprawl along the passage, or make excursions to the gutter, there to paddle their feet until missed and brought back with many maternal jerks and scoldings. On the pavement imaginary fire engines and trucks dash to imaginary fires with clang of gong and shrill whistles of warning accurately copied from the real affairs; in the gutters mud pies are made by busy housekeepers wrapped up in the gentle craft; while in the middle of the street the whole art and mystery of the national game, including the "rooting," is being displayed under the very hoofs of the horses. Farther along a bunch of three-year-olds are circling

gravely about a kneeling couple, playing the old, old game of "Kiss in the ring" or "London Bridge."

Every play that was ever played and many invented for the occasion may be found in the streets of New York: dancing plays, marching plays, bits of the kindergarten, vestiges of mystery plays dating back to the foundations of the pyramids, or imitations of the daily grown-up life that goes on all about.

And not in the streets alone. Each court and alley within the twenty square miles of solid-built tenements has its players. The tenement yards and hallways reëcho to their cries and the very roofs are lively with them, flying kites, playing jackstones, or "keeping house" in the shade of the washing fluttering in the East River breeze. Hammocks swing between the chimneys and on fire escapes, and dolls' tea parties are there held oblivious of the busy streets a hundred feet below.

This is in the day, but in the evening when the street lamps twinkle out of the dusk in unending lines, and the flaring lights of the shop windows cast yellow patches on the flagging, the play still continues though it takes a different form. A million or so people of the many-storied tenements "loaf and invite their souls" at the windows and on the stoops of the houses, gossiping and trying to get a breath of cool air before taking to the



"Busy housekeepers wrapped up in the gentle craft."



"Vacant yards turned into recreation grounds for the small children."

hot rooms and the sweltering bed. Girls wander up and down the block arm around waist. The bell of the hoky-poky ice-cream vender rings cheerfully as he trundles his cart down the street. The raucous tones of the phonograph blare out from many windows, and there is a cheerful clatter of talk and laughter.

The sidewalks are just as filled as in the day, but the current of life is more leisurely and the duskiess of the street adds to its capabilities for some plays. The dark doorways, the areas, the collected ash barrels, the casual stalled truck, form excellent hiding places for "I spy the woolly, woolly wolf," and the comparative emptiness of the middle of the streets admits of Prisoner's Base being played with all the rigor of the game. It is at night, too, that the hydrants are opened to cool the hot asphalt and to flush the litter of the day into the sewers, and to that entertainment the children come whooping with joy for blocks around, until the whole street is filled with them. The stream roars out from the hydrant like a geyser, a hundred legs are bared, a hundred hands clutch at skirts and trouser legs, a hundred feet paddle about in the river that rushes down the gutter, surging up around the bare brown legs, leaping over the hastily formed dams, and in every way trying its best to be the play-fellow the children want.

You who have personal acquaintance with porcelain baths need not turn up your noses.

A bath is all very well, but its spigot does not throw a four-inch stream halfway across a city street, nor can you wade into the mouth of the torrent until you are shaken and giddy with the roar of waters, and wet from foot to shoulder.

There have been many efforts made by well-meaning but overcultivated persons to abolish the street piano, but its banishment would mean the loss of a vast deal of healthy play to the children of the East Side and West, and of amusement to their elders. All through the day the street pianos are distributed over the city grinding out the worn and ragged Italian opera airs or the latest syncopation, but in the evening after the cool dusk has fallen and the dwellers in the tenements come out to get a breath of air, the streets are turned into ballrooms—ballrooms, however, where the dancers put vigor and life into the dancing, and the awful phantom of "good form" does not stalk abroad. Every block has its street piano, and every block these groups of bobbing, swaying, gyrating children, all ages, all sizes, all degrees of accomplishment. Big girls and small, fat chubs and thin slips, yellow-haired Lenas, black-haired Rachels, Italians, negroes, Hungarians, and Irish, all are possessed with a common impulse to swing their small legs to the rhythm of the music. The pavement is crowded, the space wherein they dance absurdly contracted, but the dance goes on and joy is unconfined. And they dance well,

these children of New York, whether it is the waltz, the two-step, or some of the many fancy figures which seem to be the common possession. Where they learn these steps, Melpomene alone knows. "Spieling" is an art to which the children take instinctively, and the older girls teach the younger fry, it is to be supposed. Yet you may walk for hours and never find two dance figures quite alike. They vary with the child, with the neighborhood, and the predominant nationality, but they have these elements in common—unconscious grace, abandon, and delight. Some day a second Donatello will model a frieze of dancing children and the streets of New York will furnish him his motives.

Dancing, I regret to say, is confined to the New York girls. The boys do perform rude and uncouth gambols, but it is mere mockery. As his sister learns to dance so he learns to swim or evade the police. Swimming he learns early, soon after he is breeched, becomes free from bondage to his older sister, and has liberty to troop down with the other boys of his quarter to the piers and wharves which fringe the city on both sides. There are sixteen miles or so of piers, and in the swimming season the traveler on the Hudson or the East River might easily fancy that the entire boy population had betaken themselves to the water. The stringpieces of the wharves swarm with the lean, sinewy, white figures, and the water is alive with heads—every barge and canal-boat has its quota. There all day long, in the ship basins and slips, they splash and dive, float luxuriantly on the swells of passing steamers, or paddle lazily about in the cool shadow of the wharf,

waving greetings to the passing river craft, and doing stunts for the edification of their mothers and sisters on the near-by recreation pier.

Luckily, for the small boy, the great city is not unthoughtful of the pleasure of its children. Swimming off the docks and barges is permitted to boys, provided with a modicum of bathing suit, and even to those who have not, the majesty of the law is not un-

bending. For the girls, the city provides the public swimming baths, moored at intervals along the water front, and thither you see them trooping any day in the season, carrying their light and airy costume under arm.

Connected with swimming and peculiar to New York is the illicit feat of bathing in the public fountains. It is, of course, against the law, but that is a small matter and only adds to the delight of the game. Taking an opportunity when no policeman is in sight, the youngsters charge upon the basin. A shake, and trousers and shirt have parted company with the wear-

er. A jump, and the boys are in the water where they splash like so many sparrows until notified of the approach of the enemy by a cry of "Cheese it, the cop!" Then the second part of the game is on. Each bather grabs his small portion of clothes and foots it through the streets, threading his way through the crowds like a slim white deer, until, with a slight margin of time to his credit, he can dive into a hallway, jump into his superfluities, and stroll casually out, innocent of offense.

Another great resource of the New York child is the building that is constantly going



"The child is omnipresent."



"There will be boards and trestles for seesaw."

on over all the city's vast extent. And wherever there is building, there are sand piles, and children to delve after the workmen have gone home. Where the carpenters are gathered there will be boards and trestles for seesaw, and from the leavings of the finishers come bits of colored marble or variegated glass. There are few things the youngsters cannot turn to account, and as for buried treasures, the ash cans ranged in rows of a morning awaiting the ash carts are veritable mines to the inquisitive and treasure-seeking child. From these he gets long streamers of colored paper, scraps of silk or satin, bits of glass which turn the world red, green, or yellow, and make of it an unfamiliar place, fragments of crockery still capable of use at dolls' dinner parties, artificial flowers, and even dilapidated hats and bonnets in which to re-create one's character.

This play of masking is deeply rooted in the New York child. All toy shops carry a complete line of hideous and terrifying false faces, or "dough faces" as they are termed on the East Side. Whether this delight in masquerading is due to the number of masked balls in New York, or the pleasure the grown-ups take in this form of entertainment springs from their play as children, is difficult to say,

but at any rate it is a great play. The season for it is in the early fall. Then the windows of the penny shops burgeon out in long lines of cheap masks, and many a penny is laid out against the coming of Thanksgiving Day. Why Thanksgiving Day should be a day of mummary is not known, but, weeks before, preparations are made for its proper observance, and on that day the streets are filled with urchins in motley and with blackened faces, or grotesque masks. The favorite disguise among the boys is to tog themselves out in the worn-out finery of their sisters. All day long they swarm about the streets in groups and parties, parading to the music of tin cans, importuning the passer-by for pennies, or gamboling in awkward mimicry of their sisters to the casual street piano. Perhaps these revels are the remnants of Guy Fawkes Day and the Gunpowder Plot.

There is another great play, a vestige of old English times, and, like the Thanksgiving Day masking, coming in its due season of the year. When the sun warms up the earth and the trees come out in their near-summer finery, and the grass becomes a luscious green and springy to the feet, then from every direction processions of children move upon the parks and squares. These are May parties, not necessarily, however, for the 1st



"There is no playground except the streets for the vast majority of children."

of May, or, indeed, for the month itself, as they extend well into June.

No matter how small or how large the party may be, it is headed by a May Queen of pleasing aspect and elaborate tiring, walk-

ing hand in hand with the King consort. Advisedly, the King consort; he is distinctly an inferior personage despite his paper crown, and a mere figurehead. It is the Queen to whom all honor is paid. The King is pressed into service and goes with reluctant and unwilling feet through the ceremonies of the day.

In other elements the May parties differ. Some are elaborate affairs with hundreds of children. They may include only the children of one block, of a single Sunday school, of the whole political district, or a scant half dozen shepherded by their mothers. They may contain children of only one nationality or speaking as many different tongues as the builders of the Tower of Babel. Some have extensive lunches laid out under the charge of caterers, and in others each child brings his own sandwiches, ten cents for ice cream, and a spoon to eat it with. From all parts of the city they come; from a distance in carryalls and gaily decorated wagons; from near by in long winding columns of marchers carrying flags and arches of artificial flowers, the King and Queen under canopies of tissue papers and followed by courtiers, Maids of Honor, Liberty Girls, Uncle Sams, and all the characters which childish fancy can hit upon.

Central Park and Prospect Park, while primarily landscape gardens, contain also



"'Little mothers' ply the needle diligently."

children's playgrounds on a large scale. To say nothing of the swan boats which move majestically upon the lakes carrying a delighted freight of youngsters, there are swings, carousels, and goat carriages. These, however, may be met with anywhere—not so the small and shallow lakes used for sailing boats. These on a fine day are alive with model yachts and others by no means model but yielding quite as much pleasure to their possessor.

Another enlivening sight in the parks is that of the commons on a Saturday afternoon in the spring or fall, when the grassy slopes swarm with baseball and football enthusiasts. There are all sorts and conditions of boys, in all sorts and conditions of clothes, and what they do not know of the game they make up in enthusiasm and energy.

The Central and Prospect Park playgrounds are too remote from the downtown districts to be of much value to the children of the congested quarters, and for these the

city has provided the outdoor gymnasiums, each located in the midst of a poor and squalid neighborhood. Seward Park in the midst of the Jewish quarter, covering three city blocks surrounded by the tenements of Hester, Norfolk, Division, and Essex streets, is the oldest of these and the most complete so far. Here all day long some 13,000 children climb and jump and swing, play games and run races, while the babies delve and tumble in the clean sand to their heart's content.

Hamilton Fish Park, the Hudson Bank playground in the "Hell's Kitchen District," Tompkins Square, the East River Park, all these are doing the same good work as is being done in Seward Park, and vary from it only in differences of equipment, and besides these large playgrounds there are a host of tiny ones—vacant lots and yards redeemed from uselessness and turned at slight expense into recreation grounds and outdoor kindergartens, where the small, weak children may go to play in peace and quietness.



"Hopscotch on a court marked out upon the flagging."



Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson.

"And summer, roses, the sun and the universe heard the 'dear' in his voice."

SHADOW

BY ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON



O," Linnie said steadfastly, "won't."

He called it "yunt," and this made the monosyllable rather taking, though it was the height of the rudeness of Linnie, who was four.

"Please, dear," Etheldreda coaxed. She was on her knees beside the Picotée rose tree, and if Linnie had had a maturer joy in color he would have known that her white gown against those opening roses made a picture to which nothing might be denied. In a way he did know, for something filled him with a vague reproach, whereas he never felt reproached when he stormed the will of Miss Cecil, in black, in a high-backed chair.

"No," he said, nonetheless, "No-no." For this special quick combination of sound with this particular accent always marked his baby ultimatum.

Near by stood Sophie Vron, Linnie's nursemaid, her little blue Dutch cap bewitchingly awry about her little pink Dutch face. And the face, as Etheldreda had noticed at least three times that day, showed signs of recent tears.

"Aw, Master Linfield," Sophie said gently, "go on, let the man paint you pretty."

But as she did not look at him when she spoke, Linnie did not answer. Sophie Vron was, as a matter of fact, looking, one might say, with a sigh in her eyes at Etheldreda's frock—a thing of cream white and cunning lines of lace and tiny tucks for shadows. The tucks for shadows made the high lights the more beautiful, though of this Sophie was of course not expertly conscious. All that Sophie knew about it was that in her simple heart she suddenly loathed her black and white checked gingham and her little

winged Dutch cap. However, one would not have said that this had been the reason for her tears.

Etheldreda sighed. She wanted such a little thing of Linnie. It was only that Moberly, the artist in the lodge, had told her how Joseph Winchell, the London artist who lived there with him, wished above most things to paint the child. He had seen Linnie marching in the wood with his "go-stick," a tall white staff which old Miss Cecil had been wont to carry. And Winchell said that that staff meant Age and Afternoon and shadowy encroachings; and that it was wonderful, the child using it as a toy. Moreover, he observed that Linnie had the beauty of the angels.

And Linnie positively refused to pose. It was, manifestly, nothing to him that Etheldreda on her knees beside the rose tree was making lists of alluring things that he should have if he would consent. This, she told herself, was pardonable when the issue was not one of duty, but solely of inclination. As for Linnie's inclination, it had a most innocent air of being almost carried, but this was merely to soften his ultimate drawing-back.

"If I did," he inquired now, "could I have a live fish?"

"Yes," Etheldreda promised eagerly, "oh, yes."

"In a tank? A gul-lass tank?"

"By all means," she assured him.

"A tank," Linnie elaborated, "fuller water?"

"Oh, it shall even have water," she smiled.

Linnie considered.

"Well, an' tould I have," said he, "a li'l—li'l yellie chicken? Wiv torn-meal for always?"

"Oh," Etheldreda promised, "the most beautiful little yellow chicken, Linnie. All your own."

The child looked dreamily over the rose tree, watched the idle flight of a butterfly drifting down the imperceptible wind, and spoke his thoughts:

"Now—is eggs bruvvers an' sisters?"

"Are eggs—" Etheldreda repeated, bewildered.

"Now—yes," said Linnie. "'Tause chickens is."

The butterfly lit airily on the rose tree, and Linnie thought of something else.

"Oh," he said, "tould I have 'at wosebush for mine? An' pick 'em all off? *Now*, all off? *Nen* I would!"

"Might you have the Picotée rose tree? No, indeed," said Etheldreda decidedly. "You know you may not, Linnie. Oh, but see," she pleaded, "with the fish and the tank and the chicken and all the other things, you *will* let him paint your picture, dear?"

"No," said Linnie serenely, "yunt."

Sophie Vron had noted the least fold in Etheldreda's girdle, and she sighed a little.

"Aw, Master Linfield," she observed, "ain't you the deceiver! You're a regular man that way."

"Sophie," said Etheldreda, "can you think what makes him object?" Also she wondered if Sophie's cynicism might not explain Sophie's tears.

"La, ma'am, no, ma'am," said Sophie. For she was the little maid whom Moberly and Winchell had both sketched in their Holland notes, and whom Etheldreda had coaxed Miss Cecil to engage for Linnie, and Sophie herself knew how to pose as she knew how to breathe. "La, ma'am," she added, "if it was me I'd rather set for my picture then have honey!"

Past the rose tree Etheldreda saw tea brought out to the big porch. And tea usually meant Moberly. He was in fact at that moment coming up the slope of the lawn from the lodge, which seemed to kneel at the feet of the larger house much as he knelt at the feet of Etheldreda. She saw him coming, and her face lit softly, not with a blush, but with a kind of quickening flame. And as for Moberly, it smote him with a certain giddiness that, in a perfectly possible world, it was doubtless possible that she might have been looking for his coming. In fine, since they two had met in a certain light of spring two

months before, Moberly knew well enough how matters had come to be with him. And he knew, too, that the time was drawing momentarily nearer when he must tell her, since to tell her had now become the sole reason for summer, roses, the sun, and the universe. But instead of approaching her with a lyric of all this on his lips, as would have been quite natural to him, he merely took her hand, looked briefly in her eyes, and sat down in a porch chair with a cup of excellent English breakfast tea and a crisp crumpet. For this is the way of the world.

"How are you to-day?" Moberly said. And summer, roses, the sun, and the universe heard the "dear" in his voice, if Etheldreda did not hear.

"I am very well, thanks," said Etheldreda. "And you?"

"I am all the better for the tea in the plan of things," he said gravely. "And the crumpets."

"Those crumpets," Etheldreda assured him, "are no better than they should be. They are not brown enough."

"That," said Moberly, "is like wishing a rose to be redder."

"But not at all," Etheldreda contended. "A rose is a rose."

He said: "And a crumpet a crumpet——"

It was amazing how infinitely little they talked about, those two people of cleverness and gifts. But manifestly they both knew very well what it all meant. One would have said that Sophie Vron and *her* sweetheart would have known too. Is it not as if love pitches everybody in the same key and says: "Now sing. No matter what words. Sing!"

"Many things have happened to-day," Etheldreda announced presently. "Miss Cecil has consented to dine out this evening. The Picotée rose has bloomed. And Sophie has been grieving over something. Also," she might have added and did not, "this gown has come home, quite new!"

"Poor Sophie," said Moberly, wondering much who would take Etheldreda down to dinner and ignoring the Picotée rose—but already he knew and adored every line of the dress—"I hope that great splendid Norwegian sweetheart of hers has not been behaving badly."

"Is there a Norwegian sweetheart?" said Etheldreda. "You haven't told me."

"All I know," said Moberly, "is that I've met them in the village. A fine straight

young fellow of a quite surprising blondness. He looked like a Viking, and Sophie looked like a rose. What else has happened?"

"I'm afraid," Etheldreda said ruefully, "that Linnie refuses to pose for Mr. Winchell."

"Does he really?" Moberly exclaimed. "Little beggar! Winchell has set his heart on painting him."

On which, suddenly and as if at the name of Winchell, Moberly's face clouded.

"I'm afraid I've bribed him shockingly," Etheldreda went on. "The last thing he said was that he would do it if we would give him the Picotée rose tree. Miss Cecil refuses to tell him he must pose. She says he *must* do right always, but that in a matter like this he is a free agent. Now, nobody whom Mr. Winchell wishes to paint ought to be a free agent!"

Moberly looked at her quickly and the cloud darkened.

"Do you think so?" he said. "Well, Winchell wishes enormously, for example, to paint you."

Down in the garden Linnie had just lifted a chocolate-colored caterpillar from the earth and he held it toward heaven and ran to them.

"It's p'ayin' it's a buttief'y!" he claimed shrilly when at the very foot of the porch steps Sophie tried to take it away from him.

Etheldreda hardly saw them.

"Mr. Winchell wishes to paint me!" she was saying in some astonishment.

"He means to ask you at once," Moberly said. "He's got an idea for a thing called 'Shadow'—a dusk effect. Splendid conception it is. He wants you for the central figure—for Shadow herself. Would you?" Moberly asked wistfully. But the wistfulness, one would have said, was not precisely a wistfulness that she consent.

Etheldreda laughed lightly and looked down on Linnie, still intent on his caterpillar. All at once she rather understood the child.

"No," she said, decidedly. "Mr. Winchell is very good. But I'm afraid, like Linnie, I 'yunt.'"

And this Linnie, on the gravel, did not hear at all, and Sophie Vron, near by, heard with parted lips of wonder; and Moberly heard with a lighting of his face which not summer, roses, the sun, and so on, could possibly have mistaken.

"I couldn't possibly," Etheldreda said

gravely. "Really, I'd far rather he didn't ask me. I will not pose on any account."

She held out her hand for his cup. By reason of the strength that was in him Moberly prevented himself from folding that hand and her other hand, and drawing her to him while he said what he longed to say. Instead, since obviously he could not take an opportunity which she had unconsciously made, he simply put down his cup and sat in the porch chair looking at her. As the world demands.

But Sophie Vron went round the house marveling. Not pose! Miss Etheldreda would not pose, when she might be painted wearing that frock of cream-white, all cunning lines of lace and tiny tucks for shadows. Oh, thought Sophie, who knew how to pose as she knew how to breathe, if *she* had a dress like that! Whereat Sophie's China-blue eyes filled with tears. If she did have a dress like that, woe to a certain Norwegian sweetheart (who looked like a Viking), and woe to his high-handed ways. She would say to him—

But instead of what she would have said to him she heard herself really saying (for such is the way of the world):

"Aw, Master Linfield. Put down the caterpillar an' leave 'm go his own road, pretty."

Linnie, having obeyed, hunched his shoulders very high and held his arms close to his sides.

"I'm a bottle," he explained. "'Fumery. Not med'cine."

Sophie was occupied in trying to fathom how even Linnie could refuse to be painted.

"Master Linfield, darlin'," she said, "do please go on set for Mr. Winchell."

Linnie shook his head and marched to the measure of his irrevocable determination.

"No-no," he said, "I yunt. An' I yunt. An' I yunt—yunt—yu—nt!"

At seven that evening Miss Cecil and Etheldreda drove to their dinner party. At eight Sophie put Linnie to bed. Just before nine she went briskly in to "red up" Miss Etheldreda's rooms. And lying on a willow couch in her dressing room she came full upon that frock of Etheldreda's—a thing of cream white and cunning lines of lace and tucks for shadows.

Sophie looked at it almost reverently. It had, in its empty, straying arms, a kind of pathetic assurance of its prettiness if only

some one was wearing it. It lay there idle, disregarded, a thing of momentary waste in Nature, like flowers in the dark. All this Sophie no more thought out than she thought out the processes of the blooming of the Picotée rose, but the consciousness flowed through her like the perfume of the rose, and it intoxicated her.

She lifted the gown. Must not one lift a thing in order to lay it in its tissues? She held it up before her, half recalling that she was just Miss Etheldreda's height and almost as slender. The touch of the *mousseline*, the sibilant slipping of the silk, the caress of the lace in the sleeves gave her an indefinite happiness. And she turned and in the pier glass she saw her hated black and white checked gingham and her little Dutch winged cap. These were the last points in the argument where she had realized no argument to have taken place. In an instant the black and white check and the winged cap lay on the rug and Sophie, with trembling fingers, was fastening about her slim little figure Miss Etheldreda's cream-white gown.

She never forgot that first frightened, ecstatic look at herself in the pier glass when she was arrayed. If the Viking could see her now! Her hair, that always lay heavy and bright under the Dutch cap, now caught the light in uncovered waving coils. And the pinkness and whiteness and youth of her were, by the gown, set off to a really amazing perfection. She had a beauty of her own. Moberly had praised her when he painted her in those Holland fishing scenes of his, and Winchell had praised her before that when he had sketched her, with a basket on her arm, coming from the village. But now—now! Sophie was amazed at herself. For behold, she *felt* like a different being. She knew, in short, for the first time, the feminine sixth sense of being well dressed.

She stepped across the rug to the mirror, and the slipping of the silk made her heart beat. She lifted a fan which lay on Etheldreda's table and swayed it languidly. Then she paused, arrested by the enormity of her thought:

Miss Cecil and Miss Etheldreda were dining out. They would not be at home for another hour. The servants were all below, the house was perfectly quiet and, save for a dim lamp swinging in the lower hall, quite unlighted. Why should she not go downstairs and *pretend*?

Sophie stepped out in the corridor, and the stillness reassured her. On the stairs the clamor of that silkiness of hers seemed suddenly to fill the house, the wide air—to sweep about and to return in swishing waves along which she floated. But not for her life could she, even in her misgiving, have silenced it. Oh, Sophie cried in the spirit, all her life she had footed about in noiseless gingham and cotton-lined serges. Here, here at last was the music of the spheres.

If that Norwegian sweetheart could see her now!

And the thought of that great Viking gave Sophie inspiration. She would play at welcoming him. She had seen Miss Etheldreda welcome guests and had observed her extreme quiet which, until she understood, had almost impressed her simple soul as hostility. Now Sophie remembered this, and it fitted admirably upon the haughty welcome which she yearned to give the Viking. She swept through the dim hall, advanced to the doors set wide ajar to the summer night, stepped out to the great shadowy porch with the wine of her daring in her veins, and suddenly unfurled Miss Etheldreda's fan and lifted it to her face, marring that copied quiet of hers by a distinct gasp of pure horror.

Mr. Winchell, of the lodge, was coming up the steps.

Winchell had, as usual, dined with Moberly at the lodge; after which his friend, following a custom that, to Winchell's bewilderment, had been growing upon him of late, went off "for a tramp" alone. At dinner Moberly had vouchsafed nothing about that proposed picture called "Shadow," but he had explained to Winchell with amusement that Master Linnie's price for posing would be one whole Picotée rose tree, for his own. Thus it had occurred to Winchell, left alone, that he might as well seize that evening to beg Etheldreda to pose for him and to argue a bit with Linnie. And, he thought now for a breath, he had had the good fortune to find Etheldreda at home alone.

"Miss Etheldreda?" he said. "Is it—Miss Etheldreda?" he added.

On which Sophie fell into sudden little breaths of sobbing. And the dim hall lamp touched her hair to brightness.

"I beg your pardon," Winchell said in deep distress, "I will go away. I am so sorry——"

"Oh," said Sophie, "Mr. Winchell, sir, it's me. It's *me*."

He knew her voice. He saw her face now vaguely, for she lowered the fan. But for his life he could not make out what was the matter with the girl. It struck him that in some indefinable way she seemed different—grown taller, become of a strangely impressive presence. Perhaps, he thought indefinitely, she had *married*. He had known a certain satisfied authority to come then to women of Sophie's class. Yet this was more.

"What is it, Sophie?" he asked perplexedly. "Could—could I help you at all?"

Sophie shook her head. Winchell thought for a moment.

"Is Miss Etheldreda at home?" he asked.

Again Sophie shook her head.

"No, she ain't," she said, with a certain haste, "she's out. I know that."

For he actually seemed not to notice the dress, thought Sophie, and if only he would go before he *did* notice—Another thought struck her.

"Miss Etheldreda, she won't pose for you anyhow," she said, "I heard her say it to-day. She won't pose for you, sir."

Sophie had leaned a little forward. Winchell, looking up from the lower step, saw her with that dim light behind her, her white gown and hair gathering to themselves all the brightness in a world of shadow. There was a magnificent line from waist to hem of the long white gown, but the rest was in shadow. Shadow on her brow, on the slimness of her, shadow all about her—why, Sophie Vron, the little maid who knew how to pose as she knew how to breathe, suddenly seemed to Winchell the very incarnation of Shadow, of the picture he had dreamed.

"Sophie!" he said, "stand just as you are. Please—just as you are."

With her gradually relieved understanding that Winchell was by no means as specifically conscious of the significance of that frock of cunning lines as she was, and that indeed he was wholly ignorant of those criminal waves of supreme silkiness which she could liberate when she moved, the wine of her daring began once more to flow in Sophie's youthful veins. Also, the wine of a delight. For here, where only to-day she had seen Miss Etheldreda sitting serene in her wonderful gown and throwing to the winds a chance for which she herself so longed, that chance had now fallen upon her. Come what would, she said

to herself, now was *now*. She, Sophie Vron, was posing for a picture in no other than that wonderful gown—and oh, if the Viking could but see her!

Winchell, standing on the porch in the half light that fell from the hall, was sketching rapidly, on something he had had in a pocket, and he was triumphant in the certainty that he had got what he wanted. Sophie Vron! It seemed incredible that this was she, of those Holland fishing studies. There was now actually a kind of majesty about her. What had brought it? Even her tears were a part of it. Ah, Shadow, as he had dreamed her and had hardly hoped for her, she was here, newborn for his picture, the living Shadow.

"Glorious, glorious!" he said. "Why, you wonderful little creature!"

And that, as he came up the avenue from his tramp whereon had been born the resolution to tell Etheldreda the divine truth that very night, was what Moberly saw and what he heard.

He stopped short on the gravel, down by the Picotée rose. There could be, he thought, no doubt of what he saw. And only that afternoon Etheldreda had said: "I couldn't possibly. I'd far rather he didn't ask me. I will not pose on any account." Yet there was the slim whiteness of that slender figure, the hair bright in the dusk, the incarnation of Shadow among vassal shadows; and before her was Winchell, daring to say that, to *her*. Ah, "*nobody ought to be a free agent when Mr. Winchell wishes to paint one.*"

Moberly's way was to grind his heel into the gravel, to brush past the rose tree, and under his breath to say something which summer, roses, sun, and universe might very well understand. And there in the darkness he came face to face with a man who was, remarkably, saying his own version of the same thing.

The man—even in the gloom Moberly could see that he was of a quite surprising blondness and that he was straight and splendid, like a Viking. And this Viking, who seemed not particularly to care who Moberly was, grasped him roughly by the arm.

"For God's sake, sir," he said huskily, "*you* are a man. Tell me, who is dot man on dot stoop?"

For a breath Moberly hesitated, held by a real fear of some threatened danger to Win-

chell. He himself could have challenged Winchell then and there, with a will; but of course no one else should harm him.

"And what is that to you?" Moberly settled it by demanding crisply.

But all at once the man broke down.

"She vas goin' to be my woman," he said simply, "I haf been a brute. An' now I haf lost her."

It is as if Love pitches us all in one key and says: "Grieve. Never mind how. Grieve!" For afterwards Moberly knew that it had been in him to answer, man to man as they stood:

"You have made a mistake. She was to have been mine!"

Instead (for now and then it is the world's way to be sane) he said quietly:

"Whom do you mean? Sophie Vron? But that woman up there is not Sophie Vron."

The man, in his misery, hardly troubled to contradict him.

"I haf heard her speak," he said, "she had tears in her speaking. If you vill not tell me who this man——"

Away back in Moberly's mind a sudden hope leaped up. Even then he smiled at the possibility that he could have mistaken, but he grasped that great Viking by the arm.

"Come with me," he said.

Therefore upon Winchell, joyously sketching this unexpected Shadow, and upon Sophie in her fearful joy to which tears were so near, these two strange companions stepped out from behind the Picotée rose tree and stood at the foot of the steps.

"Etheldreda," said Moberly.

"Sophie!" cried that great Viking.

On which Winchell was left to sketch the empty dark. With a cry that was pure with tenderness Sophie ran down the steps—ran to a sound of silk that filled the wide air, sweeping and returning in waves on which she fairly floated—and threw herself into the great Viking's arms. And on a sudden Moberly, without the least intention in the world, leaped to the top of the steps and grasped Winchell's hand and wrung it frantically.

It was upon this tableau that Miss Cecil and Etheldreda looked out from their returning carriage.

Winchell, divining the very unusual, did the perfect thing and handed Miss Cecil out and accompanied her within doors. And Etheldreda, stepping down beside Moberly,

looked upon Sophie who was magnificently unashamed by her lover's arm. And, Miss Cecil having turned up the gas as she went through the hall, the light streamed out full on Sophie Vron and on her gown—that gown of cream-white, with cunning lines of lace and tucks for shadows.

"Oh, ma'am!" said Sophie, guiltily wrretched in her great joy.

Moberly knew the dress too. He had adored every line of it that very afternoon. And he knew therefore something of the loveliness of his lady; for in an instant, woman to woman as they stood, Etheldreda saw everything.

"Sophie!" she said, "I don't know his name, but I am very glad."

"Ma'am," said that great Viking resolutely, "if you are willin' we are goin' to get marrit to-morrow."

"Ah," Etheldreda said, "I might have guessed that Sophie is going to wear that pretty gown to be married in!"

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" Sophie gasped.

"Are you not?" said Etheldreda. "Surely you are!" And smiled away the girl's broken words, and waved away the two lovers down the dusk of the garden. And all the wide air was filled with the sound of Sophie's silk, as much as with the fragrance of the Picotée rose. But shadow there was none.

"Etheldreda," said Moberly.

She could not divine all his mood, but in common with the summer, the universe and all the rest she knew very well what he meant. He held out his arms, and she went to him as simply as if it had been so from the beginning.

Came then a little voice, lifted from the hall doorway where Linnie stood:

"I dweamed my cattypilly was gwoin' on 'at wosebush. I like 'at wosebush. I want 'at wosebush. An' pick 'em all off. 'Tause nen——"

They saw Winchell appear from somewhere and catch him up.

"Linnie," said Winchell, "I'll send to Europe for a Picotée rose tree for you, if you will let me paint you. Will you?"

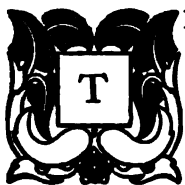
"A Europe wosebush?" said Linnie sleepily. "For mine?"

"Yes," Winchell promised, "for yours. Will you?"

"I will," said Linnie sweetly. "Yes, I will. Shall I now?"

PRIMEVAL INSTINCTS

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS



HE instinct of the hunter was strong in the youth. For some odd tens of thousands of years his ancestors had lived by the chase, before ever they learned the arts of civilization; and such an inheritance is not easily to be put down. The youth, to be sure, did not know anything of this inheritance. If he had, perchance, heard of remote barbaric ancestors of his race, he did not associate their predatory habits with his own sporting instincts. Indeed, he never attempted to analyze these instincts in any way. He only knew that the desire to kill was strong in him; that it had been so ever since he could remember. He longed to have a gun that he might go forth to slay the creatures of the field. In default of that, while a mere lad, he had often carried an imitation gun, in the form of a crooked stick; and, afield with this, he had in imagination slaughtered hosts of feathered and furred creatures. He loved the beasts and birds every one; yet the old primeval instinct was strong, and he longed to kill.

Hitherto he had not been able to put his sanguinary desires into execution, for he had not been old enough to have a gun—or so at least his parents had all along contended, against his earnest protestations. But it had been agreed that when he reached his 'teens the embargo should be withdrawn; and now his thirteenth birthday approached. It was a momentous occasion for the youth. For weeks he could think of nothing but the promised gun, and for months he had made preparations for hunting. The weapon was to be a birthday present, but it had been agreed that the lad should earn what he could during the summer vacation, and add the sum to the rather meager allowance that his

parents could afford that he might secure a better gun than would otherwise be available.

A lad of twelve is rather young to step from the sedentary life of school into the farmyard and the harvest field, particularly in the heat of an almost tropical summer. But the youth was a hardy specimen of Iowa boyhood, and he did not mind it in the least. He took pride in showing that, though reared in the village, he lacked nothing of the pluck and stamina of the farm-reared boys of his age; and before the season was over he had abundantly demonstrated that he more than matched in strength and endurance any of his associates who were not two or three years his senior. He had even done a man's work in harvest time, shocking as many bundles of wheat day after day as the best of them, to the astonishment of the farmer, and to his own delight. And he had come back to the village, after the harvest was over, sunburned and rugged, no whit the worse for his strenuous outing, so far as present appearances could indicate.

That was early in August. Now the September days that usher in the hunting season were approaching, and so was his birthday. It was decided to anticipate the latter, that the lad might be fully prepared for the first hunting day. Already he knew by heart the good points of every gun that the local dealer had on sale. Of course his heart was set on one particular gun—and of course that particular gun was more expensive than he could afford.

It is not at all likely that the coveted weapon was any better than a good many of its fellows. A twelve-year-old boy choosing his first gun may be expected to display about the same measure of critical acumen that distinguishes his choice of a first sweetheart two or three years later. But in the one case as in the other, the choice seems at the time,

to the chooser himself, to be a matter of very great moment. So the lad felt that no other gun would make him quite content. Fortunately the gun dealer was willing to make a concession; the lad might take the coveted gun, and pay the balance with his harvest money of next season. Thus it was arranged, and the youth, with feelings of a full-fledged hunter, shouldered his gun, and went home in a trance. Only a few such hours of supreme joy as he felt then are allotted to any mortal in a lifetime.

The young hunter—whose name, it may be convenient to mention, was Charles Stevens—soon proved himself to be what is called a "natural shot." Almost from the very first he was able to hold his own with the average local sportsmen in the field. Indeed, in the quest of quail, partridge, and woodcock, he was more than a match for anyone in the village, because he knew so well the haunts and habits of these birds—his knowledge dating back to the crooked-stick days.

But after the first novelty wore away, the youth did not find the joy in mere killing that he had anticipated. He loved to handle the soft plumage of a beautiful bird, and it distressed him to see the way in which most of his companion sportsmen mauled their game, and threw it pellmell into their game bags. As time went on, he found himself often passing by a covey of young partridges or quail without raising his gun, though the birds might be large enough for the table, according to the ideas of most sportsmen. Somehow he liked to see the birds enjoying themselves; and when a young partridge, for example, would flush into a tree, and sit there only a few yards away craning its graceful neck at him, oblivious of danger, he had not the heart to take advantage of its guilelessness, though he was well aware that most of his boy friends were less considerate under similar circumstances.

Nevertheless he killed a large quantity of game first and last. When the birds were full grown and strong of wing, he exulted in the skill required to bring them to bag—when you can stop a teal going down wind three times out of four, let us say, you have demonstrated no mean degree of craftsmanship. Nor—except in such an exceptional case as that of the young partridges—was young Stevens's imagination often stirred by the thought of what might be the birds' own view of the affair. Such thoughts as that,

indeed, hardly belong to normal, healthy youth. The instinct of the hunter, as has been said, is an inheritance from many thousands of generations. Our ancestors of those generations knew little of the meaning of pity, else they themselves could never have eked out existence. It was only under the fostering influences of a later stage of evolution that the altruistic impulses were able to make themselves felt. And so it is only at a somewhat late stage of personal development that the individual, as a rule, broadens his sympathies to include the little brothers of the field and woodland. But, on the other hand, since the individual life compresses so much into so short a time, it must make many short cuts; and it sometimes progresses by bounds from one mental plane to another.

By such a sudden evolution, as it chanced, young Stevens came out of the sportsman chrysalis; and the manner of this metamorphosis is perhaps worth the telling, because it illustrates a number of somewhat interesting things in a rather graphic way.

It chanced one day in the early fall succeeding the memorable one in which the gun was purchased, that the youth went out for a day's prairie-chicken shooting with a middle-aged neighbor named Luther. Game was abundant, and the two sportsmen had no difficulty in securing a good bag. They had, indeed, quite as many birds as they cared for, and were on their way home when, in a field not far from the village, the setter, ranging at will, came to a point, indicating the presence of game in the stubble. As they went toward the dog, two prairie hens flushed wild and made off with the usual whirl and cackle. Boy and man threw up their guns and fired almost at the same instant.

The bird at which the man had fired whirled over and over in the air, and came to the ground with a thud. That at which the boy had aimed thrust down its legs and wobbled as if about to fall; then recovered itself and flew on, its legs dangling. A chance shot had apparently broken its back, paralyzing the legs, but leaving it still strength enough to fly a certain distance. Trained hunter as he was, the boy watched the wounded bird, and marked the exact spot where it finally dropped just at the edge of a cornfield half a mile away.

The dog meantime had rushed after the other bird, and now held it before his master. It was uninjured save for a broken wing-tip

and the jar of its fall. If you have seen a wounded grouse in the mouth of the retriever, you know that under these circumstances the beautiful thing does not struggle nor cry out. Its great hazel eyes regard you trustingly. It appears dazed rather than frightened, seeming little to realize that the hour of its great tragedy has come.

Luther took the bird from the dog's mouth, scarcely glancing at it. With a dexterous motion, he beat the delicate, graceful head against his gun barrel, dashing its brains out. As he thrust the body into his game pocket, he was watching the other grouse, which just at that moment was reaching the end of its flight.

"I think I'll go after it," said the youth.

"Nonsense," said Luther; "it's a half mile away, and you have all you want without it."

"But the bird is wounded. I hate to have it lie out there and suffer."

"Oh, it's probably dead; or if it isn't some skunk or weasel will kill it to-night. Come along."

It was nearly sunset, and the youth was tired after the long tramp of the day. It would be a long trip over to the cornfield for weary legs—and then perhaps to find the bird dead. Already it was supper time at home, and he had a hunter's appetite. So he allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and the two tramped homeward.

But the grouse that had fallen over in the cornfield was not dead. Nor, as it chanced, was its wound of a kind to produce speedy death. The injury did, however, render the bird utterly helpless. Once it had dropped to the earth, it could not rise again. Nor could it move about on the ground, for its legs were paralyzed completely. It lay on the bare earth, sheltered by the cornstalks from the eyes of hawks, and where there was not much danger that a marauding beast would find it. But there was no food at hand. It was doubtful even whether the bird would be able to sip a few drops of dew from a cornstalk to quench the thirst that its wound must develop.

Quite obviously fate had marked the grouse for a lingering death of torture. Its wound, already painful, must become more so with the lapse of time. Insects would come in phalanxes to pester it. Hunger and thirst would add their modicum of agony. The greatest mercy it could hope for would be the coming of some skunk or weasel, as the hunter had suggested, to put it out of misery.

But no such messenger of speedy death chanced to come that way.

We need not dwell on the details of the bird's lingering death. You can picture them to yourself if you have imagination. If you have not—why, you are spared much misery. Suffice it that as the hours dragged on the bird grew weaker, until at last its capacity for suffering was blunted. For some time before it lost consciousness altogether, it lay there gasping but feebly, its end near.

It chanced to be a Sabbath morning on which the grouse was thus nearing the term of its misery—a delicious autumn morning, when the air seemed redolent of peace, and the distant church bells droned a benediction. And just about the hour when the bird drew its last conscious breath, the youth who had brought it to this sad plight was entering a church in the neighboring village, to join his class at Sunday school. In that same hour the superintendent of the Sunday school was reading the lesson of the day from a book in his hand, in very solemn tones, his voice taking on an inflection of pathos and sympathy.

"Our text for the lesson of the day," he announced, "is found in Matthew, tenth chapter, verse twenty-nine: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.' An almost identical text, emphasizing the same thought, is found in Luke, twelfth chapter, sixth verse: 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?' Think of that, children," said the reader, a suggestion of tremor in his voice. "Think of that, and learn a lesson in kindness. No living creature is so insignificant that God does not hold it within the scope of his infinite mercy and pity. Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. This is our lesson for the day, which the various classes will now take up."

As I have said, it was just in the hour when this beautiful lesson was being inculcated that the starved, tortured prairie hen was about to give up the ghost away out there in the cornfield. Now the man who had read the text with such feeling chanced to be our friend Luther, the sportsman of the other day. He was perfectly sincere in reading thus. He was considered to be a thoroughly good man. He believed himself to be altogether honest. But he lacked imagination. He had not

given a thought to the wounded grouse since the moment when he had persuaded the boy to leave it out there in the field. It had simply not come into his mind—never would come into his mind again. The text that he read about the fall of the sparrow was to him wholly impersonal. He would go into the fields to-morrow to shoot, precisely as he had gone the other day, with no recollection of that text, no thought of its application.

He was of those who make no short cuts in life from viewpoint to viewpoint, but who linger always where adolescence found them. But he read the beautiful text about the sparrow with great solemnity and feeling. And while he was reading, he even supposed that he understood its import.

Meanwhile, we may fairly assume, the chicken, slowly agonizing away those last hours out there in the cornfield, got no relief from the beautiful text. There is no reason to suppose that it knew anything of any mind or power, natural or supernatural, that sympathized with its sufferings. Yet there was one human being that thought of it with sympathy in that time of its great trial, little as that sympathy availed. This was the youth who had inflicted that mortal injury.

He had gone to the Sunday school that morning with cheerful heart. He had met a companion on the way, and the two had compared notes about their success in hunting the past week. It chanced that each had killed forty-nine prairie chickens since the season opened. A natural enough spirit of rivalry led young Stevens to exclaim: "I wish I had followed up that chicken I wounded the other day, for that would have made an even half hundred; and I should be ahead." And so his thoughts went out to the wounded bird just as he was entering the church; and somehow, as he heard the text about the sparrow, he could not help thinking still more about the fallen prairie hen.

He was not a particularly religious boy. He went to Sunday school because his parents wished him to go, and because the other children went; and as a rule he paid no very great attention to what he heard there. But this text about the sparrow appealed to him. He had heard it before, of course, but it had never struck him in just the same way.

As he mused, he found himself looking at the teacher of his class, and wondering why she—sweet-faced little woman as she was—could wear a stuffed bird on her hat. The

teacher of the class beyond wore a bunch of aigrets, which, as the youth chanced to know, are feathers of a kind of heron that must be killed in the breeding season in order to secure these plumes. The youth found himself wondering if the heavenly Father, who watched the fall of the sparrow, had noted the fall also of the tanager that his teacher wore; and with what feelings he had watched the starving young of the heron that supplied the plumes for the other hat.

He found a sort of fascination in watching the way the heron plumes bobbed back and forth as the pretty teacher nodded her head to emphasize the truths she was expounding—the beautiful truths about the fall of the sparrow.

Then the youth's mind reverted again to the wounded grouse. He thought too of other wounded birds that he had seen fly off to die a lingering death. He had always pitied them, in a half-hearted way, but his imagination pictured their sufferings now as never before. As he reflected regretfully on having left the grouse to its fate, he was no longer thinking of his half-hundred score. He was thinking of the agonies of the bird itself.

The youth's soul was undergoing development in that half hour. He was making one of those short cuts from point of view to point of view. He was passing—little as he realized it—from the barbarian-hunter stage to a plane of broader sympathies.

All through the lesson he sat brooding the same thoughts, and as he left the church the idea of the wounded chicken had taken full possession of his mind. Instead of going home, he set out for the field where he had shot the grouse. He believed he might find the bird even yet. At least he would try.

A good memory and a keen eye enabled him to go to about the point of the field from which the grouse had flushed; and over by the cornfield he noted the exact point—marked by a peculiar fence post—where the wounded bird had gone down. He went directly to it, and had scarcely entered the cornfield when his dog came to a point. There ahead on the ground lay the bird, stretched at full length. It made no effort to escape as he came up. It was too near death to fear him or anything, its eyes half closed, its bill agape, as it feebly gasped for breath.

In an instant the youth was on his knees beside the bird, a great lump in his throat,

his eyes staring as if they would start from their sockets. The meaning of it all came to him with the force of a blow. Mechanically he brushed away the insects that gathered about the wound in the bird's back. He stroked the soiled plumage tenderly. He found himself calculating the hours that the grouse had lain there suffering. It had happened Wednesday, and this was Sunday—twenty-four, forty-eight, seventy-two, about ninety hours; yes, fully ninety. What a cruel stretch of torture! The youth recalled an occasion when he had had a toothache for two hours that had seemed interminable; and the meaning of that ninety hours of pain came home to him yet more vividly. In an agony of remorse he knelt there, thinking, thinking. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them a few moments later the grouse had ceased to breathe.

The youth rose suddenly and walked to the edge of the cornfield. He selected a spot in a fence corner, and began to dig a hole. The ground was hard, and he had nothing but his knife and a piece of stick to aid him; but he persevered the more stubbornly as his fingers became sore from digging. When the grave was deep enough, the youth went after the body of the grouse and took it up very tenderly, as if so much of suffering had given it sacredness. He laid the poor thing carefully in the

ground, smoothing its every feather. As he was about to begin pushing the dirt over it, he hesitated. After thinking a moment, he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out a knife. It was a beautiful implement, one of the lad's choicest treasures. He regarded it half ruefully for a few moments, opening one blade after another. At last he put the knife in the grave beside the body of the grouse; with a vague feeling that this sacrifice might take a little of the load from his heart. Then he resolutely scooped in the dirt till the grave was filled and carefully smoothed over.

"That will help me to remember," he said aloud.

It was a thoughtful youth who walked slowly homeward across the fields that autumn day. He was asking himself what right he had to inflict such suffering as that. What manner of friend to the birds was he that could wish only to kill them? What pleasure could he get in future in shooting, always with the possibility of reenacting the tragedy of the cornfield?

Long before he reached home, the youth had made up his mind. He knew that he should never shoot his gun again. He had entered a new phase of life. The desire to kill was no longer strong in him. The instinct of the hunter had left him forever.

A HAND PRESSURE

By CURTIS MAY

ONLY a pressure of the hand,
 Nothing more.
 For on the valley-side we stand.
 The avalanche holds his mighty weight
 Poised for a breath to overthrow.
 Speak not a word; 'tis the hush of fate.
 What if the load be tears or snow,
 If a life is o'er!

Up on the high, clear mountain-peak
 Near the sun,
 There with a calm heart one may speak.
 There where the hawk goes circling round
 Seeking the cleft she builded in,
 Far above drifts and ice-rent ground,
 At the last height, where the skies begin,
 Is the burden done.

PETER

BY ROBERT AITKEN

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON

"To-morrow had always been Peter's lucky day."
TOMMY & Co.



PON an upturned bucket at the door of a disreputable hovel, his own handiwork, in the very heart of that howling wilderness, officially described as the Department of Deseado, which lies to the north of Santa Cruz, in Patagonia, Peter was uncomfortably seated in the cold, clear moonlight, plucking perfunctorily at the frayed strings of a shabby banjo; and, to the music thus produced, he was defiantly emulating the wilderness. Not by any means because he felt unduly merry, but rather to relieve a little, if that were possible, the aching emptiness of yet another evening without rum.

An endless month had elapsed since his supply of that commodity had run out. The lack of it had left him prey to the black brooding which leads one blindfold to the crumbling edge of all endurance. He had spent his leisure hours in casting accounts with the past.

For other company than such unprofitable calculation he had only his Man Friday, one Yantele, a sullen Tehuelche Indian, endowed with more apparent body than brains, and far less sociable than any dog in that he could speak but would not; in whose dispiriting society he had lived alone for such a long time that he had grown to hate the sight of the silent giant.

He struck a minor discord, and was singing sorrowfully,

"To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrows overseas, . . ."

when Yantele came sauntering across from his cooking fire, with twitching ears. Peter ceased his plaint, but did not look up.

"*Hay gente!*" said the Indian suddenly, in guttural Spanish. "There are people coming!" and withdrew again as though ashamed of having misused the power of speech. But Peter had dropped his decrepit instrument, sprung to his feet, and was already standing on the summit of a sand heap beyond the well, a long, lean silhouette against the silver sky.

His attitude was one of strained expectancy. His heart was thumping so, that he could neither see nor hear across the undulating desert a single sign of human presence other than his own. He descended to the dip of the slope, ankle deep at every step, and there laid ear to the solid earth. Faintly and from far away, but truer than any telephone, it told him of tame horses cantering toward his camp; and he arose, rejoicing. The hour of his release from the abomination of desolation was at hand; and there would also be more rum wherewith to fight those devils of the dark hours.

Times without number he had ticked off the interminable days since the traveling trader on whom he depended for all intercourse with the outer world had been due to start with his pack train from Punta Arenas; the nights they would have to spend on the unsafe trail, along the Southern Andes by Paine and Agassiz, Fitzroy, and San Lorenzo, ere they could once more come to his relief. Angel Urquiza had never before been so late on his long round, and Peter had begun to fear that he was going to fail him altogether.

He turned, well pleased, and waded back into the cuplike hollow which contained his

dwelling, bade the indifferent Indian build a beacon on its brim, and then brought forth from some safe hiding place within the hut a heap of little bags made of undressed guanaco skin, each holding a handful of impure, gritty gold dross, the scanty harvest of much patient plowing in the sand. It was with these that he would purchase his brief Day of Mercy.

He was still sorting and resorting them when a solitary horseman appeared without warning on the rise in front, paused there, and then rode forward with a great jingling of loosened bit and bridle. An Indian trick, the noiseless reconnoitering of the unknown, but the newcomer was a white man; a fat white man, of soapy aspect morally but not in person, who slipped from his broad saddle with a thankful sigh, and, having first embraced the unwilling recluse, produced from a capacious pocket a black quart bottle sealed with a splash of wax.

"A token of continued friendship, Don Pedro," he explained effusively. "In spite of the almost prohibitive price," he added as an afterthought.

Peter nodded, knocked half the neck off on his boot heel, and drank thirstily from the jagged opening before he spoke.

"Who cares about the price of coal in hell!" said he, gasping relief.

The pack train presently came plodding in, a string of sad-eyed, patient animals, tied head to tail and driven by two evil-looking gauchos. The bell mare whinnied as she snuffed the water. An answering neigh precluded the appearance of the loose spare-horses.

"Come indoors, Don Angel," said Peter hospitably, and drew a deep breath of contentment. The bustle and confusion were beyond words comforting to him.

He led the way. They sat down in the hovel and kept glasses going until Yantele set food before them; a smoking flank of venison, a tray of saltless broken bread that had been baked a year before. Which they washed down with further draughts of fiery spirit. They smoked hot Tucuman tobacco, which engenders thirst, and went on quenching that until the stupor of debauch brought sleep, such dreamless sleep as Peter had not known for many nights. He woke at day-break with a splitting head, but grateful none the less to his complaisant guest.

That diplomat was quick to grasp at op-

portunity. He prescribed for the headache a hair of the dog which had bitten them both, and then talked business. Before the dew was dry on the sand without he had driven a bargain with his luckless host. The bags of gold dust had become his property by barter for four demijohns of overproof and bank notes for a sum proportionately small. But not without protest on Peter's part.

"It's not enough," he said as succinctly as a tripping tongue would permit. "I can't afford to trade with you at these rates, Don Angel. I could get twice as much for my color on the coast, and—I need money."

"*Pero mira, don Pedro,*" the trader urged, turning out the contents of his pockets to prove that he had paid his utmost for the parcel, "look you then how I have done my most possible. Every centavo I had I have given you, and—there is this now for luck penny!"

II

HE laid on the table between them, beside a bundle of dirty bills and a half-full bottle, the letter he would assuredly have overlooked but for feeling the frayed edge of its envelope between his fumbling fingers. He had forgotten all about it during the weeks which had come and gone since he had picked it up by chance in the post office at the Point.

"*Por dios!*" said he, piously thankful for its timely interposition, "but there are few who would travel so far to oblige a friend."

Peter received the belated epistle with a scowl. He knew precisely what would have happened it had not the other laid hands on it then.

"A thousand thanks," he said indifferently, "but this will be the last time. Your kindness costs too much. I'll take the next lot to the coast myself, Don Angel."

Don Angel shrugged his shoulders; but his eyes showed anger.

"As you will, my friend," he answered.

Silence obtained for an appreciable space, the trader, sucking stolidly at his cigar, staring out at the sun-swept plain, while Peter trifled with the tattered missive. He was not at all curious as to its contents. His only correspondents were the New York lawyers to whom he was in the habit of remitting an occasional installment toward the total at his debit in their books. Their receipts sometimes reached him thus, at others were lost

in transit. To-morrow would be time enough to scrutinize their statement of the balance still to be settled.

But the mere sight of it had brought back to his mind a train of thought which hurt him horribly. He became seized of an immediate anxiety to be alone again, a sudden craving for the stark solitude of custom.

"When do you start?" he asked, without regard to appearance.

"At this same moment," replied Urquiza with oily smoothness. "At this same moment and in haste, Don Pedro. I must ride fast and far, now that my purse is empty."

It had not been his purpose to set forth before the following day, but the sweet savor of the swindle to be thus successfully consummated would serve to solace him for the deprivation of the final drinking bout to which he had been looking forward. He would sleep all the more soundly, too, with ten or fifteen leagues of shifting sand between himself and his recalcitrant client; who might presently, perhaps, see fit to repent himself of the current transaction also. He poured out a potent stirrup cup, pledged his companion in dumb show, and sauntered toward the doorway. Peter emptied his own glass and followed him into the open air.

The peons of the trader's outfit rose sulkily at their employer's order and set about saddling their mounts. They, too, had counted on a second night in standing camp, with food and water furnished by effort other than their own. They were unnecessarily deliberate in all their movements. Peter impatiently bade Yantele assist him to expedite matters.

While they were busy thus, Urquiza took the opportunity to slip back into the empty hut and regain possession of the roll of bills on the rough table.

"If this is to be the last time," he said to himself sagaciously, "I need not leave my good money behind me." And, catching Yantele's eye at that inconvenient instant, he laid a significant hand on the silver hilt of the two-edged *facón* at his belt.

When all was ready for the road he took a long farewell of his ungracious host, who bade him a curt good-by and was unfeignedly glad to see him gallop off after the pack train; which was soon shut out of sight by a quivering curtain of refracted sun rays. The brooding silence of the waste once more walled in the well.

Peter went in out of the heat, blinking, and had one more drink to drown the distaste with which the departed Don Angel always inspired him. Whereafter there was the day's work to occupy him for his own good. He never spared himself in that respect. It was late in the afternoon before he ceased his patient sifting of sand in a distant hollow and came home, hot and dry and dusty.

At the back of the hut his bath was waiting him, a staked-out skin half filled with ice-cold water, and into that he stepped without delay. Out of the self-respect that was left him he would still take pains with his toilet; and, if his evening clothes were scarcely such as would suit the clubs he had once belonged to, there was all the old sensation of comfort in the change.

Tubbed and shaven and thoroughly tired there seemed no especial reason to deny himself a dose of his accustomed stimulant. He refilled the empty bottle from one of the demijohns and sat down beside it to anticipate supper. The letter was on the table where he had left it. He frowned as his glance fell upon the postmark. It was six months old.

"Must have been lying about for a bit," said Peter casually, and drank deep. "Perhaps I'd better open it."

He tore through one end of the envelope and extracted a single sheet of legal-looking paper, whereon was written, in crabbed characters which seemed to stand out from the page as though they had been traced in fire:

"Winans is dead. We hold his full confession."

Peter sat very still, staring, aghast, at the two simple sentences. Crisis had come upon him in his hiding place, thus, without warning. He was but ill prepared to grapple with it. The corners of his mouth drooped very wearily, his lips were white.

Winans was dead! And then?

"He was my friend," said Peter pleadingly to the inexorable past.

He had confessed in full! Peter's face softened and his eyes grew dim.

"He was my friend," said Peter.

Dusk crept into the hovel like a thief, and darkness followed. A hot north wind was blowing soundlessly across the sand.

But the man at the table did not move. His gaze was fixed on the fateful missive be-

fore him. Through its thin paper he was peering back beyond the bitter years which lay between himself and his lost youth.

III

It was springtime at Yale. He stood by himself in the throng on the campus, ill at ease in his first suit of custom-made clothes, and forlorn, notwithstanding the well-filled note case he could feel in one pocket. He was fingering it that he might thus assure himself of the reality of his surroundings. Such change of circumstance had come so recently that he could scarce believe them tangible.

His fellows fought shy of his stern exterior, although he was earnestly wishing that some one would speak to him, until there came thrusting toward him with outstretched hand a lad of his own age, but dressed in black, who said: "I know your face. Our fathers were good friends."

The which was true in some sense since it had been to his that Peter's had owed such help as was needful to exploit the patent whose early proceeds had rendered possible a college career for the workman's son. In any case it turned the creaking key to the stranger's heart. Jack Winans stepped right into that to stay.

Which was just like Jack; that genial, lovable, warm-hearted scapegrace, ally of high and humble, of rich or poor, and no man's unfriend but his own; with an indefinable charm about him to win quick confidence of man or woman.

His personality was so superb, his easy generosity so evident, his scorn for the mean and petty in life so spontaneous, that none could deny him their regard. To the outwardly stolid, indifferent Peter he was a paragon.

They two became fast friends, despite the fundamental difference in their characters. Throughout term after term they were inseparable, and Peter learned in time to look with lenient eyes upon the pranks his comrade was forever playing; as to whose strict straightforwardness he had at first had some uneasy scruples.

Studies of all sorts they put off until tomorrow, and it was no doubt for that reason that Peter's father, busy amassing money now, received such poor reports of his son's progress.

These passed unnoticed for a time, but presently there came a letter of remonstrance, sharply penned, and, after Jack in turn had read that as he read all Peter's correspondence,

"Better not go back to New York just yet," said he. "Come South with me until the storm blows over. There's only Sylvia at home now. She won't worry us."

They went together to an old-world manor in Virginia, within whose creeper-covered porch a girl was standing with glad eyes as they dismounted.

It seemed but right and proper that a gentleman like Jack should have the fairest lady in the land for sister, with a stately home to shelter her. Peter, uncomfortably conscious of his own uncouthness, bowed down and worshiped her forthwith. In his sight she was so very finely perfect, he far beneath her notice.

And she, of her innate gentillesse, accepted his clumsy devoirs with gracious tolerance.

How dear and very dear, but ah! so short, the days which followed; in that strange old world whose sun and moon and stars were all so infinitely brighter than elsewhere, where all went well, so well that Peter sometimes dared desire that it might last.

And, if he had his high ambitions, as what boy will not, who was the worse? It was sufficient for his proud humility that she should bear with him, a workman's son, awkward and shy as any rustic, for the sake of their mutual idol, Jack; Jack, always frank and debonair as well became a scion of the South whose ancestry went back to Walter Raleigh.

When it was time to go, he went, silent and self-contained, deeper in Winans's debt than ever.

And, in due sequence he paid, lavishly, with open hand. He had been paying throughout the dreadful years which had dragged past since he had found out that their idol had feet of clay.

He was paying still.

The moon rose. Its relentless rays lit up the sordid present. Peter threw down the letter, and, rubbing his eyes, erased the pictured past. In its place he saw confronting him the problem he must solve a second time, for better or for worse, without delay. Since the dead had left such a legacy, a dumb and living man must once more sort the tangled skein in which fate had en-

meshed them both. He got up with a gesture of despair.

"I don't know what to do now," he said shakily, speaking aloud as had become his custom. "There's one thing sure, though—I must cut the rum right out!"

The words recoiled upon him, choked back by the heavy, tomblike quiet. A vague sense of his utter loneliness stirred in his mind.

"Yantele!" he cried uncomfortably, but no answer was vouchsafed him. Nor was there any echo to keep him company.

"Damn it!" he swore with futile frenzy. "I want my supper, and—and—" He dashed out of the hut, calling his servant with increasing anger. No one was visible. The cooking fire was cold and black. Even the Indian had deserted him.

He turned back hastily, and lit his lamp, a lidless can of congealed fat with floating wick, which smelled most evilly. Forgetful of his resolution to the contrary, he swallowed a second dose of rum to stay his sinking heart. Then he sat down again to think.

"I can't stay here alone," he cogitated, "and—I can't get away without a horse. It's close on a hundred leagues to the coast, and terrible traveling.

"But I'll have to manage it somehow, and cable those precious lawyers of mine about that paper. They should have had sense enough to know what to do with it.

"Then, with the money I have—" He paused to reflect, his forehead wrinkled. "The money I have— Now where the devil's the money I have? I left it beside this letter."

He scanned the table, examined the floor, turned all his belongings inside out, hurriedly but without result. More systematic and assiduous research failed to disclose the slightest trace of his cash assets, lacking which he was indeed left desolate.

"Yantele's taken it," he finally inferred, and so dismissed that subject from his thoughts. It was too late for gainless grieving over such spilt milk.

But his face fell at thought of the prospect before him now.

"It'll take me months to wash enough dust to get away with," he muttered miserably, "and in the meantime I'll go mad, I think.

"I can't stay here alone. I must make for the coast on foot."

He kicked his only chair aside, and sat down on the sloping floor, between two demijohns.

"Let's forget it, Peter," he concluded. "There's no use starting to-night. It will be time enough to turn teetotaler to-morrow."

IV

DAY broke. The sun rose on a desert gray and gold. A cool breeze swept across the dew-damp sand. Peter still slept, turning from side to side, restlessly, murmuring.

Over the world's edge, 'twixt earth and sky, far off, came creeping four black, fly-like figures, and, at another point, a fifth, yet smaller, crawled more slowly out of space into the circular expanse about the hovel. The single speck would apparently have fled from its swifter neighbors, but they achieved its capture, and, after a brief interval, turned with it toward the well, growing in bulk till they assumed the shapes of human beings, all but one on horseback. That one led the way.

There were no landmarks visible. Only an Indian could have steered straight through the trackless waste, as he did.

He was an Indian. His name was Yantele. In one hand he was carrying a bundle of dirty bills and in the other a two-edged dagger with silver hilt which had once belonged to Don Angel Urquiza. On his face was a placid, retrospective smile and a deep, dripping gash. His body also showed that he had lately taken part in conflict. He was footsore, had traveled far.

Of those who followed him, one was a woman of the north and very fair. There were two white men of her own people with her, and the fourth was a swart gaucho from the coast, glad to be thus relieved of his responsibilities as guide. At the brow of the cuplike hollow whose heart was water they halted. The white folk hurried toward the hut, throwing the reins to their retainers.

"There's some one here," the first man said, looking inside with a suspicious sniff. "But, say— You'd better wait—"

The girl at his shoulder had seen for herself. She stood and stared, and stared again at the prone body on the floor, head pillowed on a great stone jar.

"It's he!" she said, her eyes dilated.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson.

"Of those who followed him, one was a woman of the north" Original by Google

She had but whispered. The two men heard her. Their glances met. They turned and left her without a word.

Trembling, she stepped across the threshold. The atmosphere was heavy with the odor of stale spirits. She hung back, shuddered.

"He didn't—didn't drink in the old days," she told herself. Her eyes were wet with misery.

She went still nearer, curbing the dread with which his condition inspired her. She and a dead man, her kin, were deeper in this poor drunkard's debt than she in her old blind pride of race could have thought possible. She would repay—would repay to the uttermost of her powers.

Humbly she knelt beside him, thrusting the jar away, taking his hot, disheveled head on her lap that he might rest more at his ease. For he had been tossing to and fro in disquiet, mumbling fragments of speech. And there she stayed, doing most hurtful penance for sin that was none of hers.

She had done much already, had made such reparation as she might for a wrong irreparable, since that dark day when her brother Jack, on his haunted deathbed, had bidden her write down for him his belated confession. There were lines at her lips and nostrils now which had not been there before. It had almost broken her heart to hear what he had to tell: that he had allowed the workman's son to endure in his stead.

She had passed through a fiery furnace whose fuel was hope, coming forth from that, sorely scathed, to take up the burden bequeathed her.

How much it had hurt her when Peter had disappeared none knew but herself. She had always believed in her brother's taciturn chum, and her belief had not wavered, although the world at large had adjudged him guilty; not even when his own father, embittered by his inexplicably stubborn silence under accusal, had felt impelled to disown him. And, now that she knew his pitiful reason therefor, the fullness of his abnegation appalled her. Since the man for whom, out of his great love, he had given his life had been laid away in the last poor refuge, how could she hope to requite such sacrifice as she most surely must.

Peter already stood reëstablished in all men's eyes by virtue of that paper which she had shrinkingly placed in the hands of his

lawyers. His father was waiting to beg his forgiveness, to welcome him. Guilt lay where it belonged, in her brother's grave. And after the exile had seemed to ignore the urgent messages sent overseas broadcast to bid him come back to his own she herself had forced from his worried lawyers the jealously guarded secret of his asylum, starting therefor on the instant.

She had done what she could. She would do more, if that were possible, but—it was all very hard to bear. In that squalid Gethsemane of the desert, looking down at the wreck of the workman's son, she suffered the extreme agony.

Her anguished glance fell on a sheet of paper on the floor, and the words written on it stamped themselves upon her sight.

"Winans is dead. We hold his full confession."

It seemed then that he knew already what she had come to tell him. And, underneath, scrawled in a big, schoolboy hand, there was the resolution he had reached:

"Burn Winans document."

At such cost he would have kept even her brother's memory clean.

She had once been wont to treat him with gracious tolerance! Great tears welled up from her aching heart. One splashed on the sleeper's face, and, out of dreamland, a hoarse voice said "Sylvia," very wistfully.

Scarlet with shame she scanned his haggard, unshaven countenance, but the eyelashes still lay close; there was no sign of waking.

"I did it all for your sake, dear!" the sleeper said, and moaned.

She stayed where she was and motionless, slow down dispelling the darkness in which she had wandered so wearily that she was almost spent.

It was for her sake—hers!

In her wounded heart that had held its own secret so closely were sunshine and singing, but no more tears.

"Peter!" she whispered piteously, and, stooping down to him, kissed him with infinite tenderness on the lips.

The grievous impress left there by his time of torment faded from his drawn face.

Lingeringly, very reluctant to leave the realm through which she had come to him thus, he let go his hold on the gateway of dreams, woke, and looked up at her with bloodshot, startled eyes.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"Peter!" she whispered piteously.

Speaker Cannon's Memories of Owen Lovejoy by Jewell H. Aubere




NO one who knows Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, well, and comes to realize what a hard-headed, practical sort of a man he is, will ever assert that he is in any sense a hero worshiper. Yet in weeks of close association with the great legislator it is easy to discover that he has constantly before him certain ideals among men of past generations, contemporaneous with his early manhood, who made an indelible impress upon him. In shaping his own life he has not forgotten them.

The rugged, homely qualities possessed by Mr. Cannon, which have endeared him to a remarkably large clientele all over the country, have by association brought to mind Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President. Then, too, the rugged facial lines of the Speaker, in profile, sharply remind one of the most frequently seen counterfeit of the face of the dead Lincoln. Mr. Cannon often talks of Mr. Lincoln and delights in Lincoln mannerisms and Lincoln stories. Not unlike Lincoln he has the fashion of making his meaning clear, in argument or debate, by telling a fable or a parable, or applying or adapting a biblical quotation or allusion.

But Abraham Lincoln is not the sole idol of Mr. Cannon. If he has such, it is Owen Lovejoy, an Illinoisan, of the Civil War period, who served in Congress and about whom the Speaker is content to talk by the

hour. Owen Lovejoy did not gain the fame of martyrdom that came to his brother Elijah, the editor and speaker, who lost his life in defense of a free press and free speech. To Elijah Lovejoy's memory the people have erected a tall and ornate shaft which looks out over the broad expanse of the Mississippi River from the bluffs back of the town of Alton in Illinois. Yet it seems Mr. Cannon believed Owen Lovejoy to be one of the great and strong men of his time. He frankly declares that as a campaign orator or "stump speaker," the world has never seen his equal. His moral as well as physical courage appeals strongly to the Speaker, for there is no man who has in greater degree the contempt of Mr. Cannon for the coward in public life.

This past year when the Speaker himself made one of the most wonderful campaign tours ever made by a man of his years, what he says of campaigning in the time when our great internecine strife was impending, and when men were moved and wrought up as they had never been in the history of the Republic, takes on more than ordinary interest.

It was while on his great campaign tour, as I sat beside him in the private car furnished by the Republican Congressional committee, that he told me of Owen Lovejoy and why, to him, he appeared one of the greatest and strongest figures of his time. The car was bowling along behind a line of Pullmans over the steep grades of the West Virginia mountains, often swerving back and forth and

threatening to crack like the lash of a whip as we wound sharply around curves or dashed from rough and stony heights toward the fertile valleys below. I had so often heard him refer to Owen Lovejoy in those weeks of riding and campaigning, that I did not hesitate to ask him as to his idol and why he looked upon him as such.

"Owen Lovejoy," said the Speaker with a reminiscent look on his face, "was the strongest stumper in our State. The northern part at that time, just before the Civil War, was two or three years ahead of the southern part in sentiment. The cry of 'nigger' affected them less. The people of the northern portion who had settled there came from New York and New England. But down in the extreme southern part of the State four fifths of the sentiment had been made from the South. In the central portion the sentiment was about equally divided. It was in this part where I lived and where Owen Lovejoy saw his greatest field of activity. After the campaign opened the fighting was from the shoulder, and the State committee concluded that Lovejoy had better go down in the central and southern portions of the State to make some speeches. I heard him make three. One was at Champaign where three fourths of the crowd were with him, and it was a great crowd. Next I heard him at Mattoon where, perhaps, three fifths of his audience were on his side. The next time I heard him speak was down at Greenup in Cumberland County, on the Vandalia Railroad. At that time the sun did not rise for the Republicans down there on election day until along late in the afternoon. The population was composed of people formerly from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, and nine tenths of all the people were from the South.

"Word was sent out that Owen Lovejoy would not be permitted to make a speech in Greenup, but he made his speech and he made it right from the shoulder.

"I was in Coles County at the time I have in mind. I ran across an acquaintance of mine who was going to hear Lovejoy speak or attempt to speak. He had borrowed his brother's buggy, the brother at the time happening to be in Ohio. I had intended to walk, but you can understand how readily I accepted his suggestion of riding with him. My companion was a good, clever fellow, and as we drove toward Greenup we saw vehicles coming from every direction. Some folks

were walking, many on horseback; lumber wagons were filled with folks, and there were vehicles of every description. It seemed to me that most of the population of Cumberland County was in Greenup that day. I never saw such a crowd at an afternoon meeting in all my political experience with the exception of one or two great mass meetings in large cities in recent years.

"There were many and repeated threats that Lovejoy would not be allowed to speak and that the attempt to hold a meeting would result in all kinds of trouble and, perhaps, serious rioting. The facilities of the little town were taxed to the utmost to care for the visitors. It would have been impossible for all of the people to be accommodated, but a majority of them brought their own things to eat and camped out in the open places near the town or on vacant town lots near their wagons.

"The time came for the meeting and it was called to order. Everything seemed to be under stress of suppressed excitement. It was opened by the Lombard Singers. They were famous campaign singers in their time. You don't hear the sort of singing they did in these days. The crowd seemed to be in fairly good humor, but all around you could hear such expressions as 'niggerskin' and 'd—— abolitionist' and all this, that, and the other.

"After the singing Lovejoy got up to talk. Curiosity got the better of many of those who had been determined to interrupt him and prevent him from talking. There were many people there who did not agree with him in any way, but among them was a generous sprinkling who wanted him to have a show for his white alley. Then, too, there were many of his friends there, scattered through the crowd, waiting developments. If anybody had tried to stop that speech, serious trouble surely would have developed and another regrettable incident would have been added to the many of that troublous time.

"I will always remember my first sight of Owen Lovejoy. I saw a big, heavy man, with a shock of thick, dark hair. When you looked into his face you knew he could lick his weight in wildcats, if necessary."

Mr. Cannon had grown interested in his recital. He stood erect in the drawing-room of the car and with hands thrust deep into his pockets and his kindly gray eye bright with the recollection he continued:

"Lovejoy looked over the crowd, turning his eyes from group to group of faces in the mass before him. Then, with the utmost deliberation, he said, 'I have been told that Owen Lovejoy would not be here to-day, and that if he did come he would not be allowed to speak. The oldest member of my family lies in his grave at Alton over on the Mississippi, a victim of mob violence. He died in the defense of liberty. It is the most a man can do in any cause. I will speak here to-day.' You could have heard a leaf rustle anywhere, almost heard a pin drop."

The Speaker was now so interested that he was using his well-known full-arm windmill-sweep gestures, and in a second more as he quoted Lovejoy his voice simulated the deep tones of the man of that former day, and his eyes burned with some reflection of the enthusiasm which must have prompted Lovejoy.

"Well, he began to speak," said Mr. Cannon. "He was not afraid, and right from the first, when he had occasion to do so, he called a spade a spade. It did not take him more than ten minutes to get full attention and almost possession of that crowd. Even at this distant day I can remember what he said finally, as though his voice was still ringing in my ears. 'I am called an abolitionist,' he shouted. 'Some Republicans are afraid of being classed with me. If I am an abolitionist, make the most of it, and you must know that there are many more like me.'"

"Lovejoy had exquisite control of his voice, and he used all of his powers of persuasion and pathos on that half-hostile crowd facing him. 'I'll try this case,' said Lovejoy."

Here Mr. Cannon simulated the manner of the barrister of the old school who addressed a jury:

"I want twelve men, all of them Democrats, to stand up," said Lovejoy. Then turning to them he began again: 'You will well and truly hear the statement touching the question I am about to put, and a true verdict render as you shall answer at the last judgment day.'

"Lovejoy seemed to look far away into the distant treetops, now," said Mr. Cannon, "and his face had the absent, strained look of one seeing a vision of distant happenings as he continued: 'On a plantation in the distant southland, in the low miasmatic swamps,

there was a woman. She was young, handsome, and, under God's law, had as much right to live and control her own actions as any of us. She was of one eighth African and seven eighths white blood, just like your blood and mine. The overseer of the plantation, where she was held in bondage, sought to persecute her because she would not assent to his advances. She escaped into the swamps. Bloodhounds were set on her trail. She boarded a little steamboat which plied on a small river which emptied into the great Father of Waters. In the fullness of time she landed at the first station in Illinois, name not given, and proceeded from station to station. Finally she arrived in Princeton.'"

Mr. Cannon was now swaying back and forth in time with the slow cadence of his voice, and as his intoning grew low and full of pathos it was not difficult to imagine the effect the words of Lovejoy had on the audience of that distant time.

"Lovejoy was approaching his climax," said the Speaker, "'I myself, Owen Lovejoy, was the keeper of that station at Princeton. She came to my house hungry and told me her story. She was fairer than my own daughter, proud and tall and beautiful. She was naked and I clothed her. She was hungry and I gave her bread. She was penniless and I gave her money. She was unable to reach the next station and I sent her to it. So, from station to station she crossed the northland far from the baying dogs on her trail and out from under the shadow of the flag we love and venerate into Canada. To-day she lives there a free and happy woman.'"

"As Lovejoy reached the end of his simple recital some people openly sobbed and cried. He turned his eyes to the faces of his audience and thundered, 'As you shall answer to God what would you have done? Get up. Rise, men, and give your verdict.' Heads were held up and men and women jumped to their feet. There were cries of 'You did right' and 'We would have done the same.' It was wonderful to see what an effect the tale of the man, with his great magnetism and fine presence, had on that gathering of men who in their hearts came to the meeting with hostility toward him."

Having delivered himself of the exact words of the orator of half a century ago, Mr. Cannon seemed to search his memory for something further to support his attitude as

to the greatness of his idol. He began with a renewed eulogy of him:

"Lovejoy was a wonderful man, and while he was more extreme than Lincoln he was a vote maker and a vote getter. David Davis thought he was so extreme in his views and utterances that he spoiled votes, but I say to you that he had ability like John the Baptist, and his cry in the wilderness prepared the way for the great leaders who came after him and saved the Republic in the Civil War time. Lincoln was, of course, the leader then and afterwards, but Lovejoy made more votes for the Republican Party than any other man, than Lincoln."

Again Mr. Cannon was thoughtful as he pulled at his short, black cigar and tilted it up toward his hat brim.

"I'll give you just one more incident about Lovejoy that will show you the kind of a man he was, and the sort of moral courage he possessed. You know pretty well the history of the Emancipation Proclamation," said the Speaker. "It was written months before it was promulgated. Lincoln came from the border land between the North and South, and he knew the temper of the people, and what was best for the nation, better than any man of his time. He seemed to possess the power of divination in a startling degree. Before there was real war between the organized forces of the North and the South there was a close approach to war in the border land of southern Illinois and Ohio and much nearer real war across the river in Kentucky.

"You remember how that committee of preachers went down to Washington in 1862 and wanted Mr. Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. Fremont had moved off in that direction first, you will remember, and his order had to be rescinded. I believe if the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued at that time we never would have succeeded in putting down the rebellion. The country was not ready for it. When the preachers came to Lincoln, he listened intently to all they had to say, and then turning to them he inquired: 'Don't you think to issue the proclamation now would be like unto the Pope's bull against the comet?' Lincoln knew full well that the time was not right. He waited his time.

"September came, and then Lincoln gave notice to the rebels that unless they laid down their arms and acknowledged the supremacy of the national government, he would free

all the slaves. It was a war measure and in time of war all laws are silent. That is an old maxim. It was issued about the right time, take the whole country over, but it surely caused a deplorable time in Illinois and Indiana. When the election came, great Heavens, the majorities they swept into the legislatures!—Democratic majorities, copperhead majorities. But Yates was governor in Illinois and Morton was governor in Indiana, and they were able to control the situation as strong statesmen and patriots."

Mr. Cannon wagged his head in a knowing way which he often affects.

"The Republican Convention in Illinois to nominate a State ticket in 1862," he said, "met in the spring, about a week after the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued. All of the detestable cowards, all the conservatives, and a good many radicals were gathered at the convention. Those were pretty dark days for the party as well as for the Republic. The cowards seemed to be in the majority.

"The committee on resolutions was appointed at an early stage of the convention, with Burton C. Cook, of Chicago, as chairman. Owen Lovejoy was there. The committee brought in a set of resolutions covering nearly every topic then before the people, but there was not a reference to the Emancipation Proclamation. On this point it was silent. Probably one half of the delegates in the convention wanted to avoid the issue.

"While the resolutions were being read Owen Lovejoy began to shake his head. Then Owen Lovejoy began to shake his fist. Then he jumped to his feet. Many of them knew what was coming and wanted to get around the subject without a scene. They began to yell, 'Sit down!' 'Sit down!' He got up on his chair and with flashing eyes looked around at the faces of the delegates turned up toward his and at the wild sea of waving arms. 'I will not sit down,' he shouted above the clamor. 'You may cry peace, peace, but it is the refuge of cowards you seek.'

"He had their attention now," said Mr. Cannon, "and he proceeded in thunderous tones: 'The Constitution which spreads over us guarantees freedom of speech, and that constitutional right I now demand.' Chairman Cook said: 'The convention will be in order. The gentleman from Bureau County has the floor.' Some of them were in despair at this

evident intention of the chairman to let Owen Lovejoy talk. Lovejoy talked for ten or fifteen minutes, and he dealt out some plain truths which made necks stiffen up and faces grow hard and defiant. It was easy for me to pick out the cowardly fellows who wanted to do the right thing but who did not have the courage. Then, too, I could see the disappointed conservative fellows who wished the man in that place where everlasting fire is supposed to burn. But in a short time his fiery eloquence and his commanding presence had won respectful attention and had begun to convince many who were doubtful as to just what should be done."

Again there was the dreamy but almost inspired look on the face of the venerable Speaker as he let his memory serve him. Mr. Cannon continued:

"I well remember a portion of his speech, almost as well as though I could hear his resonant voice now ringing through the car here above the clatter of the wheels over the rails. 'Mr. Chairman,' he finally thundered,

'I send the following amendment to the resolutions reported by the committee, to the platform.' The amendment was a square indorsement of the Emancipation Proclamation. The chairman put it to a vote and the fellows who had all along acted the coward did not respond. Chairman Cook, though, was one of those who had been won by Lovejoy and he declared: 'The amendment is agreed to and without objection the platform as amended will stand adopted.' All eyes were turned toward the place where Owen Lovejoy sat. He jumped to his feet and exclaimed: 'I can say now as said Simeon of old, "Let my spirit depart in peace, for mine eyes have beheld thy salvation."'"

The Speaker smiled and then again with serious face remarked: "Owen Lovejoy was one of the wonderfully strong men of his time. Lovejoy was an evangelist, not a leader in politics to be followed. He was not such a leader as Lincoln, who was born down our way and raised in my State. Owen Lovejoy came from New England, you know."

THE CUP OF LIFE

By EDITH WYATT

OF all the vintage in the world
One single cup of wine,
One cup of life, one cup of death,
One destiny is mine.

I'd not give up that special cup
My fates have filled for me
For any other in all time
Or all eternity.

For in my time and in my place
No foot has stood before:
My taste of fortune, fine or base,
No lips can know of more.

So, might I choose, I would not lose
For nectared draughts divine
This deep-spiced vintage here and now,
In mine own place and time.

Mine be the strength to lift it up
In pride, drink full and free;
And standing drain the mortal cup
My fates have poured for me.



THE FAÇADE OF THE ODÉON
Where Madame Bernhardt established her hospital.

MY EXPERIENCES DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS

BY SARAH BERNHARDT

I. I ESTABLISH A MILITARY HOSPITAL



VIL days had come upon us!

Paris began to get feverish and excited. The streets were black with groups of people, discussing and gesticulating. And all this noise was only the echo of far distant groups, gathered together in German streets. These other groups were yelling, gesticulating, and discussing, but they knew, while we did not know.

On the 19th of July, 1870, war was declared and Paris became the theater of the most touching and burlesque scenes. Young men, gone wild, were yelling the "Marseillaise" and rushing along the streets in close file, shouting over and over again, "To Berlin!"

My heart used to beat wildly, for I, too, thought that they were going to Berlin. I understood the fury they felt, for these people had provoked us without plausible reasons, but at the same time it seemed to me that they were getting ready for this great occasion without sufficient respect and dignity. My own impotence made me feel rebellious, and when I saw all the mothers, with pale faces and eyes swollen with crying, holding their boys in their arms and kissing them in despair, the most frightful anguish seemed to choke me. I cried, too, almost unceasingly, and I was wearing myself away with anxiety, but I did not foresee the horrible catastrophe that was to take place.

The war news led us to hope for victory.

There was great joy and a certain emotion felt by everyone on hearing that the young Prince Imperial had received his baptism of fire at Saarbruck.

Life seemed to me beautiful again, for I had great confidence in the issue of the war. I pitied the Germans for having embarked on such an adventure. But, alas! the glorious progress which my brain had been so active in imagining was cut short by the atrocious news from Ste. Privat.

After Ste. Privat came Gravelotte, where 36,000 men, French and German, were cut down in a few hours. Then came the sublime but powerless efforts of MacMahon, who was repulsed as far as Sedan; and finally Sedan! Sedan! Ah! the horrible awakening. A hundred thousand men! A hundred thousand Frenchmen had to capitulate and the Emperor of France had to hand his sword over to the King of Prussia!

Ah! that cry of grief, that cry of rage uttered by the whole nation! It can never be forgotten!

We then arranged for the departure of the whole family, with the exception of myself, as I wanted to stay in Paris during the siege. My mother, my little boy and his nurse, my sisters, my Aunt Annette, who kept house for me, and my mother's maid were all ready to start a few days later. It was the first time I had been separated from the little child who was dearer to me than the whole world.

The idea never for an instant occurred to me that I might have gone away with him. I thought that I might be of some use in Paris. It seemed to me that everyone who was well ought to stay in Paris. For some days I was perfectly dazed, missing the usual life around me, and missing the affection of those I loved. The defense, however, was being organized and I decided to use my strength and intelligence in tending the wounded.

The question was where could we install a hospital? The Odéon Théâtre had closed its doors, but I moved heaven and earth to get permission to organize a military hospital there, and, thanks to Émile de Girardin and Duquesnal, my wish was granted. I went to the War Office and my offers were accepted.

The next difficulty was that I wanted food. I wrote a line to the Prefect of Police. A military courier arrived very soon, bringing me a note from the Prefect, as follows:

Madame: If you could possibly come at once I would wait for you until six o'clock. Excuse the earliness of the hour, but I have to be at the Chamber

at nine in the morning, and, as your note seems to be urgent, I am anxious to do all I can to be of service to you.

COMTE DE KÉRATRY.

I remembered a Comte de Kératry who had been introduced to me at my aunt's house the evening I had recited poetry accompanied by Rossini. He was a young lieutenant, good-looking, witty, and lively. He had introduced me to his mother, a very charming woman, and I had recited poetry at her *soirées*. The young lieutenant had gone to Mexico, and for some time we had kept up a correspondence, but this had gradually ceased and we had not met again.

My heart was very heavy when we came to the stone steps of the Tuileries Palace, where the Prefect had his offices. Only a few months previously, one April evening, I had been there. Then, as now, a footman had come forward to open the door of my carriage, but the April sunshine had then lighted up the steps, caught the shining lamps of the state carriages, and sent its rays in all directions. There had been a busy, joyful coming and going of the officers, and elegant salutes had been exchanged. The Palace was no longer the same. The very atmosphere had changed. Ah! the beautiful French Empress. I could see her again in her blue dress embroidered with silver, calling to her aid Cinderella's good fairy to help her on again with her little slipper. The delightful young Prince Imperial, too; I could see him helping me to place the pots of verbenas and marguerites, and holding in his arms, which were not strong enough for it, a huge pot of rhododendrons, behind which his handsome face completely disappeared. I could see the Emperor Napoleon III himself with his half-closed eyes, clapping his hands at the rehearsal of the courtesies intended for him.

I stopped a minute to wipe my eyes before entering the Prefect's suite of rooms. On entering his room what was my surprise to recognize in him the lieutenant I knew. He had become Captain and then Prefect of the Seine. When my name was announced by the usher, he sprang up from his chair and came forward with his face beaming and both hands stretched out.

"Ah! you had forgotten me," he said.

"But I never thought I was coming to see you," I replied, "and I am delighted," I continued, "for you will let me have everything I ask for."

"Only that!" he remarked, with a short burst of laughter. "Well, will you give your orders, Madame?" he continued.

"Oh! let me get my breath," exclaimed the Count-Prefect. "You speak so quickly that I am gasping."



SARAH BERNHARDT

From the famous portrait in the Théâtre Française, painted by Parrot, 1875.

"Yes, I want bread, milk, meat, vegetables, sugar, wine, brandy, potatoes, eggs, coffee," I said in one breath.

I was quiet a moment and then I continued: "I have started a hospital at the Odéon, but as it is a military hospital, the municipal au-



THE RUINS OF THE TUILERIES

thorities refuse me food. I have five wounded men already, and I can manage for them, but other wounded men are being sent to me."

"You shall be supplied above and beyond all your wishes," said the Prefect. "There is food in the Palace which was being stored by the unfortunate Empress. She had prepared enough for months and months. I will have all you want sent to you, except meat, bread, and milk, and as regards these I will give orders that your hospital shall be included in the municipal service, although it is a military one. Then I will give you an order for salt and some other things, which you will be able to get from the Opéra."

"From the Opéra!" I repeated, looking at him incredulously. "But it is only being built, and there is nothing but scaffolding."

"Yes, but you must go through the little doorway under the scaffolding opposite the Rue Scribe; you then go up the little spiral staircase leading to the provision office, and there your wants will be supplied."

"There is still something else I want to ask," I said.

"Go on, I am quite resigned, and ready for your orders," he replied.

"Well, I am very uneasy," I said, "for they have put a stock of powder in the cellars under the Odéon. If Paris were to be bombarded and a shell should fall on the building, we should all be blown up, and that is not the aim and object of a hospital."

"You are quite right," said the kind man, "and nothing could be more stupid than to store powder there. Now are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, shaking hands with him cordially with both hands. "You have been most kind and charming. Thank you very much."

I then moved toward the door, but I stood still again suddenly, as if hypnotized by an overcoat hanging over a chair. I looked beseechingly at the young Prefect, but he did not understand.

"What can I do now to oblige you, beautiful Madonna?" he asked.

I pointed to the coat and tried to look as charming as possible.

"I am very sorry," he said, bewildered, "but I do not understand at all."

I was still pointing to the coat.

"Give it me, will you?" I said.

"My overcoat?"

"Yes."

"What do you want it for?"

"For my wounded men when they are convalescent."

He sank down on a chair in a fit of laughter. I was rather vexed at this outburst.

"There is nothing so funny about it," I said. "I have a poor fellow, for instance, whose two fingers have been taken off. He does not need to stay in bed for that, naturally, and his soldier's cape is not warm enough. It is very difficult to warm the big *joyer* of the Odéon sufficiently, and those who are well enough have to be there. The man I tell you about is warm enough at present, because I took Henry Fould's overcoat, when he came to see me the other day. My poor soldier is huge and as Henry Fould is a giant I might never have had such an opportunity again. I shall want a great many overcoats, though, and this looks very warm."

I stroked the furry lining of the coveted garment, and the young Prefect, still choking with laughter, began to empty the pockets of his overcoat. He pulled out a magnificent white silk muffler from the largest pocket.

"Will you allow me to keep my muffler?" he asked.

I put on a resigned expression and nodded my consent. Our host then rang, and when the usher appeared he handed me the overcoat, and said in a solemn voice, in spite of the laughter in his eyes:

"Will you carry this to the carriage for these ladies?"

Some days later I called on another errand, and on entering the Prefect's room I was petrified to see him, instead of advancing to meet me, rush toward a cupboard, open the door, and fling something hastily into it. After this he leaned back against the door.

"Excuse me," he said, in a mocking tone, "but I took a violent cold after your first visit. I have just put my overcoat—oh! only an ugly, old overcoat, not a warm one," he added quickly, "but still an overcoat—inside there, and I will take the key out of the lock."

Our conversation soon took a more serious turn, though, for the news was very bad. For the last twelve days the hospitals had been crowded with the wounded. Everything was in a bad way. The Germans were advancing on Paris. The army of the Loire was being formed. Gambetta, Chanzy, Bourbaki, and Trochu were organizing a desperate de-

fense. I shook hands with him, told him I had received all he had sent, and returned to my hospital.

I had organized my hospital with a very small staff. My cook was installed in the public *joyer*. I had bought her an immense cooking range so that she could make soups and herb tea for fifty men. Her husband was chief attendant. I had given him two assistants, and Mme. Guérard, Mme. Lambquin, and I were the nurses. Two of us sat up at night, so that we each went to bed every third night. I preferred this to taking on some woman whom I did not know. Mme. Lambquin belonged to the Odéon, where she used to take the part of the duennas. My various friends who were on service at the fortifications came to me in their free time to do my secretarial work. I had to keep a book, which was shown every day to a sergeant who came from the Val-de-Grace military hospital, giving all details as to how many men came into our hospital, how many died, and how many recovered and left. Paris was in a state of siege, and no one could go far outside the walls, and no news from outside could be received. Baron Larrey came now and then to see me, and I had, as head surgeon, Dr. Duchesne, who gave up his whole time, night and day, during the five months that this truly frightful nightmare lasted.

I cannot recall those terrible days without the deepest emotion. It was no longer the country in danger that kept my nerves strung up, but the sufferings of all her children. There were all those who were away fighting, those who were brought in to us wounded or dying, the noble women of the people, who stood for hours and hours in line to get the necessary dole of bread, meat, and milk for their poor little ones at home. Ah! those poor women. I could see them from the theater windows, pressing up close to each other, blue with cold, and stamping their feet on the ground to keep them from freezing, for that winter was the most cruel one we had had for twenty years. Frequently one of these poor, silent heroines was brought in to me, either in a swoon from fatigue or half frozen.

My hospital was full. I had sixty beds and was obliged to improvise ten more. The soldiers were installed in the artistes' *joyer* and in the general *joyer*, and the officers in a room formerly used for refreshments.

One day a young Breton named Marie Le



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

From a photograph taken by W. & D. Downey in 1871.

Gallec was brought in. He had been struck by a bullet in the chest and another in the wrist. Dr. Duchesne bound up his chest firmly and splintered his wrist. He then said to me very simply:

"Let him have everything he likes; he is dying."

I bent over his bed and said to him:

"Tell me anything that would give you pleasure, Marie Le Gallec."

"Soup," he answered promptly, in the most comic way.

Mme. Guérard hurried away to the kitchen and soon returned with a bowl of broth and pieces of toast. I placed the bowl on the

little wooden shelf with four short legs, which was so convenient for the meals of our poor sufferers. The wounded man looked up at me and said:

"Barra!" I did not understand and he repeated: "Barra!" His poor chest caused him to hiss out the word and he made the greatest efforts to repeat his emphatic request. I was informed that the word "barra" meant bread. I hurried at once to Le Gallec with a large piece of bread. His face lighted up and, taking it from me with his sound hand, he broke it up with his teeth and let the pieces fall in the bowl. He then plunged his spoon into the middle of the broth



NAPOLÉON III

From his last photograph taken by W. & D. Downey, 1872.

and filled it up with bread until the spoon could stand upright in it. When it stood up without shaking about, the young soldier smiled. He was just preparing to eat this horrible concoction when the young priest from St. Sulpice, who had my hospital in charge, arrived. I had sent for him on hearing the doctor's sad verdict. He laid his hand gently on the young man's shoulder, thus stopping the movement of his arm. The poor fellow looked up at the priest, who showed him the Holy Cup.

"Oh!" he said simply, and then, placing his coarse handkerchief over the steaming soup, he put his hands together. We had arranged the two screens, which we used for

isolating the dead or dying, around his bed. He was left alone with the priest while I went on my rounds to calm the murmurers, or help the believers to raise themselves for the prayer. The young priest soon pushed aside the partition, and I then saw Marie Le Gallec with a beaming face, eating his abominable bread sop. He fell asleep soon afterwards, roused up to ask for something to drink, and died immediately, in a slight fit of choking.

Fortunately I did not lose many men out of the three hundred who came into my hospital, for the death of the unfortunate ones completely upset me. I was very young at that time, only twenty-four years of age, but I could nevertheless see the cowardliness of

some of the men, and the heroism of many of the others. A young Savoyard, eighteen years old, had had his forefinger taken off. Baron Larrey was quite sure that he had shot it off himself with his own gun, but I could not believe that. I noticed, though, that in spite of our nursing and care the wound did not heal. I bound it up in a different way and the following day I saw that the bandage had been altered. I mentioned this to Mme. Lambquin, who was sitting up that night together with Mme. Guérard.

The next day when I arrived she told me that she had caught the young man scraping the wound on his finger with his knife. I called him and told him that I should have to report him to the Val-de-Grace Hospital. He began to weep and vowed to me that he would never do it again, and five days later he was well. I signed the paper authorizing him to leave, and he was sent to the army of the defense.

Another of our patients bewildered us, too. Each time that his wound seemed to be just on the point of healing up, he had a violent attack of dysentery which threw him back. This seemed suspicious to Dr. Duchesne and he asked me to watch the man. At the end of a considerable time we were convinced that our wounded man had thought out the most comical scheme. He slept next the wall and therefore had no neighbor on the one side. During the night he managed to file the brass of his bedstead. He put the filings in a little pot which had been used for ointment of some kind. A few drops of water and some salt mixed with this powdered brass formed a poison, which might have cost its inventor his life. I was furious.

But side by side with these despicable men, what heroism we saw! A young captain was brought in one day. He was a tall fellow, a regular Hercules, with a superb head and a frank expression. On my book he was inscribed as Captain Menesson. He had been struck by a bullet at the top of the arm, just at the shoulder. With a nurse's assistance I was trying as gently as possible to take off his cloak, when three bullets fell from the hood which he had pulled over his head, and I counted sixteen bullet holes in the cloak. The young officer had stood upright for three hours, serving as a target himself while covering the retreat of his men as they fired all the time on the enemy. He had been brought in unconscious in an ambulance. He had lost

a great deal of blood and was half dead with fatigue and weakness. He was very gentle and charming, and thought himself sufficiently well two days later to return to the fight. The doctor, however, would not allow this, and his sister, who was a nun, besought him to wait until he was something like well again.

Soon after he came, the Cross of the Legion of Honor was brought for him, and this was a moment of intense emotion for everyone. The unfortunate wounded men who could not move turned their suffering faces toward him and, with their eyes shining through a mist of tears, gave him a fraternal look. The more convalescent among them held out their hands to the young giant.

It was Christmas eve, and I had decorated the hospital with festoons of green leaves. I had made pretty little chapels in front of the Virgin Mary, and the young priest from St. Sulpice came to take part in our poor but poetical Christmas service. He repeated some beautiful prayers, and the wounded men, many of whom were from Brittany, sang some sad, solemn songs, full of charm. Porel, the present manager of the Vaudeville Théâtre, had been wounded on the Avron Plateau. He was then convalescent and was one of my guests, together with two officers now ready to leave. That Christmas supper is one of my most charming and at the same time most melancholy memories. It was served in the small room which we had made into a bedroom. Our three beds were covered with draperies and skins which I had had fetched from home, and we used them as seats.

Mlle. Hoquigny had sent me a quantity of white "pigs' pudding," the famous Christmas dish, and all my poor soldiers who were well enough were delighted with this delicacy. One of my friends had had twenty large *brioche* cakes made for me, and I had ordered some large bowls of punch, the colored flames from which amused the grown-up sick children immensely. The young priest from St. Sulpice accepted a piece of *brioche* and, after taking a little white wine, left us. Ah! how charming and good he was, that poor young priest. And how well he managed to make that unbearable Fortin cease talking. Gradually the latter began to get humanized, until finally he began to think the priest was a good sort of fellow. Poor young priest! He was shot by the Communists, and I cried for days and days over his murder.

(To be continued.)



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
Cartoonist and war correspondent.



Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.

"And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body."

—"The Younger Set," page 503.

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RECORD MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE HIMALAYAS

BY FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN



EVEN the adventurer amid the Himalayas does not realize how different are the mountaineering conditions from those of Switzerland, the Rockies, and other alpine regions, until he has completed his first expedition. Then only does he appreciate the length of the glaciers, the height of the snow passes, and the numerous peaks ranging from 20,000 feet upward in altitude. Familiar as he may be with Monte Rosa or the Weisshorn, he utterly fails to conceive the immensity of the Asiatic slopes to be overcome or the power of the avalanches which so often scourge these slopes. Before its cloud-wreathed top is conquered many are the difficulties and dangers which he who climbs the Asiatic peaks must face.

Such are the conclusions of Dr. Workman and myself after five seasons of Himalayan mountaineering, which we have completed up to this time. One of these was what we termed a trial trip of 1,300 miles through a

country which had been previously traversed by the traveler. The other four were practically pioneer explorations, for on two of these, besides many ascents of passes and peaks, we made the first examination of the great Chogo Lungma glacier in Baltistan and four of its upper large branches, covering 150 miles of glacier never before trodden by human feet. Thus far we have ascended in Himalaya nine hitherto virgin snow passes, of from 17,000 to 19,260 feet, and made eight first ascents of peaks ranging from 19,000 to over 23,000 feet, a number of these pioneer mountains being shown in the photographs with this article. Our experience in this region prompts me to assert without fear of contradiction that we saw literally hundreds of high snow and rock peaks which will never be climbed by human beings, because they are so difficult that it would simply be folly to make the attempt. I may say that the chief characteristic of the Nun Kun peaks where we last ventured was the steepness of their ice-clad scarps and slopes.

Our exploration of a col we named Bayakara (Pass Perilous) gives an illustration of what the alpinist must encounter in this phase of mountaineering. The most arduous col we have ever climbed, it is located in

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CAMP ITALIA, ON THE PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN NUN KUN PLATEAU,
20,632 FEET ALTITUDE

Sanskrit. We approached it from a base which we called Riffel Camp, situated on the flank of a mountain we named Riffelhorn, because of its resemblance to the one of that name near Zermatt. Leaving Riffel Camp with the guides and fourteen coolies, we ascended the high northeast tributary of the Chogo Lungma glacier to a height of 17,500 feet and camped at the base of the almost perpendicular ice wall leading to the col in question. The next morning at 5.30, leaving the coolies asleep in their tent, we climbed a reach of glacier riven by immense crevasses, which had to be traversed over shaky snow bridges, and in twenty minutes gained the base of the wall. This was climbed straight for two and a half hours, each step being cut with the ice ax. Occasionally a five-minute halt on a projecting rock broke the monotony, but otherwise it was a steady advance of our guide Zurbriggen, to the end of his twelve-foot rope, a driving in of his ax and our approach to where he stood, then another move and more hacking with his ice ax. The wall is surmounted by some sharp cliffs, on either side of which are two depressions. Our intention was to strike for that on the right, and this idea directed our movements for some hours. On approaching the precipice below the rocks,

the wall was found to be a sheet of ice, covered only by a veil of snow, then fast melting. This ice sheet combined with the likelihood of falling stones was deemed too dangerous, and we decided to traverse the snow precipice under the rock face and attempt reaching the left and higher col. We pushed up straight until under the frowning cliffs, and began the traverse, which was long, dangerous, and exhausting.

We were at the top of a slant proved by the clinometer to drop at an angle of sixty degrees for hundreds of feet, and in the treading of deep snow steps as the surface grew soft under the sun's rays, there was a strong chance of starting an avalanche. The appalling downward line of 1,800 feet fell sheer to where our tiny green tents were poised like locusts in the seamed glacier. A wide chasm of unknown depth separated us from the cliff behind, thus cutting off all possible hand holds and rendering our position precarious in the extreme. There was no chance to halt for rest or food, for neither the gradient nor time allowed. The sun, untempered even by passing cloud, burned like a coal. At last the traverse was completed, and, rounding a bad corner where rock abutted the precipice, we arrived on the ridge six hours from the time of starting.



MRS. BULLOCK WORKMAN AND TWO GUIDES AT 23,000 FEET ALTITUDE

The photograph was taken while she was completing the ascent of 23,260 feet, the world's record for a woman.



THE AUTHOR'S CARAVAN ON CHOGO LUNGMA GLACIER, BALTIKISTAN

Here with hardly room for our feet we stood poised over two precipices, the one just ascended and another dropping, if possible at a worse incline, to an unknown depth. No passage to the other side existed which could be used by human beings, so, allowing ourselves only time to note our instruments, we were soon crawling warily back into the old track, Dr. Workman leading. The noon sun was playing sad havoc with the slant, and at each step the ice foundation was sounded. Before reaching the most dangerous point this side of the center we drove in our axes, and, clinging to the side, managed to get a tin of meat from the ruck sack and have the first spare meal of the day. A few swallows of cold tea completed the little-enjoyed lunch, and in ten minutes downward work began again.

Presently the guide observed that he did not think we should reach tents that night. After this remark our determination to get off that wall before dark became intense, for we well knew that being belated there meant certain death. Finally what we all had feared in silence, happened—some one slipped. It was a porter. I closed my eyes when I felt the thud on the rope and, hanging on my ax, awaited the downward plunge that seemed inevitable. But it did not come. When I looked again, the other two were holding fast by their axes, and the porter dangling below was struggling to regain foothold. Zurbriggen's sharp words of command seemed to aid his efforts, and he was presently on his feet. We moved on, but the danger of starting an avalanche became so imminent that



EXHAUSTED COOLIES RESTING DURING AN ASCENT

we abandoned the traverse and went straight, treading backward. The leader, moving cautiously, made deep steps in the soft snow, halting each time that his rope was paid out and placing himself securely until we were nearly level with him. Yard by yard the great slope rose above us, as like snails we trod our way toward lower level and safety. Slight sizzling avalanches passed on one side, but never relaxing the downward plodding, at last we saw with joy the sun hide behind the western peaks and the shadows that betokened better snow conditions spread rapidly over the glacier and aslant our walls. As the drop suddenly ended in easier slopes, nearly exhausted we stopped the weary back treading and marched on quickly to camp. The snow was frozen hard again when shelter

was reached and the adventurous ascent of the col completed. Zurbriggen called this col of 19,260 feet the most difficult one he had climbed in any land, and as it certainly was our hardest, we christened it as before mentioned, "Pass Perilous."

From the same base, Riffel Camp, with Italian guides we later started to surmount two magnificent peaks at the head of the Chogo Lungma glacier. These were my record mountains until I surpassed them in height by my ascent of Nun Kun. The first camp we made on this climb was at an altitude of 16,350 feet, the second at 18,800 feet. In the afternoon at the second camp wind and storm raged, nearly wrenching the tents from their insecure moorings, but the morning broke clear, the silvery peak far above beckoning

alluringly to us in the silent blue dawn. We were three hours in covering a long ridge seamed with crevasses, for getting the average coolie porter over a yawning crevasse is hard work, but once the leader has passed, the others flounder across somehow like a flock of sheep. In rounding a bad ice projection, a coolie knocked off Dr. Workman's sun helmet

summer, and recent storms had left a covering of new snow, which now reached to above our knees. Slowly we zigzagged up a high wall, stamping our feet often, for at that altitude it was cold even at nine in the morning. We were above 20,000 feet when an imperative call from the others stopped our progress. Calling down to know the reason,

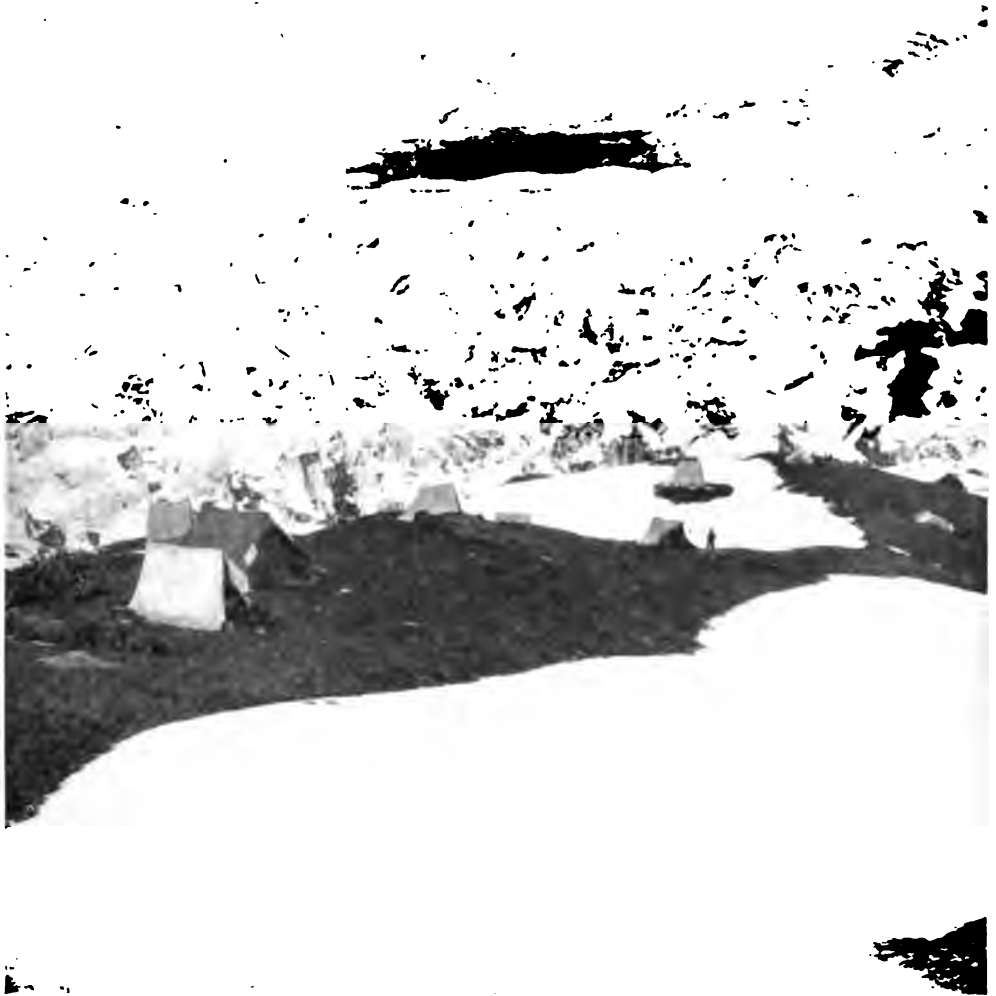


DR. AND MRS. WORKMAN AND GUIDES AT "PASS PERILOUS"

and away it flew down thousands of feet to the glacier below.

After a time, leaving the others to encourage the coolies, the head guide, porter, and I pushed ahead, tracking out a way up the unending steep slopes. It was weary work, for this part of Baltistan is stormy, even in

the answer rang clear through the light air, that half the coolies had mountain sickness and the remainder refused to advance. I replied, "Offer them backsheesh and tell them in an hour we shall camp." Then we waited trembling lest we lose our mountain, while the others appeared and argued, but to no



RIFFEL CAMP, CHOGO LUNGMA GLACIER, 14,000 FEET ALTITUDE

From this base Mrs. Workman ascended the two peaks first gaining her the world's record for a woman, 22,568 feet, which she afterwards surpassed.



PYRAMID PEAK, 24,500 FEET HIGH, ASCENDED BY DR. WORK-
MAN TO AN ALTITUDE OF 23,394 FEET

From a telephotograph.

avail. Finally, as there seemed no other way, we descended to where the coolies lay as if dead in the snow. In reality only a few were ill, but the remainder were obstinate in their refusal to go on. We next led them down a few hundred feet, and, taking another course, steered for a small high plateau, where camp was pitched at 19,355 feet. The peak would be a hard pull at a great height, but the only chance of success was to attack it alone on the morrow, for the demoralized coolies could not be taken higher. Late in the afternoon the guides went out and cut steps up the icy *arête* for about eight hundred feet. After a nearly sleepless night caused by the want of oxygen, we were astir at two in the morning, and at three left the tents by moonlight with

the temperature at fifteen degrees below zero. Roping ourselves together, the ascent of the sharp slants was begun in zigzag. Owing to the steps having been previously cut, good progress was made for some time, but the gradient was painfully steep, broken by no mitigating plateau, and rising most of the way to the top at angles of sixty degrees and more. Sometimes only the faintly lighted ice surface reared itself in towering height above, or again the guide cut a snaky route toward a shoulder where appalling precipices fell away thousands of feet, suggestive of mysterious death traps. A misstep and we should lose consciousness in that dark, fathomless abyss! The cold was most severe just before dawn, and chiefly affected our feet. We felt as if

we had no feet by the time we were at 21,000 feet, and then came the danger of freezing. We were, however, able to avoid taking off our shoes and rubbing our feet with snow to prevent frostbite by beating them vigorously with the ice axes until they twinged sufficiently to betoken safety. As we went higher in the waning moonlight, huge peaks rose sharp in outline but ghastly in tone on all sides. Then came the pink-tinted dawn; a sudden flare of light illumined the heights, ending in a blaze of red at the zenith. The mountains lost their ghastly, inert look as their summits, the heavens, and the lower snow world became suffused with the warmth and color that heralded the arrival of the king of day. Feeling the lassitude due to great height, we were now marching slowly up the last slope to the cone glittering in the sunlight and at seven o'clock stood on the summit at 21,500 feet. We named it Mount Chogo. This ascent broke my former record made on Mount Koser Gunge by 500 feet, but this was not the only peak we wished to climb on that

brilliantly clear day, and we turned our attention to another to the north, 1,000 feet higher, separated from the one we were on by a long snow ridge. At the least movement with camera or other instruments we gasped for breath, for the air was singularly devoid of oxygen; still as a whole we were in good condition and the second peak was worth trying for. Adjusting the rope, we descended a few hundred feet to the narrow ridge and crossing it arrived at the base of the peak. Ascending this, an easier gradient than on Mount Chogo was met with, a consoling fact when one is 22,000 feet in the air. In three hours the second summit was gained, which we named Mount Lungma. Thus do the sister peaks ascended on the same day commemorate the Chogo Lungma, the peerless glacier whose source they overtop.

The view was grand beyond description, commanding those mighty Mustagh kings, Gusherbrun, the Mustagh Tower, and the huge rocky pyramid of Godwin-Austen, the second highest mountain in the world, rising



THE BAYAKARA COL, OF WHICH THE AUTHOR MADE THE FIRST ASCENT,
19,200 FEET ALTITUDE

28,278 feet above the level of the sea. The air was distinctly more rarefied here, but we had strength enough to make our observations, which, taken with care and later computed, fix the height of the mountain on which we stood at 22,568 feet. I had thus broken my previous climbing record twice on the same day and on this peak by 1,568 feet. Out of the same high plateau rises a third peak of 24,500 feet, and, unappeased in their mountain fever, Dr. Workman and the guides decided to see how high they could get on this, that day. I, knowing that time would not allow of its full ascent, awaited their return on Mount Lungma. Descending to the plateau, which was crossed, they climbed to 23,394 feet on the third mountain, which we named Pyramid Peak.

The Nun Kun range where we made our final ascents is indeed an impressive group of sharply rising snow and rock mountains, challenging the skill and courage of the alpinist, for seven of the peaks range from 21,000 to over 23,000 feet in height. As none of the upper glaciers or passes in the Nun Kun had been reached by explorers, ours was the first expedition to penetrate these fastnesses. We approached the mountains by fording the tumultuous unbridged Suru River and ascending the wild, narrow Shafat valley and glacier. High above the glacier, on a rock and grass slant of a border mountain, terraces for tents were dug out, and a camp which was our base camp for a month at 15,100 feet was established.

We were here near the heart of the mountains, surrounded by dazzling glaciers, broken ice falls, and mighty snow peaks, down whose precipitous slopes avalanches of great proportions roared at frequent intervals. After two weeks of preliminary trips and reconnaissances to cols, glaciers, and lower mountains, porters were sent ahead to make a cache of tents and provisions at two or three points in the higher Nun Kun. After doing this, they were to return to meet our party. On July 25th we left the base camp, ascending over wild moraine and wading glacial torrents to snow. On the long inclines we came upon large stretches of "nieves-penitentes," small corrugated ice pinnacles from one to three feet high, known in the Andes but never seen by us before in the Himalayas. By one o'clock a snow hollow near some rocks was reached, where a wood pile and traces of the porters' camp were found. We also

pitched tents here, calling the halt at 17,657 feet "Nieves-Penitentes" Camp. Here a good sleep fortified us for what we little suspected lay in store, namely, five completely sleepless nights. The next day's climb took the caravan over a sharp stone wall, where steps had to be cut for the coolies, then up ascending snow cotes gashed often by bottomless icicled crevasses amid splendid scenery increasing in grandeur during each hour of advance. Again on this day, near noon, signs of human habitation were discovered in the distance—two shelter tents far above on a sloping plateau, descending from a fine white needle. Looking through the Zeiss glass, three porters were sighted coming down a snow wall to the left of the tents. The coolies marched bravely, stopping often to regain breath, for we were now at a high altitude.

At last we arrived on the snow slant, and adding our tents to the others, established White Needle Camp at 19,900 feet altitude. The advance porters soon joined us, returning from their trip of carrying tents higher. All but three or four coolies were incapacitated by mountain sickness or severe migraine, and with the exception of three, who volunteered to go to the next camp, they returned to the base camp. The "stint" laid out for the following day was not long, but was very taxing. There was a high ice wall to be negotiated rising at a severe incline. We started in two roped caravans, and the guide, porters, and three natives carried loads of forty pounds each. The Nun Kun seemed bent on furnishing us a very forbidding stairway to its unknown uplands, and the word "halt" fell every five minutes from the lips of the heavily charged men. After ascending straight for over an hour, we had to cross the wall in the center, really treading an aerial threadlike trail along the true Roof of the World. Behind, almost touching our elbows as we moved, rose the tall ice canopy, a diamond-bedecked surface as illumined by the forest sunlight. Eastward, miles of mauve ranges garlanded with cloud stretched, until lost in soft vapor, while beneath lay that day's wonder, a sight to fill with sickening fear the giddily inclined. The wall sank, dropping straight below the very soles of our feet, a 500-foot ice sheet, at the base of which opened a thirty-foot-wide blue chasm corniced with ice ruffles, ready to engulf the whole party should any take an awkward step. Beyond the ugly chasm sank the snow



MOUNT BULLOCK WORKMAN, 19,450 FEET HIGH

One of the eight virgin peaks in the Himalayas of which the first ascent was made by Dr. and Mrs. Workman.

slants climbed the day before, to the winding glacier seeking the grass line many thousands of feet below. All this ice splendor was but faintly appreciated at the time, for our energies, mental and physical, were tuned only to the intense strain of overcoming this eerie route.

At length, turning the wall at a fearful angle, we reached some easier ascending slopes, where the loaded men sank down for a few minutes of well-earned rest. This rising terrain soon brought us to an enchanting sight, the great undulating Nun Kun plateau, the existence of which was never even suspected. This basin is a most unique plateau even in Himalaya. It is a snow oasis in the uppermost core of the range, and guarding it in snow and rock splendor rises a pointed circle of six of the highest summits.

In a short time our tents sprang up and Camp Italia was colonized at 20,632 feet. In an hour the three natives, who had fallen behind on the ascent, came wearily up. Mist had crept in over the mountain and the outlook was now for bad weather. The desolate fog-shrouded camp presented a weird scene with the natives in front of the tents waving their arms, calling dismally, and salaaming profoundly toward the peaks blackened by storm. When they had finished their petition to the mountain gods, we gave them leave

to go down, and, even with the grewsome descent before them, they appeared glad to depart.

In sending them away, the last link with the lower world was severed, but we were too far aloft to consider such mundane matters just then. One Italian porter was here seriously affected with altitude sickness, and the next day was too ill to continue, so we had only six men for carrying loads. Late in the afternoon the sky cleared, and we gave our attention to determining the peaks on which we should complete our ascent. One more camp had to be made, but there was no chance to pitch it on the steep, rugged slants of the highest summit, so we decided to push up the plateau to the base of the second peak, lower by 185 feet only, and camp there the next night. The night was so cold that no one slept, but the next morning we managed to push forward to the final camp, where our tents were pitched on a small snow flat. Fog and storm set in as on the previous day, but it finally ceased snowing. The sun shone through a sickly mist and overpowering heat prevailed. It was so unbearable within and without tents that we were obliged to wrap our heads in wet towels. At 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon the sun temperature was actually 193 degrees. Soon after sunset it froze, and at seven o'clock the mer-

cury was below freezing point, while the lowest temperature for the night was four below zero. Thus in twelve hours we experienced a fluctuation in temperature of 197 degrees.

This camp where the doctor and myself passed the night alone—not another person remaining at this elevation—was at 21,300 feet, careful measurement by our instruments, and was named Camp America. We have no hesitancy in saying we believe this camp is the highest authentic camp made up to date by mountaineers. The night passed here was horrible. We were sleepless and bitterly cold. It seemed as long as three ordinary nights. The water froze in our bottles, and, although thirsty, we had nothing to drink. As the faint gleam of light filtered through the tent canvas, the click of ice axes was heard without, and Savoye, our guide, and two porters arrived, their mustaches solid lines of icicles and their faces bloated and purple from buffeting the elements before daylight.

The primus stoves, like ourselves being affected by want of oxygen, refused for some time to light, but at length the requisite cup of coffee was procured, and, dragging on our frozen boots, we began the last struggle upward. After three sleepless nights we felt nearly exhausted, but strength came with movement, and after nearly three hours of constant step-cutting on sharpest slopes, swept again and again by dangerous ice falls, we had gone surprisingly far up the mountain. At 22,720 feet we stopped for some lunch, and, nicking out snow hollows that we might sit, each indulged according to appetite in tinned meat, biscuits, or chocolate. Clouds were coming in, and as Dr. Workman wished to use the camera before they covered the peaks, he and one porter remained at this

point, while I with Savoye and the other porter continued the ascent.

This was now almost wholly over a rock *arête*, and, as it is much more arduous climbing on rock than on snow above 22,000 feet, the difficulty of breathing became extreme. Stopping every few steps to rest, we crept on, gazing as if in a dream at the cloud-bathed chaos of peaks spreading in infinite distance. At last we halted on a wild, wind-rent, rocky pinnacle, our day's work accomplished. The distant mountains were all covered, as was the summit of the highest Nun Kun, a little above us, and the view was a downward one upon lines of wavy ranges and torn, jagged glaciers flowing toward invisible valleys and the habitations of man. I took my observations and a few photographs, though each effort made me pause and gasp. Then we had to leave our great height of 23,260 feet, for the hour was two o'clock, and camp must be made by dark, so we slowly climbed down to the others. The descent to camp was dangerous, as the snow was soft and we sank through onto ice, which necessitated great caution. By seven o'clock P.M. the cheerless tents were reached, and, after the heroic effort of preparing a little soup, we were soon in our sleeping bags, but not to win repose, for the temperature was two degrees lower even than the night before—six below zero. On arrival of the porters the day after, we packed tents and gradually returned to the lower world.

Thus we passed a week of thrilling adventure upon the towering slopes of the Nun Kun, but by this ascent I exceeded my former mountaineering record of 22,568 feet—the world's record for a woman—while it gave me the honor of a place among the very few alpinists who have climbed to a height of 23,000 feet.

THE HAYMARKET AND AFTERWARDS

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL



IN the lake front of Chicago, where the grass would never grow, where the planted trees put forth sad, discouraged leaves and straightway died, I was wont to see of a Sunday afternoon a small crowd listening to an excited and overwrought orator. He was a shabby man and gaunt, as if worn down by his own fruitless emotions; but his face was interesting, his energy prodigious, and his voice had a mellow and peculiar charm. His principal business, as nearly as I could gather, was to denounce the rich, against whom, as placidly they rolled in their carriages through Michigan Boulevard, he would hurl anathemas (not always intelligible to me) and shake a long imprecatory forefinger. At which the crowd would sometimes jeer and sometimes faintly cheer; but in most instances remain dumb and look bored; for the seed of the orator's propaganda seemed but

to fall on soil as barren as that of the lake front.

That was the first time I saw the man. The last time I saw him he stood in the Cook County jail about to die, and with that same penetrating and bell-like voice pleaded to be heard. Between these two visions had stretched the linked events, one upon one, that had brought him to his death and seem now to constitute one of the strangest and most instructive chapters in our history.

Looking back I can see that it is not possible in these events to understand Chicago, a typical American city, so thrown from its typical American poise and self-command, without going much farther than the Haymarket and what directly led thereto. We must go back to the strikes that at intervals for years had shaken the city; strikes of seamen, dock laborers, stockyards workers, street railroad men; back to these and to John Bonfield, Captain first and then Inspector of Police.

A large, powerful, resolute, domineer-



THE HAYMARKET MONUMENT

First erected near the scene of the riot and afterwards removed to an outlying park.



JUDGE JOSEPH E. GARY

Who presided at the trial at which the anarchists were found guilty.

GOV. JOHN P. ALTGELD

Who afterwards pardoned the anarchists serving penitentiary sentences.

ing man, Bonfield had pressed his way to the front chiefly by his physical prowess and unshakable courage. He went to peace by a way old enough in history but rather new in American communities; he cracked all heads in sight until no man was left upon his feet, and then announced that quiet was restored and the strike broken. I remember well the sight of him leading a line of policemen in the great street-car strike of 1885, the clubs descending right and left like flails, and men falling before them, often frightfully injured. All sorts of men they were, not merely strikers or strike sympathizers, but innocent citizens, caught in the throng and unable to escape. Repeated and bloody battling of this kind firmly established in the community two conditions fruitful of trouble. Men that worked with their hands became convinced that the police were tyrannical, cruel, arbitrary, and the professional and gratuitous enemies of the workers. On the other hand, another part of the community became convinced that in the city was a large element of desperate men, foes to society and order and always ripe for violence.

To both conditions I suppose such harangues as those on the lake front contributed.

Well-to-do persons read of a Monday morning the furious utterances of some wild-eyed ranter addressed to what purported to be a menacing assembly of the unruly elements, and these things seemed to them on reasonable grounds a part of the sowing of disorder that had harvested so many riots. Workmen saw that the worst possible aspect was put upon their assemblies even when these had wholly innocent purposes, and they became convinced that press and police were leagued against them. In these circumstances, every Sunday with its meetings and every Monday morning with its inflammatory newspaper reports wrought increased bitterness on one side and a growing uneasiness on the other.

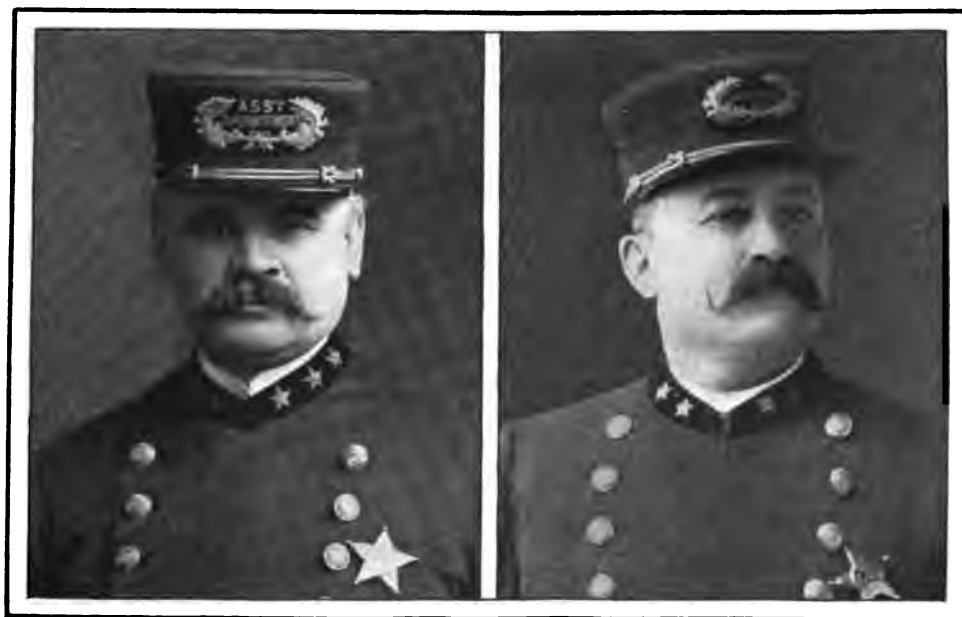
I have never seen these conditions adequately described in any literature on this subject, and yet they are the pivot on which the whole story turns. Without the long and seated resentment of the workers and the accumulated fears of the rest of the population any such drama would have been impossible. Around the world, Chicago, because of these things, bore many years afterwards an unjust measure of reproach as a

lawless community; and yet, in the same peculiar conditions and oppressed with the same misapprehensions, I think there is no great city in which some outbreak would not have climaxed the trouble making. The tension was too great. And those that think lightly of class divisions in a republic might profitably study the record of this modern instance. The letters are red and smeared, but they are still sufficiently legible, and the first thing they tell is of what may come when men will not make the least effort to understand nor the least allowance for one another.

On the top of this smoldering heap was now laid, apparently by the hands of evil Fate, the eight-hour movement of 1886. Many things combined to make it extremely repugnant to the orderly and native citizen. It was of foreign origin and late importation; it was supposed to be the creation of the Internationals, an alien society of which next to nothing was known and everything was feared; it seemed to be condemned by distinctly American organizations, like the Knights of Labor; it was denounced unreservedly by all the learned writers and economic author-

ities; it was viewed with obvious resentment by employers. Moreover, there was something ominous and sinister in the date chosen for the beginning of the movement. May 1st, to readers of foreign dispatches, had an evil sound of students' riots and anarchistic demonstrations abroad.

When the day came it was seen that the demand for eight hours was chiefly limited to factories in which there was much foreign-born labor, and the fact augmented the common forebodings. There were some parades of foreign-looking workmen, some waving of red flags and singing of revolutionary songs that helped nothing to quiet the public alarms, and quickly these portents were followed by others still worse. The most important factory involved in the strikes was the great McCormick harvester and reaper works on the far west side. Close by, to the east, were teeming foreign quarters, chiefly of Poles and Bohemians. The McCormick Company attempted to fill the places of the strikers, and riot after riot ensued. Patrol wagons dashing through the streets and filled with armed policemen became a common sight. Sometimes men, and women too,



CAPT. HERMAN SCHUTTLE

"One of the bravest men I have ever known."

CAPT. MICHAEL J. SCHAACK

"A man of restless energy and small discretion."



EAST END OF THE HAYMARKET, LOOKING NORTH IN DESPLAINES STREET

The speeches at the Haymarket meeting were delivered from a wagon which stood at the entrance to an alley shown precisely in the center of the picture.

attacked the wagons and threw stones at the officers. Meetings were held nightly through the district to express sympathy with the strikers. The police, with the utmost rigor, broke up some of these meetings as tending to foment disorder. I think they sometimes blundered and dispersed gatherings that were perfectly orderly and unobjectionable; but by this time the feeling was high on both sides and men threw away their reason and raved as the men raved about the barricades in Paris. The police force of Chicago, always too small and now most unwisely directed, was overworked, overstrained, and to the last degree exasperated; and it was pitted against an element wherein were many men that had vague but serious notions of a class injustice and others that had goaded themselves into a frenzy of resentment.

There were many violent scenes that never found a place in the final history of these events. I remember a drug store in the heart of the Bohemian and Polish district, that furnished the stage for one of these outbreaks, in its way rather remarkable. The

reporters were in the habit of using the telephone in this drug store to communicate with their offices, and the angry people got the idea that the reporters thus summoned the police. One night a mob gathered, broke into the place, and demolished its contents. In this work the wreckers came upon some bottles of wines and liquors; among them two jars of the wine of colchicum. All wine looked alike to them; they drank, and Fate avenged the poor druggist in the deaths of several of the rioters; no one ever knew how many. The reporters were often in great danger; the resentment was bitter against the whole "capitalistic press." More than once they were rescued by one man's efforts from a crowd that threatened them. The one man was Albert Parsons, my gaunt and overwrought friend, the orator of the lake front. He was the editor of a fiery labor journal called *The Alarm*, and was in the thick of the eight-hour agitation, but it appeared that he favored revolution in the abstract and not in the concrete.

Events moved with fateful-swiftness to the

climax. On one side of the McCormick works in those days was a large open field upon which was a railroad switch. About this field the strikers were daily gathered in threatening crowds, ripe for trouble. On the afternoon of May 3, 1886, came to this place August Spies, editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, a daily paper printed in German and devoted to the radical wing of the labor movement. He was a handsome, athletic young man, with a good presence and a gift of eloquence. Climbing to the roof of a freight car, he made in German a fiery speech to the strikers. When he ceased, a shouting mob, armed with sticks and stones, started for the works to attack the strike breakers. These, badly frightened, cowered for shelter in the tower of the main building while the mob, in a blind and purposeless fury, peppered the windows with stones. In the midst of these diversions the patrol wagons came charging up and the police drew their revolvers and began to fire. A part of the strikers made a momentary stand and then broke and fled. Many were wounded, a few fatally.

At this the last passions were aroused on both sides. All the elements in sympathy with the strike denounced the police as guilty of monstrous and causeless slaughter; the elements on the other side applauded



LOUIS LINGG

"Lingg's was the hand that made the bomb."

ed the act that they held to be necessary to enforce law and maintain peace and order.

The strike sympathizers called meetings for the next night, May 4th, to denounce the police for shooting unarmed men. Of these the most important was to be held in Desplaines Street between Lake and Randolph. Desplaines Street is a shabby thoroughfare on the west side, a short distance from the river, and about half a mile from the edge of the downtown business center. Rather oddly, the meeting that was to pass into history as the Haymarket affair had nothing to do with the Haymarket, which is around a corner and two or three hundred feet away. Half a block straight to the south was the Desplaines Street police station, over which presided Inspector John Bonfield.

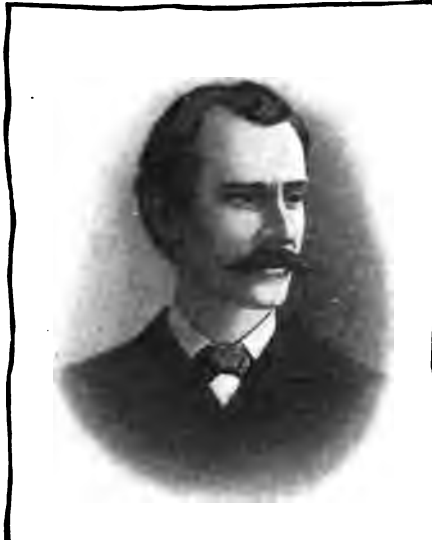
Afterwards the police tried to make much of the form of the call for the meeting, asserting that it contained an agreed-upon signal for the rising of the anarchists and the dangerous elements. No one now need give weight to this tale, but it is true that in the jangled state of the public nerves the meeting aroused widespread uneasiness. Some declared that it ought to be prevented. The mayor of the city, the elder Carter H. Harrison, was unwilling to attempt to interfere with what might be a



ADOLPH FISCHER

"A half-baked student of German speculative anarchism."

lawful assembly, but he attended in person to see that no riot should be preached. At the Desplaines Street station Inspector Bonfield held the reserves in readiness. The speaker's stand, a truck wagon, was at the intersection of an alley, in the center of the block and at the rear of the building occupied by Crane Brothers' elevator factory. About fifteen hundred people gathered. Spies was one of the speakers; another was my lake-front orator, Parsons; and another, Samuel Fielden, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter. The mayor heard what they said and seems to have detected nothing formidable in the utterances. Parsons had made an end, Fielden was closing, when a storm was seen to be approaching. The people began to disperse; the mayor started for home. At that moment Inspector Bonfield marched the reserves out of the station, and advanced up the street, himself at the head, ordering the people to disperse. Just as the front of the platoon reached the alley intersection a spark flew through the air either from the roof of a building or from behind the crowd. There was a tremendous and blinding explosion, a roar that was plainly heard in newspaper offices a mile away, and many policemen fell, dreadfully mangled. Their comrades, with con-



A. R. PARSONS

"Who refused clemency, claiming his innocence."

for life. It was no wonder that before an event so appalling even good men forgot reason and clamored for revenge.

Upon the police commanders the effect was of a temporary defeat wrought treacher-

ously by a malignant and long-detested enemy. A kind of cold fury possessed them; instantly they began to seek for vengeance. Never, I suppose, in any city was what is called the dragnet worked so extensively and incessantly. For days the police stations were filled with suspected persons, rigorously examined in the method of what is termed the third degree; persons, for the most part, that never heard of the bomb nor of the meeting nor of anything connected with either. In the midst of which turmoil, Rudolph Schnaubelt, the man

spicuous courage, did not falter. They closed up their ranks, drew their revolvers, and began to fire upon the dumfounded people, who fled in all directions.

That was the memorable bomb. At the news of it all Chicago was shaken with rage. Here at last was the dynamite that had been threatened, the revolution in full swing, the reign of violence begun. Sixty-eight policemen were wounded by that terrible thing, some in ways too dreadful to be described. Seven died of their hurts; many were maimed



GEORGE ENGEL.

"Engel's creed was the product of poverty and misfortune."

that threw the bomb, passed quietly out of Chicago and made his way unmarked to Germany to live and die in peace.

Swiftly the police unearthed what seemed to be a desperate and dreadful conspiracy. The bomb was the work of a great anarchistic organization that had planned the destruction of the city, that had made and secreted thousands of similar bombs, that had drilled and armed men for the uprising. Vast quantities of bombs, dynamite, and weapons were gathered from cellars and backyard *caches* all about the northwest side. Truth compels me to state that some of these discoveries soon began to wear an exceedingly suspicious look. The weapons began to be strangely familiar. One in particular, a gas-pipe bomb, that had been used as a copy weight in a newspaper composing room, was brought three times to police headquarters among the prized and exhibited fruits of the raiding. It was easily recognized because the harmless printer that had used it had at some time scratched his initials upon it. There were others of the exhibits with similar histories, but of these matters the public heard little.

By no good hap, I must think, the operating of the dragnet and the sorting of the fish therein fell to Michael J. Schaack, captain of the Chicago Avenue station on the north side, a man of restless energy and, let us say, of small discretion. I have often wondered whether his delusions resulted from a kind of self-hypnotism or from mere mania; but certainly he saw more anarchists than vast hell could hold. Bombs, dynamite, daggers, and pistols seemed ever before him; in the end, there was no society nor association, however innocent or even laudable, among the foreign-born population, that was not to his mind an object of grave suspicion. The labor unions

he knew were composed solely of anarchists; the Turner societies met to plan revolution; the literary guilds plotted murder, and the Sunday schools taught destruction. Every man that spoke broken English and went out o' nights was a fearsome creature whose secret purpose was to blow up the Board of Trade or loot Marshall Field's store. Into the presence of a police captain in this reasonable frame of mind was brought one

trembling alien after another, and from the cells into which they were flung presently grew a crop of confessions that cemented the structure of conspiracy into a compact and durable whole.

From among the hundreds of prisoners, slowly the police and the state's attorney settled upon the men that had done most of the agitating in the eight-hour movement and before it; the leaders, that is, to say, of the advanced and radical wing of the labor element, the fervid orators of the Sunday meetings, the advocates of the "social revolution." These were August Spies,

editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*; Michael Schwab, his assistant; Samuel Fielden, one of the speakers at the Desplaines Street meeting; Adolph Fischer, a young compositor on Spies's paper; George Engel, an elderly man that had kept a little toy shop on the west side; and Oscar Neebe, a German newspaper man, who had some connection more or less shadowy with Spies's publication. The police also wanted Parsons, who was particularly well known to them because of his speeches, but he could not be found. It was not asserted against these men that any one of them had thrown the bomb, but that they had plotted the crime as the beginning of the revolution they had long agitated.

To these was now added, in a manner rather dramatic, a figure of a very different



SAMUEL FIELDEN

"He was 'a mild, fatherly old galoot.'"

type. All the others were pottering agitators, more or less in the public eye; Louis Lingg, of whom Chicago had never heard before, was no agitator, but a secret, resourceful, wily, and daring terrorist, of the kind that periodically shakes Russia with some self-immolating assassination. It was almost by accident that information was gathered of a mysterious young man that lived in the back room of a wretched house, tinkered day and night upon things supposed to be bombs, and was said to be of tremendous physical strength and dangerous character. Herman Schuettler, now assistant chief of police and one of the bravest men I have ever known, undertook the arrest. He ascertained that Lingg was in his lodging, which was on the second floor in the rear. Schuettler removed his boots and in his stockings crept up the stairs and burst open the door of Lingg's room. At the sound Lingg gave one leap and was at the policeman's throat. Schuettler is a powerful man of much and varied experience; he once killed a desperado with a single blow of his fist. He has told me often that he never had an encounter like that with Lingg. They rolled all about the floor of the room, down the stairs, and out into the street, fighting like demons. Schuettler got Lingg's thumb into his mouth and almost bit it off, a fact from which the nature of the struggle may be surmised.

They got the wild beast to Captain Schaack's police station and locked him up, and without knowing it they had made no other capture so important. For Lingg's was the hand that made the bomb; Lingg

was the friend of Rudolph Schnaubelt, who threw the bomb; and if I do not greatly err, the whole shocking business in Desplaines Street was of Lingg's sole conceiving. He was the originator and leader of the *Lehr und Wehr Verein*, the only real anarchistic society in Chicago; he was the undisguised and ven-

omous enemy of all society; and he was of such extraordinary strength of body and capacity of mind that here truly was one man whom orderly persons had reason to fear.

When the prisoners thus finally selected were arraigned for examination, another was added to their number. Parsons was in hiding and disguise, somewhere in Wisconsin. He wrote to his attorney, Captain W. P. Black, that he desired to give himself up. Captain Black replied, advising him to do so, as he had not been guilty of any offense and had nothing to fear. Whereupon, one day, to the vast surprise of police

and public, Parsons quietly walked into the court and took his place with the other men accused.

I need not follow the trial nor the various stages of the long and futile legal battle that followed. The world of men outside of our country seems to have accepted the belief that the defendants were tried on the charge that they were anarchists. It may be well, therefore, to recall that they were tried merely on the charge that they were accessories before the fact of the murders of Mathias J. Degan and others, Degan being the first of the wounded policemen to die of his hurts. The manner in which they were accessory was alleged to be that in



RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT

speeches and writings they had instigated the crime.

Through all the trial, lasting eight weeks, the other defendants seemed sensible of the perils of their situation. Lingg seemed never to know nor to care. Tilted back in his chair, an unlighted cigar in the corner of his mouth, he regarded the whole affair with savage scorn. He sat apart and held no communion with his fellows, of whom, strange to say, only Spies had knowledge of him previous to his arrest. He took no interest in the defense, suggested nothing to his counsel, and sullenly refused to make any statement. When arraigned for sentence, the others made elaborate speeches. Parsons spoke for eight hours. Lingg uttered some curt, defiant sentences in German, ending with these words: "I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!"

Many aspects of the trial were unusual. Men admitting a deep-seated prejudice against the accused or even a belief in their guilt were allowed to sit on the jury. The defendants were convicted on the ground that they had instigated the crime; and yet, so far as the trial was concerned, nobody knew who committed the crime. To this day the record on that point remains incomplete; for Schnaubelt was never brought into the case, his part in the affair was never officially disclosed. So far as the record goes, the bomb that night in Desplaines Street might have fallen by accident or been hurled by a lunatic or by somebody that never heard of the accused men.

But the eight men were convicted, nominally by the jury, in reality by a misinformed public opinion resolutely bent upon their death; and they were sentenced, Neebe to fifteen years' imprisonment, the remaining seven to be hanged. While the fourteen months' battle against the verdict was waged

to and through the Supreme Court of the United States, the men were confined in the Cook County jail. It was often my duty to see them there. Steel bars, reinforced by a steel netting, separated them from visitors; but through this barrier conversation was not difficult. With all except Lingg I had many conversations. All, even to Parsons, regarded me, because of my newspaper connections, as their deadly enemy and part of the machinery of the "capitalistic press" that had dragged them down; but that once admitted on both sides, they were always approachable and grew to be even



"He had pressed his way to the front by his physical prowess and unshakable courage."

INSPECTOR JOHN BONFIELD

cordial. Observing them thus closely and repeatedly, and as a matter of my profession, I had after a time a clear impression as to each of them. Spies was in some ways a typical graduate of the Turn Verein, well educated, magnificently set up, fluent and plausible in English as in German, a blue-eyed Saxon, emotional, sentimental, and rash. His face, beneath thick, curling, brown hair, of which he was excessively vain, was handsome but not strong; long, sweeping brown mustaches contributing a dubious ornament above a fat and, to my thinking, a feeble chin. Schwab was the ideal of a German university professor, a thin, angular, sallow person, spectacled, long-haired, black-bearded, and unkempt. I sup-

pose he had the best mental equipment in the party, but it was a mind wholly speculative and dreamy. His manner of speaking fitted his appearance, being dry, remote, and for the most part extremely uninteresting. I could never understand how he came to be in such a position, for he seemed to have in his make-up neither enthusiasm nor sympathy and no more emotion than a grindstone. Fischer, on the other hand, was to be read like a book; he was a hot young proselyte, a half-baked student of German philosophical anarchism, and in his own mind exalted into martyrdom. George Engel's creed was the product of poverty and misfortune. As a boy he had been left an orphan, he had been kicked from pillar to post, and it was late in his unsuccessful life when he laid hold of some vague ideas of revolt. He had a chubby, good-natured face, looked like an elderly German bartender, seemed to have no particular resentment against anybody, talked freely and far from unintelligently to anybody that approached him, and viewed his fate with a mixture of stoicism and cynicism common in the kind of Germans that commit suicide. As to Fielden, I hunted long for a phrase that fitted his peculiar make-up and years afterwards I found it in a Robert



AUGUST SPIES

"A blue-eyed Saxon, emotional, sentimental, and rash."

dull, and wholly unattractive. For Parsons I may say frankly that I conceived a strong liking, and whatever may have been the man's errors, I think it was impossible for anyone



MICHAEL SCHWAB

"The ideal of a German university professor."

Louis Stevenson tale. He was "a mild, fatherly old galoot." In England, where he was born, he had been a Methodist field preacher. In this country he had been preacher and teamster without much success in either vocation, and had taken up the labor cause, not selfishly, as I gathered, but because it appealed to his emotions. He was much the patriarch, with his long flowing beard streaked with gray, and to conceive of him as in any way a dangerous person seemed a suggestion of humor. Neebe was a colorless creature, clearly out of place,

to know him without liking him. There was something immensely engaging about his candid manner, his picturesque speech, his manifest sincerity, and his abiding good nature. He had traveled much and read much, but his thinking usually showed an incomplete operation, his original education had been meager, and his reading superficial, I think. As for that, it is enough, I suppose, to say that he habitually spoke of anarchism and socialism as meaning the same thing, which is as if one should confound the north pole with the south. I do not believe

that Parsons ever entertained the thought of harm against any human being, for I have seldom met a man of a more genuine kindness of heart; and if the men he denounced had been in actual danger before him I am certain he would have been the first to defend them. He had rather a good taste in poetry, sang remarkably well, and no one that passed that last night in the jail will ever forget the profound and almost unendurable pathos of his voice echoing through the corridors as he sang "Annie Laurie."

But the strange figure in the group, the strangest man I have ever known and the least human, was Louis Lingg. His origin and story were never definitely known, but he was said, on good authority, to be the illegitimate son of a German nobleman. He was a kind of modern berserker, utterly reckless of consequences to himself, driving on in a sustaining fury of vengeance upon the whole social order. Little of his abnormal physical strength was apparent when he was in repose. He was slightly under average height, very compactly built, with tawny hair, a face long and strong, and the most extraordinary eyes I have ever seen in a human head, steel gray, exceedingly keen, and bearing in their depths a kind of cold and hateful fire. His hands were small and delicate; his head was large, and very well shaped; his face indicated breeding and culture. It was when he walked, as often I saw him going to and fro alone in the jail corridor, that he seemed most formidable; for then his lithe, gliding, and peculiarly silent step, and the play of his muscles about the shoulders, suggested something catlike or abnormal, an impression heightened by the leonine wave of hair he wore when he was arrested; but when I knew him he was closely cropped and clean-shaven. All in all, for a small man, he was the most terrific figure I have ever met. To any question or remark he was wont to respond with a silent stare of malignant and calculating hatred, rather disconcerting, and I think that in those days few strangers observed him without a secret feeling of relief that he was on the other side of the steel bars. He was the one really dangerous man among the seven, and the only anarchist.

Lingg's ostensible way of life had been as a teacher (not in the public schools) and a carpenter; but his real business was to preach revolution. He had been well educated in

Germany, but his English was rudimentary. He had a sweetheart, a tall, statuesque brunette, exceedingly bold and handsome, who came frequently from the West Side to see him. With her alone he held what could be called human conversation, and they always talked in whispers and apart.

Daily in those last weeks there came to the jail that other strange figure that played in this story a part so pitiable and still so sorry and bizarre, Nina Van Zandt. The common explanation of her performance was that she was insane, but after the curtain had fallen upon the tragedy she gave no further evidence of irrationality, but settled down eventually into sedate wifehood and motherhood, wherein she disappeared from public view as if into her grave. At her own motion she had been married (by proxy) to Spies after his conviction, although she had never seen him until his trial. She was about twenty-four, rather slenderly fashioned, good-looking, always exquisitely gowned, and having the deportment of a refined and educated woman. It is impossible to imagine a figure more incongruous in such a place and in such circumstances, and the impulse that drove her there may be something for alienists or it may be something infinitely beyond their domain. Doubtless she thought that her marriage to Spies would awaken public sympathy in his behalf; but in the storm of ridicule that arose his cause was really injured.

When she came to the jail she would glance neither to right nor to left, nor give heed to any person or thing, but go straight to the steel bars. Upon them she leaned from one side, and Spies from the other; and thus they would talk the hour out. Her attitude toward her husband (in name) was as one very much in love with him; but he seemed always ill at ease and bored. When eleven o'clock arrived and the guard, banging with wooden club upon the steel bars, gave notice that the hour had passed, Miss Van Zandt would thrust a forefinger through the steel net, and Spies would kiss it; then he would put through a finger for her to kiss; and in that manner they parted, with apparent reluctance on her part and relief on his.

The attitude of the public, meantime, was such as to seem now a curious by-plot to this singular tragedy. The great majority believed that the men should be put to death, but there was a considerable and, as time

went on, a growing opposition. Among the working people, the large and powerful Central Labor Union was a unit against the sentence and its course created a very foolish but general belief that it was composed of wild-eyed anarchists, bomb throwers, and revolutionists. But there were many others outside of labor or any of its influences that protested. Leonard Swett, one of the ablest lawyers we have ever had, declared that the verdict was wrong in point of law and should not be carried out. General Benjamin F. Butler supported his contention. Colonel Ingersoll, with characteristic courage, declared that the hanging of the men would be a judicial murder. Mr. William Dean Howells and many other kindly and broad-minded men protested on humanitarian grounds. William Morris from London uttered a vehement denunciation. George Francis Train broke the rule of silence that for more than ten years he had imposed upon himself and went to Chicago to speak against the hanging. Meetings were held and petitions were circulated in the same interest. Of all the condemned men Parsons had the largest share of sympathy. The magnanimity of his surrender and the sincerity of his motives made a deep impression in his behalf. Governor Oglesby understood the peculiar position in which the man stood and desired to save him; an intimation was made to Parsons's counsel, Captain Black, a man of very high character and much esteemed by the people of Chicago, that if Parsons would sign a petition for clemency the governor would grant it. In spite of every argument and appeal, Parsons refused to sign such a document. One reason that he made public was that he was an innocent man and entitled not to a commutation of his sentence but to his freedom. Another reason that he confided to his counsel was that if clemency were extended to him it would seal the fate of his comrades and be on his part an act of desertion of which he would not be guilty.

The day appointed for the hanging was Friday, November 11, 1887. On Thursday, the 10th, the governor announced his decision. He commuted to life imprisonment the sentences of Fielden and Schwab and left Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel and Lingg to their fate. On that day or at some other time, Lingg's sweetheart, though thoroughly searched whenever she visited the jail, had managed to convey to him a small dynamite

bomb. At a quarter of nine o'clock in the morning he thrust this into his mouth and exploded it. He lived until nearly three o'clock that afternoon. Though frightfully mangled and doubtless suffering the most terrible agony, he never uttered a groan nor one expression of pain. With his torn and lacerated mouth he smoked cigarettes and waited unconcernedly for the end. A story was printed that a short time before he died he threw himself upon the floor and on his hands and knees traveled toward an open door in the prison ward. Before he reached it he was caught and carried back to his bed. Behind that door were concealed other dynamite bombs wherewith it was Lingg's intention to blow up the building. This was the story, soberly printed, universally believed. But the story of Louis Lingg was strange enough and weird enough without the assertion of the fantastic and the impossible.

Meantime, outside, the nervous strain upon the public had become almost intolerable. The stories circulated, printed, and believed in those days seem now to belong to the literature of bedlam. There were 20,000 armed and desperate anarchists in Chicago, an assault upon the jail had been planned, all the principal buildings were to be blown up, the streets were filled with anarchist spies, the city was in imminent danger, the Central Labor Union had decreed a holiday that all its members might be present and take part in the attack on the jail, innumerable anarchists had sworn that the men should never be hanged. The newspaper offices, the banks, and the Board of Trade were guarded night and day. Most citizens carried weapons. I remember finding at ten o'clock at night a gun store still open in Madison Street and crowded with men buying revolvers, and the spectacle did not strike me then as in the least strange but wholly natural and laudable. The dread of some catastrophe impending was not alone in men's talk but in their very faces and in the air.

To the spectacle that on the morning of that 11th of November Chicago presented, there has been surely no parallel in any American city in time of peace. One block in each direction from the jail, ropes were stretched across the streets and traffic was suspended. Behind the ropes were lines of policemen with riot rifles. Thence to the jail the sidewalks were patrolled by other policemen similarly armed. The jail itself was guarded

like a precarious outpost in a critical battle. Around it lines of policemen were drawn, from every window policemen looked forth with rifles, the roof was black with policemen. The display of strength was overpowering, the place was like a fort.

At six o'clock in the morning the reporters were admitted; after that all entrance was denied. From six until nigh upon eleven we stood there, 200 of us, cooped in the jailer's office, waiting, with nerves played upon by more disquieting rumors than I have ever heard in a like period. So great was the nervous tension that two of the reporters, tried and experienced men, turned sick and faint, and had to be assisted outside whence they could not return. In all my experience this was the only occasion on which any reporter flinched from any duty, however trying; but it is hard now to understand the tremendous power of the infectional panic that had seized upon the city and had its storm center at that jail. Perhaps some idea of it may be gained from the fact that while we waited there a Chicago newspaper issued an extra seriously announcing that the jail had been mined by anarchists, great stores of dynamite stored beneath, and at the moment of the hanging the whole structure and all in it were to be destroyed.

The word came at last, we marched down the dim corridors to the court appointed for the terrible thing, we saw it done, we saw the four lives crushed out according to the fashion of surviving barbarism. There was no mine exploded, there was no attack, the Central Labor Union did not march its cohorts to the jail nor elsewhere, no armed nor unarmed anarchists appeared to menace the supremacy of the state. In all men's eyes, I was told, was something of the strain and anxiety that made all the faces I saw about me look drawn and pallid; but there was nowhere the lifting of a lawless hand that day. It sounds now a horrible and cruel thing to say, yet visibly, most visibly, all other men's hearts were lightened because those four men's hearts were stilled.

One other strange scene closed the drama, for who that saw it can ever forget that Sunday funeral procession, the Black hearses, the marching thousands, the miles upon miles of densely packed and silent streets, the sobering impression of the amnesty of death, the still more sobering question whether we had done right? The short November day closed

upon the services at the cemetery; in the darkness the strangely silent crowds straggled back to the city. There was no outbreak at the graves nor elsewhere; only everywhere this silence like a sign of brooding thought.

And yet what was it of which we had been so frightened? Six men in buckram, no more. Humiliating as it is, even now, to admit, yet so stands the fact. I cannot see that any good can come to any cause by obscuring the truth, and the truth is that Chicago was at no time in more danger of an anarchist uprising, in more danger of an outbreak of violence, in more danger of destruction by dynamite, than any other American city was then and is now. Soon after the hanging, certain events not essential to this narrative made it advisable for the *New York World*, with which I was then connected, to determine whether the story we had all accepted had any actual foundations. The investigation went on for months. Slowly the conclusion was forced upon me that the idea of an anarchist conspiracy was purely a dream. There had been in Chicago a very small group, comprising perhaps fourteen in all, of physical force anarchists, men of the type of the depraved and desperate creatures that assassinate European rulers. Of these Lingg was the leader, Schnaubelt was a member, and probably these two alone possessed the courage for an overt act. Next were a large number of workingmen that did not believe in organized force and had no sympathy with anarchism, but felt that the workingmen had been badly treated by the police. These were often on conviction opponents of the wage system, but they were no champions of armed revolution. They might be willing to throw brickbats at strike breakers, to make speeches denouncing capital, and to jeer the police, but they were no anarchists. Beyond these were other men that theoretically favored the eight-hour movement and the cause of labor, and felt that the condemned men had been cruelly sacrificed, but had no convictions nor impulses of greater danger to society. And this was the sum total of the disaffection, unless we choose to characterize every person as an anarchist that entertains doubts whether present conditions represent the ultimate state of mankind.

Not yet, however, did we secure peace. The public nerves had been too much shaken to allow of wholly calm repose; and there were other causes of disquiet. Captain Eber-

sold, who was then chief of police, has testified that Captain Shaack wanted to go on forming anarchist clubs and raiding them. Ebersold refused. Yet for months we were disturbed with stories of anarchist plots until, as sometimes happens, we were saved from further foolishness by a wholesome application of anticlimax.

This came about in the following manner: By the part of the press that was paranoid about anarchy it was assumed to be certain that the furious revolutionists among us would not rest until they had wreaked upon the city a terrible revenge for the deaths of their comrades. The date of these doings was finally set for the anniversary of the hanging, which fell upon a Sunday. Memorial services were held at the cemetery, and many sympathizers attended, to the terror of the timid, but with no more disorder than there is at a church prayer meeting. It was then announced by the prophets of evil that the plans had been changed, and the date had been fixed irrevocably for the Sunday two weeks thereafter. These two weeks were filled with stories so lurid and circumstantial of the terrible deeds at hand that even reasonable citizens began to be uneasy. Anarchists were gathering from all parts of the world; strange, sinister-looking men were alighting from all the incoming trains; arms and ammunition were being collected; the Lehr und Wehr Verein, screaming for vengeance, was marching up and down with magazine guns; united anarchism was to make one mighty outbreak and punish Chicago by dynamiting the public buildings and slaughtering the principal citizens. On Sunday afternoon the anarchist clans were to meet at Greif's Hall, No. 54 West Lake Street, and march thence to begin the work of ruin.

On the fated Sunday afternoon great crowds gathered at the indicated scene to observe the coming riot. Policemen with rifles were massed in the adjacent streets, the reserves were under arms in the stations, the roofs of the near-by houses were crowded with people. The appointed hour came, the mo-

ments wore by, the sun declined, the shadows grew, a bitter wind chilled the waiting crowds, and all the streets remained as silent as a country lane, no roar of explosion was heard, no tramp of armed men, no battling hosts. At last the sun went down, the street lamps were lighted, the policemen returned to the stations, the crowds dwindled away, the show was over.

And the meeting at Greif's Hall? Oh, that was held, truly enough, and right under the noses of the police. It was a meeting of the German Housewives' Society and it gathered to knit yarn socks and discuss the infamous price of sausage, which, placidly and calmly, it did all the afternoon.

On the publication of these facts Chicago laughed aloud, and at the first sound of the laughter the ghost of anarchy fled the city. It has never returned; we may be sure it never will return. That it should have lasted so long and deluded so many is its greatest marvel, for truth to tell it was never more than a shadow's shadow, though not since Salem witchcraft has there been a shadow with such dire results. Governor Altgeld was quite right when he said that we were in no danger that anarchism would ever take root in our soil. It remains now as it was on May 4, 1886, the delusion of a few diseased or unbalanced minds, which, if they had not this, would be obsessed of some other form of dangerous dementia.

In the trail of the vanishing specter went also the bitter feeling it had aroused. To commemorate the policemen that fell before Lingg's bomb a monument was placed in the Haymarket. For some space of time it stood there; then, for a convenient reason of street repairing, or to make more room for the carts of market gardeners, it was taken away, to be erected again, long after, in a wooded park miles from the scene of the unhappy event. No one regretted its absence. With no lack of respect for the brave men that had perished in their duty, I think Chicago felt it would rather not have a monument there to remind it of one of the most painful passages in its history.

TWO RIGHT BOWERS

By WILLIAM BEVIER ASHLEY



THERWISE the place suited us. At the front, a level patch of lawn that suddenly, under cover of a file of peonies, went terracing down to the board sidewalk; on the east, a rampart of honeysuckle stayed a regiment of bees clear along to where a billowy green field crashed in a foam of wild strawberry blossoms against the currant bushes bulwarking that rear end; skirting this sea wall, we came to the picket fence that barred the west from currants to peonies.

"I like the house, and the garden; they're lovely! But I just know I'll never get over that fence!" and Estelle surveyed its worse side hostilely.

"But, dear," I expostulated, "you said there was one thing you were going to avoid doing, so why should you want to get over it?"

Estelle's tone properly scored my wit: "You know very well what I mean, and I shall *not* borrow. And see there," she added petulantly; "if two pickets haven't been broken to make way for elbows and gossip!"

"And behold the elbows," whispered I.

From within the grape arbor we took our first survey of our neighbor's wife. She had appeared at the fence suddenly; in fact, I could explain her arrival only by supposing she had been there all the time in an invisible form. She was not handsome, and her clothes hung on her spare frame with a grace little bettered by that with which the lady hung on the fence, as she peered around expectantly.

"What can she want?" breathed Estelle.

"To do unto others as she would have them do unto her, I suppose," said I, "the golden rule of all reciprocity across oceans or fences."

Our neighbor glanced around the yard as though the newcomers might already have made their impress there, and espied us.

"Good morning," she called, nodding cordially; "ain't it a nice day?"

"Lovely," said Estelle, strolling forward; "and what a fine garden you have."

"Do you think so?" trying to look at it doubtfully; "it ain't nowhere near as nice as it generly is, there's been such a lot of rain this spring. I suppose you're goin' to put in a few things?" scanning our hired speck of earth approvingly. "Most everyone does that comes to the country first. I never would hear to it before we come, but when the lady that lives just down below here called to see me to get my washin' and told me about her garden, I felt somehow as if it wouldn't be so hard to try; and it ain't, once you get started." She now looked at me encouragingly, and, I thought, with a sudden curious appeal in her eyes.

Perhaps the long-dormant "auto" of our neighbor's wife, looking through eyes which saw only the Psyche knot on Estelle's beautiful head, perceived the psychic knots that were inside, and, automatically, as it were, changed expressions as you would slides on a magic lantern.

"I suppose," she went on, presently, "you'll want to talk it over first; and I'll be glad to tell you everything you need to know."

Now, a smiling man may be a villain, but Estelle was every bit a woman; and she was smiling as she turned away; a passing breeze shook the pear leaves into a sound like sleeve laughter; a humming-bird darted musingly in and out the azaleas, and something down among the radish tops in our neighbor's garden started her into sudden merriment.

When I got in from a long tramp toward evening, the psychological incident of the morning had fled my memory, but Estelle

seemed little interested in the two clumps of wood violets I had dug up "roots and all" for the bed of really wild flowers she had planned.

"Al Piggins!" she exclaimed, "I know how we are going to do it."

"It" was the language sign to us for the entire subject of a livelihood. A small word, but concealing much: hope, desperation, weakness, determination; and such matters as the barest of essentials in housefurnishings and a sole dollar left after paying the first month's rent. "How?" I queried, without excitement.

"Now, you needn't laugh under that horrid black mustache," said she. "For at last I shall prove to even your stupid intellect that telepathy is a controlling force, destined to supplant all existing modes of communication and place man on a higher plane of freedom and power than the world yet dreams of," this sudden gallop on her hobby nearly depriving Estelle of breath.

"How?" I asked again, under my already described mustache.

"By making that woman next door give us all the vegetables and things we can eat, and of her own free will and accord, as far as she will know!" triumphantly.

"That will certainly prove all you affirm," I said; yet felt compelled to add a gentle reminder that Estelle was only a learner in this mystic lore.

"But that's just why I think I can do it. How much do those who know all the ins and outs about mind transference *do*?" I did not know. "They can write books and lecture fit to kill, but that's all the transferring of any mind they accomplish. How did they find out there was such a thing, anyway?" I did not know. "They watched those who can do it!" Estelle's thought paused for a moment, couchant, and then leaped a dizzy height. "It is a new force long latent in the human race, and only now arousing to its work. First, a few individuals will realize they possess it, and will wield it with startling effect. Others will discover they possess it; the power will develop, another generation will exercise it as naturally as speech, and mankind will be newly divided into those who rule by virtue of that power and those who obey them!" Estelle utterly loathed the prevailing method of division by debit and credit.

Never mind what I replied. The next

morning there was crisp lettuce on the table, to which Estelle pointed gloatingly. "It's like having your wishes come true," she said excitedly, and that was the beginning.

Naturally enough, as this sort of thing continued and increased, we got to be well acquainted with the Hartleys; dining at their table constantly, so to speak, it was inevitable. John Hartley had quit the machine shop several years before to enjoy a small fortune made by one invention and to work out another idea: a device to shoe horses by a crimping process. Mrs. Hartley was an unglazed vessel of the kind that looks well holding either roses or celery, and she certainly carried both in generous measure. Aside from a strange, half-shy, half-intimate way of looking at me, I found her a pleasant body, pining for the excitement of village life again, and finding her chief delight in their splendid garden, "because," she explained, to my lasting satisfaction, "I love the colors." The Hartleys' home was unblessed by children.

Hartley certainly had a fine bit of property. The front yard was a blaze of flowers threatening as pretty a cottage as one could want, painted a clean white with green trimmings. Then there was the well house, and then two arbors of grapes, one shading a path to the barn and chicken house. The rest of the three acres had been thoughtfully covered with an immense rug of beet-top design running into lettuce leaves, tomato vines, corn, beans, and peas, and onions, fringed with apple and pear and cherry at one end, and maple and chestnut and silver beech at the other.

"There isn't anything to beat it of its size in these parts," affirmed the storekeeper at the corner. "And the Judge knows that, too, you can bet," added Fred of the milk "rout."

"How so?" It was I who spoke.

"How so?" Ain't the Judge got the option onto it!" spluttered the cowboy.

"The option?" I quavered.

"Yes, the option. If Hartley ever sells out, he's got to let Judge Clinchly have the first chance to buy. An' I hear he's talkin' of sellin' and movin' out Illinois way."

That gave me something to think about in addition to the Hartleys' weekly rides. The start on those rides first aroused my curiosity because Hartley's greeting on such mornings was always less jovial, and Mrs. Hartley invariably made some errand through the fence,

seemingly in order to look me over intently. But after about the third trip, it was the after effect that astonished me, for on the day following there would be a marked increase in the provender sent in. The thought once came to me that Estelle had less to do with the gradual emptying of the Hartley horn of plenty into our lap than had, possibly, myself, unconsciously. Estelle had noticed Mrs. Hartley's peculiar way of looking at me, and had accounted for it as an effort of her objective mind to seek help from the domination of her subjective mind, which was being controlled by an outside obj— But I was glad to let it go at that. Yet I must say that the facts all along justified both Estelle's belief and my bewilderment.

It was June when we moved in. We had no lawn mower, and the grass eventually had to be cut. "Go out and try it with these shears," said Estelle, "and I will exert my mind."

Which we did, and presently Hartley strolled out as though moved by some impulse, saw me, and laughed. "Come over and get my machine, Piggins," he bawled; and gave me an extra rake he had, to boot. It was the same way when the drought came. I went out to the flowers with a colander and a pail of water, and Hartley turned his hose on me and then brought over a big watering pot for keeps. After the first of August we did not buy a vegetable, an egg, a pint of milk, nor an ounce of butter. The idea began to form in my mind of establishing a central table-supply mental-graph office; but it never took definite shape, so I can hardly describe it here. Estelle showed unusual tact, even for her, by entering into quite a neighborly acquaintance with Mrs. Hartley.

"She's a real sympathetic woman, Al, and that is the kind most susceptible to suggestion. Isn't it working just beautifully!"

But a break in the atmosphere threatened that very week. It was occasioned by Estelle's presumption on her prowess. Eat-ables, a porch rocker, tools—these were merely amenities of acquaintanceship, such as ours. But as much could hardly be said of a sewing machine.

"The stupid thing!" pouted Estelle, "she can't help getting my message, and she's probably afraid it is only a foolish notion that has come into her head; I could shake her!"

My quotations are always apropos. "Es-

telle, Estelle, much learning hath made thee mad."

"Well, I just guess I am," she stamped, "and so will you be when you come to put on your clean nightgown Saturday and find I haven't sewed up the side you ripped. I can't and I won't sew those miles and miles of things by hand."

I seriously wanted to help. "Perhaps this strange power is twin cousin to faith, Estelle; you know when you pray for a thing the next move is to go out and get it."

Finally Estelle succumbed to inexorable law and swished through the fence for a chat. But this day she could not play for Mrs. Hartley, as her fingers were so sore from sewing.

"And you ain't no machine, either?" I heard Mrs. Hartley ask, shelling peas on the back stoop. Then she laughed. "You two certainly did start on little. My sakes! Why, I had everything you could think of when we was married, and got more since, and yet some of the things I ain't got a single use for. Now, don't get mad, Mis' Piggins, but I'm goin' to do something that's been on my mind to do most three weeks, since the day you told me what stacks of mending you had to do. I got a machine one year, and as true as you're living I never opened it the second time. I ain't no hand for using these things—an' you've just got to have that machine." So I helped to lug it over.

It might have seemed a natural, if not indeed an inevitable, step from that to the Hartleys' piano; but it did not appear so to me. My utmost protests, however, were futile.

"I don't see why I should not," argued Estelle. "They *never* open it excepting when I run in to play and sing for them. It will be an age before we can buy one, Al, and you know I simply cannot live without a piano. Anyway, there is no use fuming; I have sent out the thought suggestion, though I suppose it may take several for such a big thing." And it did, but what of that?

"We never open it exceptin' when Mis' Piggins runs in and plays for us," said Mrs. Hartley, beaming; and how Estelle ever controlled her excitement so as to go through the little comedy of protesting and then accepting with extreme reluctance and girlish pleasure I do not know.

It got to the time when withering petals fluttered earthward at every gust of wind, and

maples reddened, and chilly blasts would sweep across our little porch; and I would wander about the whitewashed cellar looking musingly at the very nice furnace that "went" with the house, and peer into the roomy coal bin. My faith is of an unusual kind; it believes where there seems to be any chance of the thing happening. Though the home was now fairly well furnished, and this same cellar nicely stocked with winter vegetables, I doubted Estelle's power to fill the next need; Hartley had no coal vein on his premises. Then, one afternoon, Hartley hailed, "Piggins! O Piggins!"

I went out. "Say," he said, "want some exercise?"

The last time he asked that question I had trundled a wheelbarrow around his farm and brought home a lot of supplies. Naturally, I wanted more exercise.

"Get on your duds, and bring your ax; got an ax? Well, I've got one you might as well have; and we'll go back in the woods and cut down a few trees. It's gettin' time to lay in cordwood."

There were two or three open fireplaces in the house, and we used the furnace just six weeks during that winter, and then only because Hartley made a mistake and ordered more coal than his bin would hold. We exercised in his wood lot several times. There was a pond in it, very deep, and both of us went through the ice on our last trip, and Hartley was laid up with pneumonia as a result. Estelle had a chance to make return for some of the favors then, and I put in a little spare time, not much, about their wood pile and stable. I think it was that attack and the success of the horseshoe invention, which about then brought Hartley a second fortune, that decided them in their long-discussed plan to move to Easton, away out West, where Mrs. Hartley's brother Will lived. When Hartley told me about it, after he got about again, and how he had actually bought a fine little place there, I certainly felt blue.

"You might send out a suggestion that they give us the house and grounds," I growled at Providence, via Estelle, the next morning; and then I looked at Estelle suddenly, then searchingly; but Estelle only continued to look smilingly back, and I got up and went out in the air, dazed. Judge Clinchly was walking up the Hartleys' front path.

They were to leave the next day, going by way of their weekly ride, sending the rig back from the station to remain on the place; and that night we stood in the moonlight, Estelle and I, at the opening in the fence, and looked with misty eyes upon the spot which for one big moment had seemed almost ours. The path that had been worn through the garden led by a gentle slope up to the cottage, but that gentle slope reached the summit of my Alps, for beyond it stretched a western valley which held a subject for every color on my palette, and there had been a slumbering hope in my breast that somehow, some day, that perfect spot was to be ours; that and the patch we had grown to love; but Hartley was our landlord, and the judge's option covered the entire property. I jingled in my pockets the few coins that still represented my hoarding, and Estelle rested a soft hand on mine that clinched a picket top.

"Never mind, dear; I've sent out the suggestion, and, who knows——"

After quite a pause, I said, "Estelle, the place belongs to Mr. Hartley; to whom did you send the order?"

And that observation explains why, when Hartley handed me the deed to the whole place the next day, across the fence, Estelle's elaborate scheme was put to question, and the enigma which I have never solved took up its haunt among my leisure moments.

"You're right there, Bill, and most folks would say the same; but the way we come to do it would make too long a story. I'll tell you a bit of it just so as you won't make that mistake again. Wife there hadn't got along none too well with the last family we let the house to, and was beginning to feel sort of lonely without some one to talk to. And about then these two nice-appearing young skits that I'm telling you of come skipping in with about a wheelbarrow load of cheap furniture, and somehow the notion took Jen right there that she was going to like them. As you know, Bill, Jen being your own sister, she's great for having her own way, and me being a man of peace I let her go ahead. The first thing she did was to pump the gel about herself. It seems her mother died early, and this miss had kept two boarding-house rooms as near like home for her dad as she could till he up and died without leaving a cent; and her young man only just getting into the way of making pictures for these here

magazines; I always thought they was done by some kind of a machine.

"But they was game! If Jen hadn't craftily drawed the gel out all along as to what they needed most, I declare they would ev starved. Jen said she couldn't help feeling as if it was our Johnnie living there with his wife—you remember, Bill, how he always said as he'd be a painter every time he saw you up on the ladder?—she always hoped he would live next to us so his wife could run in to play and sing and lend a hand once in a while, just exactly like Mis' Piggins did. Only it used to break her all up when we'd go to the grave, for Piggins certainly did look like Johnnie. I knowed we would pack out in the spring and like as not give away most of our truck instead of selling it for nothing, so, bit by bit, she furnished them up.

"I didn't kick, for I liked young Piggins. He wouldn't let me lend him a cent; said before he'd get in debt he would beg or steal or even work hard. Well, if he worked any harder than he did he would of busted, sure. Talk about your labor laws, Bill; us fellows have a cinch; but there—

"So over went the goods, and then the house and land. But only Jen knows the inside of that last. It was all on account of that pneumonia. Piggins and me was cutting wood, and I started to go across the pond—you remember, Bill?—and Piggins said he

didn't believe it was safe. 'Come along,' I said; 'it's all right. Gosh, Piggins,' says I, 'don't be a 'fraid cat.' 'Nixey,' says he; 'I can't swim, and I can't work in water,' he says, with a kind of a laugh like it was a joke on himself. 'Don't do it, Hartley,' says he.

"But on I jumps and starts across, and, just when I got to the middle, *crack* she goes. Say, Bill, that water was cold. When I come up, Piggins was on his belly, crawling out toward me. 'Hang on, Hartley,' he yells; 'you've got my knife in your pocket!' Upon my soul, Bill, that put life into me; but, before Piggins could get that far for the cracking and breaking, I slipped my holt and went under again, and I come up against the ice. I thought I was a goner, sure, when *splash*, in comes Piggins and grabs me by the collar and yanks me out into the hole, and there we hung to get back our wind. How the deuce we got out, I never knowed, I was that numb; but we did, and run the whole way home to keep from freezing to death. And the only thing Piggins said, when I tried to thank God and him at the same time, was that he wasn't sure there was any credit in saving a chump like me, so I needn't to thank *him*.

"And as Jen said, Bill, when we talked it over, what good would the place have done me, dead? So there you are; go on with the game; which was trumps?"

POPPIES

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

JUST a flight of scarlet birds
Fluttering in the corn,
Red wings beating through the mist
Trembling in the morn.

Cups of blood along the road,
Flaming 'mid the trees,
Ruby shadows 'gainst the sun,
Up and down the breeze.

Fires extinguished by the rain,
Brown where once was red,
Crimson feathers from the birds
Fluttering overhead.



KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS, JUDGE

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



It is the judgment and sentence of the court that the defendant Standard Oil Company pay a fine of \$29,240,000."

With these words Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis leaped into international fame. His name became a household word, except in a few mansions where it is not safe to utter it. Zealous patriots hastened to mention him for President and a "Landis" cigar is only a question of time.

When the decision became known to the world, a few minutes after its delivery, the nation gasped, pinched itself, and the submerged ninety-nine hundredths unfurled a prolonged grin of surprised pleasure that, starting at Chicago as a central axis, expanded until its extreme right rested on Oyster Bay and its left two miles west of the beach at San Diego.

Like the fine, the smile was the largest on

record. It rippled back and forth across the land, carefully skipping that section of New York bounded on the east by Mr. Harriman and on the west by Mr. Rockefeller; it rested like a sunburst on faces unaccustomed to merriment and wreathed with a pleasant glow the visage of everyone who wasn't carrying stocks on a margin. Even now, in spite of pessimists, iconoclasts, and misanthropes who contend that the verdict will not stand the acid test—meaning the higher courts—it still goes rippling on.

In the meantime, how about the other one hundredth? How were they standing the impact of a thirteen-inch judicial shell against their sacred bulwarks? Eyewitnesses state that they gulped three or four times and then groped their way dizzily for a copy of "Who's Who," to see how much of the Supreme Bench had been "packed" by the people.

A Cleveland space writer who used to send out unconfirmed rumors from Chefoo during the Russian-Japanese war, says that Mr.

Rockefeller, major, fozzled an approach when the telegram arrived on the golf field. Down in Fairhaven the eyes of Mr. Rogers blinked in different shades from one end of the chromatic scale to the other. Mr. Rockefeller, minor—Brother Bill for short—asked the nearest bystander “what the world was a-coming to,” and on receiving a correct answer, pursued the offender through the seventeen layers of barbed-wire entanglements that surrounded his 30,000-acre lot in New York State.

The rest of the Standard Oil magnates went down to their store and used up all the words that are not in the dictionary. And that is not all.

Chancellor Day was overcast with gloom and has not yet emerged from the shadows. It is suspected that he is working upon a scathing bit of repartee.

The inevitable result of Judge Landis's decision, which might very properly be called an antidote for swollen fortunes, is that there arises a natural curiosity to know what sort of man the Judge is. To gratify this curiosity, perhaps one could simply point to the verdict itself, and say that it shows the sort of man he is, but there are many other things that should be considered in constructing an appropriate estimate of him. It is necessary to say something of the events and environments that combined to mold a char-



“To see how much of the Supreme Court had been ‘packed.’”

acter strong enough to win the marked favor of a Secretary of State at twenty-seven, an offer of a diplomatic post at twenty-nine, and a place on the Federal Bench at thirty-nine.

Judge Landis is now forty-one years old. From 1866 to 1893 he did nothing that calls for extended notice from a conscientious biographer. It is recorded that he sold newspapers in Logansport, an occupation that is only a slight variation from the towpath or rail-splitting occupations of other great men



“Pessimists who contend that the verdict will not stand.”



"It is the judgment and sentence of the court."

and is sufficiently humble to satisfy the American taste in such matters. Perhaps as time goes by, many anecdotes suitable to meet the popular demand will be carefully worked out by zealous historians, but as to that we can only quote the words of the country editor who settled mooted questions by saying, "Time alone can tell."

Two cities claim the honor of being his birthplace—Millville, in Butler County, Ohio, and Seven-Mile, near Millville, also in Butler County, Ohio. This is Homeric evidence of greatness.

Indiana is peopled by those who have come from Ohio and points east.

It is the proud boast that when Eastern families traveling westward in search of desirable homes reached Indiana they stopped and said, "Eureka, we need go no farther." Envious people west of Indiana claim that the State was populated by those who started west and quit before completing their journey.

The Landis family left Ohio in 1875 and moved to Logansport, Ind., where they established themselves on a farm near the town. The boys worked the farm, went to school in the town, and Kenesaw carried a route for a local paper. After going to high school for one year, he graduated surreptitiously and embarked in commercial life as a grocer's clerk. At the end of six months

his new departure in business accidentally became known to his father. It was before the day of technicalities and a serious argument ensued. This is the first known case in which Judge Landis figured and it is on record that he succeeded in overruling the parental demurrer. Casual research leads us to infer that life as a collaborator in a grocery store did not satisfy the demands of his ambition. So he studied shorthand and soon became proficient as a stenographer.

While he was preparing in Indiana to ascend the ladder of fame by the shorthand method, George Cortelyou was just beginning his ascent in the East by the same route. The towpath and the log cabin must give way in future biographies to the up-to-date institution of stenography.

About this time Landis went to Indianapolis and got a job as yard clerk in the Pennsylvania offices, later being promoted to a position as stenographer in the superintendent's office. This was a critical point in his career—but he narrowly escaped working up to the position of a railway magnate, for in 1885 he went to Crown Point, Ind., as a court reporter. Using this position as another stepping-stone in his progress, he began to study law, and was admitted to the bar under the constitutional provision in Indiana that does not require any examination.

"All a man needed," says the Judge in relating the story, "was to prove that he was twenty-one and had a good moral character." Both of which were, and are, easy to prove in Indiana. Law and politics travel hand in hand down there, and it is not surprising that we next find him engaged in a hot political fight. He vigorously supported a friend who was elected Secretary of State in Indiana and as a reward he "accepted" a position in the Secretary of State's office. He stayed there two years and then began to practice law at Marion, Ind.

After a short time, by a simple and direct process of reasoning, he arrived at the conclusion that something besides age and a moral character is required by one who would be a successful lawyer. Nature had denied him the commanding bulk and profound manner that often pass as a substitute for legal learning in small towns, so he went to a Cincinnati law school for a year. His senior year was spent at the old Union College of Law in Chicago.

"I was very weak on 'pleading and real property,'" he says, "and when the time for my examination approached I knew that I would have to show my hand. So I went to Judge Booth, in whose department those branches of the law were taught, and confessed that I was not very strong in them. 'Young man,' said



"The belief that it was unconstitutional to punish a rich man."

the Judge grimly, 'am I to understand that you are under the impression that you are imparting to me any exclusive information?'"

In 1891 Landis was admitted to the bar in Illinois. He had completed his preparatory studies and was ready to qualify for a place in the Hall of Fame. Two years later he was asked to go to Washington as the private secretary of Judge Gresham, whom Cleveland appointed Secretary of State.

This event marks the appearance of Kenesaw Landis on the national stage. He immediately impressed his personality on the State Department. He was a new type—original in address, picturesque in appearance, and well stocked up with dry humor that made him a delight to those who came in contact with him. He had decision, firmness, and a quick, keen mentality, backed up by a naturally judicial bent of mind and the courage to follow out his honest convictions to the limit.

One of the stirring affairs of the second Cleveland administration was the *Alliança* incident. The *Alliança*, an American passenger boat, was overhauled by a Spanish gunboat when outside the three-mile limit of Cuban jurisdiction, and searched on the suspicion of its being loaded with munitions of war for the Cuban insurgents. In the words of the war correspondents, "firing was heard off Mole San Nicholas," for the gunboat heaved a few shells across the *Alliança*'s bow and a large-sized international crisis was developed.

The United States Army rang with a wild outcry of indignation. Many people didn't know whether the *Alliança* was a ship or a foreign marriage, but they joined in the general clamor because it was fashionable. They demanded that Spain bend its haughty knee in apology.

It was at this crisis that Landis forged to the front. Secretary Gresham was ill at his house in Washington and President Cleveland was down the Potomac on a duck-shooting trip. The President could not be reached.

Edwin H. Uhl, of Michigan, was acting Secretary of State.



"Had become reconciled to the oratorical spasm of denunciation during political campaigns."

He didn't know the etiquette of the occasion, but finally yielded to the popular cry and wrote a telegram to Hannis Taylor, our Minister at Madrid, instructing Mr. Taylor to demand an apology from the haughty dons. He signed it "Uhl, acting."

By the merest accident, so the story goes, Private Secretary Landis saw the telegram before it was sent. He took the responsibility of withdrawing it from the department's telegraph operator and hurried with it over to Mr. Gresham.

Under Landis's advice, Mr. Gresham scratched out "Uhl, acting," and signed his own name. When the telegram was printed in the newspapers a few days later, with Mr. Gresham's name attached, the dying Secretary was praised from one end of the country to the other. According to Landis's view the responsibility was Gresham's, and to him belonged the credit.

When President Cleveland returned home and learned what had occurred he was furious. He declined to sanction the demand for an apology, and it looked for a while as if he would haul Landis over the coals.

The war cloud happily soon blew over, or at least hung quiescent, and in time Mr. Cleveland became strongly attached to the young private secretary. Later on he offered to send him to Venezuela as Minister.

One of Landis's friends had received a consular appointment which he did not care to accept, and he went to Washington and declined it. He put the matter before Landis and was encouraged to hope for something better. The appointee went to the hotel to await orders while Landis went to Mr. Gresham and told him that the appointee must have a better place. Secretary Gresham said "that was not likely to occur."

"It's got to occur," said Landis. "I



"But to be fined——"

haven't asked anything from the administration, but I want you to do this for me now."

The next day he telephoned to his friend to come over to the office. The latter was conducted into the Secretary's private office.

"Judge," said Landis, "will you go out to the White House with — and introduce him to the President?"

The Secretary said he did not think the President was in at that hour.

"He is in. I have arranged for him to be in. He is waiting for you now," said Landis.

The Secretary walked over to the White House at once, accompanied by the appointee, and introduced him to the President. The appointee wrote out the resignation of

full many a little "joker" lurks under a bewildering maze of legal verbiage.

In 1904 he entered actively into the campaign in support of Frank O. Lowden, for governor, and won himself a strong line of political friendships. A year later Senator Hopkins and Congressman Lorimer, the leaders of the Federal crowd, urged upon President Roosevelt his appointment as Federal Judge. Corporations smiled pleasantly at the thought of a corporation lawyer being on the bench. They smile no more.

Taft was twenty-nine years old when Governor Foraker appointed him a judge of the Supreme Court of Cincinnati; Landis was thirty-nine when President Roosevelt appointed him to the Federal Bench.



"His master's voice."

his first appointment on one corner of the President's desk and handed it to Mr. Cleveland. The President then said to him:

"The Senate is not in session, but I will make a recess appointment," and he at once tendered another appointment—"the best I have left," he added.

When Judge Gresham died, in 1895, Kenesaw Mountain Landis returned to Chicago, hung up his shingle again, and began to practice law. He became a corporation attorney and represented the Grand Trunk, the Calumet Electric, and other corporations. It was a good school in which to prepare for his future efficiency as a judge. He learned just how and where corporation attorneys hand gold bricks to the court, and found that

Since Judge Landis has been on the bench in Chicago he has handed down more decisions which have won public approval and brought down corporation wrath than any other Chicago judge.

"It is the duty of the Court to carry out the will of the people as expressed in their laws."

This is the simple creed of Judge Landis. So impotent have these laws become that until recently it has been the fashion to say that the law was not strong enough to reach the rich offenders. The belief was becoming current that it was unconstitutional to punish a rich man. Something always turned up in the nick of time to extricate him from punishment. If it wasn't a technicality, it

was the plea of immunity for having turned State's evidence. Or if neither of these prevailed it was always possible for a Federal judge to nullify the acts of Congress by declaring them unconstitutional.

In Judge Landis's rulings he has looked at the merits of a question in a broad way with the view of getting a net result that should be in accordance with the clear-cut principles of justice. He has ruled that the laws passed by Congress for the regulation of commerce meant what they said, and that it was the duty of the Federal courts to enforce these laws instead of declaring them invalid upon technical grounds.

It is natural that Judge Landis should be pleased to think that his duty righteously discharged should win approbation, but those who know him well know that he would never allow his judgment to be warped by a desire to meet popular favor in his decisions.

"The last thing that a judge wants," said he recently, "is to have his courtroom the scene of any sensationalism. It is the thing that every judge should most dread."

It was inevitable, however, that the Standard Oil case should be sensational. It had all the elements that present feature possibilities to newspapers. The case had been a long and hard-fought one, with a whole nation anxiously awaiting the outcome. In the course of the trial the Judge overruled 5,000 objections, which indicates how doggedly the defendant's attorney had struggled to block the blow that was impending. It was a show-down of the relative strength of the most powerful corporation of the world and the laws of the country. In many parts of the country courts with similar cases pending watched eagerly the result of the great battle between millions of money against millions of people. How could such a case be other than sensational?

And as if these elements were not sufficient to make it so, Mr. Rockefeller himself, the Dalai Lama of corporate Boodleism, was hauled from the sacred heights of his seclusion and brought into a courtroom crowded with curious people, and made to testify that he did not know the capital stock of the company of which he is president.

There was a tremendous demand from the country at large that the rich offenders, who in common belief had for years snapped their fingers at all laws that sought to restrain them, should be punished. The coun-

try had become indignant at the irritating futility of the law that could strike little offenders so hard but crumbled before the big ones.

This was the dramatic situation on the morning of August 3d. A courtroom thronged with lawyers, many of whom had come long distances. A nation watching, expectant. The markets of the world pausing breathlessly for the blow that was to fall.

A judge, thin, wiry, the embodiment of energy, face pale but determined, walked quickly into the courtroom from his adjoining chambers and took his seat. He struck the blow. It echoed throughout the width of the world. Markets trembled at the impact and a wave of satisfaction swept from one end of the country to the other. It was as if the Liberty Bell had been struck again and the nation saw relief at last.

And yet Judge Landis had done nothing beyond the infliction of a penalty for the violation of the law. He had simply vitalized the penalizing power of a statute that had never before been effectively applied.

Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that Judge Landis's decision has been criticised by the "great interests." It was a rude awakening after years of such pleasant and fruitful prosperity. They had become reconciled to the oratorical spasm of denunciation during political campaigns and took it as a matter of course. But to be fined—not a little \$5,000 fine, but one with a long procession of numerals—came in the nature of a jolt that would jar a fixed star.

It was characteristic of Judge Landis that he imposed the limit. Many men of small natures would have made it \$21,219,551, or some such fractional currency, but Landis thought that such a course would be temporizing with justice, and that the moral effect of a staggering fine would be better and more salutary. That it has had the effect of causing the big interests to sit up and do an amazing lot of serious thinking is undeniable. That the moral effect has been wholesome is also undeniable, even if the ultimate payment of the fine be delayed until the matter becomes only a pleasant memory.

Physically, Judge Landis is the sort of looking man who might be expected to follow his honest convictions, regardless of consequences. He is a bunch of steel wires charged with electricity. He is thin, but with the thinness that suggests strength,



KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS



Photograph by William B. Dyer.

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS

wiry with the suggestion of dynamic force and energy. His face is lean and strikingly individual, strongly stamped with rugged virility and marked with the lines of habitual study. When he smiles, his face lights up with alert kindliness that expresses the presence of a whimsical humor. His movements are quick, decisive, and betray vigorous mental forces extending to his finger tips.

A heavy tangle of gray hair hangs carelessly down over his high, clean-cut brow almost to the black eyes that stab from the pale background of his face. It is the face of a strong man—such a face as one associates with those sturdy pioneers of the middle West whose faces were hewed out in gaunt lines by the healthy, rugged life they led. Perhaps it might be said broadly that he is a representative of a type rather peculiar to the middle West. A composite picture of

a thin editor, a thin lawyer, a thin humorist, and a thin farmer might produce features of his sort. It is an interesting face that at once seizes the attention and nothing less than a white dress suit could detract from it.

Some one has said that a man may be known by the company he keeps. It might also be said with equal truth that a man may be known by the articles that decorate his room or his desk. If this be true, then Judge Landis's chambers in the Federal Building are an index to his character.

On one wall is a drawing of a goat. It was made by his son, Reed, ten years old. On another wall is a long wisp of oats which he cut in the field of a friend in Wisconsin. Near by is a cluster of ears of corn, presented by an admiring farmer friend.

Over here is a splendid bust of Judge Gresham, and opposite is a painting of Judge

Blodgett. A copy of the Declaration of Independence is peculiarly significant, while on all sides are copies of cartoons, poems, and bits of rhetoric clipped from newspapers. The visitor will be sure to pause before a curious collection of gavels, thirteen of them, together like the barbaric necklace of a savage Senegambian potentate. This gives a key to Judge Landis's hobby when he was practicing law. Whenever he saw a gavel that struck his fancy, he collected it. We have coin collectors, like Mr. Rockefeller; scalp collectors, like Mr. Harriman; miniature collectors, ceramic collectors, but Judge Landis is the only gavel collector that has yet been observed.

When not in his courtroom, the Judge may be found during his business hours seated before a disordered desk, with hair in confusion, working as if he had to catch an early train.

An interviewer asks him for some stories of his interesting life.

"Why," he responds, "there isn't a man in this country who hasn't had a more eventful life than I've had." He could recall no anecdotes that might be interesting; no remarks that deserved perpetuation; none of the little historical frills that are found in the published records of famous men. When pressed for biographical facts, he pointed out the drawing made by his son. When asked to relate a story, he proudly detailed his latest achievement of the golf field.

"I did the first seven holes in 29," he said, and then added sadly, "the last two in 21." Since Judge Landis has been on the bench he has avoided politics and private business ventures. He resents the well-meant statements of those who are naming him for high political honors. He avoids business entanglements for the reason, as he states it, "that he did not know of anything a judge, even if he had money to invest, could afford to touch, because there are so many and so varied questions that come before the court that one could never say when the court might find his own investments, however innocently made, treading upon the toes of official duty."

He is a great believer in the farm as a wholesome influence for boys.

"I should like to own a farm to which I could go to raise my boy. The influences are much better. People who live close to nature

have more regard for the rights of others than those who live in the artificial atmosphere of the city."

Each summer he sends his two children, Reed, aged ten, and Suzanne, aged nine, with his wife as chaperon, down to his mother's home in Logansport, Ind. And whenever the Judge can spare the time he follows them there where he can be among the trees and the people who are his own sort.

"Down home" the people call him "Ken-nie" as they did before he acquired his later dignity. Congressman Charley Landis, his brother, who lives on a farm near Delphi, where he edits a paper, calls him "Old Ken."

"Why do you call him 'Old Ken'?" he was asked several years ago. "He is younger than you."

"Yes, in years I am his senior. But in brains Ken tops the whole family. He's the most natural lawyer I ever saw and he isn't afraid of anybody on earth, but he lacks the sort of courage that pushes its way to the front gate. But if he ever gets a start he'll go clear to the finish line before he stops. That's old Ken."

The Landis family is a famous one in Indiana. Judge Landis's father was a surgeon in the Civil War. He was affectionately called "the family physician of the regiment." He was wounded at Kenesaw Mountain and two years later gave this odd name to the son who is now so conspicuous.

Charles B. Landis is one of the strong characters in the political life of the State, and for several terms has held a high place in the inner councils of Congress. Walter Landis is Postmaster-General of Porto Rico, and John Landis is a doctor. Frederick Landis, the baby of the family, represented his district in Congress for the four years ending in March, 1907. He is a brilliant orator and a picturesque figure in State politics.

The Landis family may be pretty nearly called the "body politic" of Indiana, and one cannot help thinking of what pride Mrs. Landis must have in such a group of sons.

Just after Kenesaw was appointed United States judge, a man from Washington was introduced to him.

"Judge," said the man, "I know your two brothers who are in Congress and your brother who is postmaster at San Juan."

"Yes," remarked the Judge; "they are officeholders. I am a public servant."

A HIGH FINANCIER .

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



STUYVESANT VAN-DORN, multimillionaire, captain of industry, and financial prestidigitator, wheeled about in his chair and focused his little steel-gray eyes upon his nephew.

The latter, standing there before him, threw back a well-shaped, well-poised head and met the gaze with eyes much like those of the uncle; though whereas the soul windows of the elder man had become scratched and clouded by many years spent in the mazes of modern finance and now were as windows of ground glass—designed more to obscure the soul than to expose it—those of the younger were as of polished plate, revealing all that lay behind, like a new shop window.

Stuyvesant VanDorn, with legs crossed, elbows resting on chair arms, and finger tips joined at chin level, surveyed his nephew at length; and the latter bore his scrutiny unmoved.

"Courtlandt," said the uncle, at length, "you've wanted to get into the business here for some time and I've decided to give you a chance. You, in point of age, are my third nephew. I gave the other two excellent opportunities. They both fell down hard; and that sort of discouraged me a bit from attempting to do anything for any more nephews. However, that's ancient history; and, as I have said, I'm going to give you a try out. Sit down."

Obediently, the other seated himself in the chair to which his uncle motioned him and laid his hat and stick on the table beside him.

"That's all I want," he said shortly.

"Now," continued the uncle slowly, "I want to say right here that the more you can arrange to be unlike your cousins, the more

use you will be to me and the bigger will be your chances here. You know of them, of course?"

Courtlandt Pell nodded. "I heard about them while I was in Java," he said. "They got married, didn't they?"

His uncle snorted. "That wasn't what the matter was," he returned. "It was because they chose as a time to perform the feat one in which they had all they could do, and a whole lot more, to perform certain duties that they had undertaken for me; and they put me into a couple of mighty bad holes. I don't expect my employees to be celibates; I'm running a banking business, not a monastery. But I do expect that when I send a man on an important mission, he will pay at least a little attention to his job and not forget it utterly just the moment that some good-looking girl smiles at him."

His nephew nodded. "I don't blame you for being sore," he said. "I would myself. Why, that's no way at all to do."

Stuyvesant VanDorn nodded curtly.

"Now," he said, "I sent for you to come down here to-day so that I could give you three commissions to execute for me; and upon how well you do them depends how well you do here.

"Over in Boston," he continued, "there are three firms whom you must see—Curtis, Pringle & Brooks; Mortimer Maynard & Co., and Josiah Dorr—I'll give you a memo on all this so you won't make any mistakes. The first owes me \$100,000. They're a little close to the edge and I may have to settle for sixty cents on the dollar; but I won't take a penny less. Pringle's the man you want to see. The others are silent partners—I'm ashamed to say how silent.

"The second firm owes me \$60,000. We



Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"For a full moment they stared at one another."

can't get the money, and we don't want it, anyway. But we must throw a little scare at them; so go in there and demand your money and then threaten to put them into the hands of a receiver. Be as ugly as you can.

"The third person whom you must see is one Josiah Dorr. He's a hard-headed old Yankee and my business with him is the most important of all, and it is absolutely necessary that it be settled at once. I've informed him that you would be there by to-morrow noon at latest; and he's a stickler for punctuality. The memo will give you full particulars—or at least particulars as full as you need to have—for you understand something about stock transactions, don't you?"

Pell nodded modestly. "A little," he replied.

"Very darn little will suffice," returned his uncle. "These transactions that I want you to undertake," he continued, "are all a bit out of the line of usual routine and there is at present none of my regular people whom I can trust to send. I'll have the firms that you are to see notified by wire of your coming and that you are authorized to make settlement. You're sure to get from Pringle enough money to settle with Dorr; and don't be afraid of bumping Maynard too hard."

He took a little slip of paper from the desk before him. "Here's the memorandum," he said as he handed it to the other. "That will tell you the whole story. Now do well on these deals and I'll find better things for you to do. Do ill and you'll have to find things for yourself. I guess that's about all; and I hope I shall find that I have at least one nephew who isn't a damned fool."

He turned to his desk. And Pell, although he didn't know his uncle very well, was still sufficiently acquainted with him to pick up his hat and stick and leave the room without further word.

As he made his way through the outer offices, with their screen partitions and their countless busy and almost busy clerks, he suddenly remembered that promptitude and expedition were considered two of the most essential requisites of modern business. It was an earlier recollection of this that had that morning gotten him out of bed at an hour that had caused his valet to lose his poise for the first time since he had been in Pell's employ. And the latter recollection now caused

Pell to take out his watch and note the time. It was half past nine.

He remembered that there was a train to Boston at ten o'clock; he had gone over on it a couple of years previous. And he recalled, too, that it reached Boston about three.

"I'll take it!" he cried, in sudden determination. "It'll get me there in time to settle up those jobs to-night; and I can come back on the midnight. Of course I won't have time even to get a bag packed; but I'll be willing to rough it, for I can't afford to lose such a chance as this to show uncle what kind of a business man I am. I'll let him see that at any rate he's got one nephew who isn't a fool."

He reached the Grand Central Station with time to spare, and secured ticket and Pullman seat; and, once ensconced in its nearly comfortable plush depths, he pulled the memorandum from his pocket and began to study it.

Through the dim, gaseous tunnel he pored over the little slip of paper. But, as they flashed through New Rochelle, the first item still remained to him a mystery, deep and unsolvable; for, while that part of it which his uncle had explained he could understand, that part of it which his uncle had not explained he could not make head or tail of.

The second was as bad. And the third was worse. There was something about 10,000 Something at 116 $\frac{3}{4}$ and something about 85,000 Something Else at 80; and some plus and minus signs (at least, as near as he could make out they were plus and minus signs), and, scattered about among them, a lot of marks and numbers and signs that made the hieroglyphics on the obelisk seem, by comparison, clear and lucid. He assumed that they had something to do with stocks; but this assumption made, he was done.

"I pass," he muttered. "What's the answer?" And he thereupon set himself to the making of a memorandum that would be comprehensible. It was evolved mostly from memory, although the addresses of the firms he got from the avuncular slip.

It read:

Curtis, Pringle & Brooks, Stock Exchange Building, owe uncle \$100,000. See Pringle and settle for sixty cents on the dollar.

Mortimer Maynard & Co., Board of Trade Building, owe uncle \$60,000. Hands-of-receiver bluff and general scare.

Josiah Dorr, also Stock Exchange Building, to be paid something or other from Pringle profits.

This done, he sighed with satisfaction, and, folding both memorandum and slip, placed them in his pocketbook and turned to the perusal of a late magazine that the train boy insisted on selling him, no matter whether he wanted it or not.

Arriving in Boston, he hurried through the depot to the street and hailed the cab of which the South Station is so proud.

"Stock Exchange," he called to the driver. "And forget the speed ordinances."

The driver nodded. "I gather from your remarks that I am requested to hurry," he said tentatively.

"You're a good gatherer," assented Pell. "Show me that you are as good a goer and there'll be half a dollar extra in it for you."

A scant ten minutes later he stood in the outer office of Curtis, Pringle & Brooks; and sixty seconds after that, in the inner, where he faced a small, suave, sumptuous gentleman who rose from a massive mahogany chair and came forward with outstretched hand, which, as Pell didn't like its owner's looks, he didn't take.

This, however, disconcerted the other not in the least.

"Ah, Mr. Pell!" he exclaimed. "Delighted to know you, sir. I have just been informed that you are the special emissary of Mr.—eh—" he stopped, smiled slyly, confidentially and discreetly; and continued—"of one whom it were, perhaps, wiser not to mention by name. And your mission?"

Pell was not used to collecting. He didn't just know how to go about it. All his life he had let people who were indebted to him keep the money rather than ask them for it.

He hesitated for a moment. And then, as was his wont, he decided to leap the obstacle the way around which he could not see.

"You owe my—eh—the man of whom we have just spoken \$100,000," he stated baldly.

The other made a very poor effort to conceal his surprise at this unbusinesslike bang.

"Why, yes," he said, smoothing a shining chin.

"I'm here to get it," remarked Pell; "and I shan't take a penny less than sixty cents on the dollar."

Mr. Pringle's fat hand dropped from his shining chin and he stared at the envoy in amazement that he was too overwhelmed

even to attempt to conceal. The other stood before him, unmoving and unmoved.

At length the one and only member of the firm of Curtis, Pringle & Brooks with a violent effort recovered himself.

"Oh—eh—ah—yes. Of course. Quite so," he exclaimed; and then to himself, "Well! Wha' d'y' think of that!" And then, to Pell, "I beg your pardon, I'm sure. Eh—I'll give you a check—payable to you, of course?"

Pell started to contradict—to tell him to make it payable to his uncle. But, ere he had spoken the words that were almost between his parted lips, he suddenly thought that it wouldn't do for him to show a lack of *savoir-faire* in such a transaction; and anyway, it couldn't do any harm to have the check made payable to him, for he could, of course, make it over to Stuyvesant VanDorn. So he merely nodded, sagely and quite as though he were in the habit of having checks for \$100,000 given him every few minutes. And the other turned to his desk, flipped open a check book, and wrote.

"These little transactions," he said, as he tendered Pell the result of his escorial efforts, "are a bit out of the ordinary, so it is as well to be circumspect."

"I have always found it so," agreed Pell impressively. "Good day."

As the broad back of the envoy plenipotentiary of Stuyvesant VanDorn vanished through the door of the private office, Mr. Pringle lay back in his chair and grinned delightedly.

"I'll find a way to let old Van know that I was prepared to settle in full," he chuckled. "It's so seldom that anyone gets a chance to put it over him that he sure ought to know about it."

In the meanwhile, the envoy in question, standing on the sidewalk of State Street, threw back his shoulders with infinite self-satisfaction.

"I'll show Uncle Stivvy what kind of a business man I am," he said exultantly. "He'll find out that all his nephews aren't fools. Why, I'll bet he couldn't have done any better on that deal himself." And he walked down the street to where stands the imposing and important heights of the Board of Trade building.

The offices of Mortimer Maynard & Co., so the directory told him, were on the eleventh floor; and he entered an elevator and soared upward toward the roof.

"Maynard to the left," directed the elevator boy; and a few doors from the shaft, on the east side of the building, he found it.

Turning the knob sharply and decisively, he entered; and then he stopped short in his tracks, his hands still gripping the brass knob, his left foot still raised from the ground; for there before him, at a little typewriter desk, sat a girl. And such a girl!

Her arms were crossed on the desk before her and from her attitude he could see that she had just raised her head from them; for she had been weeping, and her dark, deep eyes were red with the bitterness of tears and her hair disheveled by the paroxysms of her grief. And Pell felt his heart leap into his throat, whence his most earnest endeavors could not displace it.

For a full moment they stared at one another; and Pell noticed the lithe, graceful turn of her shoulder, the petallike daintiness of one white ear that peeped from amid the dark masses of her hair; the tear-reddened stain of her cheek, and the glorious poise of her little head.

And then she spoke.

"It's no use," she said. "We can't pay anybody anything. We haven't anything with which to pay—nothing—absolutely nothing!"

Pell tried to say something; but there was in him nothing to be said.

"We'd pay you if we could," she cried. "But we can't—really we can't. There's nothing left—nothing; and daddy's ill—seriously ill—and the doctor says that unless we can avert this failure, it may—may—may—prove—fatal!" She almost gasped the words. "Oh, can't you understand, and go?"

Pell lowered his left foot to the floor and released the doorknob.

"I—I didn't come here to collect anything," he said gently, speaking more truth than he realized. "I came—eh—I came—to—invest." It was the only thing to say that he could think of at the moment—the only reason for his presence that he could evolve.

At the word "invest," the girl started to her feet.

"You did?" she cried, all amazement and surprise and newborn hope. "You did?"

"Why—eh—of course!" stumbled Pell; and then, desperately, "What else could I have come for?"

"But I didn't know—I thought—why, the company's dead, or nearly dead!"

"That's the reason I'm here," stated Pell ebulliently; and then, to fill in a pause that promised to become awkward, "There's always a splendid chance for a chap to get in on the ground floor of a company that's almost down and out, isn't there? I've often heard so. He can get a big slice of it for almost nothing and I'm sure that this—eh—mine——"

The girl interrupted. "But it isn't a mine," she cried; "it's an invention. Oh, I'm afraid you're in the wrong office! I just knew that it couldn't be true!" and the tears in the dark eyes were perilously near to overflowing.

"Please don't," exhorted Pell quickly. "It's true. Really it is. I don't care—I mean of course I'm not in the wrong office. I wouldn't be such an ass as that, would I? I know where I am and you're Mortimer Maynard's daughter, aren't you?"

She nodded. "Yes," she said simply. "Prudence—his only daughter—and that makes it all the harder; for we're *so* alone!"

There was that in his gray eyes that gave her great confidence, and even something beyond; for he was the first business man that she had ever seen of whom she was not just a little afraid.

She gazed up at him frankly. "Oh, it's been awful!" she cried. "Awful! We've been struggling and working and fighting and striving *so* hard! And always against hope; and it's been growing blacker and blacker, and now we're almost beaten; and those horrible collecting men have been coming in here all day long; and then daddy broke down and since that time I've been here all alone—just sort of trying to keep it all from sinking and drowning poor daddy and—oh, it's all too horrible!" she finished, brokenly.

Pell nodded, profoundly and sympathetically—infinite so.

"It must be," he said gently. "It must be." She brushed a tear from clinging lashes. "And you really want to invest?" she cried. "Really?"

For an instant there came to Pell the thought of waiting for avuncular sanction; but only for an instant. And then he said, as he again nodded deeply and positively, "Really."

She gazed up at him in shy embarrassment.

"I know *so* little about business," she said; "and maybe I'm being very rude indeed."

But if I am you'll forgive me, won't you? But how—how—much do you wish to invest?" and she blushed a glorious crimson.

Pell's hand had sought his pocket. It encountered the little slip of paper that the svelte Mr. Pringle had given him.

"Oh, about sixty thousand dollars," he replied easily.

She gasped.

"Really!" she cried, in hushed, awed tones.

"Really," he assured her.

She gasped again. "It's wonderful!" she cried. "Wonderful!"

"What's wonderful?" he queried.

"Why, that it should be that sum," she replied.

Pell was puzzled. "But why?" he asked.

"Because," she returned, "that's just the amount we need to settle the principal claim against us. Several men stand ready, when we have paid that, to give us capital to go on with. But they didn't dare antagonize the people who hold the claim, and we haven't been able to pay it—that is, not until now—and I'm so happy!"

"But what—whose—is this claim?"

"Oh," she returned, "we don't really know who the man is. He keeps carefully in the background. But he's some big capitalist over in New York and he's been trying to put us out of business so that he will be able to get our invention for himself at his own price."

"Now what do you think of that!" exclaimed Pell hotly. "Why, the old scoundrel! We'll show him a thing or two about business," he added determinedly. "By Jove, we will! And so," he went on, "if you settle that claim you can get money to go on with?"

She nodded. "Yes," she said. "Of course, not much; but still enough. Or maybe we can sell out to good advantage to other people. You see, it's very complicated and I don't thoroughly understand it all. Oh, isn't it fine! I'm sure such good news will make daddy well at once. I'll 'phone him immediately; and you must come home and have dinner with us and then we can all talk it over this evening."

Quickly she went to the little desk 'phone and, taking the receiver from the hook, gave Central a number. There was a long pause. The girl gazed out upon the darkening expanse of dust-blue water; the man did not.

"Hello. Is this—is that you, daddy,

dear?" She turned to Pell: "He's so anxious to know everything that goes on that he has had the 'phone placed right at his bedside. Poor daddy!" And into the 'phone: "I was only talking to a gentleman here in the office, daddy. . . . Yes, a gentleman who's come in to invest some money in the company. . . . How much? Oh, what do you think! Just what we need! And I'm so glad! And so will you be when you hear all about it. . . . What? . . . Why, daddy, I *am* telling you all about it. Surely I am. . . . Why, \$60,000. . . . Now, daddy, how can you say that! You know I wouldn't joke with you at such a time as this. . . . Ask him again? Why, of course." And to Pell: "You do want to invest that sum, don't you?"—and then, as Pell nodded even more positively than ever: "See? he says so again. I'm going to bring him out to dinner so that we can all go over things thoroughly this evening. . . . Good-by, daddy, dear. . . . You're better already? Oh, I'm so glad; and so happy! Good-by." She hung up the receiver and turned to Pell.

"We may as well start at once," she said; "that is, of course, unless you have other engagements—how stupid of me to take so very much for granted!"

"I have nothing to do," assured Pell. "That is, nothing that is nearly as important as this." And then, as she had gone to get hat and coat, he said to himself:

"The father of a daughter like that couldn't be in any business but a good one; and the fact that this contemptible old crook wants to squeeze them out is merely additional proof. I don't believe there'll be any use in trying to see Dorr. I've nothing to pay him with anyhow. He can wait until I've got this business on its feet and paying big profits; then I'll settle with him in short order. Oh, I'll show uncle what kind of a business man I am! I guess when I get back to New York in a week or so and tell him how I've put it all over that old porch climber and have invested the sixty thousand where it will make big money for him, he'll quit that talk about having nothing but damned fools for nephews."

II

SOME eight days later he chanced to meet, one afternoon, on the Tremont Street Mall, one J. Augustus VanDuzen, his cousin, commonly known by his *confrères* by the

shorter and more euphonious cognomen of Susan VanDuzen.

The two had not met in many moons; but, as one was likely to run across either Van Duzen or Pell most anywhere, the encounter occasioned no surprise, but merely mutual rejoicing. And it was deemed but fitting that they adjourn to VanDuzen's club and there celebrate the event as such events should be celebrated; and at the club Pell found awaiting him just eleven telegrams, couched in a constantly accumulating effervescence of language from

Please let me know where you are and what you are doing,

through

What in blazes is the matter? Are you dead?

to

Let me hear from you at once or I'll know the reason why. You're worse than the other two.

Sitting in the café, he read the telegrams one by one while the elated and joyous Susan kept three assiduous and attentive waiters tripping blithely between the bar and their table.

"Anything the matter?" queried Susan, between orders.

"Oh, nothing much," returned Pell evasively; for he was anxious to keep his business secret until his grand *coup* should be complete. And then to himself he said:

"I'll let uncle stew a while. It'll make the *dénouement* all the more effective. He'll find out what a grave injustice he's done me and his self-reproach will cause him to be all the more generous"; and, thrusting the telegrams in his pocket, he turned to Susan and the celebration.

III

It was a full fortnight after this that he returned to New York; and directly from the train (directly, that is, after an elaborate and leisurely breakfast) he went to his uncle's offices; for the Spirit of Business still obsessed him, and to a degree.

As he strode blithely into his uncle's private office and announced gayly, "Well, uncle, I've fixed it!" his uncle hopped from his chair with a trumpet of rage and yelled in a

manner that would have rattled any but plate-glass windows:

"Fixed it!!! Well, I should say you have! I should certainly say you have!! Why, what the devil—!!!! Damn it all, I—!! Compared with you the other two were Rogerses and Morgans!! You—!!!!!!" and he stopped, not because he lacked inspiration or desire, but from sheer congestion of words and suffocation of rage.

Pell stood before him in the grip of helpless amazement. He had expected to be praised and complimented—perhaps, even, to be made upon the spot a member of the firm! And he got this!

His uncle had at last managed to break the word-jam that was clogging his river of speech.

"Why didn't you see Dorr?" he demanded ragingly. "Why didn't you see Dorr and settle with him and keep him from airing all that N. H. & V. business in the papers? Wha' d'y mean by letting Pringle pay sixty on the dollar and make me a laughing-stock of the whole country? Why—" He had to pause for breath. "Holy suffering Aunt Maria!" he howled. "And now what have you done with the Pringle money? Spent it for cigarettes, I s'pose?"

"I invested it," returned his nephew calmly, "in the Maynard Converter and Transmutator Company."

His uncle's amazement was pitiful. His uncle's recovery was painful. His uncle's wrath was awful.

For some seconds he gurgled, helplessly, inarticulately, while his face grew as the wattles of a rooster and his eyes as those of a frog.

"So it was you, eh?" he howled. "So it was you who stepped in there and messed everything up just when I had 'em right where I wanted 'em!! And with *my money*, too!!! Oh, what—when—how—why!!!!" Chokingly he clasped his hands on his *embonpoint* and rolled back in his chair. "Get out of here!" he yelled. "Get out of here before I kill you!!"

Pell stood for a moment in indecision; then turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

He was passing through the outer offices when a clerk called to him:

"Telegram for you, Mr. Pell; it was sent down here from your rooms."

Pell took it mechanically. Mechanically

he opened it. Mechanically he read the first words; and then there was nothing more mechanical about his actions; for the telegram was:

Stuyvesant VanDorn & Co. offer us \$600,000 for all rights of invention. Daddy awaiting your consent to accept. Yes. PRUE.

The last word of the message, and the signature, it was, that elated Pell most; in fact the first part seemed to him utterly unimportant until he had thoroughly digested and redigested these two words. But after a long and happy interval he at length managed to grasp the message that the body of the telegram contained.

For a long moment he stood, thinking.

"It serves uncle right for trying to rob them," he said, at length, to himself. "I'll do it, by Jove!"

And then he turned and retraced his steps to the door of the private office.

At his firm knock, a weak and husky voice said "Come in," and he entered. On seeing him, his uncle sat bolt upright in his chair with fast empurpling visage; and, anxious to avert the impending cataclysm, Pell quickly thrust before his eyes the telegram.

"Because you're my uncle," he said slowly

and plainly, "because you're my uncle and because you gave me my first business opportunity, unappreciated as my efforts have been, I'll forget your ingratitude and abuse and accept your offer of \$600,000 for the rights of the Maynard Converter and Transmutator. Our lawyers will draw up the necessary papers."

His uncle stared at him weakly.

"The rest of your nephews may be damned fools," said Pell, "but I flatter myself that I am a pretty good business man. Don't you?"

Stuyvesant VanDorn's back straightened so quickly that his nephew thought it was going to snap.

"Too damned good," he snorted. "Too damned good for this firm, at any rate. I'm not as strong as I used to be and I'd rather pay you fifty thousand a year to stay away from here than to have you work here for nothing. I guess the south of France, where your two cousins are, is the best place for you for a while—that seems to be the Fools' Paradise nowadays."

Pell grinned; for he had thought of the "Yes," and of the "Prue."

"I guess it is," he acquiesced serenely. And it was.

THE ANCHORS

By ALOYSIUS COLL

AS when I look upon the long, gray hulks
That steam majestically up the bay,
And hold the mighty tonnage of their bulks
Deep in the port, or tight against the quay,
And wonder how such tiny anchors keep
The giant vessels where they ride the deep;
So do I marvel that your little hands,
So white and tender, delicate and frail,
Can moor me safely, when the shifting sands
Of Fate turn treacherous, and every sail
Of hope that I have set for victory sweet
Turns back into the whirlpool of defeat!



BESIDES BULLETS

By HUGH JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. METHFESSEL



THE Fort Perdido Fortnightly Club, organized by the ladies of the Nth during its second home station, for the enjoyment of visiting girls between eighteen and twenty-two and thirty-five and forty-two—and Thompson, met one night at Mrs. Major Faulkner's. The commanding general of the department with his aides and staff was there and it actually took on the aspect of a crush.

Mrs. Faulkner was in her element. She received beneath a Mandarin's parasol taken at Peking (from a bunglesome looter) and she was surrounded by aguilleted aides and aspiring subalterns who had formed a cordon and jostled the dumpy little major into a corner where he played with the tips of his glove fingers and looked miserable. The major isn't exactly prepossessing in manner and appearance, but he draws good pay, and some day he will be a colonel and then his wife will be Mrs. C. O. at thirty, which is rather better than it sounds.

Thompson is just out from the Point, and

he scowled at the aides until Mrs. Faulkner found time to whisper something to him, when he resumed the air to which his thralldom entitles him and led me to the punch bowl, where he stood looking over his cup rim at her.

"Isn't she exquisite to-night?" he asked himself through me and—

"Perfectly entrancing," his thought echoed on my lips.

"She is so perfect a hostess because she thinks of everyone but herself and is so truly kind at heart."

"Truly kind and altogether charming," I intoned like a second tenor in an anthem. Thompson eyed me narrowly and his tone was a challenge.

"Poor little woman! No one will ever know what she bears"—he was thinking of the major, who is a man at heart and all gold.

"And after her life of popularity, too." I hastened to assure him with an effort at sincerity in my voice, and presently I escaped to the veranda, where I found the major and a Filipino recliner, from which I could watch it all through a window—Mrs. Faulkner, the aides, and Thompson. The major

launched his set formula for such occasions, accepted one of my Nestors—which he doesn't know how to enjoy—and relapsed into ponderous, puffing silence.

"Little stuffy in there, young man"—this is the formula—"but it pleases the ladies, God bless 'um—this ud be a purty dreary old army without 'um, young man—purty dreary." No reply is expected and I sat watching the play of his wife's face until she began talking to Thompson, when suddenly, through a little toss of her head, a twitching of her mouth muscles, and the sound of her voice ringing out above the babel by reason of its quality, I was across the world with my dear old Dean, and the Fortnightly Club was 10,000 miles and seven years away.

"D" Troop was leaving Bato, the point had already clanked into the bosque, and I, with the support, was waiting for it to get its distance. The men loved my dear old Dean, and their faces were never straighter to the front on a commanding general's review, for back in the darker shades of the road Dean was saying good-by, and only recalcitrant I saw his brown hair brush a wave of gold, saw that toss of head, and heard that laugh. I frankly admitted a wave of jealousy. But wasn't she going to the States in a week, and aren't the States 10,000 miles from Bato, and does absence really "make the heart grow fonder," or some such bosh as that?

We relieved a squadron at Lingiga, but it remained a month; and Dean's secret, which he hadn't even told me, was written on his face in letters as bright as his eyes and as broad as his smile, and was betrayed by his every little action. He scandalized the major's wife by asking her what a little *jusi* dress, like the one she was wearing, cost. He amused the adjutant by intimate little questions about his household expenses. That squadron smiled indulgently, and even the mail orderly grinned when he brought Dean's letters—bulgy square ones, lavender-colored and scented with orris root (I dislike colored and scented paper). The letters that Dean sent were even more unique—they were rolled after the manner of newspapers, because no ordinary envelope would have held them, and they were smothered in postage.

"You know," he confided when he had been unable to keep it all within himself, "it's almost like talking to her. I put her picture across the table and draw up that

big *nara* chair. It's going to be in our house, you know"—the "our house" was faint, but resonant with a joy I couldn't conceive,— "and then—well, I just talk to her as though the picture were really she—almost."

I read one of those "talks" one day, long rambling effusions full of imaginings, some of which seemed to have become realities to him, for there were such unqualified allusions as "the bookcase"; and this same bookcase proved to be a little imaginary shelf stocked with the things she had allowed him to read to her and pretended to like, so that now, to him, they belonged to her and to him alone, and together with the shelf were one little item in an impossible house that he had dreamed entire. "And you are standing in front of the bookcase so that I can see only Keats and Tennyson peeping out over your shoulder. If only the lamp didn't just shed *down* instead of into the room (but it has to be that elephant one I got in China, doesn't it?) I could see on into the library; but then I don't want to because, don't you see, you're there, and right this instant you're coming to me. But, oh, you never do—quite—" and so he spent his waking hours.

After the squadron left this became intolerable. Without Dean there was no one for me, and the town— Oh, miserable Lingiga, that you can never know! The fearful, desolate afternoons when the palm leaves wilted in the heat and all the flat, unending bosque rang interminably with the voices of a million tropical insects until the ringing raged in one's ears with the dreamy monotony of anæsthesia sounds! The sun beat straight down, whitely, mercilessly; it baked the very earth to a crisp cake and the patter of hundreds of bare feet and *chinelas* trampled it into an impalpable powder that rose in clinging clouds beneath the hoofs of the cavalry patrol and settled lazily back as though each separate atom sought its particular bed. And in the afternoons only the *lavanderas* stirred on their way to the torpid yellow river where the caribou stood, with great blinking eyes, muzzle deep in the slime for hour after hour.

And the denizens of those breathless streets—the fishers of that river—half naked, half starved, half black, little dream people whose blank wooden faces only stared inquiringly, and never vouchsafed for an instant one ripple of expression, one gleam of human emotion. Their eyes, ever mildly, protestingly questioning, followed us always. If for a

moment I forgot, I was certain to be shocked by a sudden sight of them from an unlooked-for quarter. Once in a ruined *nipa* shack I was inspecting, there was a rustle in the dead leaves and a gaunt, slight figure in grimy white slunk past without a word of apology or explanation, only the eyes staring at me dumbly. At my morning bath I drove manikins from my doorstep, and I often awakened from a restless siesta to encounter a fleeting glimpse of silent, furtive eyes at my window. It was the ever-harassing sensation of being watched, coupled with the uncanny silent Question of the East. Even the far-off, crumbly blue hills oppressed me, and the calm of days like rural Sundays weighed on me as armor until I wished for an end in fearful, seething action, and calmed myself with reason, for I am a medical man and I have seen the victims of the Orient, naked and gibbering beneath the moon-big stars.

If there had been one single friendly soul besides dear old Dean with his one roseate dream, with whom I might have quarreled daily—yes, quarreled—it is the only preventive; or one roly-poly baby among the gaunt, unnatural, brown wraiths whose eyes, too, questioned—were born with the question in them—with whom I might have played; one brilliant, impudent *muchacho* whom I might have beaten and rewarded. But that fearful calm had done its work through generations and all Lingiga was dumb, emotionless, and—questioning. There was one sulky, silent man—the padre, who called on me with regularity and waited vainly in his chair for me to talk. He was spare and tall, this padre, with a scar of lighter yellow than the parchment of his face running horribly from his brow to the corner of his mouth. His eyes were unnaturally bright, and I remembered Cassius as he writhed in his chair and looked at me over his restless fingers. The Presidente alone, fat and obsequious, talked much to Dean, who, in his mad state almost effusive, welcomed him and shook his oily hand with heartiness while I sat glumly in a corner and looked dyspeptic.

Even Dean was not altogether happy in these days. I knew it by the silence in his room and by the absence of some boyish banter that I had grown to expect. This on mail days, once a month when the wheezy little steamer chugged up the torpid river with supplies and the mail—the home mail. The troop was always at the dock entire, to shout

as the single sack hurtled through the air and was caught by the mail orderly. They escorted him to headquarters in a jeering mob that crowded around him as he opened it, and hooted and joked as he skimmed the heart-laden wafers across the table to their breathless billets.

These were the nights when the men took heart and sang; but their songs—they weren't altogether nice in tone and spirit. They floated up to us indistinctly in the sultry evening and we smiled wanly at each other and sang with them sometimes—at first:

It's fours right and fours left and right front into line,
A hunder' an' fifty in the shade—"ye divils, dhou-
ble toime!"—

And ending always with ungente pathos—

But it's home, boys, *home*, it's home we ought to be,
Home, boys, *home*, in God's countree,
With the oak an' the ash an' the weepin' willow tree,
An' beer at only five a glass in North Amerikee."

And now came the days when Dean did not sing, for those lavender, orris-scented torments, they were lighter with each mail and his confidence was fleeting. He feared that a captain's pay was not enough to offer so refined a taste and his retrospect of army life became a rude memory stripped of glamour, leaving only the unending hardship that it sometimes is. There was a tone of that in her letters—a profanation of the memory of blessed army women who have followed their lords beyond the farthestmost outposts of civilization and have died happy. And for Dean, were I a golden princess and he a ser-geant I would have done it and blessed my privilege, and I have seen women—*real* women—with the light of that dictum in their eyes when they looked on his careless face.

Firm in his own fidelity, he never once doubted or lost faith, and the misery of endless days was soon forgotten in a maze of generous thoughts and highly colored dreams. He had planned for a honeymoon a masterpiece of tender conception and gentle forethought. From the hour she passed Corregidor, each day was schemed in a succession of mild and pleasant surprises as only a lover such as Dean could have dreamed it. First there was a little chapel in the heart of the provinces, a place of whose very existence few Americans were aware. Walls mellow with age and black with lichen, set in such a rose garden as even his tenderest fancies de-



"And there it was I found Dean."

manded, all presided over by a Spanish padre of the older days who knew Dean and loved him generously.

He had told Dean all the island traditions that the crumbly chapel suggested, perfect tales of quaint romance that fitted it like an old garment. Here Dean had planned, with a sentiment that *she* could never have understood, they should come straight from Manila, and from here he had schemed happy raids on fond byways of island lore. A week in the older provinces and an unhurried journey fitted to moonlit nights in the inland sea where nature is unnatural in her beauty, precious days in Nagasaki, Tokio, Kobe, and a score of little Japanese hamlets in pastel, and a restful fortnight in a little paper-walled house when the cherry blossoms were whitest, tells the meagerest outline of two dream-months of his tenderness. And all this when every letter, without the frankness of courage, told too plainly what anyone but an imbecile or a great foolish-fond boy like Dean could have seen at a glance.

This lack of frankness I best could condone, for I fought through sultry hours to kill the light in his eyes and never gained the courage. Sometimes it was almost possible—when he dressed from cap to toe in immaculate white and gold and sang, out under the palms, all the little, saucy Spanish love songs that he had learned in Cuba and on the Mexican frontier, of her and to her, and I knew that he dreamed that he sang them with her. There was one that decided me each night, with a thrumming low guitar accompaniment pulsing through it like heart throbs—*tempo di bolero*, I think you call it—

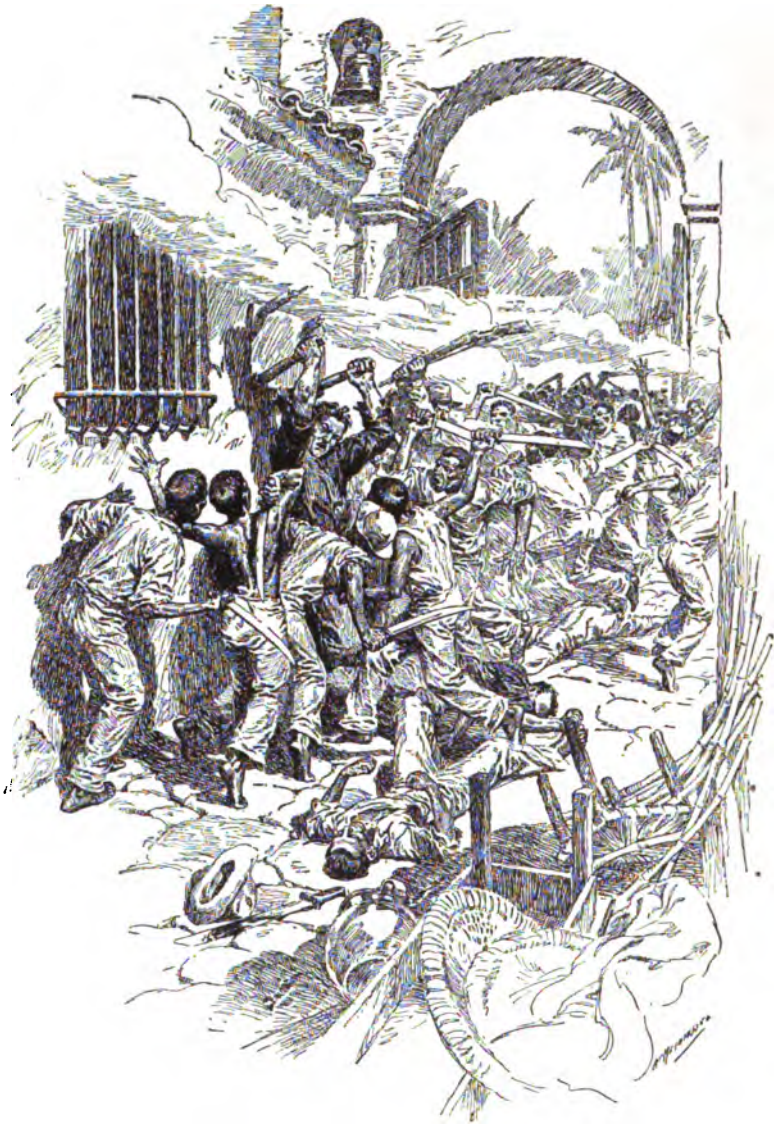
La boca de mi Pepita
Son las rosas brilliantar,

and ending always with a wail, that was only given that its sentiment might be denied to the joy of the singer, in the song—

But my darling does not love me,
Of my heart she does decline,

and this goaded me to frenzy because I knew that, save by his dream-lady, there was no denial of that song.

watched us daily with a hundred eyes? Why did I not kick the little Presidente from Dean's confidence on the first or any night he called?



"Uncertain delirious visions of men in dark blue shirts, whirling above their heads inadequate weapons."

I can never forgive our blindness in those miserable days. Why did I not confirm my constant suspicion of that Cassius-priest who

Mateo was anywhere in that drooping bosque and we did not dream for a moment that the manikins were loyal, but the sentries walked



"I ran out and caught him by the arm."

carelessly through the streets; nothing troubled the outposts, and we drew them in. The men were quartered in a dozen houses scattered over the *barrio* and they slept undisturbed through the week-long afternoons. But at night the shadows came, shadows that lurked in the bosque and flitted across the moonlit clearing to the darkness of the streets and up into the houses of Lingiga.

Why did we never call without warning on the padre in his cell or rout the Presidente out at midnight to encounter a major general of Tulisans sometimes in full regalia? We did not. Dean's head was in the clouds and my thoughts were all with him, so the shadows came and went unhindered. Some of these things I now see in the light of what happened, and I interpret our neglect as criminal, but then the miasma of that dreadful calm had drugged our perception, and it was all most natural.

It came at last once after mail day when I had been awake half the night with a case that had mercifully taken my care from Dean. The reveille stir was over, and after sick-call I walked by the convent where the men went to mess, on the way to our quarters. I saw them troop into the long dark hall, and every little act of rough soldier play stands out in my mind as it was burned there by the horror of the next half hour. A careless boy who rumbled the hair of a giant sergeant—

I know his face better than my brother's. And two corporals who walked, arms across shoulders, through the door, will walk so with me while I live. I passed on up the hill and a hurrying little brown man running early through the streets jostled me roughly and stood back, both hands behind him, facing me and snarling like a vicious dog. This I noticed, but in an abstracted way passed on without analyzing the thrill of surprise it gave me. I am not given to hallucinations; at least I was not then—but I believe that the misery of that day had already found me and I felt an uncanny dread as I paused a moment in the door and turned to look down at the straggling *barrio* still somnolent and strangely quiet with the weird effect of early morning shadows in the street. Perhaps it was that I suddenly realized that I missed Dean's hail. He was always singing in that welcome morning cool, shouting aloud for the very joy of living, and I entered and hurried to his room. The bed lay white, smooth, and untouched, and the sight of sudden death could have been no worse. I remembered the man in the street below and a thousand rumors of island treachery. I fairly bounded through the door into our common room, hoarsing his name, and there it was I found Dean. Sitting bolt upright in his chair, he was, his eyes fixed and staring out across the weird bosque, and his face was dead—

dead like burned-out ashes—pallid and completely dead. I am a medical man and I know—my Dean was dead at that moment. A piece of paper and a torn, creamy envelope lay on the floor beside him. I knew without a glance, but oh!—you with one tremor of ruth for human agony—it was an invitation, printed and written in, and it had killed my good old Dean.

How long I stood there—simply stood, watching the play of the early breeze in his rumpled hair, I do not know; but a quick shot and a rattling succession came like a welcoming from the *barrio*. I rushed to the door. Time was not measured by hours that day. It was early morning when I found Dean, and some time between dawn and dark I looked along the glance of the red sun in the heavy river and knew that it was evening; and it began when I stood at the door and looked at what had so lately been a quiet snaky street crossed by long snaky shadows. There was a scurry in the convent yard. A wave of little brown fiends frothed against the blackened walls and moments afterwards I heard the pandemonium of their yells uncanny as a chorus of werewolves. They surged across the sill by tens and twenties; they hacked at the windows and battered the doors; and all this while I stood with gaping mouth, staring, horror-dumb.

He is not the measure of bravery who stands behind his deployed troop on the skirmish line and orders them to fire, advance, and fire again, to finally yell with brainless frenzy, "Charge," and scream curses that are transmuted by generous dispatches to laconic words of coolness—he is only one of his hundred troopers who have lost fear because they have lost reason shortly after the little dust flicks began to spring up unaccountably in the grass, and the man who stood next to them doubled forward with a scream that called up an insensate fury to be calmed by sheer mental shock or interminable hours in trenches only. He simply has little enough control of his innate brute nature that it may slip its leashes. The boy who walked back from his troops, to die astride of the trail of a broken Colt automatic by which his wounded shipmate lay, in Samoa, was a measure of bravery, he and Dean at Lingiga.

I heard his step behind me and almost in that instant his body flashed by and I was inanely following him down the hill.

The room was reeking of awful things when

we reached the convent yard, and there is a series of jerky pictures in my mind, as though a poorly operated kinetoscope jumbled in my brain activity too swift to follow, with dead stops that I do not care to see, uncertain delirious visions of men in dark blue shirts whirling above their heads inadequate weapons, flanked by packs of fierce little men who swarmed up and over them hacking with red blades.

The sergeant with the rumpled hair is there, against the wall, a clubbed stool above his head, maintaining a six-foot half circle rimmed with snapping, snarling savagery. The corporals are there, the younger huddled between the other's feet; and always the wave of grimy white goes on and over.

I cannot even say where I stood to see these things, but at last I heard a voice I did not know crying a barrack warning familiar to the men, as though it had been first call for drill:

All out, men, all out by the main door!

and again a troop rallying cry for joyful pay-day head-breakings:

D Troop, this way— All together, D Troop!

It was Dean in the main entrance making heavy work with his revolver butt, because he dared not use the bore, and pushing forward behind the swath he cleared.

In some way a dozen streaked troopers made the door and rushed to the nearest squad rooms for the Krag's and ammunition belts. They formed a straggling skirmish line in the street and lay down behind a low stone wall that commanded the convent yard. Then the Krag's began to whine across the open and to spatter against the convent wall, where the less eager, who could not crowd into the mess-room shambles, stood waiting. It was when terror had seized the murderers and they had rushed out of the building to take up a ragged formation on the farther side, that Dean's work was done. Their foolish Mauser fire, as always, went wild and an escape was at last possible—for a few. Dean walked down the firing line once, looking strangely at each man as one might survey a waiting line at a ticket office for a face he knew; but this seemed to give no result, and he stood near the flank and shook his head slowly. It was then that I noticed the purple that was soaking through the blue of his shirt, and

started toward him; but his face was turned away, and as he walked, like an infantry adjutant at parade, straight toward their howling lines, I called to him:

"Dean, Dean!" But if he heard he did not heed and I ran out and caught him by the arm. His face was ghastly and quite dead, but the only spark of life it ever showed was then, for I shook him roughly and said with forced distinctness:

"Dean, you got them there, and now you are leaving them. Dean, you are a damned coward." The brownies had recovered from their amazement and the spitting fire broke out, but Dean turned and walked as slowly back.

You know how D Troop came back with even the bolts to the carbines they left, and of that one bit of show when they dared to waste precious seconds to pull down the flag, you have heard; but you do not know of that ghastly journey in boats that drifted down the river from want of man power. I worked among the human wreckage until my best was done, and sank down into it at the last. There was no heroism then nor one stir of excitement to break the delirium of agony.

That giant sergeant was there and laughed at me under fearful gashes in his brow and head. When I had turned he rose unsteadily to his feet, a red ruin of a man. As I held my hand to steady him he screamed another laugh or hyena gibber and cried out a phrase the men had adopted from a Manila music hall:

"Chicago Katie will now sing, 'Down the River,'" and toppled into the stream.

There was not strength in a hand to save him.

Dean I cared for to my heart's utmost; and when it was over I told his classmate, of the First, what I have told you, but not as I have told it here—just ten words—for he knew Dean and could see.

We watched him with as tender care as might have been given, save by women—some women—in the feverish days that followed, and when comparative safety was reached we sat one night in a room adjoining his, talking of all this and more, for we were bitter then.

There was a slight stir in the next room, and in a little while I tiptoed in, shading the light with my hand. It had been such a restful little sigh, and then the danger was over. I think I was shocked for a second, but it passed, and with it bitterness and my greatest weight of care. His face was restful and it smiled as in the old days it had smiled, for a pitying angel had kissed him tenderly.

The captain came and stood opposite me, looking at Dean; and for a long time he said nothing, but at last:

"The bandage *slipped?*" he said and asked.

"Yes," I breathed, and that has been forgiven me. "The bandage slipped."

"You miserable thing," some one was saying at my elbow. "After the dear old Island days to treat me this way." Thompson was with her and the major sat beyond; and I believed my perversion was skillful, but Thompson was sullen as we walked home, and when he left me at my door:

"Gad, medico," he said. "You're crude."



LIFE IN AN UNDER-RIVER TUNNEL TUBE

BY A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN B. CHILD



AMONG the unsung heroes who risk their lives in the dynamite mills, in the rubber armor beneath the sea, on the decks of storm-lashed wrecking vessels, or deep beneath daylight rending minerals out of the bowels of the earth, not one faces graver peril or a more harrowing death than the under-river tunneler. Like the marine worm that bores its way through spiles or into ships' keels, drilling farther and farther and lining its diminutive tunnel with a calcareous substance, so the under-river tunnel man gouges patiently across a river bed, risking death in dreadful forms, and as he proceeds he lays the gigantic cast-iron tubes through which freight and passenger trains will thunder deep beneath the water.

Inside the grewsome quiet and the blackness of that tube, the tunneler works in the highest air pressure which it is possible for the human heart to endure and almost every instant he is within an ace of death. Sometimes from the "heading" there comes a deep bass thud as if from an explosion, and the river breaks in; men fleeing through the darkness for their lives, each ready to risk life for the sake of a maimed or injured comrade, yet none knowing who may have been left behind struggling madly in the avalanches of mud that pour upon him, holding him like quicksands that rise and rise, choking him to death as the ooze closes overhead and buries him alive. Sometimes, owing to the excessive air pressure which is necessary, men drop dead in their tracks; or they are overtaken with the dread "bends" that double up strong men like jackknives and torture them in the

agonies of an excruciating pain, which is as if veins and arteries were filled with a million needles trying to pierce their way out.

Accidents like these, however, are mere temporary interruptions. Not infrequently if there are green hands among the men, these quit the job, appalled by the frightful experiences. But such men are not the ideal tunnelers. The real tunneler simply waits until he can repair the damage and then proceeds as if nothing had happened. If one of his comrades drops dead, the body is borne to the tunnel mouth, the coroner and the man's family are notified, the tunneler chips in to buy a floral piece and continues work. If he gets the "bends" and is paralyzed, he is taken to his home to eke out an existence somehow while he sits dreaming of the excitement of the days under the river bed; and if he gets the "bends" in a milder form he returns the next day to grasp the handle of his shovel and take chances all over again. In short, about the work there is a fascination that grips a man even as blue water grips a sailor.

What is this fascination? The excitement of listening for the dull boom as the river bed gives way and Niagaras of water come pouring in. The excitement of running, falling, and scrambling madly through pitch darkness to the nearest air lock. The excitement of never knowing when leaving home for work whether one will be alive that night. In short, it is the same old gambling spirit which impels the rich man to hunt the grizzly, the rhinoceros, and the tiger, and which lures the less well provided into working in dizzy mid-air on suspension bridges and risking his life in the daily pursuit of his duties. This crav-

ing for adventure and the chances of making high wages and the liberality with which the companies are obliged to treat those at the front, these are the attractions that hold the men.

The best time to see the typical under-river tunneler is every two hours at the tunnel entrance when a shift gathers to relieve a shift below, two hours being the limit of time which men may spend when working continuously under high pressure.

An unlovely, conglomerate lot is one of these gangs in muck-spattered garments, sprawling on tool boxes or dirt cars, squirting tobacco juice, sucking black clay pipes, and exchanging coarse jests, and little they resemble the sort of "heroes" we paint as staying unflinchingly at posts or saving human lives in times of danger.

Widely though the individuals differ in appearance and traits, in some respects they are almost identical. They are men absolutely sound as to heart and lung and they are temperate in the use of liquors, and no man is engaged until he has been examined by the company's physician and received a certificate. Owing to the work under high pressure, the eyes of the men are strikingly beautiful, being clear and penetrating, rivaling the eyes of a young society beauty. And lastly, among the men is that spirit of brotherhood which comes to those on the high seas when crowded into a lifeboat. None of them has imagination enough to be seriously affected by the dangers confronting him; yet none knows whose name will be the next to be stricken from the pay roll. Shoulder to shoulder all stand against the common enemy—the river.

To understand the dangers to which the "sand hog" is subjected it is necessary to understand only the difficulties that confront the engineer in chief and the method by which his men build the tunnel. In order to prevent the necessity of deep approaches on either shore end, it is requisite, of course, to build the tubes just as near as possible to the surface of the river bed, which consists not of solid ground or gravel but of mud and muck and silt, into which you would sink over neck and ears were you to step on it, and, still worse, upon which the river bears with a pressure of between thirty and forty pounds per square inch. How to undermine this treacherous under-river swamp without being buried alive and how to lay the pair of gigantic tubes of two-inch-thick steel, meas-

uring between sixteen and twenty-three feet in diameter and weighing more than six thousand pounds per lineal foot, this is the question that is before the tunneler.

To accomplish the feat he begins within one hundred feet of the river edge, sinks an enormous cylindrical shaft between ninety and one hundred feet in diameter and in depth, and from the bottom of this begins to bore the excavations. As he proceeds he lines the excavations with a shell of steel, in itself an ingenious device. For this shell, or "tube," is built up of a series of rings twenty-four inches wide and twenty-three feet in diameter, and provided along each circumference with flanges turned inward so the rings may be bolted together rim for rim from within. In turn, each ring consists of eight segments, provided with similar flanges, the eight segments when bolted together forming, of course, the complete circle.

When the tunnel has been driven to the river edge where the bed threatens to break in, the tunneler installs what is known as a "shield." He telescopes a gigantic fifty-ton steel cap which fits over the end of the tube as the brass cap fits over the object glass of a telescope and the cylindrical surface of which extends not only ten feet over the end of the tube but ten feet in the opposite direction, forming a cutting edge to slice through the mud as a cook might use the lid of a baking-powder can to cut forms out of a slab of dough. The core which is cut out is squeezed into the tunnel through doors in the "shield." From there it is wheeled to the tunnel mouth and hoisted up the shaft in dirt cars.

The "shield" alone, however, would be slight protection against the harrowing death that threatens the tunneler. It is necessary to prop up the river bed at the heading, and the only means of doing this is to pump the tunnel so full of compressed air that the pressure against the undermined surface of the muck is the same as that which bears down and threatens to collapse the excavation. In other words, the tunnel pumps the tunnel full of air just as an automobilist inflates the tires of his car, the tunnel becoming an enormous air cushion, which presses uniformly in all directions, supporting the weight of the river as a distended football supports the weight of a man.

From the beginning when the company's physician first takes you in hand until at last you see God's sunshine again, the sensations

you experience in going to the heading of an under-river tunnel are those of danger and surprise.

"Never been down before?" the doctor asks. "In that case you'll need instructions. It's not a very nice place down below, and if at any time you suspect you are not going to feel just right come up at once.

"Where you are going you will be under an air pressure of forty pounds to the square inch. Literally, that means that against every inch long and wide of the surface of your body there will be a pressure as if a chunk of iron weighing forty pounds were resting against it. The only thing that will prevent you from being smashed is that you will gradually be put under pressure until the inside of your body is filled with the same pressure as is against its outside. And that means that your heart and lungs and your other organs will be subjected to a strain they never before have been called upon to withstand. Your guide will tell you what to do in the air lock when the pressure is turned on, and he has orders to bring you back either at your request or when he thinks you have had enough.

"You go down at your own risk. No matter what precautions we may take, there is always the chance that you will come up with the 'bends' or that your heart may stop.

"And now, have you eaten a hearty meal within two hours? It is not safe to go down with a full stomach. Have you been temperate in the use of alcoholic drink? Then we will examine your heart and lungs with a stethoscope, and if they're all right you can go to the dressing shed where the keeper will tog you out in oilskins and sou'wester."

As you follow your guide into the mouth of the tunnel, you find yourself at the entrance of what resembles a gigantic sewer pipe, in diameter from three to four times the height of a man. A breath of heavy air as if from a cave greets you. The temperature is chill and the atmosphere clammy and misty, and as the fog is drawn into your lungs it is as if a bandage suddenly had been wound round and round your chest.

At intervals of fifty feet incandescent lights wink and blink through green-gray mist, shedding sickly rays upon slippery boards between two narrow-gauge tracks, and before you have stumbled and floundered 300 yards you can see for yourself that you have left the

shore line far behind and that you are indeed walking under a river bed. Above you, on all sides of you, is nothing but a rusty shell of two-inch-thick steel to keep a deluge of swamp from breaking in upon you. It is a thought that stays in the back of your head long after you think you are rid of it. Well it may. Overhead is the mighty river teeming with animal life and hurling its resistless myriads of tons to and fro in the grasp of ebb and flood. Ninety feet above your head is the river's surface, alive with ocean steamships and tugs and sailing craft and barges and ferryboats unsuspecting of the human atom lurking far beneath their keels.

If you stand still you hear these vessels, the thud of their side wheels or their propeller screws as these thrash the river, sending sounds like the rat-tat-tat of muffled sledges against the outside of the tube. Of the noises aboard ship you hear not a sound, for you are cut off from the world as completely as human may hope to be cut off and be able to return. No sounds save those of under-water noises greet you from above. Not a sign is there of the countless sensations by which ordinarily your eyes and ears and nose and nerves and even your tongue continuously assure you that you are alive. The only sounds that greet you from within are the footsteps of your guide and the swish-swish as the oilskins chafe with every step.

Whatever uneasiness you have experienced so far has been due to your own imagination purely. Now, however, you are to get a taste of an actual encounter in the under-river world.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, out of the haze 200 yards away comes a roar as if the blow-off of an enormous steam boiler had been opened wide, and a dense white cloud comes rolling straight at you. An angry, quick, protracted roar it is that fills the tube and vibrates it with irresistible sound waves and drones and quavers inside your head until it hurts.

Coming expected in broad daylight the volume of the sound would startle you. Coming unexpected, in a dusky tunnel amid unusual conditions where every nerve stands on end and where momentarily you are expecting catastrophe, the surprise grips your heart strings. You gaze speechless at your guide, expecting to see him run. But whatever humor you may see later in the situation, this man does not seem to notice.

"Frightened you a bit, I suppose," he says when the roar finally subsides. "Don't blame you. Everybody gets frightened first time they hear that. It's just the air lock exhausting. That 'steam' you see is just compressed air striking the rarer atmosphere and expanding, and that's what makes the tunnel full of fog. You don't want to mind what you see down here. It makes you wonder if you're going to get out alive. But an air lock is like most dogs—lots of noise and mighty little bite to it; and if you made a half dozen trips through it you would not mind."

The air lock which the tunnelers use, it may be necessary to explain, is simply the contrivance or the chamber through which he enters or by means of which he leaves that part of the tunnel which is under pressure. Naturally, if he wants to pump the heading of the tunnel full of air he must first cork up the tube. To do this he builds a solid steel air-tight wall across it. But how send men and dirt cars through this solid wall, every square inch of surface of which is under a pressure of forty pounds? To use an ordinary door is out of the question, for against a door measuring only three by five feet there is a pressure of 86,400 pounds; and even were it possible to force open the door against this pressure, a man caught in the sudden draught would be hurled clear out of the tunnel like a shell out of a gun.

To enable the tunnelers to enter and to quit that section of the tunnel which is under pressure, he perforates the wall with a tube ten feet long, five feet in diameter, and provides this tube with massive, steel, air-tight doors at either end, the door nearest the tunnel heading being known as the "heading door" and that nearer the tunnel mouth as the "mouth door." This is all there is to an air lock.

When the lock is set to admit you to the heading, the heading door is closed and the mouth door is open; the idea being simply that you enter the lock and shut the mouth door after you. Then, by means of a valve, pressure is gradually admitted from the heading into the lock until, when the pressure in the heading and the lock is the same, the heading door may be opened and you proceed to the front.

Walking toward this lock, your guide tells you what to do. "It may startle you some and may pain you a little once the pressure

is turned on; but don't mind that. You'll go through all right," he says. "The trouble is that when the pressure is turned on it takes a little while before the pressure inside of you is the same as that on the outside. Your lungs take it up quick enough. The trouble is to get it going inside your head, and on the inside of your ear drums, and that's what hurts. Then you must swallow often—chewing gum or a rubber band or a wad of paper or anything to increase the flow of saliva. Or else hold your nose shut and blow into it hard—so! You haven't a cold in the head, have you? That would be bad, for you would not be able to get the air inside the drums and you might burst them.

"We'll put you through real gradually and gently and if you feel the strain is too much for you, just touch my hand and we'll shut her off and go back. Don't be slow about turning tail. It isn't a matter of pluck. It's something no man can force when his insides say 'No.' But you'll get through all right, I guess."

What it means for the "sand hog" to pass in and out of an air lock is something that must be experienced to be appreciated.

As the mouth door of the lock closes behind you, you find yourself crouching on your heels ninety feet under a river bed in what appears to be a rusty, dingy section of water main lighted by a single incandescent lamp and big enough to contain twenty huddling men! If ever man set a fitting trap for the most grewsome end imaginable, this is the trap. And yet the lock tenders and your guide mind it no more than you would mind scaling to the twentieth story of an office building in an elevator.

As the lock keeper turns the valve, there is a scalp-raising screech as if your ear were next the safety valve of a locomotive blowing steam; and as the rushing air expands, it fills the tiny chamber with fog so dense that you cannot see your hand before your eyes. Wider and wider the valve is opened, the fog becoming even denser and the racket increasing until the air fairly drones and your eyes and ear drums and your very scalp tremble with the air that is vibrating about you. For the first time in your life you realize that sound may inflict physical pain and that there is a possibility that it may kill.

No sooner is the big valve opened than you feel the pressure against your ear drums. A big wad of cotton seems thrust into each ear

and two big fingers seem to push the wads more and more firmly—until each time when you swallow or blow into your nose, the sensation disappears only to begin anew. Should you purposely delay swallowing, within twenty seconds the pain becomes intense and finally excruciating as if a pair of knitting needles were being pushed deep into your ears.

Nothing short of the faith that others successfully withstand these sensations prevents you from becoming unduly excited, for actually you are in the throes of about as disagreeable a situation as you care to meet. For the eternity of half a minute the racket and fog and ear pains continue. Then the noise ceases as suddenly as it began. Out of the fog comes the voice of your guide:

"Feeling all right? Ears all right? No trouble to breathe? Oh, you'll be all right." Again the valve screeches and the air drones, the top of your head throbs, and you are shaken within and without.

Gradually, after the lapse of ten minutes, when the pressures in the heading and the lock become more equalized, the din begins to slacken; then it falls more and more, and fades to nothing, after which the lockman opens the heading door and you gaze upon another length of "tube" like that you left behind.

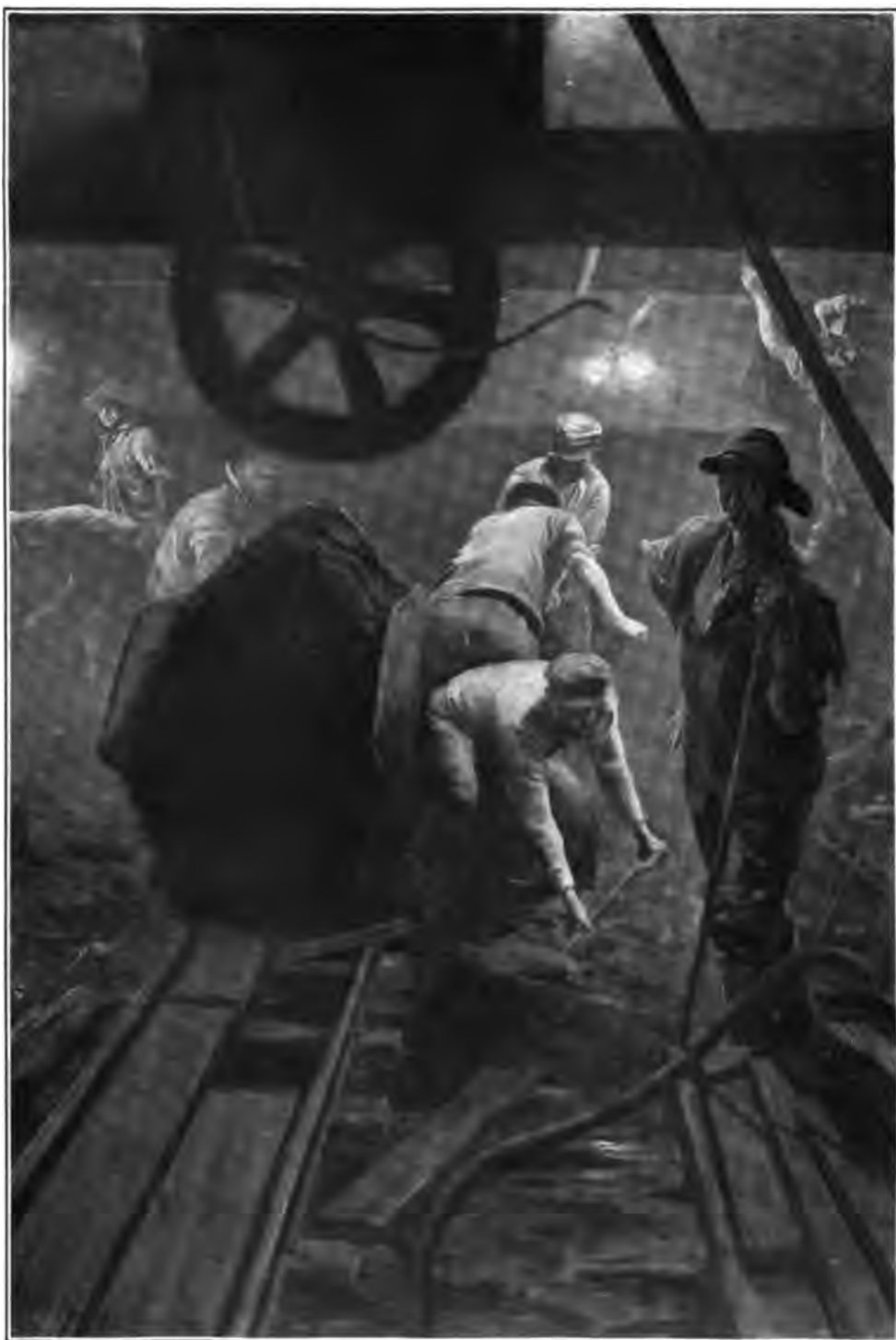
How does it feel to be under forty pounds pressure? There is no sensation to it. None whatever. Which is the trouble, for, in case your heart is going to give out, there is no warning symptom until too late. Against every square foot of the surface of your body is a pressure of 5,760 pounds, and the only thing that prevents you from being squashed is the 5,760 pounds per square foot pressure inside of you—yet you do not feel this. The pressure from without is so great that were it not for the pressure within you would be smashed flat as a toad run over by a steam roller; and the pressure within you is so great that were it not counterbalanced by the pressure from without you would explode to atoms like the shell of a dynamite cartridge. Yet you have no means of realizing this. You feel perfectly natural. You breathe normally and without effort. You move about without being conscious of exertion. Only a feeling as of water left in the ears after bathing remains. The noise of rumbling cars and scraping shovels from ahead sounds natural. So does the voice of your guide. Only your own voice seems strange in your own

ears—far deeper in pitch than you ever have heard it, and far off, not as if it came from your own mouth but as if from ten feet behind. Also, and this strikes you queerly until you have found the cause, all sounds are chopped off short, for in this heavy atmosphere there is little echo and carrying power. Even the explosion of a dynamite cartridge makes no more noise than a shotgun fired above in daylight.

In this dense atmosphere, were you to try to whistle with your lips or to blow a cornet or a fife, you might blow your lungs out without producing a sound, for the pressure would resist any sound waves of which your lungs were capable. Owing to the excessive supply of oxygen, were you to light a match it would burn with the rapidity of tinder, amid volumes of smoke. For the same reason an oil lamp or a lantern would burn itself out within a few minutes, emitting volumes of soot that would completely hide the flames. And for the same reason a lighted pipe or cigar will burn of itself without suction, and a single mouthful of smoke is all you would be able to get out of a cigarette. Were you to bring an empty, corked bottle into this pressure from the outside, the pressure against the cork, unbalanced by pressure from within, would be so great that you would be unable to pull the stopper. These are a few instances of what you find when under forty pounds of pressure.

In most under-river tunnels, instead of a single air lock wherein the tunnel is put under a forty-pound pressure at once, there are two air locks separated 500 or 1,000 feet, the "sand hog" taking twenty pounds of pressure in each lock. But, one air lock or two, the chief point of interest in one of these tubes is at the heading where beneath a cluster of electric lights the men are at work behind the shield.

It is an odd spectacle as you emerge from the lonely dusk of the tunnel and see the forms of men darting back and forth in the glare of these lamps, hard at work. There is a vim and a snap about the manner in which shovels are swung, which denotes personal interest. Not one of these men may be certain that before the day is past he will not lie paralyzed; or that the next moment he may not keel over, a pale, mud-spattered, ghastly thing, the victim of the dread pressure that has burst a blood vessel in brain or in heart. Not one knows at what instant the river may



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

"The heading where beneath a cluster of electric lights the men are at work behind the shield."

break in with the deluge thundering and seething to catch the humans like rats in a trap. Yet, not a man seems to give these dangers a thought; each is a cog in a gigantic human machine which must continue relentlessly on its path no matter who falls by the wayside.

Grim as a fortress, rusted, and crusted with ooze, stands the shield with which the tunneler performs his marvelous feat. It awaits only the turn of a wrist to send it irresistibly forward, for between the end of the tube and the rim of the shield are twenty-four enormous hydraulic jacks, which combined exert the almost incomprehensible pushing force of 4,000 tons. In each quarter of the huge disk are steel doors five inches thick, opening inward and controlled by hydraulic jacks so that they may be forced shut in the face of inrushing floods. And across the horizontal diameter of the shield is a platform with a hydraulic engine and a ponderous arm, which grasps each segment of a ring and lifts and holds it in place until bolted.

The manner in which you see this shield operated depends upon the nature of the ground it happens to be piercing. Sometimes for a distance of several hundred yards the men encounter hard clay or rock, in which case the doors of the shield are opened and the men venture boldly without, picking and shoveling and drilling and blasting under cover of the overhanging cutting edge and throwing the muck into the tunnel, from whence it is removed in dirt cars while the shield is shoved forward foot by foot. But in ground of this sort the "sand hog" is unhappy. All he can drive is from two to eight feet a day. Danger or no danger, what he prefers is the soft mud where he can drive from eighteen to twenty-four feet every twenty-four hours. Then, with doors in the shield closed tightly, the hydraulic jacks are turned on and slowly, almost imperceptibly the giant cap moves forward, trembling, grinding, crunching, and squealing, steel against steel. Then inch by inch the doors are opened and the ooze and swamp are squeezed into the tunnel, from which the "muck" is loaded into cars.

No matter how faithfully the shield may work, no matter how perfectly the engineer may maintain a constant pressure within the heading, accidents over which no human can have control are bound to happen. The beds of turbulent rivers like the Hudson and East rivers are continuously being gouged or

heaped up here or there, owing to variations in tides or currents, and often it happens that one of these depressions is formed over the heading of a tunnel tube. Without a chance in the world of knowing it, the tunneler forces his shield directly into the danger, never suspecting that instead of the four or eight feet of mud which he figures on keeping between himself and the river, the roof of the heading has been reduced to a mere film of six inches. Then what happens is this: if the pressure inside the tunnel is greater than that of the river pressure, the tunnel "blows out," tearing a hole up through the river bed; but if the pressure of the river is greater than that of the air in the tunnel, the river breaks in through the bed—in either case the floods come after, enlarging a hole no bigger than a child's head until in a few moments the entire heading has been swept away.

To understand perfectly, recall the old experiment of filling a tumbler with water, covering it with a sheet of paper, and turning the tumbler upside down. What prevents the water from pouring out is, of course, our ordinary atmospheric pressure (about fifteen pounds to the square inch) against the writing paper. On the same principle, it does not matter how little ground the tunneler may have between himself and the river, so long as he has a mere film of any material strong enough to resist air; for then he can keep the water from breaking in. For this reason he tries to keep the air pressure in the tunnel in excess of the pressure of the river. The instant he hears the hissing or whistling which denotes that air is escaping, he rushes to the spot and heaps sand bags against the threatening aperture, the excess pressure in the tunnel holding the bags in place and keeping the river out.

This hiss means to the tunneler what the click-click of the air pumps means to the submerged diver. It is the warning note for which he is listening at all times. It means life or cruel death to him. And to the company, the saving of tens of thousands of dollars that may have to be spent on repairs. It is the life of the tunneler against the dollars of his employer. To run would mean to abandon the tunnel to the river. Therefore he stands as long as he may, piling sand bags and fighting until the last moment, when sand bags are driven up through the aperture and when nothing is left but to cut and run.

As a rule, if all goes well there is time

enough for this. No matter how badly the heading may be smashed, the tunnel does not fill at once with water any more than does an empty, unstoppered bottle thrown into a pond. In fact, the tunnel fills just as the

ing crater, while the men, deafened and staggered by the violence of the explosions, rush madly through the trembling tube for an emergency air lock, the heading door of which is always open, and which may not be used



"Picking and shoveling under cover of the overhanging cutting edge."

bottle does. For a minute or more the deluge pours with a rush and a roar, then the air stops it and hurls itself upward in a muddy geyser 100 feet over the surface of the river. Then another flood and another check and another explosion of air, air and water exchanging buffets with the force of an explod-

ing crater, while the men, deafened and staggered by the violence of the explosions, rush madly through the trembling tube for an emergency air lock, the heading door of which is always open, and which may not be used

for any purpose other than in case of accident. From the viewpoint of the tunnel engineer, however, the loss of life is secondary to the damage a "blow out" causes a tunnel; for before the damage ceases the entire tube is swamped from heading clear to the nearest

air lock; and, most serious of all, the engineer must repair the river bed.

To accomplish this he dumps scowload after scowload of clay down upon the spot where the heading is located, forming a false river bottom. Then he turns compressed air into the tunnels, pumps the water out, and sends his men inside to proceed as if nothing had happened. However, repairs after one of these floods are not as simple as they may seem when described. Weeks and sometimes months are required before the work can proceed. It is estimated that alone for clay used in repairs in the Belmont tunnels under the East River, more than \$1,000,000 was paid.

What the actual death rate is in under-river tunnels would be hard to say. But this is certain, it is so high that, regardless of expense, companies doing the work resort to all possible means to prevent advertising the dangers. One casualty report which the builders of the Belmont tunnels denied is that more than three hundred lives were lost in boring this tunnel which connects Manhattan and Brooklyn, and which recently has been completed. It is well known that, before the McAdoo management took hold of the mile-long tubes under the Hudson, one life was lost for every eleven feet of tunnel.

To enter into details of some of the accidents that have overtaken the under-river tunneler would make reading too gruesome. On one occasion, before the emergency air lock was thought of, an entire shift of twenty men was buried alive when the river mud came thundering in while the men stood against the heading door of the air lock waiting for it to open, the keeper within being too paralyzed with fear to take the chances.

Similarly gruesome casualties are numerous, the unfortunates being dug out weeks afterwards, arms and legs and hands and necks twisted, handfuls of hair torn out of the head, and with other dread details common to those who are buried alive.

But many instances of heroism and devotion to duty brighten this dismal record, and there is one narrow escape which is perhaps the most miraculous and certainly the most sensational a human ever had. This took place about a year ago in one of the tubes boring under the Hudson.

Briefly, in the heading of this tunnel air began to hiss forth, auguring a threatening "blow out." The aperture widened with alarm-

ing rapidity and there seemed no time to throw up a breastwork of sand bags. In this emergency one of the tunnelers threw himself bodily against the fissure. What happened was just what happens to a sand bag when thrown too late against a rent. Bodily the pressure forced the man clear into the fissure, forced him up through the river bed, and blew him eighty feet up through the water, hurling him like a human shell thirty feet into space. Though suffering from shock, the man otherwise was uninjured when picked up by a passing boat, and within three days he returned to work at his old stand.

Frequent and dreadful although the dangers of the "blow out" may be, were this all that threatened the life of the under-river tunneler, his chances for escape would be increased twentyfold; but, for each man killed in flood or by other causes, twenty succumb to the "bends," or caisson disease, due to high pressure.

Exactly what happens when a man gets the "bends," physicians are not agreed. All we know is that persons with weak hearts or weak lungs should not think of entering air under high pressure, and that no matter how physically sound a person may be, under certain conditions the "bends" are almost certain to attack. The "bends" may pick off a man who has rigidly observed all precautions and for eighteen years previously escaped without the slightest attack. This happened only a few months ago. It is the inexplicableness of the disease that causes the tunneler to fear it far more than he fears the river—if, indeed, he fears anything; and the dread is not so much the "bends" themselves as the chances of being permanently crippled.

To a layman, a man with the "bends" is a horrible sight to behold. The attack is really a convulsion or a cramp, which causes the most excruciating pain, and twists the body into the most dreadful distortions—wherefore the name "bends." The sufferer is tied up into a knot, knees and chin together, legs and arms and hands twisted into the most impossible positions. The sensation is as if the blood must burst its way out of the arteries, and as if one were tied to the rack in an ancient torture chamber, every joint and bone and muscle and sinew being twisted and torn unto the breaking point. No matter what fortitude the victim may possess, no matter how he may grit his teeth and swallow the agony, as the attack continues the eyes bulge



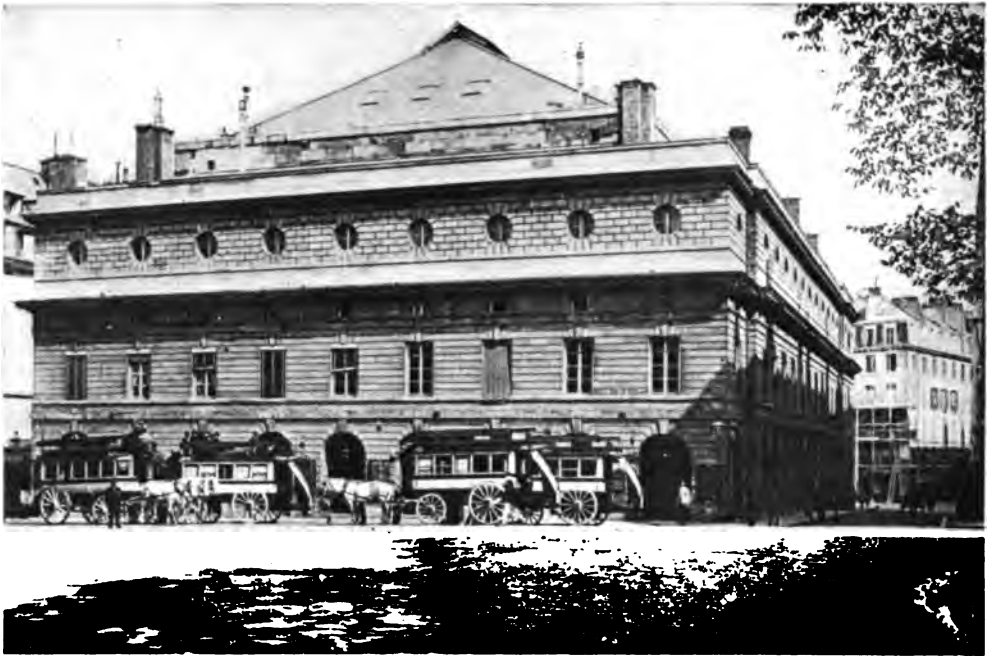
"He rushes to the spot and heaps sand bags against the threatening aperture."

as if they must pop out of their sockets. Finally the brain becomes affected, the man's will power is impaired, and he gives vent to the most blood-curdling cries.

Strange to say, the only relief for a man with the "bends" is to take him back under pressure and very gradually—during the lapse of an hour or two—reduce him to atmospheric pressure. For this reason there is a "bends hospital" at the entrance to every under-river tunnel—a mere horizontal boiler shell, which may be closed air-tight and wherein, if necessary, four patients may lie side by side on bunks while compressed air

is turned into the shell and gradually withdrawn, the doctor sitting beside his patient and regulating the pressure either until the victim has recovered sufficiently to be removed or until life is extinct.

Undoubtedly, the greatest of all modern engineering feats is under-river tunnel building, just as it is the least spectacular. But if ever your train thunders through an under-river tunnel, gaze out of the window at the monotony of whitewashed walls and the dizzy flitting of the ring ribs and remember—every foot of that wonderful boring has cost human pain and blood and life.



THE REAR OF THE ODÉON, FACING THE LUXENBOURG GARDENS

MY EXPERIENCES DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS

BY SARAH BERNHARDT

II. THE SIEGE ENDS AND I ESCAPE FROM THE CITY



I WAS now very short of fuel and I would not allow the stock we had in the cellars to be touched, so that we should not be quite without "it" in case of an emergency. I had all the little footstools belonging to the theater used for firewood, all the wooden cases in which the accessories were kept, a good number of old Roman benches, armchairs, and curule chairs that were stowed away under the Odéon, and, indeed, everything which came to hand.

I had been told about some new system of

keeping meat, by which the meat neither lost its juice nor its nutritive quality. I sent Mme. Guérard to the Council House in the neighborhood of the Odéon, where such provisions were distributed, and she returned, after her third visit, with a child pushing a handbarrow containing ten enormous bottles of the miraculous meat. I received the precious consignment with infinite joy, for my men had been almost without meat for the last three days; and the beloved *pot-au-feu* was an almost necessary resource for the poor wounded fellows.

I told the head attendant to open the largest

of the bottles, in which, through the glass, we could see an enormous piece of beef, surrounded by thick, muddy-looking water. The string, fastened round the rough paper which hid the cork, was cut, and then, just as the man was about to put the corkscrew in, a

deafening explosion was heard and a rank odor filled the room.

I took the beef out and placed it on a dish that had been brought for the purpose. Five minutes later this meat turned blue and then black, and the stench from it was so unbear-



SHELLS BURSTING IN THE STREETS OF PARIS DURING THE SIEGE



SARAH BERNHARDT

From an oil painting by Mlle. Louisa Abbéma.

able that I decided to throw it away. Mme. Lambquin was wiser, though, and more reasonable.

"No, oh, no, my dear girl," she said; "in these times it will not do to throw meat away,

even though it may be rotten. Let us put it in the glass bottle again and send it back to the Council House."

I followed her wise advice and it was a very good thing I did, for another hospital, in-

stalled at Boulevard Medicis, on opening these bottles of meat, had been as horrified as we were and had thrown the contents into the street. A few minutes after the crowd had gathered round in a mob and, refusing to listen to anything, had yelled out insults addressed to "the aristocrats," the "clericals," and "the traitors," who were throwing good meat, intended for the sick, into the street, so that the dogs were enjoying it, while the people were starving with hunger.

As we could not count on this preserved meat for our food, I made a contract with a butcher, who agreed to supply me, at rather a high price, with horseflesh, and until the end this was the only meat we had to eat.

On the 10th of January Mme. Guérard and I were sitting up at night, on one of the lounges in the artistes' *joyer*. There had been a fierce affray at Clamart and we knew that there would be many wounded.

"Ambulance! Ambulance!" we heard, and Mme. Guérard and I went down.

"Here," said the sergeant, "take this man. He is losing all his blood, and if I take him any farther he will not arrive living."

The wounded man was put on the litter, but, as he was German, I asked the officer to take all his papers and give them in at the Ministry. I asked him his name and he told me that it was Frantz Mayer and that he was the first soldier of the Silesian Landwehr.

I must own that the poor man was not welcomed by his dormitory companions. A soldier named Fortin, who was twenty-three, a veritable child of Paris, never ceased railing against the young German, who on his side never flinched. The following day I had Frantz Mayer carried into a room where there was a young Breton who had had his skull fractured by the bursting of a shell, and therefore needed the utmost tranquillity.

One of my friends, who spoke German very well, came to see whether the Silesian wanted anything. The wounded man's face lighted up on hearing his own language, and then, turning to me, he said:

"I understand French quite well, madame, and if I listened calmly to the horrors poured forth by your French soldier it was because I know that you cannot hold out two days longer and I can understand his exasperation."

"And why do you think that we cannot hold out?"

"Because I know that you are reduced to eating rats."

The bombardment continued, and the hospital flag certainly served as a target for our enemies, for they fired with surprising exactitude, and altered their firing directly a bomb fell a little away from the neighborhood of the Luxembourg.

We spent hours at the little round window of my dressing room, which looked out toward Châtillon. It was from there that the Germans fired the most.

Once we had only just time to draw back quickly, and even then the disturbance in the atmosphere affected us so violently that, for a second, we were under the impression we had been struck.

The shell had fallen just underneath my dressing room, grazing the cornice, which it dragged down in its fall to the ground, and bursting there feebly. But what was our amazement to see a little crowd of children swoop down on the burning pieces. The little vagabonds were quarreling over the *débris* of these engines of warfare.

One of the men attendants, whom I sent, brought back with him a child of about ten years old.

"What are you going to do with that, my little man?" I asked him, picking up the piece of shell, which was warm and still dangerous, by the edge where it had burst.

"I am going to sell it," he replied.

"What for?"

"To buy my turn in the line when the meat is being distributed."

One day Baron Larrey came to see Frantz Mayer, who was very ill. He wrote a prescription, which a young errand boy was told to wait for and bring back very, very quickly. As the boy was rather given to loitering, I went to the window. Toto looked up and, on seeing me, began to laugh as he hurried to the druggist's. He had only five or six more yards to go and, as he turned round to look up at my window, I clapped my hands and called out, "Good; be back soon!" Alas! Before the poor boy could open his mouth to reply he was cut in two by a shell which had just fallen. When we reached the poor child it was as though a tiger's claws had opened the body and emptied it with fury and a refinement of cruelty, leaving nothing but the poor little skeleton.

The bombardment of Paris continued. One night the brothers from the École Chrétienne came to ask us for conveyances and help, in order to collect the dead on the

Châtillon plateau. I let them have my two conveyances, and I went with them to the battlefield. Ah! what a horrible remembrance! It was like a scene from Dante! It was an icy-cold night and we could scarcely get along, by the light of the torches and lanterns. We had to move slowly, as at every step we trod upon the dying or the dead. We passed along murmuring: "Ambulance! Ambulance!" When we heard a groan, we turned our steps in the direction whence it came. Ah! the first man that I found in this way! He was half lying down, his body supported by a heap of dead. I raised my lantern to look at his face and found that his ear and part of his jaw had been blown off. Great clots of blood, coagulated by the cold, hung from his lower jaw. I took a wisp of straw, dipped it in my flask, drew up a few drops of brandy and blew them into the poor fellow's mouth, between his teeth. A little life then came back to him and we took him away.

The sight was still more dismal by daylight, for all that the night had hidden in its shadows appeared then in the tardy wan light of that January morning.

One day when I entered Frantz Mayer's room to take him his meal, he went into the most ridiculous rage. He threw his piece of fowl down on the ground and declared that he would not eat anything, nothing more at all, for they had deceived him by telling him that the Parisians had not enough food to last two days before surrendering, and he had been in the hospital seventeen days now and was having fowl. What the poor fellow did not know was that I had bought about forty fowls and six geese at the beginning of the siege and I was feeding them up in my dressing room in the Rue de Rome. Oh! my dressing room was very pretty just then! but I let Frantz believe that all Paris was full of fowls, ducks, geese, and other domestic bipeds.

The bombardment continued, and one night I had to have all my patients transported to the Odéon cellars, for when Mme. Guérard was helping one of the sick men to get back into bed a shell fell on the bed itself, between her and the officer, although the shell did not burst.

We could not stay long in the cellars. The water was getting deeper in them and rats tormented us. I therefore decided that the hospital must be moved, and I had the worst of the patients taken to the Val-de-Grâce

Hospital. I kept about twenty men who were on the way to convalescence. I rented an immense empty flat for them in the Rue de Provence, and it was there that we awaited the armistice.

Oh, that 31st day of January, 1871! I was anæmic from the siege, undermined by grief, tortured with anxiety about my family, and I went out with Mme. Guérard and two friends toward the Parc Monceau. Suddenly, one of my friends, M. de Plancy, turned as pale as death. I looked to see what was the matter and noticed a soldier passing by. He had no weapons. Two others passed and they also had no weapons. And they were so pale, too, these poor, disarmed soldiers, these humble heroes! There was such evident grief and hopelessness in their very gait, and their eyes, as they looked at us women, seemed to say: "It is not our fault!" I burst out sobbing and went back home at once, for I did not want to meet any more disarmed French soldiers.

I decided to set off now as quickly as possible in search of my family. I asked Paul de Rémusat to get me an audience with M. Thiers, in order to obtain from him a passport for leaving Paris. I intrusted Mme. Guérard and Mme. Lambquin with disbanding my hospital ambulance.

M. Thiers gave me the passport and I was ready to go, but I could not start alone. I felt that the journey I was about to undertake was a very dangerous one, and M. Thiers and Paul de Rémusat had also warned me of this. I could see, therefore, that I should be very dependent on my traveling companion all the time, and, on this account, I decided not to take a servant with me, but a friend. I sent for my son's governess, Mlle. Soubise. I asked her whether she would go with me and did not attempt to conceal from her any of the dangers of the journey. She jumped with joy and said she would be ready within twelve hours.

Mlle. Soubise was then very young and she looked like a creole. In appearance we might both have been taken for quite young girls, for, although I was older than she was, my slenderness and my face made me look younger. I had my revolver and I offered one to Mlle. Soubise, but she refused it with horror and showed me an enormous pair of scissors in an enormous case.

"I shall kill myself if we are attacked," she replied. I was surprised at the difference in

our characters. I was taking a revolver, determined to protect myself by killing others; she was determined to protect herself by killing herself.

On the 24th of February we started on this journey, which was to have lasted three days and lasted eleven. It was only at the postern gate of Poissonniers that I could get my passport signed.

We were taken into a little shed which had been transformed into an office. A Prussian general was seated there. He shrugged his shoulders, called an officer, said something in German I did not understand, and then went out, leaving us alone without our passports.

We had been there about a quarter of an hour when I suddenly heard a voice I knew. It was one of my friends, René Griffon, who had heard of my departure and had come after me to try to dissuade me. Griffon spoke German and had a short colloquy with the officer about us. This rather annoyed me, for, as I did not understand, I imagined that he was urging the general to prevent our starting. I nevertheless resisted all persuasions. A few minutes later a well-appointed vehicle drew up at the door of the shed.

"There you are," said the German officer roughly. "I am sending you to Gonesse, where you will find the provision train, which starts in an hour. I am recommending you to the care of the station master, the commandant. After that may God take care of you!"

I stepped into the general's carriage and said farewell to my friend, who was in despair. We arrived at Gonesse and got out at the station, where we saw a little group of people talking in low voices. I advanced toward the group, wondering to whom I ought to speak, when a friendly voice exclaimed: "What, you here! Where have you come from? Where are you going?" It was Villaret, the tenor in vogue at the Opéra. He was going to his young wife, of whom he had had no news for five months.

I looked to see which of the men before me could be the station master. A tall, young man with his arm in a sling came toward me with an open letter. It was the one which the general's coachman had handed to him, recommending me to his care. On arriving in his office he gave us seats at a little table, upon which knives and forks were placed for two persons. I was very much touched

by this thoughtfulness, and we did honor to the very simple but refreshing meal prepared for us by the young officer.

I was a little amazed when I saw the carriage in which I was to travel. It had no roof and was filled with coal. The officer had several sacks put in, one on the top of the other, to make our seats less hard. He sent for his officer's cloak, begging me to take it with us and send it back, but I refused this odious disguise most energetically. It was a deadly cold day, but I preferred dying of cold to muffling up in a cloak belonging to the enemy.

The whistle had blown, the wounded officer saluted, and the train started. There were Prussian soldiers in the carriages. The subordinates, the employees, and the soldiers were just as brutish and rude as the German officers were polite and courteous.

At Creil we stayed more than two hours. We could hear the distant sound of foreign music and the hurrahs of Germans who were making merry. All this hubbub came from a white house about five hundred yards away.

It began to get on my nerves, for it seemed likely to continue until daylight. I got out and went toward the white house. Very fortunately, though, for me, I had not time to cross the threshold of this vile lodging house, for an officer, smoking a cigarette, was just coming out.

He asked me what I was doing there, and my nerves were so overstrung that I burst out sobbing and told him, through my sobs, of our lamentable odyssey, since our departure from Gonesse, and finally of our waiting two hours in an icy-cold carriage, while the stokers, engine drivers, and conductors were all dancing in this house.

"But I had no idea that there were passengers in those carriages, and it was I who gave permission to these men to dance and drink. Make your mind easy. Will you come in and rest?"

The officer had some boiling hot tea brought in for us, and it was a veritable treat, as we were exhausted with hunger and cold. When the door was opened for the tea to come in, I could see the officer giving orders to two subofficers, who, in their turn, separated the groups, seizing the stoker, the engine driver, and the other men belonging to the train so roughly that I was sorry for them.

I did not feel any too satisfied as to what might happen to us on the way with this

queer lot. The officer evidently had a similar idea, for he ordered one of the subofficers to accompany us as far as Amiens. We arrived at Amiens at six in the morning. A fine rain was falling, which was hardened by the cold. I wanted to go to the Hôtel du Cheval-Blanc, but a man said to me:

"It's no use, my little young lady; there's no way of putting up even a lath like you. Go to the house over there with a balcony; they can put some people up."

Finally we arrived at the house and entered, but my horror was great on seeing that the hall had been transformed into a dormitory. We could scarcely walk between the mattresses laid down on the ground. A young girl in mourning told us that there was not a corner vacant.

Villaret then went to the proprietress of the hotel and said something quietly about me. I do not know what it was, but I heard my name distinctly. The young woman in mourning looked at me with misty eyes.

"My brother was a poet," she said. "He wrote a very pretty sonnet about you, after seeing you play 'Le Passant' more than ten times. He took me, too, to see you and I enjoyed myself so much that night. It is all over though." She lifted her hands toward her head and sobbed, trying to stifle her cries.

She wiped her eyes and, taking my hand, led me gently away. At the end of a narrow corridor she opened a door. We found ourselves in rather a large room, reeking with the smell of tobacco. A small night lamp, placed on a little table by the bed, was all the light in this large room. I looked toward the bed and, by the faint light from the little lamp, I saw a man half seated, propped up by a heap of pillows. His beard and hair were white and his face bore traces of suffering.

The girl went quietly toward the bed, signed to us to come inside the room, and then shut the door. We walked across on tiptoe to the far end of the room. The man half opened his eyes. "What is it, my child?" he asked.

"Nothing, father, nothing serious," she replied. "I wanted to tell you, so that you should not be surprised when you woke up. I have just given hospitality in our room to two ladies who are here."

"The lady with fair hair," continued the girl, "is Sarah Bernhardt, whom Lucien liked so much, you remember?"

The man sat up and, shading his eyes with

his hand, peered at us. I went near to him. He gazed at me silently and then made a gesture with his hand. His daughter understood the gesture and brought him an envelope from a small bureau. The unhappy father's hand trembled as he took it. He drew three sheets of paper out slowly, and a photograph. He fixed his gaze on me and then on the portrait.

"Yes, yes, it certainly is you, it certainly is you," he murmured.

I recognized my photograph, taken in "Le Passant," smelling a rose.

"You see," said the poor man, his eyes veiled by tears, "you were this child's idol. These are the lines he wrote about you."

He then read me, in his quavering voice, with a slight Picardian accent, a very pretty sonnet.

He then unfolded a second paper, on which some verses to Sarah Bernhardt were scrawled. The third paper was a sort of triumphant chant, celebrating all our victories over the enemy.

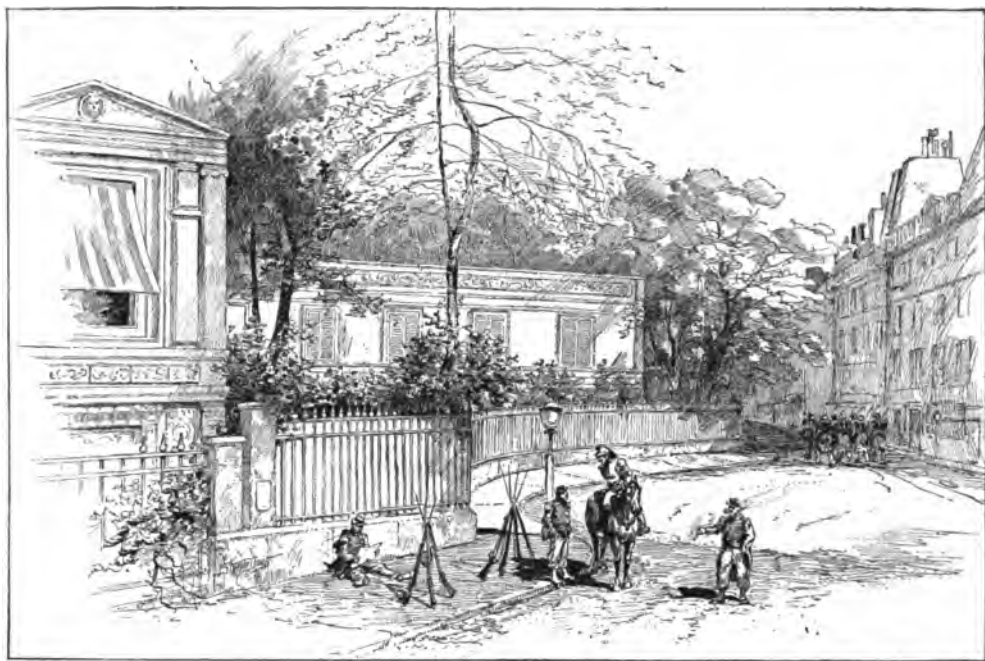
Two days later I left our sad but congenial hosts. My traveling companions had all disappeared. At the station we found that the Germans were masters there, too. I asked for a first-class compartment to ourselves.

The man who had charge of the ticket office burst out laughing. There was neither first nor second class, he said; it was a German train, and I should have to travel like everyone else. The station master spoke French very well, but he was not at all like the other German officers I had met. He scarcely saluted me, and, when I expressed my desire, he replied curtly: "It is impossible. Two places shall be reserved for you in the officers' carriage."

"But that is what I want to avoid," I exclaimed. "I do not want to travel with German officers."

"Well, then, you shall be put with German soldiers," he growled angrily, and, putting on his hat, he went out, slamming the door.

Just as the train was about to start, we entered the only first-class compartment. We were nine, and I thought, what torture! The station master waved a farewell to one of the officers, and both of them burst out laughing as they looked at us. I glanced at the station master's friend. He was a surgeon major and was wearing the ambulance badge on his sleeve. The horrid man was



HOUSE OF M. THIERS IN THE PLACE ST. GEORGE, DURING THE SIEGE

still laughing when the station and station master were far away from us.

I was in a corner seat, with Soubise opposite me, and two young German officers on the other side of each of us. They were both very gentle and polite, and one of them was quite delightful in his youthful charm. The surgeon major began to talk in a loud voice to the other officers. Our two young bodyguards took very little part in the conversation. Among the others was a tall, affected young man, whom they addressed as baron. He was slender, very elegant, and very strong.

We were absorbed in our thoughts and had been traveling for a long time when I suddenly felt suffocated by smoke which was filling the carriage. I looked round and saw that the surgeon major had lighted his pipe and, with his eyes half closed, was sending up puffs of smoke to the ceiling. My throat was smarting with it and I was choking with indignation, so that I was seized with a fit of coughing, which I exaggerated in order to attract the attention of the impolite man. He answered by an insult, shrugged his shoulders, and

continued to smoke. Exasperated by this, I lowered the window on my side. The intense cold made itself felt in the carriage, but I preferred that to the nauseous smoke of the pipe. Suddenly the surgeon major got up, putting his hand to his ear. I then saw that his ear was filled with cotton wool. He swore like an ox driver and, pushing past everyone and stepping on my feet and on Soubise's, he shut the window violently, cursing and swearing all the time—quite uselessly, for I did not understand him.

He went back to his seat, continued his pipe, and sent out enormous clouds of smoke in the most insolent way. The baron and the two young Germans who had been the first in the carriage appeared to ask him something and then to remonstrate with him, but he evidently told them to mind their own business and began to abuse them. Very much calmer myself on seeing the increasing anger of the disagreeable man, and very much amused by his earache, I again opened the window. He got up again, furious, showed me his ear and his swollen cheek, and shut the window again. I then made him understand that I had a

weak chest and that the smoke made me cough. But it was easy to see that he did not care a bit about that, and he once more took up his favorite attitude and his pipe.

I left him in peace for five minutes, during which time he was able to imagine himself triumphant until, with a sudden jerk of my elbow, I broke the pane of glass. Stupor was then depicted on the major's face and he became livid. He got straight up, but the two young men rose at the same time, while the baron burst out laughing. The surgeon moved a step in our direction, but he found a rampart before him; another officer had joined the two young men, and he was a strong, hardy-looking fellow, just cut out for an obstacle. I do not know what he said to the surgeon major, but it was something clear and decisive. The latter, not knowing how to expend his anger, turned on the baron, who was still laughing, and abused him so violently that he calmed down suddenly and answered in such a way that I understood the two men were calling each other out.

Suddenly the repeated whistling of a distant locomotive made us listen attentively. We could perfectly well feel the efforts the engine driver was making to slacken speed, but before he could succeed we were thrown against each other by a frightful shock. There were cracks and creaks, desperate cries, shouts, oaths, sudden downfalls, a lull, then a thick smoke, broken by the flames of a fire.

Assistance arrived from all sides. For some time the door of our compartment could not be opened. The darkness had come on, when it finally yielded and a lantern shone feebly on our poor broken-up carriage. I looked round for our one bag, but on finding it I let it go immediately, for my hand was red with blood. Whose blood was it? Three men did not move and one of them was the major. His face looked to me livid. I closed my eyes, in order not to know, and I let the man who had come to our aid pull me out of the compartment. One of the young officers got out after me. He took Soubise, who was almost in a fainting condition, from his friend. The baron then got out; his shoulder was out of joint.

What were we to do? The soft roads were all broken up by the cannon. We were about four miles from Tergnier, and a fine, penetrating rain was making our clothes stick to our bodies. There were four carriages, but the

wounded had to be conveyed. Other carriages would come, but there were the dead to be carried away.

We were obliged to resign ourselves to setting out on foot. We went about two kilometers as bravely as possible, and then I stopped, quite exhausted. The mud which clung to our shoes made them very heavy. The effort we had to make at every step to get each foot out of the dirt tired us out. I sat down on a milestone and declared that I would not go any farther.

My companion wept, and the two young German officers, who had acted as bodyguards, made a seat for me by crossing their hands and we went nearly another mile like that.

At last a cart passed by, on its way to Tergnier. The following morning we had to work marvels to get a vehicle, but finally a doctor agreed to lend us a two-wheeled conveyance. A wheelwright, for an exorbitant price, let me hire a colt that had never been in the shafts, and which went wild when the harness was put on.

Ah, what a journey was that! I was dead tired and fell asleep, but after about an hour the vehicle stopped abruptly and the wretched pony began to snort and put his back up. We had stopped in the middle of a field, which had been plowed up all over by the heavy wheels of cannon.

We got down from the vehicle to try to discover what was making our little animal tremble in this way. I gave a cry of horror for, only about five yards away, some dogs were pulling wildly at a dead body, half of which was still under ground. It was a soldier, and, fortunately, one of the enemy. I took the whip from our young driver and lashed the horrid animals as hard as I could. They moved away for a second, showing their teeth, and then returned to their voracious and abominable work, growling sullenly at us.

Our boy got down and led the snorting pony by the bridle. We went on with some difficulty, trying to find the road in these devastated plains. Darkness came over us and it was icy cold. I was half dead with fright. After going along for half an hour, we saw, in the distance, a little group of people coming along carrying lanterns. On getting nearer I saw a poor woman being helped along by a young priest. I let her pass by, and then questioned those who were following her. I was told that she was

looking for the bodies of her husband and son, who had both been killed a few days before on the St. Quentin plains.

Suddenly the boy who was driving us pulled my coat sleeve.

"Oh, madame," he said, "look at that scoundrel stealing."

I looked and saw a man lying down full length, with a large bag near him. He had a dark lantern, which he held toward the ground. He then got up, looked around him, for his outline could be seen distinctly on the horizon, and began his work again.

When he caught sight of us he put out his lamp and crouched down on the ground. We walked on in silence straight toward him. I took the colt by the bridle, on the other side from the boy, who no doubt understood my idea, for he let himself be guided by me. I walked straight toward the man, pretending not to know he was there. We were so near him that I shuddered at the thought that the wretch would perhaps allow himself to be trampled over rather than reveal his presence. Fortunately, though, I was mistaken; a stifled voice murmured:

"Take care there! I am wounded. You will run over me." I took the gig lantern down. I was stupefied to see a man of from sixty-five to seventy years of age, with a hollow-looking face, framed with long, dirty, white whiskers. He had a muffler round his neck, and was wearing a peasant's cloak of a dark color. Around him, shown up by the moon, were sword belts, brass buttons, sword hilts, and other objects that the infamous old man had torn from the poor dead men.

"You are not wounded. You are a thief and a violator of tombs! I shall call out and you will be killed. Do you hear that, you miserable wretch!" I exclaimed.

He crouched down on his knees, and, clasping his criminal hands, implored me in a trembling, tearful voice.

"Leave your bag there, then," I said, "and all those things. Empty your pockets, leave everything, and go. Run, for as soon as you are out of sight I shall call one of those soldiers who are searching and I shall give them your plunder. I know I am doing

wrong, though, in letting you off and not giving you up."

He emptied his pockets, groaning all the time, and was just going away when the lad whispered: "He's hiding some boots under his cloak." I was furious with rage with this vile thief and I pulled his big cloak off.

"Leave everything, you wretched man," I exclaimed, "or I will call out."

Six pairs of boots, taken from the corpses, fell noisily onto the hard ground. The man stooped down for his revolver, which he had taken out of his pocket at the same time as the stolen objects.

"Will you leave that, and get away quickly?" I said; "my patience is at an end."

"But if I am caught I shan't be able to defend myself," he exclaimed in a fit of desperate rage.

"It will be because God willed it so," I answered. "Go at once, or I will call." The man then made off, abusing me as he went.

Our little driver then fetched a soldier, to whom I related the adventure, showing him the objects.

"Which way did the rascal go?" asked a sergeant who had come with the soldier.

"I can't say," I replied.

"Oh, well, I don't care to run after him," he said; "there are enough dead men here."

After going through Busigny and a wood where there were bogs in which we only just escaped being swallowed up, our painful journey came to an end and we arrived at Cateau in the night, half dead with fatigue, fright, and despair.

From Cateau to Brussels there was no hindrance to our journey and we were able to take the train. I had replenished our wardrobe, which certainly needed it, and we continued our journey without much difficulty via Cologne and Strasburg.

Finally we came within sight of Homburg. A minute later we were in a carriage and had given the address. We were soon there, and I found all my adored ones, big and little, and they were all very well. Oh, what happiness it was! Who can ever describe the infinite pleasure of tears of joy!



WALT WHITMAN IN 1871

"W. gave me a copy of a Washington (1871) portrait made by Ulke. I said of it: 'It has a William Morris layout.' He replied: 'Do you say so? It would please O'Connor to hear you say that. Some of them say my face there has a rogue in it. O'Connor called it my sea-captain face. Some newspaper got hold of a copy of the photograph and said it bore out the notion that Walt Whitman was a sensualist. I offered one to a woman in Washington. She said she'd rather have a picture that had more love in it. It's a little rough and tumble, possibly, but it's not a face I could hate. Could you? Honest Injun, Horace: could you hate it?'"

WALT WHITMAN'S VIEWS

RECORDED BY HORACE TRAUBEL

During the later years of the life of Walt Whitman, while he was broken in health and confined to his house, his association was almost constant with Horace Traubel, who afterwards became, by Whitman's will, one of his literary executors. Out of this intimacy grew a mass of biographical material, in the form of a diary record of conversations and letters, faithfully set down by Mr. Traubel. The period included between July 15 and October 30, 1888, is covered in a volume entitled "With Walt Whitman in Camden," soon to be published by D. Appleton & Company.

From this material the following pages have been drawn for publication here. There has been an arbitrary editorial selection of isolated paragraphs bearing on certain literary figures and personal opinions vital to Whitman. These paragraphs, withdrawn from their context, have been reassembled here regardless of the sequence of their dates, which, of course, are carefully preserved in the complete volume.—THE EDITOR.

POLITICS AND DEMOCRACY



SPOKE of "the overplus of politics in the papers." Picked up a copy of the *Bookmaker* and pointed out heads of Harrison and Cleveland. "As for me, I shall be satisfied if Harrison is elected and satisfied if Cleveland is elected: my own faith (if I have any faith at all, which I doubt) is in Cleveland: but whatever the result, the greater end I am after will come some day just as well." "What end?" "Some real democracy—a world democracy: brotherhood (universal comradery): things these damned huckster parties at the best (and they have their virtues) never even dream of."

The *Standard*, this week, quoted W.'s anti-protection piece from "Specimen Days." W. looked at me quizzically: "Henry George's paper?" I said: "Yes; and I suppose you still stand by that doctrine?" "Do I? still stand by it? I should hope so: you might just as well ask me: 'Do you stand by yourself?' My ground is a peculiar one: I know nothing on the other side of the question—the side of statistics, money, politics. I am

a free trader by a sort of instinct. I do not concern myself technically about the problem. I build up my conviction mainly on the idea of solidarity, democracy—on the dream of an America standing for the whole world: an America without slaveries, without exceptions, without castes: an America standing for all rather than for one here and there. I doubt the justice, I always have doubted the justice, of selecting a few men from the whole mass of the people, a few favored men, and presenting them with all the benefits. Protectionists call my position millennial: you heard even Dudley up there at Tom's speak of it as quixotic. So it goes."

I described a highly wrought, overardent Republican I had met in the forenoon, who said: "If Cleveland is elected, if the American people elect that damned sneak, then I say let them have their fill: I hope they'll see riots, strikes, bloodshed, starvation!" W., highly amused: "That's a refreshing idiot, sure enough: I didn't know anybody cared that much about the election either way: I thought we were just in a cold scramble for office and didn't mind the morals one side or the other a bit. Well—let them who are of the blood to do so keep hot: America, the world, life, will go on unconcerned to inevi-

table conclusions. I don't think the fate of America hangs on the issue of a presidential election—of all presidential elections: the fate of Europe on the speeches of kings: indeed, these are the least, not the most, significant integers of historic progress: I say always that it is not a bit significant what the aristocrats, the swells, the kings and presidents, do—that it is every way significant what the people do. When the people some day get stirred up as they must and will—it is inevitable—the rulers themselves will realize that nothing they can say contravening popular equality and right can count for much.”

Pointed out to me an editorial paragraph in the *Tribune*: “I regret that anybody is willing to accept the doctrine of protection, no matter what may be its good fruits—that anybody in America is willing to acknowledge no obligations to other lands, other peoples, demanding protection, welfare, for themselves, no matter how it is secured. America should be an example, not an echo—therein lies her chief function—not to follow, oh, no, but to lead the way.”

CRITICS

“All the critics say about the same thing, just as if they consulted together and agreed to: one fellow starts so and so—they all follow. The *North American* man has evidently written without reading the book: he is markedly sophomoric: I am sorry for anybody who thinks he ought to read it.” Then with a twinkle in his eye: “But they are all good from the publisher's point of view: they say that Dave McKay is the publisher—that he lives and publishes in Philadelphia—that the book is so much per copy—and all that: so you see the newspapers are not without a market importance. I object to the harping all around on my sanity, sickness—such things: it is remarkable, Walt Whitman has lived all these years and is still sane: it is a miracle, Walt Whitman has been sick and sick and sick and has managed not to die. He is a wonder, this old, old man, who has saved his soul from the raging decay of the body; such things, again and again copied, repeated. Why should they come in at all? What have they to do with the real question, which is whether the book is a book and deserves respect as such?”

I read this to W., from the *New York Home Journal*:

“Walt Whitman's new volume of poems, ‘November Boughs,’ is another proof of the fact that advancing age does not necessarily imply decay of intellect. Mental activity is indeed the surest buckler against senility. Some of these poems might have been written in the full vigor of manhood. The aged poet seldom leaves his room, but he receives kindly care and attention from many friends, one of whom, Mr. Horace Traubel, is in daily attendance.”

He said: “There it is again: wonderful old man! Hi there, Walt—think of it: you're entitled to be an idiot but you're some pun-kins! Yet, I like the paragraph on the whole. It sounds well: is very friendly, circumspect: and see that one sentence there: ‘Some of these poems might have been written in the full vigor of manhood!’ That sounds better than an excuse—better than, ‘It's pretty good, considering’—and so forth.”

“The pathos they discover in the book—the whole crowd—is purely imagined; they have all dipped their pens in the same ink: they have been feeding on newspaper talk for so long they've got the newspaper perspective, which is cross-eyed, to say the least. They know that I am physically in a precarious condition: they imagine that condition as prevailing in the book—read it into, force it into, the book—when, as a matter of fact, as you know well enough, all that stuff was written before I was sick—nearly all of it: very little has been added since.”

WHITMAN'S OPINION OF “MY CAPTAIN”

W. was both jolly and serious about a squib he saw in a newspaper, saying: “If Walt Whitman had written a volume of *My Captains*, instead of filling a scrap basket with waste and calling it a book, the world would be better off to-day, and Walt Whitman would have some excuse for living.” W. commented in this way: “I'm honest when I say, ‘Damn My Captain and all the *My Captains* in my book!’ This is not the first time I have been irritated into saying I'm almost sorry I ever wrote the poem. It has reasons for being—it is a ballad—it sings, sings, in a certain strain with a certain motive—but as for being the best, the very best—God help me! what can the worst be like? A whole volume of *My Captains* instead of a scrap basket! Well, that's funny, very funny: it don't leave me much room for escape.”

I say that if I'd written a whole volume of My Captains I'd deserve to be spanked and sent to bed with the world's compliments—which would be generous treatment, considering what a lame duck book such a book would have been! Horace, that fellow deserves a medal: he's given me a mad dig between the ribs." W. was very vehement, as well as very good-natured about the matter. I looked for more but he added nothing. Gave me a couple of sheets of manuscript containing original draft of "My Captain." "I ought to have destroyed it, but your face always hovers around to rebuke me when I think of destruction, so I laid it aside for you. After our talk about the poem the other day, I feel nasty enough to do anything with it. But if you will promise not to bring the manuscript back I will promise to let you take it away."

RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION

Harned broached the subject of the restriction of immigration, and happening to say, "Most people believe in it—it's very unpopular nowadays not to believe in it," W. exclaimed contemptuously: "All, did you say, Tom—or *almost* all? Well, here's one who spits it all out, contract labor, pauper labor, or anything else, notwithstanding." Harned said: "I did not say I believe in restriction—I said most people do." W. went on vehemently: "Well for you, Tom, that you do not say it. I have no fears of America—not the slightest. America is for one thing only—and if not for that for what? America must welcome all—Chinese, Irish, German, pauper or not, criminal or not—all, all, without exceptions: become an asylum for all who choose to come. We may have drifted away from this principle temporarily but time will bring us back. The tide may rise and rise again and still again and again after that, but at last there is an ebb—the low water comes at last. Think of it—think of it: how little of the land of the United States is cultivated—how much of it is still utterly untilld. When you go West you sometimes travel whole days at lightning speed across vast spaces where not an acre is plowed, not a tree is touched, not a sign of a house is anywhere detected. America is not for special types, for the castes, but for the great mass of people—the vast, surging, hopeful army of workers. Dare one deny them a

home—close the doors in their face—take possession of all and fence it in and then sit down satisfied with our system—convinced that we have solved our problem? I for my part refuse to connect America with such a failure—such a tragedy, for tragedy it would be." W. spoke with the greatest energy. It is a subject that always warms him up. "You see," he said finally, "that the immigrant, too, like the writer, comes up against the canons, and has to last them out."

RADICALS AND MARTYRDOM

"When Morse was here last year, at the time of the anarchist trials, he was at white heat—I could see it: full of suppressed feeling. As the day for execution approached, it was easy to be seen that he was deeply troubled. I think he was even angry with me because I did not take more interest—show more concern. I had my own way of looking upon the transactions of that exciting period: I did not want to see them executed—I wanted to see them reprieved." Why? "Well—much for reasons I would have urged for Jefferson Davis and those associated with him: for our own sakes, all our sakes—America's, humanity's. But the men were hung. It passed away: it was a tempest, a storm, furious, making waste—and afterwards a clear day. I never wished the severe penalty enforced: to me, too, it was grievous."

I asked what had been his emotional experience at the time of the execution of John Brown. "About the same as this—much the same: a little stronger, it may be, but the same: not enough to take away my appetite—to spoil my supper." "Did your friends understand this at the time?" "Some of them—yes: some of them thought I was hard-hearted. My brother George was much more excited at that time than I was: George, now up there at Burlington: he thought it a martyrdom." "So did you—didn't you?" "Yes, but not the only one: I am never convinced by the formal martyrdoms alone: I see martyrdoms wherever I go: it is an average factor in life: why should I go off emotionally half-cocked only about the ostentatious cases?"

QUAKERS AND CHURCHES

William Ingram—"the dear old Quaker man," W. calls him—wrote this note to W.:

TELFORD, BUCKS CO., PA., Sept. 12, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND,

I send to-day by express a basket of fruit. It ought to be emptied right away. The golden rod on the top will make a bouquet for you. Let me know if the two bottles of wine got broke. I hope you are feeling better. Mrs. Ingram still keeps weak, but is able to be around. I am kept very busy looking after the fruit. We all send much love.

From your friend,

WILLIAM INGRAM.

The bouquet was on the table before W., who remarked: "Ingram is the best salt of the earth: he is the finest sample of the democrat—of the plain self-sufficient comrade: a real man among real men: thank God not professional—only human. He don't write about books and philosophy, though he is a philosopher. He just sends much love. I have thousands of ornamental letters that send me no love at all. 'We all send much love.'"

Speaking of churches: "I never made any vows to go or not to go: I went, at intervals, but anywhere—to no one place: was a wanderer: went oftenest in my earlier life—gradually dropped off altogether: to-day a church is a sort of offense to me. I never had any 'views'—was always free—made no pledges, adopted no creeds, never joined parties or 'bodies.' Many years ago a reporter came to me about some comments *anent* me that appeared in *Appleton's Journal*: how did I dress when I was young, how now, what were my habits—and more like that. I said to him: 'I always dressed as I do now and spoke and acted as I do now—that's all I know about it—that's all I can tell you.' And that's what I could say now about churches and views: I am as I was: I have not changed. I have met many preachers in my time—some of the sleek kind, but many of them personally good fellows, who treated me well. Always remember, though I hate preaching, I do not hate preachers."

JOHN BURROUGHS AND THOMAS CARLYLE

Burroughs is to come here for a visit in September. "I expect you and John to take a shine to each other. I need not tell you about your own virtues—but John's virtues? Well, they are many and they are the kind of virtues you like. John is never a gamble—he is always a sure risk."

"I remember when Swinburne at last turned against me, John Burroughs said he

felt that things were coming right again—that things had got back to their equilibrium—that the inexplicable community of admiration between him and Swinburne had come to its legitimate end—had had to perish of its own dead weight. John seemed to think that for the two of them to say the same things about me would prove either that Burroughs was not Burroughs or Walt Whitman wasn't Walt Whitman. Then came the Swinburne outburst: presto! the air was cleared: John breathed free again!"

"The next time you write Burroughs add this to your letter: 'Walt Whitman advises that you gather together all you have ever written about Carlyle—essays, scraps, notes—and print them in a little volume, booklet, so they may be preserved.' Burroughs's espousal of Carlyle is a queer thing, too, taken one way, though I have always upheld his hands in that—always unequivocally indorsed it. It was not strange that I, for instance, should have found friends in England—should have attracted Mrs. Gilchrist, for one: not strange that I should have attracted any one person: but it is significant that that one person should be a woman, in the first place, and then a woman marked for culture, refinement, scholarship. I have a similar feeling of wonder when I remember that Carlyle's most significant living adherent in America should be a man like John: a scholar, concrete—all of him concrete: materialistic (using that word with its broadest amplifications) to a degree."

"Did Carlyle ever make any bows in your direction?" He laughed: "Not one: I was outside, to Carlyle: he could not divine what I was up to: I think I was no more to Carlyle than any other disturber of the peace—no more than the cock that crowed in the next-door back yard and bothered the life out of him."

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND OTHERS

I was visited last evening by a *Press* reporter—a son of Rebecca Harding Davis. He brought a letter of introduction from Talcott Williams. W. said: "Yes, he was here too—but I didn't know that was what he was here for. I asked him his name: he said he was Richard Harding Davis." "He asked me if you had any political opinions. I said, 'No—none of a decided sort that I knew: I knew you were a free trader but that was all.'"

"That was about right—you said about all that could be said. You might have said also that if Walt Whitman has any political or religious opinions, he would like to have some one tell him what they are." "I told him I thought you had a great faith but that your stock of opinions had run out." W. was very merry over this: "That was mighty good—better still, was mighty true. I wonder if the young man took it in?" "The boy brought a photographer with him," further explained W. "Yes—he got a view of the house." "Is that so? Then I'd bet he took it from the most detestable point of the compass." "You talk like a victim." This made him laugh. "Probably I do. But I have had some tough experiences with reporters and illustrators." After a pause he added: "So you say that was the son of Rebecca Harding Davis? I thought him an Irish boy: I liked him—he was so candid, so interesting. Such tall, wholesome-looking fellows are rare among American youngsters."

"Agnes Repplier is bright, smart, quick, knowing—and that is the trouble: especially the smartness, from which I always shrink. Smart people, merely intellectual people, professionals, writers as such, cannot comprehend Leaves of Grass—none of them: might as well let it alone." "You think Miss Repplier extra clever?" "Did I say *extra*? No, I didn't say *extra*; I only said clever, or something to that effect. She strains for brilliancy—tries hard and harder and hardest until she gets her wit just where she wants it." "You wouldn't say that of Ingersoll's cleverness and wit?" "Oh, Lord, no: the Colonel is chuck full and only bubbles it out: he just moves and spills over." I stopped for a minute. So did he. Then he said: "A man or a woman who strains to be brilliant generally ends by being simply impertinent: I'm afraid Agnes is impertinent. That crowd and our crowd start out from quite opposite premises: our roots, our aims, our ways, our results, are never like theirs—are never really understood by them."

"Osler was over to-day—did you know? They have clapped a plaster—a mustard plaster—on me. Something has helped me to-day—I don't know what. Osler made light of my condition. I don't like his pooh-poohs: the professional air of the doctor grates on me. It is like the case of a rich man who loses half a dollar and says grandly to the man who finds it: 'Never mind—

never mind: keep it: I've lots more than I want.' The doctor says: 'Never mind about that health business—I'm seeing to all that.' When a man gets old he has confirmed habits—has ways of his own which the winds blowing however hard or righteously could not displace: they are his to last out his life. They all give me good advice which I can't follow. I am, as the boys say, 'an old rat' and must be left to die in my own way."

W. mentioned Weir Mitchell: "He is my friend—has proved it in divers ways: is not quite as easy-going as our crowd—has a social position to maintain: yet I don't know but he's about as near right in most things as most people. I can't say that he's a world-author—he don't hit me for that size—but he's a world-doctor for sure—leastwise everybody says so and I join in."

HAMLIN GARLAND

W. spoke of a visit to-day from "Prof. Hamlin Garland of Boston." "He came in—the doctor said for two minutes (only two minutes) but he stayed half an hour at least—seemed to be so interested he would have stayed longer." W. laughed. "Mr. Musgrove was on nettles—the man so overstayed his leave." "What is he professor of?" Smiled and replied: "That would be hard to tell—literature or something kin to it—I don't know. I think Kennedy knows him—I don't know but he has written about him to me. I have heard from him—know him in a way, too—but on the personal side we have naturally not seen each other. Garland has lectured on Walt Whitman. I asked him if the people didn't protest against it: he said: 'No, no, they cried for more!' And now it occurs to me I had intended to ask him to send me a good report of his talks, lectures—if one is given anywhere. I have always been curious to see what he says—once started to write him but did not know where to address my letter. I am more than favorably impressed with Garland. He has a good voice—is almost Emersonian."

"Now—wasn't that a dandy letter from Garland? This was his first salutation—this was what he said when he first came along: a first confession: not an obsequious obeisance made to the ground, but just a manly, equal shake of the hand—like that, no more. Did you notice, too, that he speaks of himself as a borderman?—a child of the

1267 Broadway. New York

my Dear Dear Walt -

Swinburne has
just written to me to

say as follows.

" I am sincerely interested
and gratified by your
account of Walt Whitman
and the assurance of his
kind and friendly
feeling towards me !

FACSIMILES OF THE BEGINNING AND END OF A

western prairies? That appeals to me—hits me hardest where I enjoy being hit. That country out there is my own country, though I have mainly had to view it from afar. I always seem to expect the men and women of the West to take me in in—what shall I say?—oh! take me in in one gulp! Where the East might gag over me the West should swallow me with a free throat. That letter of Garland's was two years ago—already two years ago. He ought to do something with the West—get it into great books."

WHITMAN AND OSCAR WILDE

W. in mighty good feather this evening. Said he had found me an Oscar Wilde letter but "would not give it to" me "just yet." Wanted "to read it again." "Wilde," he

said, "may have been some of him fraud at that time but was not all fraud. My letter from him seems wholly sincere. He has extraordinary brilliancy of genius with perhaps rather too little root in eternal soils. Wilde gives up too much to the extrinsic decorative values in art."

W. gave me the Wilde letter. I thought he might say more about it. He said little: only this: "It seems all straight and honest to me. I have been told a thousand times what Wilde is but I do not see why Wilde is not what he is and I am not what I am with both of us friends according each other a mutual respect. There is no parade in this note: it wears the simplest clothes—has no sunflower in its buttonhole—has in fact a cast of virgin simplicity, sincerity. Read it for yourself: see if the letter does not bear

Before I leave
America I must see
you again - there is no
one in this wide great
world of America
whom I love and
honour so much.

with warm
affection, and honest
admiration,
Oscar Wilde

LETTER FROM OSCAR WILDE TO WALT WHITMAN

me out." He said nothing while I read. He had indorsed the envelope in blue pencil: "from Oscar Wilde early in '82." The postmark was "Chicago, March 1." The letter was written in New York.

1267 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR DEAR WALT—

Swinburne has just written to me to say as follows:

"I am sincerely interested and gratified by your account of Walt Whitman and the assurance of his kindly and friendly feeling toward me: and I thank you, no less sincerely, for your kindness in sending me word of it. As sincerely can I say, that I shall be freshly obliged to you if you will assure him in my name that I have by no manner of means relaxed my admiration of his noblest

works—such parts, above all, of his writings, as treat of the noblest subjects, material and spiritual, with which poetry can deal—I have always thought it, and I believe it will be hereafter generally thought his highest and surely most enviable distinction that he never speaks so well as when he speaks of great matters—Liberty, for instance, and Death.

"This, of course, does not imply that I do, or rather it implies that I do not agree with all his theories, or admire all his work in anything like equal measure—a form of admiration which I should by no means desire for myself and am as little prepared to bestow on another—considering it a form of scarcely indirect insult."

There! You see how you remain in our hearts—and how simply and grandly Swin-

burne speaks of you, knowing you to be simple and grand yourself.

Will you in return send me for Swinburne a copy of your Essay on Poetry—the pamphlet—with your name and his on it—it would please him so much. Before I leave America I must see you again—there is no one in this wide great world of America whom I love and honor so much. With warm affection, and honorable admiration,

OSCAR WILDE.

When I looked up after reading the letter, W. asked: “Am I not right? Does he strike a false note? It all rings sound and true to me there. Everybody’s been so in the habit of looking at Wilde cross-eyed, sort of, that they have charged the defect of their vision up against Wilde as a weakness in his character.”

MEMORIES OF GREAT AMERICANS

Asked me: “Do you know much about Aaron Burr? There’s a man, now, who is only damned and damned again in history, and yet who has had his parts. I have always designed writing something about him to show I did not stand in the jam of his vilifiers. You don’t know (I guess I never told you) that when I was a lad, working in a lawyer’s office, it fell to me to go over the river now and then with messages for Burr. Burr was very gentle—persuasive. He had a way of giving me a bit of fruit on these visits—an apple or a pear. I can see him clearly still—his stateliness, gray hair, courtesy, consideration. Two or three years ago I wrote up some reminiscences, but they got buried with other manuscripts downstairs. Some time I must hunt it up.”

W. gave me before I left a little war-time card photo of his brother George “in his sojer clothes,” as W. said. “We have just been talking Quakerism—peace—no war: now look at this picture by way of contrast. You will see, it is a New York picture—made by Bogardus.” I said to W.: “I have sometimes tried to imagine you in a uniform but could never make it go.” W. first smiled, then grew quite serious: “I should hope not—thank God, thank God, not—not—not!” I was stirred by his vehemence. “Yet they say you condoned the war.” “They say that, do they? Well—they say many things,

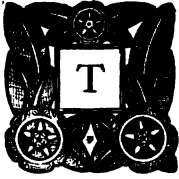
many things. Thank God, Horace, you could never make it go: thank God, thank God!”

“It would take a good deal,” said W., “to persuade me from my conviction—my old conviction, born at the time and never by any later developments shaken—my old conviction that McClellan straddled. I was on the spot at the time—in the midst of all the controversy, the suspicion, the tension, and the patriotism: and from it all, fairly and sternly, I drew my estimate of McClellan. He thought, ‘The time will come when these sections will be united again’ (he saw it: we all saw it—knew it was sure to be); then the lucky man, he thought, ‘the man with most power—will be the man who dealt most gently with the malcontents.’” I said: “I do not think *The Century* piece means to imply that—they are not so severe: their intimation is that McClellan was incompetent.” W. was unmoved. “I see no reason for forgetting or denying indubitable facts. Lincoln was not hasty in action—far from it: had almost infinite patience: always waited a long time (an extra long time) before proceeding to extreme measures. He was mighty when aroused. I have seen him both ways—angry as well as calm: more than once seen him when his whole being was shaken up—when his passion was at white heat. I do not believe that he would have taken the position he did toward McClellan except for some reason the logic of which could not be denied—some last reason of all reasons which the most conservative man would find he must obey.”

“Sheridan never expressed intellect. Physical heroism was common during the war: indeed, was notable on both sides, in all classes—men and officers, poor and rich, all. This was so rich a quantity that the time came when they needed to be held in, reined—not only the men but the officers, too—officers worse than men, if anything. In all this, brains did not rule—none of it, in fact. As I have often said of the land in America, it is indefinite, infinite—you can call for as much as you want. In true greatness as an acceptor of things, Grant, of all men in the War, all leaders, I am inclined to credit most: his composure, adaptedness. For war simply in the concrete—except as it expressed some spiritual fact—my aversion always amounted, amounts to, abhorrence.”

THE LOOTING OF KOREA

By HOMER B. HULBERT



O say that Japan is an experiment does not, in itself, cast any reflection upon the civilization that is being evolved by that people. Experimentation has always been the door to new achievement. In the same sense the American Republic is an experiment, to prove whether popular government is the ideal form. But Japan is an experiment in another and more startling sense. It is something new to history, a phenomenon that has never before been witnessed. And the experiment consists in the attempt on the part of a large and homogeneous nation to divest itself of its past, as a garment, and assume in full and on the instant a new civilization, differing radically from the one discarded; and that too without any reference to the forces through whose operation the new civilization was originally evolved. The experiment gains in interest because it brings into contact the most diverse elements of human culture. We see the juxtaposition of Oriental thought with Occidental, the essential pessimism of the Buddhistic cult with the optimism of Christianity, the fatalism of the East with the opportunism (in its better sense) of the West.

The question insistently arises as to what the outcome of such a mixture must be.

There are two schools of opinion among thinking people on this matter of Japanese transformation. The one school holds that there has been what we may call a political and social transmigration of soul and the other holds that there has been only a change of garments. By the former theory Japan dropped, in some miraculous way, her whole previous mode of thought, intellectual ideals, social standards, and spiritual aims, and stood forth a newly embodied spirit with

nothing left of the past except identity and memory. According to the other theory Japan has simply changed the point of application of her energies and has adopted all the material methods of the West for certain definite purposes which do not in any real sense touch the moral ideal of the nation.

The physical results and products of civilization are but proofs of its existence and are not the thing itself. It is possible for others to borrow these results and utilize them without having at all imbibed the civilization of which they are the fruits. The people of this country have been led to believe that the material advance of Japan has meant a corresponding advance in moral and intellectual ideals. Japan has been successful in war and in building up a strong system of defense; she has adopted to her uses the forms of Western life and for this she has been lauded as the equal in all points of those nations who have struggled for centuries to evolve those forms.

We have armed Japan with all the instruments of physical power without arming her with the moral qualities which will restrain her in the use of that power. The events of the past three years, and especially the events that have taken place in Korea, speak plainly to this effect. Her whole dealing with that country has been a tissue of falsehood. Time and time again it has been virtually if not specifically acknowledged that engagements have been entered into with the full intention of smoothing the way to acts of the very opposite nature. The diplomacy of Japan has been taxed to convince the world that she has only fair and kindly intentions toward Korea, but every turn of the devious road has disclosed an underlying spirit and intention diametrically opposed to these protestations. So firm does she consider her hold to be upon the credulity of the West that



HOUSES OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES AT GENSAN

with one hand she forces the emperor to abdicate because he sent a commission to The Hague and with the other makes him condemn to death the men who went, because they went without authority! In all this school of deceit there is something Napoleonic. The energy, the imperious will, the brilliancy of the first Napoleon are so faithfully reproduced that history seems to be repeating itself, but the other Napoleonic qualities of duplicity, cupidity, and towering ambition are also there to make the likeness complete.

But the cautious student of Oriental life will demand proofs of Japan's duplicity and selfishness before he will grant the sweeping conclusion to which I allude. The proof of her duplicity is written large upon the pages of the world's press and smilingly acknowledged by the Japanese, who, on the strength of it, demand praise for consummate diplomacy. The murder of the queen and the forcing upon the emperor of a cabinet of hirelings in 1895, the promise of autonomy in 1904, the protestations of regard for the imperial family, the usurpation of Korea's rights in 1905, and the

bland proclamation to the powers that it was entirely satisfactory to the Korean Government, the further promise to preserve the interests of Korea, and finally the underhand forcing of the abdication on a plea that they have since declared false by their own act—all these things prove duplicity of the lowest and most contemptible kind. And furthermore it was all unnecessary. If Japan had seized Korea as an ally of Russia at the beginning of the late war, no one would have stirred a hand to stop it, but she apparently preferred the other method, which was purely Oriental in character. Japan has declared repeatedly that the open door in Manchuria would be her fixed policy, but all the time she was pouring her people in that they might preempt every point of vantage and render competition practically impossible, before the door was opened.

And cupidity follows hard upon. Under what scheme of morals or equity can Japan dispossess the people of Korea of their land and its resources without compensation? To those who have witnessed the course of events

in that country it is perfectly plain that the Japanese authorities look with complacency upon the illegal acquisition of property by their nationals. This I have personally tested in many specific instances, the latest one being as follows: A Korean came to me and said some Japanese were trying to seize his land for one sixth its actual cash value. To save him from this loss I bought the prop-

erty myself for its actual value and held in my hands all the proofs of legal ownership. The other side had no proofs whatever. The Japanese authorities seized and imprisoned the brother of the man from whom I bought the property and subjected him to great indignity. The Japanese who were trying to seize the property tried to bribe the judge of the court in Seoul, and tried to force the Korean mayor of the town where the property was located to give them a feloniously signed document which would help their claim, but in both instances without success. And yet in spite of my complete proof of ownership I had to work three months before I could get recognition, and only after the Japanese had cut 142 pine trees off my property in spite of continued protests on my part. What would



STREET IN GENSAN, THE JAPANESE PORT ON THE EAST COAST OF KOREA

erty myself for its actual value and held in my hands all the proofs of legal ownership. The other side had no proofs whatever. The Japanese authorities seized and imprisoned the brother of the man from whom I bought the property and subjected him to great indignity. The Japanese who were trying to seize the property tried to bribe the judge of the court in Seoul, and tried to force the Ko-

rean mayor of the town where the property was located to give them a feloniously signed document which would help their claim, but in both instances without success. And yet in spite of my complete proof of ownership I had to work three months before I could get recognition, and only after the Japanese had cut 142 pine trees off my property in spite of continued protests on my part. What would

have become of the property if I had not interfered? The same has happened in thousands of cases all over Korea. The whole foreign community in Korea stood appalled at the wanton seizure of one of Korea's oldest relics by a high Japanese official who wanted it for his private collection. The brutality of this act was so great that even some of the Japan-



A NATIVE GOLD MINE IN KOREA

ese papers had to exclaim against it, and the Residency-General, in its official organ, had to plead ignorance of the vandal's plans to save itself from stultification. The whole course of Japan in Korea has been the sublimation of cupidity. Some say the building of a railroad compensates for much, but the land on which it was built was stolen from the people, while the Japanese hid behind the Korean Government and said that it was to blame for the theft. Go to Korea and see what has been done toward better government, see the blackguards that the Japanese choose from among the Koreans to form the personnel of the government, see the lesson of greed and lechery and deceit which the Japanese are teaching the Koreans, see what has become of the mines, the fisheries, the forests, the harbors, the salt works, and you will find out what Japan is capable of in the way of selfishness and you will find out the moral quality of a government which places no checks upon the rapacity of its people.

I have been lately told by people here that we do the same things in the Philippines. I have had many long conferences with people engaged in various kinds of work in those islands and I find the unanimous opinion that

our government gives the people ample protection in their rights. A lady high in the educational system in Manila told me that if an American teacher should box the ears of an insolent native boy it would mean a fifty-dollar fine and possible dismissal. It is not true that our government will give aid to Americans to filch property from the Filipino. An American citizen has lately been sentenced to sixty-six years' imprisonment by a Filipino judge—and that too for a crime which in this country could not possibly mean more than five years. The lowest Japanese coolie in Korea would laugh to scorn any Korean judge who should try to impose an hour's restraint upon him. The Japanese authorities would not dream of allowing the evidence of a Korean to weigh in the balance against a citizen of Japan. This, too, I have tested more than once. In one case where a Japanese broker refused to honor his own note of hand the Japanese authorities accepted his statement that he had paid the money without taking the note, and the Korean thus robbed secured justice only by the intervention of a foreigner and even then the Japanese official angrily demanded of the Korean why he dared to drag in a foreigner. A Jap-



AN AMERICAN GOLD MINE IN KOREA

anese tenant in the house of a Korean refused to pay rent or to move out. The Korean tried desperately to get access to the Japanese authorities, but was refused admittance each time. At last he appealed to a foreigner and the Japanese were shamed into putting the fellow out of the house. If it had not been for foreign interference that business property, worth \$10,000, would have been lost. But perhaps more contemptible even than this is the way the Japanese have used corrupt Korean officials to get hold of Koreans' property. It used to be and still is not uncommon for high officials in Korea to require common people to give up property for a mere fraction of its value. The Japanese wanted a certain property in Seoul, but they did not want to seize it openly, so they got one of these corrupt officials to take it. He was on the point of seizing it when I interfered and bought the property. After one has been connected with a few score of operations of this nature he becomes skeptical as to the good intentions of Japan in Korea.

Korea is a sufficient object lesson to show what Japan actually is beneath these new garments of civilization which she has put on. But she has this one excuse, equivocal though

it may be, that she is afraid of her own people. If the Japanese Government should turn about and begin to treat Korea as we are treating the Philippines it would mean a bloody revolution on the part of the Japanese people themselves. They are so determined that Korea is the El Dorado where wealth can be acquired merely by wresting it from weak Koreans that anyone who comes between them and the bone they are picking will have to reckon with their teeth.

Now what does all this argue for the future? Little that is good, surely. Some say Japan must lead the Far East in the development of a higher civilization, but how can she lead to any good effect when the one lesson she is teaching is that the civilization of the West will give a nation the physical power to impose its will on others? An ominous sign of the times is the contempt with which Japanese officials look upon China. One of them has smugly predicted that unless China puts her house in order the same things will happen in Peking that have happened in Seoul. It appears to be impossible for the Japanese to see that the development of both China and Korea must be in different kind from her own. It must begin from the bottom and work up.



A KOREAN RICE MILL

In Japan it began at the top and is trying to work down. It is possible that Japan might marshal the Chinese to a great war of conquest by playing upon their natural acquisitiveness and arousing their cupidity to the burning point, but that she can teach China the rational and peaceful way to greatness is inconceivable. She cannot give that which she has not herself. Japan to-day stands face to face with the problem of dominating China or being eventually crushed herself.

Here I believe we find the key to the future so far as it can be found. The frantic efforts of the Japanese to destroy Western trade in the Far East and to make China industrially dependent upon herself can be successful only by the use of means that are worthy of an Attila or a Napoleon. She will push on until Americans, Englishmen, and Germans discover that their interests require the curbing of her top-heavy ambitions, and then history will repeat itself in another Waterloo; after which China will resume a steady and healthy progress toward enlightenment and the grand character of the nation, released from the shackles of superstition and blind conserva-

tism, will place her where she belongs, at the head of Oriental powers. That Japan can never hope to secure that position is shown by the complacency with which she accepts the flattering statement that she has already arrived at the summit and has gathered the highest fruits of civilization.

A recent number of this magazine contained an article on religion in Japan in which the writer ably showed that the Japanese believe that they are far in advance of other people in every phase of life. They even glory in the low position to which they relegate woman. Nothing could illustrate more perfectly the truth that the Japanese are lacking in the higher and nobler traits of character which are the glory of Western civilization. They grant that love in our sense between man and woman is unknown and undesired. The ennobling influences of true home life are impossible under such a system. It is not to be wondered at that the sale of daughters for immoral purposes is so common. It is this conviction on the part of the Japanese, that they are superior to all others in civilization, which renders the future so dark. If they felt that, having secured the garments of civ-

ilization, they must now bend every energy to the task of securing the raw material out of which those garments have been cut, one could look with hope to see the future mold out of Japan a truly great nation, but their infatuation with themselves forms a rock barrier against any other form of progress than that which is purely selfish. Their idea that they are the destined leaders of the Far East is as far from rational as was that of Mahomet when he determined to convert the world at the point of the sword.

In conclusion I would ask the reader to note that this estimate of the Japanese as shown by their actions in Korea is not mine alone but is corroborated by a large number of careful and unprejudiced observers who have looked into the matter. Those of us who are pleading the cause of Korea before the world are sneeringly called agitators, but I would have my reader remember that John Hay, one of the most astute and broad-minded diplomats that this country has produced, said to some one who was vilifying another as an "agitator," "Sir, agitation makes the

atmosphere in which diplomacy is possible." I would have the people of this country know the bare and unvarnished facts which are to be faced in the Orient.

I shall not soon forget what the late Senator Morgan said when I laid before him the facts as to the treatment which had been accorded Korea by our own government. He was a man who put before every act of mere expediency the honor of the nation and our duty to those with whom we are in treaty relations. He said to me, "I am a Democrat and if I should bring the matter up in the Senate it would be considered a mere party measure, but if some Republican senator will broach the matter I will throw myself into the discussion and contend with all my might for the preservation of our national good faith toward friendly nations in distress." The Secretary of State said to me, "Do you want us to get into trouble with Japan?" No, but if the cost of keeping out of trouble with one nation is the breaking of faith with another, the value of international agreements is problematic.



KOREAN RICE CULTURE



Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.

"She pulled the trigger again and felt another blow."

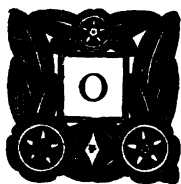
THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER X (*Continued*)



ON the night of the conjugal conference between Nina Gerard and her husband—and almost at the same hour—Jack Ruthven, hard hit in the card room of the Stuyvesant Club, sat huddled over the table, figuring up what sort of checks he was to draw to the credit of George Fane and Sanxon Orchil.

Matters had been going steadily against him for some time—almost everything, in fact, except the opinions of several physicians in a matter concerning his wife. For, in that scene between them in early spring his wife had put that into his head which had never before been there—suspicion of her mental soundness.

And now, as he sat there, pencil in hand, adding up the score cards, he remembered that he was to interview his attorney at his own house—a late appointment, but necessary to insure the presence of one or two physicians at a consultation to decide definitely what course of action might be taken.

He had not laid eyes on his wife that summer, but for the first time he had really had her watched during her absence. What she lived on—how she managed—he had not the least idea, and less concern. All he knew was that he had contributed nothing, and he was quite certain that her balance at her own bank had been non-existent for months.

In the autumn he had heard of her conduct at Hitherwood House. And, a week later, to his astonishment, he learned of her serious illness, and that she had been taken to Clifton.

It was the only satisfactory news he had had of her in months.

When he had finished his figuring he fished out a check book, detached a tiny gold fountain pen from the bunch of seals and knick-knacks on his watch chain, and, filling in the checks, passed them over without comment.

As they filed out of the card room into the dim passageway, Orchil leading, a tall, shadowy figure in evening dress stepped back from the door of the card room against the wall to give them right of way, and Orchil, peering at him without recognition in the dull light, bowed suavely as he passed, as did Fane, craning his curved neck, and Harmon also, who followed in his wake.

But when Ruthven came abreast of the figure in the passage and bowed his way past, a low voice from the courteous unknown, pronouncing his name, halted him short.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Ruthven," added Selwyn; "that card room will suit me, if you please."

But Ruthven, recovering from the shock of Selwyn's voice, started to pass him without a word.

"I said that I wanted to speak to you!" repeated Selwyn.

Ruthven, deigning no reply, attempted to shove by him; and Selwyn, placing one hand flat against the other's shoulder, pushed him violently back into the card room he had just left, and, stepping in behind him, closed and locked the door.

"W-what the devil do you mean!" gasped Ruthven, his hard, minutely shaven face turning a deep red.

"What I say," replied Selwyn, "that I want a word or two with you."

He stood still for a moment, in the center of the little room, tall, gaunt of feature, and very pale. The close, smoky atmosphere of the place evidently annoyed him; he glanced about at the scattered cards, the empty oval bottles in their silver stands, the half-burned remains of cigars on the green-topped table. Then he stepped over and opened the only window.

"Sit down," he said, turning on Ruthven; and he seated himself and crossed one leg over the other. Ruthven remained standing.

"This—this thing," began Ruthven in a voice made husky and indistinct through fury, "this ruffianly behavior amounts to assault."

"As you choose," nodded Selwyn, almost listlessly, "but be quiet; I've something to think of besides your convenience."

For a few moments he sat silent, thoughtful, narrowing eyes considering the patterns on the rug at his feet; and Ruthven, weak with rage and apprehension, was forced to stand there awaiting the pleasure of a man of whom he had become suddenly horribly afraid.

And at last Selwyn, emerging from his pallid reveries, straightened out, shaking his broad shoulders as though to free him of that black specter perching there.

"Ruthven," he said, "a few years ago you persuaded my wife to leave me; and I have never punished you. There were two reasons why I did not: the first was because I did not wish to punish her, and any blow at you would have reached her heavily. The second reason, subordinate to the first, is obvious: men, in these days, have tactily agreed to suspend the unwritten law as a concession to civilization. This second reason, however, depends entirely upon the first, as you see."

He leaned back in his chair thoughtfully, and recrossed his legs.

"I did not ask you into this room," he said, with a slight smile, "to complain of the wrong you have committed against me, or to retail to you the consequences of your act as they may or may not have affected me and my career; I have—ah—invited you here to explain to you the present condition of your own domestic affairs"—he looked at Ruthven full in the face—"to explain them to you, and to lay down for you the course of conduct which you are to follow."

"By God!" began Ruthven, stepping back, one hand reaching for the door-knob; but Selwyn's voice rang out clean and sharp:

"Sit down!"

And, as Ruthven glared at him out of his little eyes:

"You'd better sit down, I think," said Selwyn softly.

Ruthven turned, took two unsteady steps forward, laid his heavily ringed hand on the back of a chair. Selwyn smiled, and Ruthven sat down.

"Now," continued Selwyn, "for certain rules of conduct to govern you during the remainder of your wife's lifetime. And your wife is ill, Mr. Ruthven—sick of a sickness which may last for a great many years, or may be terminated in as many days. Did you know it?"

Ruthven snarled.

"Yes, of course you knew it, or you suspected it. Your wife is in a sanitarium, as you have discovered. She is mentally ill—rational at times—violent at moments, and for long periods quite docile, gentle, harmless—content to be talked to, read to, advised, persuaded. But during the last week a change of a certain nature has occurred which—which, I am told by competent physicians, not only renders her case beyond all hope of ultimate recovery, but threatens an earlier termination than was at first looked for. It is this: your wife has become like a child again—occupied contentedly and quite happily with childish things. She has forgotten much; her memory is quite gone. How much she does remember it is impossible to say."

His head fell; his brooding eyes were fixed again on the rug at his feet.

"I understand," said Selwyn, looking up suddenly, "that you are contemplating proceedings against your wife. Are you?"

"Yes, I am," said Ruthven.

"On the grounds of her mental incapacity?"

"Yes."

"Then, as I understand it, the woman whom you persuaded to break every law, human and divine, for your sake, you now propose to abandon. Is that it?"

Ruthven made no reply.

"You propose to publish her pitiable plight to the world by beginning proceedings; you intend to notify the public of your wife's infirmity by divorcing her."

"Sane or insane," burst out Ruthven, "she was riding for a fall—and she's going to get it! What the devil are you talking about? I'm

not accountable to you. I'll do what I please; I'll manage my own affairs——"

"No," said Selwyn, "I'll manage this particular affair. And now I'll tell you how I'm going to do it. I have in my lodgings—or rather in the small hall bedroom which I now occupy—an army service revolver, in fairly good condition. The cylinder was a little stiff this morning when I looked at it, but I've oiled it with No. 27—an excellent rust solvent and lubricant, Mr. Ruthven—and now the cylinder spins around in a manner perfectly trustworthy. So, as I was saying, I have this very excellent and serviceable weapon, and shall give myself the pleasure of using it on you if you ever commence any action for divorce or separation against your wife. This is final."

A slow blaze lighted up his eyes, and he got up from his chair.

"You decadent little pup!" he said slowly, "do you suppose that the dirty accident of your intrusion into an honest man's life could dissolve the divine compact of wedlock? Soil it—yes; besmirch it, render it superficially unclean, unfit, nauseous—yes. But neither you nor your vile code nor the imbecile law you invoked to legalize the situation really ever deprived me of my irrevocable status and responsibility. I—even I—was once—for a while—persuaded that it did; that the laws of the land could do this—could free me from a faithless wife, and regularize her position in your household. The laws of the land say so, and I—I said so at last—persuaded because I desired to be persuaded. It was a lie. My wife, shamed or unshamed, humbled or unhumbled, true to her marriage vows or false to them, now legally the wife of another, has never ceased to be my wife. But"—with a contemptuous shrug—"you won't understand; all you can understand is the gratification of your senses and the fear of something interfering with that gratification—like death, for instance. Therefore I am satisfied that you understand enough of what I said to discontinue any legal proceedings which would tend to di credit, expose, or cast odium on a young wife very sorely stricken—very, very ill—whom God, in his mercy, has blinded to the infamy where you have dragged her—under the law of the land."

He turned on his heel, paced the little room once or twice, then swung round again:

"Keep your filthy money—wrung from women and boys over card tables. Even if some blind, wormlike process of instinct

stirred the shame in you, and you ventured to offer belated aid to the woman who bears your name, I forbid it—I do not permit you the privilege. Except that she retains your name—and the moment you attempt to rob her of that I shall destroy you!—except for that, you have no further relations with her—nothing to do or undo; no voice as to the disposal of what remains of her; no power, no will, no influence in her fate. I supplant you; I take my own again; I reassume a responsibility temporarily taken from me. And now, I think, you understand!"

He gave him one level and deadly stare; then his pallid features relaxed; he slowly walked past Ruthven, grave, preoccupied, unlocked the door, and passed out.

Selwyn's lodgings were not imposing in furnishings or dimensions—a very small bedroom in the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue and Washington Square—but the heavy and increasing drain on his resources permitted nothing better now; and what with settling Gerald's complications and providing two nurses and a private suite at Clifton for Alixe Ruthven, he had been obliged to sell a number of securities, which reduced his income to a figure too absurd to worry over.

However, the government had at last signified its intention of testing his invention—Chaosite—and there was that chance for better things in prospect. Also, in time, Gerald would probably be able to return something of the loans made. But these things did not alleviate present stringent conditions.

For some time, now, it had been his custom to face his difficulties here in the silence of his little bedroom, seated alone at his table, pipe gripped between his firm teeth, his strong hands framing his face. Here he would sit for hours, the long day ended, staring steadily at the blank wall, the gas jet flickering overhead; and here, slowly, painfully, with doubt and hesitation, out of the moral confusion in his weary mind, he evolved the theory of personal responsibility.

Before the light of her shaken mind had gone out Alixe had written him, incoherently, practically *in extremis*; and if he had hitherto doubted where his duty lay, from that moment he had no longer any doubt. And very quietly, hopelessly, and irrevocably he had crushed out of his soul the hope and promise of the new life dawning for him above the dead ashes of the past.

What remained of his income must be devoted to Alixe. Even before her case had taken the more hopeless turn, he had understood that she could not remain at Clifton. And so he had taken, for her, a pretty little villa at Edgewater, with two trained nurses to care for her, and a phaëton for her to drive.

He was obliged to go to her every three or four days. In the interim she seemed quite satisfied and happy, busy with the simple and pretty things she now cared for; but toward the third day of his absence she usually became restless, asking for him, and why he did not come. And then they telegraphed him, and he left everything and went, white-faced, stern of lip, to endure the most dreadful ordeal a man may face—to force the smile to his lips and gayety into the shrinking soul of him, and sit with her in the pretty, sunny room, listening to her prattle, answering the childish questions, watching her, seated in her rocking chair, singing contentedly to herself, and playing with her dolls and ribbons—dressing them, undressing, mending, arranging—until the heart within him quivered under the misery of it, and he turned to the curtained window, hands clenching convulsively, and teeth set to force back the strangling agony in his throat.

Thinking of these things now, he leaned heavily forward, elbows on the little table. And, suddenly unbidden, before his haunted eyes rose the white portico of Silverside, and the greensward glimmered, drenched in sunshine, and a slim figure in white stood there, arms bare, tennis bat swinging in one tanned little hand.

After a long while he leaned forward, breathing deeply but quietly, and picked up a pen and a sheet of paper. For the time had come for his letter to her, and he was ready. The letter he wrote was one of those gay, cheerful, inconsequential letters which, from the very beginning of their occasional correspondence, had always been to her most welcome and delightful. News of all sorts humorously retailed—an amusing sketch of his recent journey to Washington and its doubtful results—matters that they both were interested in, details known only to them, a little harmless gossip—these things formed the body of his letter. There was never a hint of sorrow or discouragement—nothing to intimate that life had so utterly and absolutely changed for him—only a jolly, friendly badi-

nage—an easy, light-hearted narrative, ending in messages to all and a frank regret that the pursuit of business and happiness appeared incompatible at the present moment.

Nina and Eileen, in traveling gowns and veils, stood on the porch at Silverside, waiting for the depot wagon, when Selwyn's letter was handed to Eileen.

The girl flushed up, then, avoiding Nina's eyes, turned and entered the house. Once out of sight, she swiftly mounted to her own room and dropped, breathless, on the bed, tearing the envelope from end to end. And from end to end, and back again and over again, she read the letter—at first in expectancy, lips parted, color brilliant, then with the smile still curving her cheeks—but less genuine now—almost mechanical—until the smile stamped on her stiffening lips faded, and the soft contours relaxed, and she lifted her eyes, staring into space with a wistful, questioning lift of the pure brows.

And now Nina was calling her from the hall below; and she answered gayly and, hiding the letter in her long glove, came down the stairs.

"I'll tell you all about the letter in the train," she said; "he is perfectly well, and evidently quite happy; and Nina——"

"What, dear?"

"I want to send him a telegram. May I?"

"A dozen, if you wish," said Mrs. Gerard, "only, if you don't climb into that vehicle, we'll miss the train."

So on the way to Wyossette station Eileen sat very still, gloved hands folded in her lap, composing her telegram to Selwyn. And, once in the station, having it by heart already, she wrote it rapidly:

"Nina and I are on our way to the Berkshires for a week. House party at the Craigs'. We stay overnight in town. E. E."

But the telegram went to his club, and waited for him there; and meanwhile another telegram arrived at his lodgings, signed by a trained nurse; and while Miss Erroll, in the big, dismantled house, lay in a holland-covered armchair, waiting for him, while Nina and Austin, reading their evening papers, exchanged significant glances from time to time, the man she awaited sat in the living room in a little villa at Edgewater. And a slim young nurse stood beside him, cool and composed in her immaculate uniform, watching the play of light and shadow on a woman's face who lay asleep on the couch, fresh, young face

flushed and upturned, a child's doll cradled between arm and breast.

"How long has she been asleep?" asked Selwyn under his breath.

"An hour. She fretted a good deal because you had not come. This afternoon she said she wished to drive, and I had the phaëton brought around; but when she saw it she changed her mind. I was rather afraid of an outburst—they come sometimes from less cause than that—so I did not urge her to go out. She played on the piano for a long while, and sang some songs—those curious native songs she learned in Manila. It seemed to soothe her; she played with her little trifles quite contentedly for a time, but soon began fretting again, and asking why you had not come. She had a bad hour later—she is quite exhausted now. Could you stay to-night, Captain Selwyn?"

"Yes, if you think it better. Wait a moment; I think she has awakened."

Alixé had turned her head, her lovely eyes wide open.

"Phil!" she cried, "is it you?"

He went forward and took the uplifted hands, smiling down at her.

"Such a horrid dream!" she said pettishly, "about a soft, plump man with ever so many rings on his hands. Oh, I am glad you came. Look at this child of mine!" cuddling the staring wax doll closer; "she's not undressed yet, and it's long, long after bedtime. Hand me her night clothes, Phil."

The nurse bent and disentangled a bit of lace and cambric from a heap on the floor, offering it to Selwyn. He laid it in the hand Alixé held out, and she began to undress the doll in her arms, prattling softly all the while:

"Late—oh, so very, very late! I must be more careful of her, Phil; because, if you and I grow up, some day we may marry, and we ought to know all about children. It would be great fun, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—yes, indeed," he said gently.

She laughed, contented with his answer, and laid her lips against the painted face of the doll.

"When we grow up, years from now—then we'll understand, won't we, Phil? I am tired with playing. And Phil—let me whisper something. Is that nurse gone?"

"Yes, little girl."

"Then listen, Phil. Do you know what she and the other one are about all day? I

know; I pretend not to, but I know. They are watching me every moment—always watching me, because they want to make you believe that I am forgetting you. But I am not. That is why I made them send for you so I could tell you myself that I could never, never forget you. I think of you always while I am playing—always—always I am thinking of you. You will believe it, won't you?"

"Yes," he said.

Contented, she turned to her doll again, undressing it deftly, tenderly.

"At moments," she said, "I have an odd idea that it is real. I am not quite sure even now. Do you believe it is alive, Phil? Perhaps, at night, when I am asleep, it becomes alive. This morning I awoke, laughing, laughing in delight—thinking I heard you laughing, too—as once—in the dusk where there were many roses and many stars—big stars, and very, very bright—I saw you—saw you—and the roses—"

"I can't recollect," she said listlessly, laying the doll against her breast. "I think, Phil, that you had better be a little quiet now—she may wish to sleep. And I am sleepy, too," lifting her slender hand as a sign for him to take his leave.

As he went out the nurse said: "If you wish to return to town, you may, I think. She will forget about you for two or three days, as usual. Shall I telegraph if she becomes restless?"

"Yes. What does the doctor say to-day?"

"There is no change," she said.

CHAPTER XI

HIS OWN WAY

THE winter promised to be a busy one for Selwyn. If at first he had had any dread of enforced idleness, that worry, at least, vanished before the first snow flew. For there came to him a secret communication from the government suggesting, among other things, that he report, three times a week, at the proving grounds on Sandy Hook; that experiments with Chaosite as a bursting charge might begin as soon as he was ready with his argon primer; that officers connected with the bureau of ordnance and the marine laboratory had recommended the advisability of certain preliminary tests, and that the general

staff seemed inclined to consider the matter seriously.

This meant work—hard, constant, patient work. But it did not mean money to help him support the heavy burdens he had assumed. Yet, unless still heavier burdens were laid upon him, he could hold on for the present; his bedroom cost him next to nothing; breakfast he cooked for himself, luncheon he dispensed with, and he dined at random—anywhere that appeared to promise seclusion and cheapness.

So, when in November the first few hurrying snowflakes whirled in among the city's canyons of masonry and iron, Selwyn had already systematized his winter schedule; and when Nina opened her house, returning from Lenox with Eileen to do so, she found that Selwyn had made his own arrangements for the winter.

To Boots she complained bitterly, having had visions of Selwyn and Gerald as permanent fixtures of family support during the season now imminent.

"I cannot understand," she said, "why Philip is acting this way. He need not work like that; there is no necessity, because he has a comfortable income. If he is determined to maintain a stuffy apartment somewhere, of course I won't insist on his coming to us as he ought to, but to abandon us in this manner makes me almost indignant. Besides, it's having anything but a salutary effect on Eileen."

"What effect is it having on Eileen?" inquired Boots curiously.

"Oh, I don't know," said Nina, coming perilously close to a pout; "but I see symptoms—indeed I do, Boots!—symptoms of shirking the winter's routine. It's to be a gay season, too, and it's only her second. The idea of a child of that age informing me that she's had enough of the purely social phases of this planet! It's Philip's fault. If he'd stand by us this winter she'd go anywhere—and enjoy it, too. But he's got this obstinate mania for seclusion, and he seldom comes near us, and it's driving Eileen into herself, Boots—and every day I catch her hair slumping over her ears—and once I discovered a lead pencil behind 'em!—and a monograph on the Ming dynasty in her lap, all marked up with notes!"

Boots's continuous and unfeigned laughter checked the pretty, excited little matron, and after a moment she laughed, too.

"Dear Boots," she said, "can't you help me a little? I really am serious. I don't know what to do with the girl. Philip never comes near us—once a week for an hour or two, which is nothing—and the child misses him. There—the murder is out! Eileen misses him; she's lonely. And what to do about it I don't know, Boots, I don't know."

"I'm not at home; don't go!" added Nina, laying one hand on his arm to detain him as a card was brought up. "Oh, it's only Rosamund Fane! I *did* promise to go to the Craigs' with her. Do you mind if she comes up?"

"Not if you don't," said Boots blandly. He could not endure Rosamund and she detested him; and Nina, who was perfectly aware of this, had just enough of perversity in her to enjoy their meeting.

Rosamund came in breezily, sables powdered with tiny flecks of snow, cheeks like damask roses, eyes of turquoise.

"How d'y'e do!" she nodded, greeting Boots askance as she closed with Nina. "I came, you see, but *do* you want to be jammed and mauled and trodden on at the Craigs'? No? That's perfect!—neither do I."

She sat erect, the furs sliding to the back of the chair, revealing the rather accented details of her perfectly turned figure; and rolling up her gloves she laid her pretty head on one side and considered Boots with very bright and malicious eyes.

"They say," she said, smiling, "that some very heavy play goes on in that cunning little new house of yours, Mr. Lansing."

"Really?" he asked blandly.

"Yes; and I'm wondering if it is true."

"I shouldn't think you'd care, Mrs. Fane, as long as it makes a good story."

Rosamund flushed. Then, always alive to humor, laughed frankly. "Curious, isn't it?" she said to Nina—"the inborn antipathy of two agreeable human bipeds for one another. We can't help it, can we, Mr. Lansing?" And again to Nina: "Dear, *have* you heard anything about Alixe Ruthven? I think it is the strangest thing that nobody seems to know where she is. And all anybody can get out of Jack is that she's in a nerve factory—or some such retreat—and a perfect wreck. She might as well be dead, you know."

"In that case," observed Lansing, "it might be best to shift the center of gossip. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—which is simple enough for anybody to comprehend."

"That is rude, Mr. Lansing," flashed out Rosamund; and to his astonishment he saw the tears start to her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said sulkily.

"You do well to. I care more for Alixe Ruthven than—than you give me credit for caring about anybody. People are never wholly worthless, Mr. Lansing—only the very young think that. Give me credit for one wholly genuine affection, and you will not be too credulous; and perhaps in future you and I may better be able to endure one another when Fate stands us at the same tea table."

Boots said respectfully: "I am sorry for what I said, Mrs. Fane. I hope that your friend Mrs. Ruthven will soon recover."

Rosamund looked at Nina, the tears still rimming her lids. "I miss her frightfully," she said. "If somebody would only tell me where she is—I—I know it could do no harm for me to see her. I *can* be as gentle and loyal as anybody—when I really care for a person. Do *you* know where she might be, Nina?"

"I? No, I do not. I'd tell you if I did, Rosamund."

"Because," continued Rosamund, "your brother does."

Nina straightened up, flushed and astonished.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because he does know. He sent her to Clifton. The maid who accompanied her is in my service now. It's a low way of finding out things, but we all do it."

"He—sent Alixe to—to Clifton!" repeated Nina incredulously.

Rosamund finished the contents of her slim glass and rose. "Yes; and it was a brave and generous and loyal thing for him to do. I supposed you knew it. Jack had been too beastly to her; she was on the verge of breaking down when I saw her on the *Niobrara*, and she told me then that her husband had practically repudiated her. Then she suddenly disappeared; and her maid, later, came to me seeking a place. That's how I knew, and that's all I know. And I care for Alixe; and I honor your brother for what he did."

She turned toward the door, stopped short, came back, and made her adieux, then started again toward the door, not noticing Lansing.

"With your permission," said Boots at her shoulder in a very low voice.

She looked up, surprised, her eyes still wet.

Then comprehending the compliment of his attendance, she acknowledged it with a faint smile.

"Good night," he said to Nina. Then he took Rosamund down to her brougham with a silent formality that touched her present sentimental mood.

As Lansing strode on, hands deep in his overcoat, more than one mystery was unraveling before his keen eyes that blinked and winked as the clinging snow blotted his vision. Now he began to understand something of the strange effacement of his friend Selwyn; he began to comprehend the curious economies practised, the continued absence from club and coterie, the choice of the sordid lodging whither Boots, one night, seeing him on the street by chance, had shamelessly tracked him.

Now he was going there, exactly what to do he did not yet know, but with the vague determination to do something. Silvery pools of light inlaid the dim expanse of Washington Square. He turned into a dim street, where old-time houses with toppling dormers crowded huddling together.

Into the doorway of one of these houses Lansing turned. When the town was young a Lansing had lived there in pomp and circumstance—his own great-grandfather—and he smiled grimly, amused at the irony of things terrestrial.

A slattern at the door halted him:

"Nobody ain't let up them stairs without my knowin' why," she mumbled.

"I want to see Captain Selwyn," he explained.

Above, Selwyn, hearing his name screamed through the shadows of the ancient house, came to the stairwell and looked down into the blackness.

"What is it, Mrs. Glodden?" he said sharply; then, catching sight of a dim figure springing up the stairs:

"Here! this way. Is it for me?" and as Boots came into the light from his open door: "Oh!" he whispered, deadly pale under the reaction; "I thought it was a telegram. Come in."

Boots shook the snow from his hat and coat into the passageway and took the single chair; Selwyn, tall and gaunt in his shabby dressing gown, stood looking at him and plucking nervously at the frayed and tasseled cord around his waist.

"I don't know how you came to stumble in

here," he said at length, "but I'm glad to see you."

"Thanks," replied Boots, gazing shamelessly and inquisitively about. There was nothing to see except a few books, a pipe or two, toilet articles, and a shaky gas jet. The flat military trunk was under the iron bed.

"I—it's not much of a place," observed Selwyn, forcing a smile. "However, you see I'm so seldom in town; I'm busy at the Hook, you know. So I don't require anything elaborate."

"Yes, I know," said Boots solemnly. A silence.

"H-have a pipe?" inquired Selwyn uneasily. He had nothing else to offer.

Boots leaned back in his stiff chair, crossed his legs, and filled a pipe. When he had lighted it he said:

"How are things, Phil?"

"All right. First rate, thank you."

Boots removed the pipe from his lips and swore at him; and Selwyn listened with head obstinately lowered and lean hands plucking at his frayed girdle. And when Boots had ended his observations with an emphatic question, Selwyn shook his head:

"No, Boots. You're very good to ask me to stop with you, but I can't. I'd be hampered; there are matters—affairs that concern me—that need instant attention at times—at certain times. I must be free to go, free to come. I couldn't be in your house. Don't ask me. But I'm—I thank you for offering—"

"Are you broke?"

"Ah—a little"—with a smile.

"Will you take what you require from me?"

"No."

"Oh—very well. I was horribly afraid you would."

Selwyn laughed and leaned back, indenting his meager pillow.

"Come, Boots," he said, "you and I have often had worse quarters than this. To tell you the truth I rather like it than otherwise."

"Oh, damn!" said Boots, disgusted; "the same old conscience in the same old mule! Who likes squalidity? I don't. You don't! What if Fate has hit you a nasty swipe! Suppose Fortune has landed you a few in the slats! It's only temporary and you know it. All business in the world is conducted on borrowed capital. It's your business to live in

decent quarters, and I'm here to lend you the means of conducting that business. Oh, come on, Phil, for Heaven's sake!"

"No. Listen, Boots; I couldn't be free in your house. I—they—there are telegrams—unexpected ones—at all hours."

"What of it?"

"You don't understand."

"Wait a bit! How do you know I don't? Do the telegrams come from Sandy Hook?"

"No."

Boots looked him calmly in the eye. "Then I *do* understand, old man. Come on out of this, in Heaven's name! Come, now! Get your dressing gown off and your coat on! All I want is for you to come and take that big back room and help a fellow live in a lonely house—help a man to make it cheerful. I can't stand it alone any longer; and it will be five years before Drina is eighteen."

"Drina!" repeated Selwyn blankly—then he laughed. It was genuine laughter, too; and Boots grinned and puffed at his pipe, and recrossed his legs, watching Selwyn out of eyes brightening with expectancy.

"Boots—"

"Oh, fizz! Come on. I don't like the way you act, Phil."

Selwyn said slowly: "Do you make it a personal matter—"

"Yes, I do; dam'f I don't! You'll be perfectly free there. I don't care what you do or where you go or what hours you keep. You can run up and down Broadway all night, if you want to, or you can stop at home and play with the cats."

He looked kindly but anxiously at Selwyn, waiting for a word; and as none came he said:

"Old fellow, you can't fool me with your talk about needing nothing better because you're out of town all the time. You know what you and I used to talk about in the old days—our longing for a home and an open fire and a brace of cats and bedroom slippers. Now I've got 'em, and I make Ardois signals at you. If your shelter tent got afire or blew away, wouldn't you crawl into mine? And are you going to turn down an old tentmate because his shack happens to be built of bricks?"

"Do you put it that way?"

"Yes, I do. Why, in Heaven's name, do you want to stay in a vile hole like this—unless you're smitten with Mrs. Glodden? Phil, I *want* you to come. Will you?"

"Then—I'll accept a corner of your blanket

—for a day or two,” said Selwyn wearily. “You’ll let me go when I want to?”

“I’ll do more; I’ll make you go when I want you to. Come on; pay Mrs. Glodden and have your trunk sent.”

An hour later they went away together through the falling snow.

For a week Boots let him alone. He had a big, comfortable room, dressing closet, and bath adjoining the suite occupied by his host; he was absolutely free to go and come, and for a week or ten days Boots scarcely laid eyes on him, except at breakfast, for Selwyn’s visits to Sandy Hook became a daily routine except when a telegram arrived from Edgewater.

But matters at Edgewater were beginning to be easier in one way for him. Alixe appeared to forget him for days at a time; she was less irritable, less restless and exacting. She did ask for a sleigh to replace the phaëton, and Selwyn managed to get one for her; and Miss Casson, one of the nurses, wrote him how delighted Alixe had been, and how much good the sleighing was doing her.

“Yesterday,” continued the nurse in her letter, “there was a consultation here between Drs. Vail, Wesson, and Morrison—as you requested. They all agree that Mrs. Ruthven is in excellent physical condition—young, strong, vigorous—and may live for years; may outlive us all. But there is nothing else to expect.

“I meant to thank you for sending me the revolver and cartridges. It seemed a silly request, but we are in a rather lonely place, and I think Miss Bond and I feel a little safer knowing that we have *something* to frighten away any roaming intruder who might take it into his head to visit us.

“Orie thing we must be careful about: yesterday Mrs. Ruthven had a doll on my bed, and I sat sewing by the window, not noticing what she was doing until I heard her pretty, pathetic little laugh.

“And *what* do you think she had done? She had discovered your revolver under my pillow, and she had tied her handkerchief around it, and was using it as a doll!

“I got it away with a little persuasion, but at times she still asks for her ‘army’ doll—saying that a boy she knew, named Philip, had sent it to her from Manila, where he was living.

“Very truly yours,
“MARY CASSON.”

Selwyn read this letter sitting before the fire in the living room, feet on the fender, pipe between his teeth. It was the first day of absolute rest he had had in a long while.

Thinking, he sat watching the flames playing above the heavy log; and as he lay there in his chair, the unlighted pipe drooping in his hands, the telephone on the desk rang.

Drina’s voice sounded afar, and: “Hello, sweetheart!” he said gayly; “is there anything I can do for your youthful highness?”

“Mother and Eileen have gone somewhere. I haven’t anything to do for an hour. Can’t you come around?”

“Why, yes, if you want me.”

“And would you mind bringing me a box of mint paste? Mother won’t object. Besides, I’ll tell her, after I’ve eaten them.”

“All right!” said Selwyn, laughing and hanging up the receiver.

On his way to the Gerards’ he bought a box of the confection dear to Drina. But as he dropped the packet into his overcoat pocket, the memory of the past rose up suddenly, halting him. He could not bear to go to the house without some little gift for Eileen, and it was violets now as it was in the days that could never dawn again.

The child was glad to see him, and expressed herself so, coming across to the chair where he sat and leaning against him, one arm on his shoulder.

“Do you know,” she said, “that I miss you ever so much? Do you know, also, that I am nearly fourteen, and that there is nobody in this house near enough my age to be very companionable? I have asked them to send me to school, and mother is considering it.”

“What a tall girl you are growing into!” he said, encircling her waist with one arm. “Your mother was like you at fourteen. Did she ever tell you how she first met your father? Well, I’ll tell you then. Your father was a schoolboy of fifteen, and one day he saw the most wonderful little girl riding a polo pony out of the Park. Her mother was riding with her. And he lost his head, and ran after her until she rode into the Academy stables. And in he went, headlong, after her, and found her dismounted and standing with her mother; and he took off his hat, and he said to her mother: ‘I’ve run quite a long way to tell you who I am: I am Colonel Gerard’s son Austin. Would you care to know me?’

“And he looked at the little girl, who had curls precisely like yours, and the same little

nose and mouth. And that little girl, who is now your mother, said very simply: 'Won't you come home to luncheon with us? May he, mother? He has run a very long way to be polite to us.'

"And your mother's mother looked at the boy for a moment, smiling, for he was the image of his father, who had been at school with her. Then she said: 'Come to luncheon and tell me about your father. Your father once came a thousand miles to see me, but I had started the day before on my wedding-trip.'

"And that is how your father first met your mother, when she was fourteen years old."

Drina laughed: "What a funny boy father was to run after a strange girl on a polo pony! Suppose—suppose he had not seen her, and had not run after her. Where would I be now, Uncle Philip? Could you please tell me?"

"Still aloft among the cherubim, sweet-heart."

"But—whose uncle would you be? And who would Boots have found for a comrade like me? It's a good thing that father ran after that polo pony. Probably God arranged it. Do you think so?"

"There is no harm in thinking it," he said, smiling.

"Uncle Philip, mother has forbidden me—and I'll tell her and take my punishment—but would you mind telling me how you first met my Aunt Alixe?"

"Why do you ask, dear?" he said very quietly.

"Because I was just wondering whether God arranged that too."

Selwyn looked at her a moment. "Yes," he said grimly; "nothing happens by chance."

"Then, when God arranges such things, He does not always consider our happiness."

"He gives us our chance, Drina."

"Oh! Did you have a chance? I heard mother say to Eileen that you had never had a chance for happiness. I thought it was very sad. I had gone into the clothes press to play with my dolls—you know I still do play with them—that is, I go into some secret place and look at them at times when the children are not around. So I was in there, sitting on the cedar chest, and I couldn't help hearing what they said.

"And mother said to Eileen: 'Dearest, can't you learn to care for him?' And Eileen——"

"Drina!" he interrupted sharply, "you must not repeat things you overhear."

"Oh, I didn't hear anything more," said the child, "because I remembered that I shouldn't listen, and I came out of the closet. Mother was standing by the bed, and Eileen was lying on the bed with her hands over her eyes; and I didn't know she had been crying until I said, 'Please excuse me for listening,' and she sat up very quickly, and I saw her face was flushed and her eyes wet. Isn't it possible for you to marry anybody, Uncle Philip?"

"No, Drina."

The child balanced a bonbon between thumb and forefinger, considering it very gravely.

"I know something that mother does not," she said. "Eileen *is* in love. I heard her say so."

"I was sleeping with her. I was still awake, and I heard her say: 'I *do* love you—I *do* love you.' She said it very softly, and I cuddled up, supposing she meant me. But she was asleep."

"She certainly meant you," said Selwyn, forcing his stiffened lips into a smile.

"No; she did not mean me."

"H-how do you know?"

"Because she said a man's name."

The silence lengthened; he sat, tilted a little forward, blank gaze focused on the snowy window; Drina, standing, leaned back into the hollow of his arm, absently studying her ring.

A few moments later her music teacher arrived, and Drina was obliged to leave him.

Meaning to go—for the house and its associations made him restless—he picked up the box of violets and turned to ring for a maid to take charge of them—and found himself confronting Eileen, who, in her furs and gloves, was just entering the room.

"I came up," she said; "they told me you were here, calling very formally upon Drina, if you please. What with her monopoly of you and Boots, there seems to be no chance for Nina and me."

They shook hands pleasantly; he offered her the box of violets, and she thanked him and opened it, and, lifting the heavy perfumed bunch, bent her fresh young face to it.

"The first night I ever knew you, you sent me about a wagon-load of violets," she said carelessly.

He nodded pleasantly; she tossed her muff

onto the library table, stripped off her gloves, and began to unhook her fur coat, declining his aid with a quick shake of her head.

"You don't look very well, Captain Selwyn; are you?"

"Perfectly. I"—he laughed—"I am growing old; that is all."

"Captain Selwyn! But of course you only say that to bring out that latent temper of mine. It's about the only thing that does it, too. And please don't plague me—if you've only a few moments to stay. It may amuse you to know that I, too, am exhibiting signs of increasing infirmity; my temper, if you please, is not what it once was."

"Worse than ever?" he asked in pretended astonishment.

"Far worse. It is vicious. Kit-Ki took a nap on a new dinner gown of mine, and I slapped her. And the other day Drina hid in a clothes press while Nina was discussing my private affairs, and when the little imp emerged I could have shaken her. Oh, I am certainly becoming infirm."

At the mention of the incident of which Drina had already spoken to him, Selwyn raised his head and looked at the girl curiously. Then he laughed.

"I am wondering," he said in a bantering voice, "what secrets Drina heard. I think I'd better ask her——"

"You had better not! Besides, I said nothing at all."

"But Nina did."

"Would you like to know what Nina was saying to me?" she asked.

"I'd rather hear what you said to her."

"I told you that I said nothing."

"Not even a sound?"

"N—well—I won't answer that."

After a moment he said, still curious: "*Why* were you crying, Eileen?"

"Crying! I didn't say I was crying."

"I assume it."

"Well—yes," she admitted, "I was crying—if you insist on knowing. Now that you have so cleverly driven me to admit that, can you also force me to tell you *why* I was so tearful?"

"Certainly," he said promptly; "it was something Nina said that made you cry."

They both laughed.

"Oh, what a come-down!" she said teasingly. "You knew that before. But can you force me to confess to you *what* Nina was saying? If you can you are the cleverest

cross-examiner in the world, for I'd rather perish than tell you——"

"Oh," he said instantly, "then it was something about love!"

He had not meant to say it; he had spoken too quickly, and the flush of surprise on the girl's face was matched by the color rising to his own temples. And, to retrieve the situation, he spoke too quickly again—and too lightly.

"A girl would rather perish than admit that she is in love," he said, forcing a laugh.

The surprise had faded from her face, but the color remained; and with it something else—something in the blue eyes he had never before encountered there—the faintest trace of recoil, of shrinking away from him.

He had not yet spoken when again she lifted her eyes and saw him sitting in the dusk, one arm resting across his knee, his body bent slightly forward, his gaze vacant.

"What has come between us, Captain Selwyn? What has happened to us? Something is all wrong, and I—I ask you what it is, because I don't know."

He had lifted his head at her first word, hesitatingly, as though dazed.

"Could you tell me?" she asked faintly.

"Tell you what, child?"

"Why you are so silent with me; what has crept in between us? I"—the innocent courage sustaining her—"I have not changed—except a little in—the way you wished. Have you?"

"No," he said in an altered voice.

"Then—what is it? I have been—you have left me so much alone this winter—and I supposed I understood——"

"My work," he said; but she scarcely knew the voice for his.

"I know; you have had no time. I know that; I ought to know it by this time, for I have told myself often enough. And yet—when we *are* together, it is—it has been—different. Can you tell me why? Do you think me changed?"

"You must not change," he said.

"No," she breathed, wondering, "I could not—except—a little, as I told you."

"You must not change—not even that way!" he repeated in a voice so low she could scarcely hear him—and believed she had misunderstood him. Then, suddenly instinct with the subtle fear which had driven her into speech:

"When I said—said that to you—last sum-

mer; when I cried in the swinging seat there—because I could not answer you—as I wished to—did *that* change you, Captain Selwyn?”

“No.”

“Then y-you are unchanged?”

“Yes, Eileen.”

“Then—then *that* is not it,” she faltered.

“I was afraid—I have sometimes wondered if it was. I am very glad, Captain Selwyn. Will you wait a—little longer—for me to—change?”

He stood up suddenly in the darkness, and she sprang to her feet, breathless; for she had caught the low exclamation, and the strange sound that stifled it in his throat.

“Tell me,” she stammered, “w-what has happened. D-don’t turn away to the window; don’t leave me all alone to endure this—this *something* I have known was drawing you away—I don’t know where! What is it? Could you not tell *me*, Captain Selwyn? I—I have been very frank with you; I have been truthful—and loyal. I gave you, from the moment I knew you, all of me there was to give. And—and if there is more to give—now—it was yours when it came to me.

“Do you think I am too young to know what I am saying? Solitude is a teacher. I—I am still a scholar, perhaps, but I think that you could teach me what my drillmaster, Solitude, could not—if it—it is true you love me.”

The mounting sea of passion swept him; he turned on her unsteadily, his hands clinched, not daring to touch her. Shame, contrition, horror that the damage was already done, all were forgotten; only the deadly grim duty of the moment held him back.

“Dear,” he said, “because I am unchanged—because I—I love you so—help me!—and God help us both.”

“Tell me,” she said steadily, but it was fear that stilled her voice. Her head was high and her eyes met his, straight, unwavering.

“I—I knew it,” she said; “I understood there was something. If it is trouble—and I see it is—bring it to me. If I am the woman you took me for, give me my part in this.”

“Do you ask a part in this?” he said at last.

“I ask it.”

“Why?”

“For love of you,” she said, as white as death.

He caught his breath sharply and straightened out, passing one hand across his eyes.

When she saw his face again in the dim light it was ghastly.

“There was a woman,” he said, “for whom I was once responsible.” He spoke wearily, head bent, resting the weight of one arm on the table against which she leaned. “Do you understand?” he asked.

“Yes. You mean—Mrs. Ruthven.”

“I mean—her. Afterwards—when matters had altered—I came—home.”

He raised his head and looked about him in the darkness.

“Came home,” he repeated, “no longer a man; the shadow of a man, with no hope, no outlook, no right to hope. No right to hope. Others told me that I still possessed that right. I knew they were wrong; I do not mean that they persuaded me—I persuaded myself that, after all, perhaps my right to hope remained to me. I persuaded myself that I might be, after all, the substance, not the shadow.

“And so I dared to love you.”

She gazed at him, scarcely breathing.

“Then,” he said, “came the awakening. My dream had ended.”

She waited, the lace on her breast scarce stirring, so still she stood, so pitifully still.

“Such responsibility cannot die while those live who undertook it. I believed it until I desired to believe it no longer. But a man’s self-persuasion cannot alter such laws—nor can human laws confirm or nullify them, nor can a great religion do more than admit their truth, basing its creed upon such laws. No man can put asunder, no laws of man undo the burden. And, to my shame and disgrace, I have had to relearn this after offering you a love I had no right to offer—a life which is not my own to give.”

He took one step toward her, and his voice fell so low that she could just hear him:

“She has lost her mind, and the case is hopeless. Those to whom the laws of the land have given care of her turned on her, threatened her with disgrace. And when one friend of hers halted this miserable conspiracy, her malady came swiftly upon her, and suddenly she found herself helpless, penniless, abandoned, her mind already clouded, and clouding faster! Eileen, was there then the shadow of a doubt as to the responsibility? Because a man’s son was named in the parable, does the lesson end there—and are there no others as prodigal—no other bonds that hold as inexorably as the bond of love?”

"Men—a lawyer or two—a referee—decided to remove a burden; but a higher court has replaced it."

He came and stood directly before her:

"I dare not utter one word of love to you; I dare not touch you. What chance is there for such a man as I?"

"No chance—for us," she whispered. "Go!"

For a second he stood motionless, then, swaying slightly, turned on his heel.

CHAPTER XII

HER WAY

NEERGARD had already begun to make mistakes. The first was in thinking that, among those whose only distinction was their wealth, his own wealth permitted him the same insolence and ruthlessness that so frequently characterized them.

Clever, vindictively patient, circumspect, and commercially competent as he had been, his intelligence was not of a high order. The intelligent never willfully make enemies; Neergard made them gratuitously, cynically kicking from under him the props he used in mounting the breach, and which he fancied he no longer needed as a scaffolding now that he had obtained a foothold on the outer wall. Thus he had sneeringly dispensed with Gerald; thus he had shouldered Fane and Harmon out of his way when they objected to the purchase of Neergard's acreage adjoining the Siowitha preserve, and its incorporation as an integral portion of the club tract; thus he was preparing to rid himself of Ruthven for another reason. But he was not yet quite ready to spurn Ruthven, because he wanted a little more out of him—just enough to place himself on a secure footing among those of the younger set, where Ruthven, as hack cotillion leader, was regarded by the young with wide-eyed awe.

Now he had arrived among those outlying camps where camp followers and masters mingled. Certain card rooms were open to him, certain drawing-rooms, certain clubs.

Already the familiarity of his appearance and his name appeared to sanction his presence; two minor clubs, but good ones—in need of dues—had strained at this social camel and swallowed him. Card rooms welcomed him—not the rooms once flung open contemptu-

ously for his plucking, but rooms where play was fiercer, and where those who faced him expected battle to the limit.

And they got it, for he no longer felt obliged to lose. And that again was a mistake; he could not yet afford to win.

Thick in the chance and circumstance of the outer camp, heavily involved financially and already a crushing financial force, meshed or spinning in his turn the strands and counterstrands of intrigue, with a dozen men already mortally offended and a woman or two alarmed or half-contemptuously on guard, flattered, covetous, or afraid, the limit of Neergard's intelligence was reached.

George Fane, unpleasantly involved in Block Copper, angry, but not very much frightened, turned in casual good faith to Neergard to ease matters until he could cover. And Neergard locked him in the tighter and shouldered his way through Rosamund's drawing-room to the sill of Sanxon Orchil's outer office, treading on Harmon's heels.

Harmon, in disgust, wrath, and fear, went to Craig; Craig to Maxwell Hunt; Hunt wired Mottly; Mottly, cold and sleek in his contempt, came from Palm Beach.

The cohesive power of caste is an unknown element to the outsider. That he had unwittingly and prematurely aroused some unsuspected force on which he had not counted and of which he had no definite knowledge was revealed to Neergard when he desired Rosamund to obtain for him an invitation to the Orchils' ball.

It appeared that she could not do so—that even the threatened tendency of Block Copper could not sharpen her wits to devise a way for him. Very innocently she told him that Jack Ruthven was leading the Chinese cotillion with Mrs. Delmour-Carnes from one end, Gerald Erroll with Gladys from the other—a hint that a card ought to be easy to obtain in spite of the strangely forgetful Orchils.

Long since he had fixed upon Gladys Orchil as the most suitable silent partner for the un-built house of Neergard, unconcerned that rumor was already sending her abroad for the double purpose of getting rid of Gerald and of giving deserving aristocracy a look-in at the fresh youth of her and her selling price.

So he had come, on various occasions, close to the unruffled skirts of this young girl—not yet, however, in her own house. But Sanxon Orchil had recently condescended to turn around in his office chair and leave his amus-

ing railroad combinations long enough to divide with Neergard a quarter of a million copper profits; and there was another turn to be expected when Neergard gave the word.

Therefore it puzzled and confused Neergard to be overlooked where the gay world had been summoned with an accompanying blast from the public press; therefore he had gone to Rosamund with the curtest of hints; but he had remained, standing before her, checked, not condescending to irritation, but mentally alert to a new element of resistance which he had not expected—a new force, palpable, unlooked for, unclassified as yet in this schedule for his life's itinerary. That force was the cohesive power of abstract caste in the presence of a foreign irritant threatening its atomic disintegration. That foreign and irritating substance was himself.

Rosamund, smoothly groomed, golden-headed, and smiling, rose as Neergard moved slowly forward to take his leave.

"So stupid of them to have overlooked you," she said; "and I should have thought Gladys would have remembered—unless——"

"Unless what?" he asked.

"Unless Gladys's intellect, which has only room for one idea at a time, is already fully occupied with that Gerald boy"—she shrugged indulgently—"perhaps with her pretty American Grace and the outlook for the Insular invasion."

Neergard's apple face was dull and mottled, and on the thin bridge of his nose the sweat glistened. He did not know what she meant; and she knew he did not.

"Gerald, poor lad, is to be disciplined," she observed. "The prettiest of American duchesses takes her over next spring; and God knows the household cavalry needs green forage. Besides, even Jack Ruthven may stand the chance they say he stands if it is true he has made up his mind to sue for his divorce."

Again he felt the check of something intangible but real; and the vanity in him, flicked on the raw, peered out at her from his close-set eyes. For a moment he measured her from the edge of her skirt to her golden head, insolently.

"You might remind your husband," he said, "that I'd rather like to have a card to the Orchil affair."

"There is no use in speaking to George," she replied regretfully, shaking her head.

"Try it," returned Neergard with the hint of a snarl.

That afternoon, alone in his office, Neergard remembered Gerald. And for the first time he understood the mistake of making an enemy out of what he had known only as a friendly fool.

But it was a detail, after all—merely a slight error in assuming too early an arrogance he could have afforded to wait for. He had waited a long, long while for some things.

As for Fane, he had him locked up with his short account. No doubt he'd hear from the Orchils through the Fanes. However, to clinch the matter, he thought he might as well stop in to see Ruthven. A plain word or two to Ruthven indicating his own wishes—perhaps outlining his policy concerning the future house of Neergard—might as well be delivered now as later.

As his cab drove up to the intricately ornamental house of gray stone, a big touring limousine wheeled out from before the curb, and he caught sight of Sanxon Orchil and Phoenix Mottly inside, evidently just leaving Ruthven.

His smiling and very cordial bow was returned coolly by Orchil, and apparently not observed at all by Mottly. He sat a second in his cab, motionless, the obsequious smile still stenciled on his flushed face; then the flush darkened.

Ruthven in a lounging suit of lilac silk, sashed in with flexible silver, stood with his back to the door as Neergard was announced; and even after that Ruthven took his time to turn and stare, and nod with a deliberate negligence that accented the affront.

Neergard sat down; Ruthven gazed out of the window, then, soft thumbs hooked in his sash, turned leisurely in impudent interrogation.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" asked Neergard, for the subtle something he had been encountering all day had suddenly seemed to wall him out of all he had conquered, forcing him back into the simpler sordid territory where ways and modes of speech were more familiar to him—where the spontaneous crudity of expression belonged—among the husks of all he had supposed discarded forever.

"Really," observed Ruthven, staring at the seated man, "I scarcely understand your remark."

"Well, you'll understand it perhaps when I

choose to explain it," said Neergard. "I see there's some trouble somewhere. What is it? What's the matter with Orchil, and that hatchet-faced beagle pup, Mottly? Is there anything the matter, Jack?"

"Nothing important," said Ruthven with an intonation which troubled Neergard. "Did you come here to—ah—ask anything of me? Very glad to do anything, I'm sure."

"Are you? Well, then, I want a card to the Orchils'."

Ruthven began to explain, rather languidly, that it was impossible; but—"I want it," insisted the other doggedly.

"I can't be of any service to you in this instance."

"Oh, yes, I think you can. I tell you I want that card. Do you understand plain speech?"

"Ya-as," drawled Ruthven, seating himself a trifle wearily among his cushions, "but yours is so—ah—very plain—quite elemental, you know. You ask for a bid to the Orchils'; I tell you quite seriously I can't secure one for you."

"You'd better think it over," said Neergard menacingly.

"You insist?" in mildly bored deprecation.

"Yes, I insist. Why can't you—or why won't you?"

"Well, if you really insist, they—ah—don't want you, Neergard."

"Who—why—how do you happen to know that they don't? Is this some petty spite of that young cub, Gerald? Or"—and he almost looked at Ruthven—"is this some childish whim of yours?"

"Oh, really now—"

"Yes, really now," sneered Neergard, "you'd better tell me. And you'd better understand, now, once for all, just exactly what I've outlined for myself—so you can steer clear of the territory I operate in.

"I need a little backing, but I can get along without it. And what I'm going to do is to marry Miss Orchil. Now you know; now you understand. I don't care a damn about the Erroll boy; and I think I'll discount right now any intentions of any married man to bother Miss Orchil after some Dakota decree frees him from the woman whom he's driven into an asylum."

"So that is discounted, is it?"

"I think so," nodded Neergard. "I don't think that man will try to obtain a divorce until I say the word."

"Oh! Why not?"

"Because of my knowledge concerning that man's crooked methods in obtaining for me certain options that meant ruin to his own country club," said Neergard coolly.

"I see. How extraordinary! But the club has bought in all that land, hasn't it?"

"Yes—but the stench of your treachery remains, my friend."

"Not treachery, only temptation," observed Ruthven blandly. "I've talked it all over with Orchil and Mottly—"

"You—*what!*" gasped Neergard.

"Talked about it," repeated Ruthven, hard face guileless, and raising his eyebrows. "I told Orchil what you persuaded me to do—"

"You—you damned—"

"Not at all, not at all!" protested Ruthven, languidly settling himself once more among the cushions. "And by the way," he added, "there's a law—by-law—something or other, that I understand may interest you"—he looked up at Neergard, who had sunk back in his chair—"about unpaid assessments—"

Neergard now for the first time was looking directly at him.

"Unpaid assessments," repeated Ruthven.

"It's a detail—a law—never enforced unless we—ah—find it convenient to rid ourselves of a member. It's rather useful, you see, in such a case—a technical pretext, you know. I forget the exact phrasing; something about 'ceases to retain his membership, and such shares of stock as he may own in the said club shall be appraised and delivered to the treasurer upon receipt of the value'—or something like that."

Still Neergard looked at him, hunched up in his chair, chin sunk on his chest.

"Thought it just as well to mention it," said Ruthven blandly, "as they've seen fit to take advantage of the—ah—opportunity—under legal advice. You'll hear from the secretary, I fancy—Mottly, you know. Is there anything more, Neergard?"

Neergard, hunched up in his chair, began to understand. If Ruthven had been a blackguard—it was not for him to punish him—no, not even threaten to expose him. His own caste would take care of that; his own sort would manage such affairs. Meanwhile Neergard had presumed to annoy them, and the society into which he had forced himself and which he had digestively affected, squid-like, was now slowly turning itself inside out to expel him, as a foreign substance from which

such unimportant nutrition as he had afforded had been completely extracted.

In due time Neergard, who still spent his penny on a morning paper, read about the Orchil ball. Then he rose wearily, and started downtown to see what his lawyers could do toward reinstating him in a club that had expelled him—to find out if there remained the slightest trace of a chance in the matter. But even as he went he knew there could be none.

He had less time now, and there was a new pressure which he was beginning to feel vaguely hostile to him in his business enterprises—hitches in the negotiations of loans, delays, perhaps accidental, but annoying; changes of policy in certain firms who no longer cared to consider acreage as investment; and a curiously veiled antagonism to him in a certain railroad, the reorganization of which he had dared once to aspire to.

And one day he went home, very tired with a mental lassitude that depressed him and left him drowsy in his great armchair before the grate—too drowsy and apathetic even to examine the letters and documents laid out for him by his secretary, although one of them seemed to be important—something about alienation of affections, something about a yacht and Mrs. Ruthven, and a heavy suit to be brought unless other settlement was suggested as a balm to Mr. Ruthven.

To dress for dinner was an effort—a purely mechanical operation which was only partly successful, although his man aided him. But he was too tired to continue the effort; and at last it was his man alone who disembarrassed him of his heavy clothing and who laid him among the bedclothes, where he sank back, relaxed, breathing loudly in the dreadful depressed stupor of utter physical and neurotic prostration.

Meaningless to him the hurriedly intrusive attorneys—his own and Ruthven's—who forced their way in that night—or was it the next, or months later? A weight like the weight of death lay on him, mind and body. If he comprehended what threatened, what was coming, he did not care. The world passed on, leaving him lying there, nerveless, exhausted, a derelict on a sea too stormy for such as he—a wreck that might have sailed safely in narrower waters.

Even before Neergard's illness Ruthven's domestic and financial affairs were in a vil-

lainous mess. Whether or not his wife was mentally competent he did not know; he did not know anything about her. But he dared not make a legal issue of her probable continued infirmity, because of his physical fear of Selwyn.

But there was—or he thought that there had been—one way to begin the matter, and that was to pretend to assume Neergard responsible; and, on the strength of his wife's summer sojourn aboard the *Niobrara*, turn on Neergard and demand a reckoning which he believed Selwyn would never hear of, because he did not believe Neergard dared defend the suit, and would sooner or later compromise.

Ruthven was too deadly afraid of Selwyn to begin suit at that stage of the proceedings. All he could do was to start, through his attorneys, a search for his wife, and meanwhile try to formulate some sort of definite plan in regard to Gladys Orchil; for if that feather-brained youngster went abroad in the spring he meant to follow the young girl he had selected to rehabilitate the name, fortune, and house of Ruthven.

This, in brief, was Ruthven's general scheme of campaign; and the entire affair had taken some sort of shape, and was slowly beginning to move, when Neergard's illness came as an absolute check, just as the first papers were about to be served on him.

But he could still continue an unobtrusive search for the whereabouts of his wife, which he did. And the chances were that his attorneys would find her without great difficulty, because Selwyn had not the slightest suspicion that he was being followed.

Once a week Selwyn called at the Gerards', spending most of his time while there with the children. Sometimes he saw Nina and Eileen, usually just returned or about to depart for some function; and his visit, as a rule, ended with a cup of tea alone with Austin, and a quiet cigar in the library, where Kit-Ki sat, paws folded under, approving of the fireside warmth in a pleasurable monotone.

Austin had begun to show a peculiar pride in the commercial development of Gerald, speaking often of his gratifying application to business, the stability of his modest position, the friends he was making among men of substance, their regard for him.

"Not that the boy is doing much of a business yet," he would say with a tolerant shrug of his big fleshy shoulders, "but he's laying

the foundation for success—a good, upright, solid foundation—with the doubtful scheming of Neergard left out.”

Austin considered his cigar end, turning it round and round. “There’s good stock in the boy; I always knew it—even when he acted like a yellow pup. You see, Phil, that my treatment of him was the proper treatment. I was right in refusing to mollicoddle him or put up with any of his callow, unbaked impudence. You know yourself that you wanted me to let up on him—make all kinds of excuses. Why, man, if I had given him an inch leeway he’d have been up to his ears in debt. But I was firm. He saw I’d stand no fooling. He didn’t dare contract debts which he couldn’t pay. So now, Phil, you can appreciate the results of my attitude toward him.”

“I can, indeed,” said Selwyn thoughtfully.

“Well, I’m glad of it. You thought me harsh—oh, I know you did!—but I don’t blame you. I knew what I was about. Why, Phil, if I hadn’t taken the firm stand I took that boy would have been running to Nina and Eileen—he did go to his sister once, but he never dared try it again!—and he’d probably have borrowed money of Neergard and—by Jove! he might even have come to you to get him out of his scrapes!”

“Oh, scarcely that,” protested Selwyn with grave humor.

After a few moments’ silence Austin said curiously: “You’re a frugal bird. You used to be fastidious. Do you know that coat of yours is nearly the limit?”

“Nonsense,” said Selwyn, coloring.

“It is. What do you do with your money? Invest it, of course; but you ought to let me place it. You never spend any; you should have a decent little sum tucked away by this time. Do your Chaosite experiments cost anything now?”

“No; the government is conducting them.”

“Good business. What does the bally government think of the powder, now?”

“I can’t tell yet,” said Selwyn listlessly. “There’s a plate due to arrive to-morrow; it represents a section of the side armor of one of the new 22,000-ton battle ships. I hope to crack it.”

A little later Austin cast the remains of his cigar from him, straightened up, yawned, patted his waistcoat, and looked wisely at the cat.

“I’m going to bed,” he announced. “Boots is to bring back Nina and Eileen. You don’t mind, do you, Phil? I’ve a busy day to-morrow. There’s Scotch over there—you know where things are. Ring if you have a sudden desire for anything funny like peacock feathers on toast. There’s cold grouse somewhere underground if you’re going to be an owl. And don’t feed that cat on the rugs. Good night.”

“Good night,” nodded Selwyn, relighting his cigar.

He had been smoking for half an hour perhaps, lying deep in his chair, worn features dully illuminated by the sinking fire; and he was thinking about going—had again relighted his partly consumed cigar to help him with its fragrant companionship on his dark route homeward, when he heard a footfall on the landing, and turned to catch a glimpse of Gerald in overcoat and hat, moving silently toward the stairs.

“Hello, old fellow!” he said, surprised. “I didn’t know you were in the house.”

The boy hesitated, turned, placed something just outside the doorway, and came quickly into the room.

“Philip!” he said with a curious, excited laugh, “I want to ask you something. I never yet came to you without asking something and—you never have failed me. Would you tell me now what I had better do?”

“Certainly,” said Selwyn, surprised and smiling; “ask me, old fellow. You’re not eloping with some nice girl, are you?”

“Yes,” said Gerald, calm in his excitement, “I am.”

“What?” repeated Selwyn gravely; “what did you say?”

“You guessed it. I came home and dressed and I’m going back to the Craigs’ to marry a girl whose mother and father won’t let me have her.”

“Sit down, Gerald,” said Selwyn, removing the cigar from his lip; but—

“I haven’t time,” said the boy. “I simply want to know what you’d do if you loved a girl whose mother means to send her to London to get rid of me and marry her to that Elliscombe fellow who was over here.”

“There’s nothing dishonorable in this, of course.”

“No,” said the boy. “I went to her mother and asked for her, and was sent about my business. Then I went to her father. You know him. He was decent; bland, evas-

ive, but decent. Well, I said to him, 'I'm going to marry Gladys'; and he laughed and tried to look at his mustache; and after a while he asked to be excused. I took the count. Then I saw Gladys at the Craigs', and I said, 'Gladys, if you'll give up the whole blooming heiress business and come with me, I'll make you the happiest girl in Manhattan.' And she looked me straight in the eyes and said, 'I'd rather grow up with you than grow old forgetting you.'"

"Did she say that?" asked Selwyn.

"She said, 'We've the greatest chance in the world, Gerald, to make something of each other. Is it a good risk?' And I said, 'It is the best risk in the world if you love me.' And she said, 'I do, dearly; I'll take my chance.' And that's how it stands, Philip. She's at the Craigs'—a suitcase and traveling gown upstairs. Suddy Gray and Betty Craig are standing for it, and"—with a flush—"there's a little church, you know—"

"Well?" asked Gerald, almost tremulously. "Can't you say, 'Go ahead!'"

"Don't ask me."

"No, I won't," said the boy simply. "A man doesn't ask about such matters; he does them. Tell Austin and Nina. And give this note to Eileen." He opened a portfolio and laid an envelope in Selwyn's hands. "And—by Georgel—I almost forgot! Here"—and he laid a check across the note in Selwyn's hand—"here's the balance of what you've advanced me. Thank God, I've made it good, every cent. But the debt is only the deeper. Good-by, Philip."

Selwyn held the boy's hand a moment. Once or twice Gerald thought he meant to speak, and waited, but when he became aware of the check thrust back at him he forced it on Selwyn again, laughing:

"No! no! If I did not stand clear and free in my shoes do you think I'd dare do what I'm doing? Do you suppose I'd ask a girl to face with me a world in which I owed a penny? Do you suppose I'm afraid of that world?—or of a soul in it? Do you suppose I can't take a living out of it?"

So Gerald went away in the pride and excitement of buoyant youth to take love as he found it and where he found it. The affair made a splash in the social puddle, and the commotion spread outside of it. Sanxon Orchil was widely quoted as suavely and urbanely deploring the premature consummation of an alliance long since decided upon by

both families involved; Mrs. Orchil snapped her electric-blue eyes and held her peace—between her very white teeth; Austin Gerard, secretly astounded with admiration for Gerald, received the reporters with a countenance expressive of patient pain, but downtown he made public pretense of busy indifference, as though not fully alive to the material benefit connected with the unexpected alliance. Nina wept—happily at moments—at moments she laughed—because she had heard all about the famous British invasion planned by the Orchils and abetted by Anglo-American aristocracy.

Meanwhile the disorganization in the nursery was tremendous; the children, vaguely aware of the household demoralization and excitement, took the opportunity to break loose on every occasion; Drina, taking advantage, contrived to overeat herself and sit up late, and was put to bed sick; and Eileen, loyal, but sorrowfully amazed at her brother's exclusion of her in such a crisis, became slowly overwhelmed with the realization of her own loneliness, and took to the seclusion of her own room, feeling tearful and abandoned.

Nina misunderstood her, finding her lying on her bed, her pale face pillowed in her hair.

"Only horribly ordinary people will believe that Gerald wanted her money," said Nina. "What are you crying for?"

"I don't know," said Eileen. "Is Drina ill?"

"No; only sick. Calomel will fix her, but she believes she's close to dissolution and she's sent for Boots to take leave of him—the little monkey! I'm so indignant. She's taken advantage of the general demoralization to eat up everything in the house. Billy fell downstairs, fox hunting, and his nose bled all over that pink Kirman rug. Boots is a dear; do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Eileen listlessly.

"Well, he and Phil have moved out of Boots's house, and Boots has wired Gerald and Gladys that the house is ready for them until they can find a place of their own. Of course they'll both come here—in fact, their luggage is upstairs now—Boots takes the blue room and Phil his old quarters. But don't you think it is perfectly sweet of Boots? And isn't it good to have Philip back again?"

"Y-es," said Eileen faintly.

Nina had laid a cool smooth hand across

her forehead, pushing back the hair—a light caress, sensitive as an unasked question.

But there was no response, and presently the elder woman rose and went out along the landing, and Eileen heard her laughingly greeting Boots, who had arrived post haste on news of Drina's plight.

They went upstairs together. Nina knocked, peeped in, then summoned Mr. Lansing.

Half an hour later Drina was asleep, holding fast to Boots's sleeve, and that young gentleman sat in a chair beside her, discussing with her pretty mother the plans made for Gladys and Gerald on their expected arrival.

Eileen, pale and heavy-lidded, looked in on her way to some afternoon affair, nodding unsmiling to Boots.

"Have you been rifling the pantry, too?" he whispered. "You lack your usual chromatic symphony."

"No, Boots; I'm just tired. If I wasn't physically afraid of Drina, I'd get you to run off with me—anywhere. What is that letter, Nina? For me?"

"It's for Phil. Boots brought it around. Leave it on the library table, dear, when you go down."

Eileen took the letter and turned away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table, her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close; and looked up into his steady eyes. And knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down, for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought specter had fled!—broke down, no longer doubting, bowing her head in her slim gloved hands, thrilled to the soul with the certitude of their unhappiness eternal, and the dreadful pleasure of her share.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering, by the table.

"N-nothing. A—a little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you. And I—outlawed—tongue-tied. Don't look at me, don't wait. I—I am going out."

After awhile he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he

straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes, and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

It was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Mrs. Ruthven is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were, during the day, intervals that seemed perfectly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realized something of the conditions surrounding her. Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it unfinished when she went to drive—a mere scrap. I thought it best to inclose it, which I do, herewith."

The enclosure he opened:

"Phil, dear, though I have been very ill I know you're my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream of terror—"

And that was all—only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He studied it for a moment or two, then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if he was not speaking to Mrs. Ruthven. I was a trifle worried, and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me.

"That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison, the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business address.

"When I found that they had come without your knowledge and authority, I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and the one who said his name was Hallam spoke rather peremptorily and in a way that made me think he might be a lawyer.

"One other matter worries Miss Bond and myself. The revolver you sent us at my request has disappeared. We are nearly sure Mrs. Ruthven has it—you know she once dressed it as a doll—calling it her Philippine doll!—but now we can't find it. Somewhere she's hidden it, and Miss Bond and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'house party.'"

For a while he stood in the center of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he walked to the table where a directory lay.

He found the name; Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Boyd & Hallam. They

were attorneys for Jack Ruthven; he knew that.

Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island.

And when he had found what he wanted, he went to the telephone and rang up Mr. Ruthven, but the servant who answered the telephone informed him that Mr. Ruthven was not in town.

Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Mrs. Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, living in the country, maintaining a villa and a staff of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a groom on the rumble and a companion beside her; that she seemed to be perfectly sane, healthy in body and mind, comfortable, happy, and enjoying life under the protection of a certain Captain Selwyn, who paid all her bills and, at certain times, was seen entering or leaving her house at Edgewater.

To all of which his attorneys listened very attentively, bade him have no fear of his life, requested him to make several affidavits and leave the rest to them for the present.

Which he did, without hearing from them until Mr. Hallam telegraphed him to come to Edgewater if he had nothing better to do.

And Ruthven had just arrived at that inconspicuous Long Island village when his servant, at the telephone, replied to Selwyn's inquiry that his master was out of town.

Mr. Hallam was a very busy, very sanguine, very impetuous young man; and when he met Ruthven at the Edgewater station he told him promptly that he had the best case on earth; that he, Hallam, was going to New York on the train just leaving, and that Ruthven had better drive over and see for himself how gayly his wife maintained her household; for the Cossack sleigh had but just returned from the usual afternoon spin, and the young chateleine of Willow Villa was now on the snow-covered lawn, romping with the coachman's huge white wolf hound. It might be just as well for Ruthven to stroll up that way and see for himself. The house was known as the Willow Villa. Any hackman would drive him past it.

The train began to move out of the station. Ruthven hesitated, then stepped away from the passing car with a significant parting nod to Hallam.

"There's another train at four, isn't there?" he asked an official.

"Four-thirty, express. Yes, sir."

A hackman came up soliciting patronage. Ruthven motioned him to follow, leading the way to the edge of the platform.

"Do you know the Willow Villa?" demanded Ruthven.

"Willer Viller, sir? Yes, sir."

"I don't want to go to the Willow Villa," said Ruthven; "I want you to drive me past it, and then turn around and drive back here. Is that plain?"

"Yes, sir."

Ruthven got into the closed body of the vehicle, rubbed the frost from the window, and peeked out.

"What a God-forsaken place," muttered little Mr. Ruthven with a hard grimace. "If she's happy in this sort of a hole there's no doubt she's some sort of a lunatic."

The driver pulled up short, began to turn his horse, and pointing to a wooded hill to the west, explained that the Willow Villa stood there.

Ruthven got out of the covered wagon, looked across at the low hill, and dug his gloved hands deeper into his fur-lined pockets.

For awhile he stood in the snow, stolid, thoughtful, puffing his cigar. A half-contemptuous curiosity possessed him to see his wife once more before he discarded her.

He said to the hackman: "You wait here. I'm going over to the Willow Villa for a few moments, and then I'll want you to drive me back to the station in time for that four-thirty. Do you understand?"

The man said he understood, and Ruthven, bundled in his fur coat, picked his way across the crust, through a gateway, and up what appeared to be a hedged lane. There were clumps of evergreens about, tall cedars, a bit of bushy foreland, and a stretch of snow. And across this open space of snow a young girl was moving, followed by a white wolf hound.

At first Ruthven thought it was his wife, then he was not sure, and he cast his cigar away and followed, slinking forward among the evergreens. But the youthful fur-clad figure kept straight on to the veranda of the house, and Ruthven, curious and determined to find out whether it was Alix or not, left the semishelter of the evergreens and crossed the open space just as the woman's figure disappeared around an angle of the veranda.

When he turned the angle of the porch

there was no one there; only an open door confronted him, with a big mild-eyed wolf hound standing in the doorway, looking steadily up at him. Ruthven glanced somewhat dubiously at the dog, then, as the animal made no offensive movement, he craned his fleshy neck, striving to see inside the house. He did see—nothing very much—only the same young girl, still in her furs, emerging from an inner room, her arms full of dolls.

In his eagerness to see more, Ruthven pushed past the great white dog, who withdrew his head disdainfully from the unceremonious contact, but quietly followed Ruthven into the house, standing beside him, watching him out of great, limpid, deerlike eyes.

But Ruthven no longer heeded the dog. His amused and slightly sneering gaze was fastened on the girl in furs who had entered what appeared to be a living room to the right, and now, down on her knees beside a couch, smiling and talking confidentially and quite happily to herself, was placing her dolls in a row against the wall.

The dolls were of various sorts, some plainly enough home made, some very waxy and gay in sash and lace, some with polished smiling features of porcelain. One doll, however, was different—a bit of ragged red flannel and something protruding to represent the head, something that glittered. And the girl in the fur jacket had this curious doll in her hands when Ruthven, to make sure of her identity, took a quick impulsive step forward.

Then the great white dog growled, very low, and the girl in the fur jacket looked around and up quickly.

Alixé! He realized it as she caught his pale eyes fixed on her; and she stared, sprang to her feet still staring. Then into her eyes leaped terror, the living horror of recognition distorting her face. And as she saw he meant to speak she recoiled, shrinking away, turning in her fright like a hunted thing. The strange doll in her hand glittered; it was a revolver wrapped in a red rag.

"W-what's the matter?" he stammered, stepping forward, fearful of the weapon she clutched.

But at the sound of his voice she screamed, crept back close against the wall, screamed again, pushing the shining muzzle of the weapon deep into her fur jacket above her breast.

"F-for God's sake!" he gasped, "don't fire!—don't——"

She closed both eyes and pulled the trigger; something knocked her flat against the wall, but she heard no sound of a report, and she pulled the trigger again and felt another blow.

The second blow must have knocked her down, for she found herself rising to her knees, reaching for the table to aid her. But her hands were all red and slippery; she looked at them stupidly, fell forward, rose again, with the acrid smell of smoke choking her, and her pretty fur jacket all soaked with the warm wet stuff which stained both hands, groped in the rushing darkness, and swayed forward, falling loosely and flat. And this time she did not try to rise.

As for the man, they finally contrived to drag the dog from him, and lift him to the couch, where he lay twitching among the dolls for a while; then stopped twitching. Later in the night men came with lanterns who carried him away. A doctor said that there was the usual chance for partial recovery.

ARS AMORIS

NINE days is the period of time allotted the human mind in which to wonder at anything. Ruthven was evidently done for; that the spark of mere vitality might linger for years in the exterior shell of him, familiar to his world, concerned that world no more. Interest in him was laid aside with the naïve and perfunctory finality that the memory of Alixé was laid away with.

As for Selwyn, a few people noticed his presence at the services; but even that episode was forgotten before he left the city, six hours later, under an invitation from Washington which admitted of no delay on the score of private business or of personal perplexity. For the summons was peremptory and his obedience so immediate that a telegram to Austin comprised and concluded the entire ceremony of his leave-taking.

Later he wrote a great many letters to Eileen Erroll—not one of which he ever sent. But the formality of his silence was no mystery to her; and her response was silence profound as the illness in her soul.

Toward the end of March the special service battle-ship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet commenced testing Chaosite in the vicinity of the Southern rendezvous. Both main and secondary batteries were employed. Sel-

wyn had been aboard the flagship for nearly a month.

In April the armored ships left the Southern drill ground and began to move northward. A destroyer took Selwyn across to the great fortress inside the Virginia capes and left him there. During his stay there was almost constant firing; later he continued northward as far as Washington; but it was not until June that he telegraphed Austin:

Government satisfied. Appropriation certain next session. Am on my way to New York.

Austin, in his house, which was now dismantled for the summer, telephoned Nina at Silverside that he had been detained and might not be able to grace the festivities, which were to consist of a neighborhood dinner to the younger set in honor of Mrs. Gerald. But he said nothing about Selwyn, and Nina did not suspect that her brother's arrival in New York had anything to do with Austin's detention.

There was in Austin a curious substroke of sentiment which seldom came to the surface except where his immediate family was involved. In his dealings with others he avoided it; even with Gerald and Eileen there had been little of this sentiment apparent. But where Selwyn was concerned, from the very first days of their friendship, he had always felt in his heart very close to the man whose sister he had married, and always almost automatically on his guard to avoid any expression of that affection. Once he had done so, or attempted to, when Selwyn first arrived from the Philippines, and it made them both uncomfortable to the verge of profanity, but remained as a shy source of solace to them both.

And now, as Selwyn came leisurely up the front steps, Austin, awaiting him feverishly, hastened to smooth the florid jocose mask over his features, and walked into the room, big hand extended, large bantering voice undisturbed by the tremor of a welcome which filled his heart and came near filling his eyes.

"So you've stuck the poor old government at last, have you? Took 'em all in—forts, fleet, and the marine cavalry? Where's your luggage? Oh, is it all here?—enough, I mean, for us to catch a train for Silverside this afternoon. Nina and Eileen are giving a shindy for Gladys—that's Gerald's new acquisition, you know. So if you don't mind butting into a baby show we'll run down."

Austin went to the telephone and called up his house at Silverside, saying that he'd be down that evening with a guest.

Nina got the message just as she had arranged her table; but woman is born to sorrow and heiress to all the unlooked-for idiocies of man.

"Dear," she said to Eileen, the tears of uxorial vexation drying unshed in her pretty eyes, "Austin has thought fit to seize upon this moment to bring a man down to dinner. So if you are dressed would you kindly see that the table is rearranged, and then telephone somebody to fill in—two girls, you know. The oldest Craig girl might do for one. Beg her mother to let her come.

Eileen laughed. "Oh, Nina, *do* let Drina come this once! It can't hurt her—she'll look so quaint. The child's nearly fifteen, you know; do let me put up her hair. Boots will take her in."

"Well, you and Austin can administer the calomel to-morrow, then. And do ring up Daisy Craig; tell her mother I'm desperate, and that she and Drina can occupy the same hospital to-morrow."

And so it happened that among the jolly youthful throng which clustered around the little candle-light tables in the dining room at Silverside, Drina, in ecstasy, curly hair just above the nape of her slim white neck, and cheeks like pink fire, sat between Boots and a vacant chair reserved for her tardy father.

For Nina had waited as long as she dared; then Boots had been summoned to take in Drina and the youthful Craig girl; and, as there were to have been six at a table, at that particular table sat Boots decorously facing Eileen, with the two children on either hand and two empty chairs flanking Eileen.

A jolly informality made up for Austin's shortcoming; Gerald and his pretty bride were the centers of delighted curiosity from the Minster twins and the Innis girls and Evelyn Cardwell—all her intimates. And the younger Draymores, the Grays, Lawns, and Craigs were there in force—gay, noisy, unembarrassed young people who seemed scarcely younger or gayer than the young matron, their hostess.

Boots's eyes opened wider and wider in sheer amazement at the capacity of woman in embryo for rations sufficient to maintain a small garrison.

"There'll be a couple of reports," he said to himself with a shudder, "like Selwyn's

Chaosite. And then there'll be no more Drina and Daisy— Hello!" he broke off, astonished. "Well, upon my word of words! Phil Selwyn!—or I'm a broker!"

"Phil!" exclaimed Nina. "Oh, Austin!—and you never told us——"

Austin, ruddy and bland, came up to make his excuses; a little whirlwind of excitement passed like a brisk breeze over the clustered tables as Selywn followed; and a dozen impulsive bare arms were outstretched to greet him as he passed, returning the bright, eager salutations on every hand.

"Train was late as usual," observed Austin. "Philip and I don't mean to butt into this very grand function— Hello, Gerald! Hello, Gladys! Where's our obscure corner below the salt, Nina? Oh, over there——"

Selwyn had already caught sight of the table destined for him. A deeper color crept across his bronzed face as he stepped forward, and his firm hand closed over the slim hand offered.

Her loveliness had been a memory; he had supposed he realized it to himself; but the superb, fresh beauty of the girl dazed him. There was a strange new radiancy, a living brightness to her that seemed almost unreal. Exquisitely unreal her voice, too, and the slightly bent head, crowned with the splendor of her hair; and the slowly raised eyes, two deep blue miracles tinged with the hues of paradise.

"There's no use," sighed Drina, "I shall not be able to dance. Boots, there's to be a dance, you know; so I'll sit on the stairs with Daisy Craig; and you'll come to me occasionally, won't you?"

Miss Craig yawned frightfully and made a purely mechanical move toward an iced strawberry. Before she got it Nina gave the rising signal.

"Are you remaining to smoke?" asked Eileen as Selwyn took her to the doorway. "Because, if you are not—I'll wait for you."

"Where?" he asked.

"Anywhere. Find me when you can get away. Nina is signaling me now."

Again, as of old, her outstretched hand—

the little formality symbolizing to him the importance of all that concerned them. He touched it.

"On the lawn out there—farther out, in the starlight," he whispered—his voice broke—"my darling——"

She bent her head, passing slowly before him, turned, looked back, her answer in her eyes, her lips, in every limb, every line and contour of her, as she stood a moment, looking back.

Austin and Boots were talking volubly when he went back into the fine haze of aromatic smoke. Gerald stuck close to him, happy, excited, shy by turns. Others came up on every side—young, frank, confident fellows, nice in bearing, of good speech and manner.

And outside waited their pretty partners of the younger set, gossiping in hall, on stairs and veranda in garrulous be vies, all filmy silks and laces and bright-eyed expectancy.

The long windows were open to the veranda; Selwyn, with his arm through Gerald's, walked to the railing and looked out across the fragrant star-lit waste. And very far away they heard the sea intoning the hymn of the four winds,

Then the elder man withdrew his arm and stood apart for a while. A little later he descended to the lawn, crossed it, and walked straight out into the waste.

He halted to listen; he looked long and steadily into the darkness around him. Suddenly he saw her—a pale blur in the dusk.

"Eileen?"

"Is it you, Philip?"

She stood waiting as he came up through the purple gloom of the moorland, the stars' brilliancy silvering her—waiting—yielding in pallid silence to his arms, crushed in them, looking into his eyes, dumb, wordless.

Then slowly the pale sacrament changed as the wild-rose tint crept into her face; her arms clung to his shoulders, higher, tightened around his neck. And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body, guiltless as God gave them, to have and to hold beyond such incidents as death and the eternity that no man clings to save in the arms of such as she.

THE END



THE DYING TREE *by Walter Malone*

OLD veteran who hast fought three hundred years,
 Three hundred winters with their sleets and snows,
 And welcomed back from exile, spring by spring,
 The South wind as thine ally and thy friend,—
 At last thy great campaigns are over; now
 Nears to its end thy long and blameless life.

Dear old companion of my boyhood hours,
 Our neighbor on that day when I was born,
 Our neighbor on that day my father died,—
 You knew old friends of mine who passed away,
 Gone to the churchyard—scattered over earth;

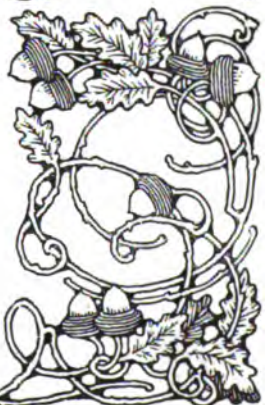
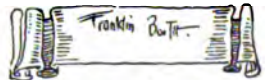
Now comes thy summons, and my list of friends
Shall lessen as thou goest on before.

Ah, thou wert true in many, many things,
And never wast thou false to aught on earth;
Ah, thou hast showered blessings many times,
But never have thy branches waved a curse.
Gift after gift hath fallen from thy hands,
Though no one ever brought a gift to thee.
The blue jay from thy branches, like a shrew,
Hath fumed and fretted at some crawling snake;
The crow hath croaked and quarreled from thy limbs,
The owl hath cried, the whippoorwill complained;
In summer, doves have mourned among thy leaves,
In winter, winds have moaned among thy boughs;
But never, in the seasons foul or fair,
Hast thou spoke ill of any living thing.

Through fiery noons the patient sheep have lain,
Cud-chewing, dozing in thy grateful shade;
The squirrel found a home within thy trunk;
Thy boughs were free for nest of every bird;
Thine acorns fell to please the chuckling swine;
The chipmunk scooped a lodgment at thy roots;
The raccoon and opossum, close pursued,
Found refuge from the hunter and his hounds.
Yet not one bird that ever flew through heaven,
And not one crawling creature of the ground,
Gave thanks for shelter, refuge, or a home,
Or brought thee gold or silver for thy pains.

There, too, a boy, I dreamed my foolish dreams
As long, long summer days would wax and wane;
Lost in the pages of some magic book,
I fancied for myself its glorious deeds.
Thou sawest when my wild, impatient feet
Left the old farm to wander through the world;
Thou sawest me forsake thee, full of hope,
And then, long after, in defeat return.
Then lying at thy feet, mine aching heart
Learned its hard lesson,—patience with its lot.

No wise man ever said thou hadst a soul,
No creed hath promised thee a hope of heaven;
Yet thou, without inducement of reward,
Eschewed all Evil, giving only Good.
The artist dreams of palms of Paradise,
The poet sings of meeting friends in heaven;
And thou, fast-rooted by the stream of life,
Shouldst be at home in Eden, as on earth.
Then, since no man can rend the secret veil,
Who knows but you and I shall somewhere meet again?



HAZING IN WALL STREET

BY W. G. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL COLLINS



ALL STREET is filled with very rich and very strong banking houses each wielding autocratic power within its own special sphere of influence. These great combinations of capital are usually governed by community-of-interest principles in their broad attitude toward the public, but sometimes they find themselves working at cross purposes, and on such occasions as these the Financial District becomes enveloped in storm clouds. Confusion and alarm prevail, lightnings play, and the experienced denizens of the Street seek the protection of the cyclone cellars. It is the unwritten law of Wall Street that when the giant combinations get to fighting among themselves it is the part of wisdom to hunt shelter; in other words to stand from under commitments which involve the elements of risk.

The Northern Pacific corner, for instance, shook Wall Street to its foundations some six years ago and formed a dramatic prelude to sensational developments extending through a series of years. Interests represented by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and his ally Mr. James J. Hill became involved in a contest with Mr. E. H. Harriman and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. for the control of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Control was deemed of vital importance by both factions and before it could be determined which side had won, the price of Northern Pacific was run up to \$1,000 a share. The unwritten history of that famous corner has it that some of the highest prices were paid by brokers who had "bucketed" trades of customers and preferred to stand tremendous losses on the transactions rather

than face exposure and expulsion from the Stock Exchange. Names were freely bandied about during that exciting period, but nothing ever came of the gossip. It was before the day of muck-rake popularity, and as the entrapped brokers paid the penalty of their indiscretions nobody felt called upon to move in their further pursuit. The Northern Pacific fight ended in a compromise which adherents of each faction stoutly declare to have been a victory for their respective favorite.

A disastrous panic attended this battle of the Titans in which dozens of houses failed and hundreds of individuals were ruined. The bitterness engendered by the contest has never died out, and down to the present writing knives are drawn on the slightest provocation. At the back of Mr. Harriman is the formidable figure of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, next to the Rothschilds the richest Jew in the world, a man of exemplary personal morality and as unforgiving as an Arab. The two opposing factions in Wall Street, designated in the terse language of the district as the "Morgan faction" and the "Schiff faction," are likely to continue in hostile alignment as long as the two great leaders remain in the limelight.

Greater than either the Morgan or the Schiff faction there looms into the foreground the "Standard Oil Party," more often specified in the anonymous gossip and literature of the hour as "26 Broadway." This tremendously powerful factor in the larger financial and business affairs of the day has developed slowly and unostentatiously (almost stealthily) until from a comparatively modest rating a dozen years ago it practically dominates the Wall Street situation. In addition

to stupendous railroad and industrial investments it controls groups of banks and trust companies in New York City having over \$400,000,000 deposits and owns blocks of stock in leading fiscal institutions in most of the large commercial and financial centers of the United States, besides having ownership interests in many foreign banks. Its financial influence is world-wide.

In Wall Street, Standard Oil exercises a species of terrorism. The astute Mr. John W. Gates not long ago confided to a friend that it would be the height of folly for any man or combination of men to engage in any enterprise of magnitude without first ascertaining whether Standard Oil would look upon it kindly.

The unprejudiced opinion is often expressed in thoughtful Wall Street discussion that the leading men of the original Standard Oil group have not grown as fast as their fortunes, and that they are dangerously deficient in appreciating their changed relationship to the public or a full sense of the responsibilities which go with immense wealth actively and diversely employed. Instances are cited where within the very recent past the crushing power of the Standard Oil multimillions has been used to destroy and ruin rivals whose only crime was that of being in the way of or interfering with the plans or ambitions of the mighty Rockefeller combination. A specific instance of relentless pursuit of other men engaged in legitimate business who had chanced to run counter to Standard Oil revenges, is that of a well-known and respectable international banking house which in the regular course of business had extended financial aid and influence to a mining man considered by Standard Oil

magnates as offensive. This concern had been going along quietly for many years and built up an enviable reputation on both sides of the Atlantic for stability and for everything that goes with proved sagacity and conservative financial conduct. When word reached "26 Broadway" that this house had underwritten some of the securities put out by the offensive individual referred to, warning was sent it to withdraw from the deal. The house, however, had gone too far and ignored the warning.

The general market situation at that time

was disturbed. It was suffering from a bad case of indigestion and the moment chanced to be inopportune for the flotation of new enterprises. It so happened that the international banking house in question had three or four other good-sized deals on in a state of incompleteness. To borrow a Wall Street colloquialism, it was "spread out"; that is, unusually extended.

The house presently found

itself a storm center. Its credit was attacked in various quarters and stocks in which it was interested were viciously raided. Hints began to circulate that "26 Broadway" was "gunning" for the concern and that if it did not abandon its latest ally it would be put out of business. The individual partners of the house, some living abroad and others in this country, came to the rescue and by drawing upon their personal resources reënforced it to the extent of many million dollars cash and credits. The fight against it was still kept up and the partners went deeper into their pockets. The banking house was obliged to make heavy sacrifices to sustain itself and ultimately made its peace with the Standard Oil combination by throwing over the obnoxious person



"When the giant combinations get to fighting."



"An object of flattering attention by important bankers."

against whom the magnates were at war. The experience cost the offending firm many millions of dollars. It was very much stronger than the Street imagined, else it could not have withstood the forces of destruction that were directed against it with merciless energy.

One of the methods employed to get rid of objectionable persons in Wall Street who persist in conducting their operations without regard to the plans or wishes of the powers is to "load them with money" and then call for its repayment at inconvenient periods. This is usually accomplished by subtly playing upon the vanity of the intended victim. He is made an object of flattering attention by important bankers and other people of consequence of the Street. It is conveyed to him that his genius is becoming recognized and that the really big fellows of the Street see in him truly Napoleonic qualities. He is informed that this bank and that bank and the other bank will be only too glad to extend him credits. The borrowing of money is made very easy for him and little by little he extends himself. He is consulted by representatives of the great combinations and his judgment is asked on the market. Pleased beyond measure that he should have found recognition in this manner, he generally feels it incumbent upon him to "make good" and further strengthen his position by buying

huge blocks of some stock for which he may have expressed a preference or into which he has been skillfully steered. He still finds it easy to borrow money from favored banks—until his collaterals are all in.

Suddenly a change in conditions takes place. The temperature falls. Genial warmth and cordiality make room for coolness and indifference. The market begins to react. Cavalry charges against the favorites are made by conspicuous market generals. The banks wherein the momentarily distinguished victim has borrowed most of his money call upon him for more margins. He struggles to produce collateral and when he can go no farther he is obliged to reduce his holdings in the market. This process is called "compulsory liquidation." Through mysterious channels everybody in the Street is advised of what is going on and the attention of thou-

sands and tens of thousands of traders is turned his way: On the floor of the Exchange the professionals help the market down on him. The banks become more persistent and angrily demand that he either supplement his margins or close out his trades. They are adamant and, oh, so cold.

The longer the victim holds on the worse it is for him, unless he is very strong and shrewd enough to realize early in the experience what is ahead of him. Usually when the curtain falls on the last scene the victim is a wreck. If he survives the trial, he knows he has been put through a course of discipline and he knows why.

There may be murder in his heart, but the chances are he submits with the best grace possible to the frightful punishment inflicted upon him and resolves that he will never again put himself in a position to be crucified. He may not be broken-hearted, but he has certainly added to his store of wisdom, and although he may be in the Street twenty years longer, he rarely "gets gay," interferes with the plans of the big people, or attempts to swim counter to the tidal current, leastwise not after warning has been served upon him.

Within the memory of many of the younger arrivals in Wall Street a group of strong banks usually classed as "Standard Oil" institutions loaned a very rich trader of "plung-

ing" proclivities nearly \$50,000,000 and then began to close in on him at the very top of a spectacular bull movement for which he was to some extent responsible on account of the magnitude and aggressiveness of his operations. Before he could extricate himself his paper profits had disappeared and he was a loser for a huge sum. He confessed to the loss of \$10,000,000. But here was another case where the victim's resources had been underestimated. He was a multimillionaire at the end of the play and his return to the Street is predicted. He knows enough, however, not to place himself in the power of any man or combination of men. He counts the experience gained during that cyclonic era as strictly educational and as having been tuition cheaply bought. The only excuse offered for the campaign against this particular individual was that he was "too noisy" and that it might be just as well to "get him out of the way" before he became unbearable.

There is nothing ennobling in the spectacle of men worth presumably from \$100,000,000 to \$250,000,000 each organizing a corporation with a vast share capital three quarters wind and one quarter merit and then by every manipulative art known in Wall Street unloading the output on a deceived and swindled public. Yet this is what Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, charges against the group of Standard Oil multimillionaires in the case of Amalgamated Copper—and he has not been proceeded against for civil or criminal libel. Furthermore he seems to have the record on his side. This same Amalgamated Copper has been from almost the day of its organization down to the present writing one of the most notoriously manipulated stocks in Wall Street and has been used repeatedly to "milk the public." The legitimate business of Amalgamated is to mine and sell copper. The rank and file of stockholders have received moderate returns on their investment, but almost nothing in comparison to the profits won by insiders in their gambling operations on the Stock Exchange, if current report can be credited.

Amalgamated Copper has been a good cow for Mr. Rogers and his

associates to milk. The flippant inquiry is often heard in Wall Street, "Of what use is a cow except to milk?"—a philosophy well understood by the Standard Oil Dairy-men's Association, with headquarters at 26 and 42 Broadway and 52 Wall Street. The public which hears of these things and believes them cannot think well of the men who resort to questionable methods to increase fortunes already beyond the wildest dreams of avarice and who have no more use for the added millions they extort from the public by the market rigging than a miser in bricks would have for piling up more bricks on top of a useless accumulation of the same material on a desert island.

The story of the stock market furnishes multiplied evidence of the smallness of the stature of the Standard Oil group of financiers. As long as they were engaged in the production, refining, and sale of petroleum and its by-products they might have found justification for cutthroat methods, but now that they have outgrown the necessity for the further employment of these methods there must remain an uncontrollable prejudice against further remorseless warfare having for its object the confiscation of more millions and their mere accumulation, in order to build up a power which is already a menace to the entire business world.



"Three quarters wind and one quarter merit."

A character study of men prominent in any phase of an epoch very often gives the student a clearer and more correct conception of forces at work than any mere situation analysis, however carefully and impartially it might be made. We find the Wall Street of to-day not so very different from the Wall Street of yesterday or of twenty or forty years ago, excepting in degree. The giants of this day and generation are larger than those of former days and generations only because they have to perform on a grander scale and upon a larger stage. The proportions have remained about the same. Leadership is almost invariably won by reason of commanding ability, dauntless courage, and the possession of those other qualities which go to make the general.

Take Mr. J. P. Morgan as a type of the men of Wall Street who do big things. Mr. Morgan is a man of much brains, comprehension, and scope, and brave as a Numidian lion. For twenty years he was the acknowledged King of Wall Street. He is as big a man now as he ever was, but he is no longer isolated. Other kings have grown up in importance and influence in the financial garden. Mr. Morgan has quite as distinctly the traits of a promoter as those of a banker, organizer, and reorganizer. He is patriotic from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. He has gone his length on his faith that the country will "grow up" to any proposition, however large it might be. The Steel Trust is the crowning illustration of his boundless faith in the glory of the nation. That mammoth corporation when launched represented a share and bonded capitalization of over \$1,500,000,000, which has since been

increased by indorsement of bonds of subsidiary companies at least \$100,000,000 additional. Senator La Follette in a speech on the floor of Congress not long since stated that this entire capitalization represented property worth \$250,000,000, or about one seventh of the face value of the securities.

The Steel Trust may not, within the life of its creator, grow to the full size of the prospectus estimate, yet it has made substantial headway in that direction since its formation six years ago. On a gross business of nearly \$700,000,000 it is earning net \$165,000,000

per annum, or at the rate of about twenty-five per cent. The danger of this extraordinary showing lies in the fact that the trust must ultimately become a target for the attack of tariff revisionists who will point to it as a monumental illustration of the unrighteousness of overmuch protection. Whatever the market effect may be of such a crusade, it is becoming daily more evident that the big Steel Trust



"A philosophy well understood by the Standard Oil Dairymen's Association."

must bear the brunt of political bombardment. That fact, however, does not detract from the splendor of Mr. Morgan's greatest achievement in the manufacture and sale of securities. The record he made there is not likely to be surpassed in a generation. True, in the successful carrying out of his part of the performance tens of thousands of investors lured by his great name into putting their money into Steel Trust stocks at flotation figures lost their savings to an aggregate of hundreds of millions of dollars, yet the giant corporation still lives and does business. It is not of record that any of the moving figures of this great consolidation went broke. That may have been because they "sold theirs first,"

in accordance with the time-honored custom of the Street.

Being manufacturers, it stands to reason that they took advantage of favorable markets to sell their output. They were not in the business of manufacturing securities with which to paper their own walls or to use for napkins. The stocks and bonds they made were made to sell, precisely as a shoemaker makes shoes to sell, a haberdasher makes shirts for customers, and a milliner creates hats to meet the feminine demand. Wall Street is a manufacturing community, as before stated, and its biggest men are big because they are the biggest manufacturers and the most successful salesmen.

If Mr. Morgan had been in the circus business he would have made P. T. Barnum look like a barker for a side show.

Mr. Morgan has made a great many tremendous hits in Wall Street and he has also been burned badly for misadventures. Many of the ships sent out by him on cruises have been wrecked in storms and pounded to pieces upon the ragged shores of the seas of high finance. There have been times when he, the mighty commander, has been in sore straits, yet it is not recorded that on any known occasion he has hoisted the flag of distress or failed to pay when he lost.

More than any other man ever in Wall Street does Mr. Morgan stand for the spirit of dauntless American courage and broad grasp of the nation's material possibilities. Like the eagle he has ever looked unblinkingly at the sun.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff is a man of entirely different mold and character. He is essen-

tially Semitic. He has the hawk instincts of the Arab of the desert. Through his veins may course the blood of remote ancestors of that race. The spirit of conquest in him is tempered by the caution which has grown into his people through thousands of years of contact with every conceivable form of oppression, an experience which has left the race singularly isolated and yet one of the greatest powers of our commercial civilization. Mr. Schiff may be, and doubtless is, patriotic in his way and after his own fashion, but he never allows that holy sentiment to run away with his judgment.

Like Mr. Morgan, Jacob H. Schiff is a mighty manufacturer and salesman of securities and he has profited thereby enormously, more perhaps than his rival. It is not his nature, however, to take chances or to make rash bets on the prosperity of the country. He is ingenious and daring and original in making a market for his goods, but his heart is not as exuber-



"Other kings have grown up in the financial garden."

antly enthusiastic in his various enterprises as that of Mr. Morgan. In the collection of toll on the various enterprises that pass through their hands they are strikingly similar. Neither has the slightest hesitancy in appropriating as his due the uttermost dollar any project will stand. Modesty or self-depreciation are qualities unknown to either, when it comes to appraising the value of their own services.

In comparing the two men one can hardly fail to form the opinion that Mr. Morgan is endowed with a higher degree of moral and physical courage than Mr. Schiff. They have clashed several times and in these contests Mr. Morgan has almost always triumphed. Even

on the occasion of that memorable Northern Pacific corner his great nerve, supplemented by that of Mr. James J. Hill, forced a draw when the odds were all against them. Mr. Harriman, who was Mr. Schiff's ally and a knife-fighter by instinct, was for continuing the death grapple to the end, but he was overruled by the cautious banker, who shrank from the touch of steel. Mr. Schiff is a manufacturer and salesman of amazing success and a banker as well, but he is not a promoter.

The accepted estimate of Mr. H. H. Rogers, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. William Rockefel-

ler, and the other active representatives of the Standard Oil group is that they harbor resentment and, like Mr. Schiff, their attitude toward the public is more or less colored and influenced by the transactions and entanglements of the past. Experience has taught Wall Street that they have unpleasantly long memories, longer perhaps for personal enmities than for favors. This gives them the reputation of being small men, far too small for the influence they wield. This estimate may be mistaken, but it has, nevertheless, been formed and countless instances have been brought up to prove the contention.

NEED

By ALDIS DUNBAR

FIRE-SHADOWS leap on oak and carven stone;
The great logs blaze defiance to the blast
Whose bleak wild battle-challenge rocks alone
These massive walls, that roar of siege have passed.

*Out in the storm,
Could I but fare with Love, I should be warm!
Out in the dark,
My soul would soar and sing with any lark!*

Lights flare from silver sconces; torches glow
And flash on jeweled cup and tankard, set
Amid brave cheer, where throngs a goodly show
Of revelers—for joyous feasting met.

*Yet what is bread,
When for one voice the heart is famished?
Out in the gale,
Hand-grip in hand-grip over death prevail!*

In gleaming silken robes, with dainty feet,—
Against the age-gloom of rich tapestries
Fair shining,—maidens pass. I hear the sleet—
The night-born tempest rage among the trees.

*Though frayed and rent—
One rough cloak shared with me were blithe content!
Out in the storm,
Fared I with Love, I should go safe and warm!*

NOVEMBER 1907

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APPLETON'S MAGAZINE



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*A Dainty Breakfast
A Delightful Luncheon
A Delicious Dessert*

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JAMES R. DAY
Chancellor of Syracuse University.



Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.

"She came down the wide stairway, pausing a moment."

—*"How Delafield Won Out,"* page 515.

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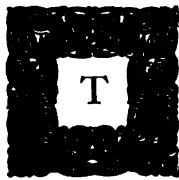
NO. 5

HOW DELAFIELD WON OUT

BY ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

Author of "Nancy Stair," "All for the Love of a Lady," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN. FRONTISPIECE BY G. C. WILMSHURST



HE people in the hotel were divided in their opinions as to what would happen, as soon as it was announced that Betty Lorrimer was coming. Every one knew she would make trouble for some one. It was her way. The ladies on the porch who did fancy work; the ones who bridged; the girls who rode, golfed, and flirted; the men from the club, who knew everything; all prophesied trouble.

Whether it would be for Nate Annesley, who had been offering himself to the knife, as it were, wherever Miss Lorrimer had appeared in the last year; for Porter Beardsley and his various millions, or for Bobby Baringer, who had nothing to recommend him save an admirable seat at polo, was undecided. The queer thing about it was that none of us thought of Delafield at all.

Delafield? It is extremely hard to describe Delafield. A tall chap, not especially handsome, with a square chin, ominous in its significance to anyone who tried to interfere with him; a straight mouth; a quiet grace of movement betokening gentle birth and the right environment; and where women were

concerned a great and profound indifference. They, the women, because of this, as the Southern expression had it, were "crazy about him." He would talk to a girl with a solicitude of manner, an earnest gaze, a deferential bend of the shoulders, and go away with no memory of her whatever. The talk was because he wanted to be kind to her if he could, for he would have been kind to anyone; and the forgetting, because he was truly indifferent. Women's little notes were answered by hasty scrawls regretting other engagements. He played polo, rode, went to the club, and the girls of the hotel and the cottages saw as little of him as he could, with some craftiness, bring to pass.

Added to these already enumerated attractions, was a romantic past in which a beautiful woman had loved and died for him; and wealth accounted great. Two things, besides a magnetic personality, which make it seem strange, indeed, that at the coming of Betty Lorrimer we overlooked Delafield.

It was late in June when she arrived. The first time she appeared was the night of the ball given after the golf tournament. She came down the wide stairway with the Prescotts, pausing a moment at the bottom of the

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steps to detach a piece of lace which had gone awry. One might say her eyes were purple, with black lashes; but it would convey nothing of the beauty of her eyes; or that her skin was cream and roses, her nose tip-tilted, her lips mutinous, entreating, inviting—what she willed—but the distinctive charm of all would escape through these distressingly overworked words. In short, Betty Lorrimer was an entirely unlanguageable person.

This night she wore green, the faintest, palest green, held over the shoulders by roses of pink—a dancing gown devised by some one who knew women and men, especially men.

All this was obvious; but in the days to come one understood the reasons Miss Lorrimer was the toast from Norfolk to New Orleans. Perhaps it was her superb, quiet vitality; her fearlessness of man, and even of woman; her generosity of thought, word, and act; the thoroughbred carriage, the gay, low contralto laugh, the sweet wide eyes; or the changes of her, by which she might pass you with her chin well in the air and a kind far-away smile, to repass a little later with a sad droop to the corners of her lips, and a seeming solicitude for the whole world in her eyes.

It began this night—the night of the Tournament Ball. She was standing with some men around her, at the far end of the ballroom. Nate Annesley was there, and Bobby Barringer, and Porter Beardsley, inarticulate with admiration, insisting upon a second waltz, when Delafield came in. There was no one dancing at the time, which gave him a clear entrance, in stage language, and as he stood alone in the wide doorway, Miss Lorrimer's eyes rested upon him with interest.

He was in evening dress; lazily worn, absolutely correct evening dress. He had an incomparably indifferent manner although looking for some one, and having discovered the object of his quest at some distance from the entrance, Miss Lorrimer had the opportunity of seeing Tom Delafield walk the length of the ballroom. To see Delafield walk was not only an opportunity but a privilege. The poise of his head suggested inherited power. One recalled in it the Delafields of old; the governors; the supreme court judges; the piratical colonial officer who carried off the lady of his choice by force; and any woman who saw between the lines in character reading, would have forgiven Delafield much to have his tenderness.

Betty Lorrimer watched him with approv-

ing eyes as he bent with courtesy over the hand of a girl, unattractive, colorless, spectacled and not for men. It was obviously a duty dance. She saw his presentation of some dancing people to the girl, and noted that he was preparing for an unobserved escape. It was being done in just the unemphasized manner of which Delafield was master. A bow to Mrs. Ravenel; a wave of the hand as though good for the evening to a group of friends from the club; a smiling word with old Mrs. DePuyster; but an eye stealthy and determined for the door.

Miss Lorrimer was plainly interested, and Porter Beardsley, to even scores with Nate Annesley, determined on a sudden move. And so, because the Gods of Chance were playful, the music stopped suddenly, leaving this conversation clear, uncompromisingly clear in the air:

"I should like to present you to Miss Lorrimer," and Tom Delafield's response—

"Awfully good of you, old man, but I think I shall go down to the club to see if I can get up a game of bridge."

Miss Lorrimer heard, she couldn't help hearing, that a man, on the off chance of a scrub game of bridge, had refused to be presented to her. Just for one instant there was a gleam of amusement in her eyes before she waltzed away, her laces floating round her, and jewels gleaming beneath the wistful smile.

But there were those who thought the affair between Miss Lorrimer and Mr. Delafield not entirely closed.

For a week following this event there fell between the two an intense consciousness of each other's presence, and if in passing their eyes met, it was with only a well-feigned indifference.

All this time the Springs, so to speak, was at Miss Lorrimer's feet—all but Delafield. She golfed, or rode, tennised, or danced, with Annesley, Beardsley, Barringer, or some navy men down from Newport News, but Delafield went his way, an unannexed and free man. Once she met him on her way from Sunset Rock, beautiful in her plain black riding dress, with red berries at her horse's ears, but they passed in the sunset light without an eyelid quivering in recognition of each other's presence.

And they met in a strange way.

There was a tennis tournament arranged for the afternoons of the second week in July. On the first day everybody in the hotel was



"She couldn't help hearing that a man had refused to be presented to her."

on the piazzas or grounds, criticising the arrangements which the younger set had had the energy to make, when a hand organ began the old, old song from *Trovatore*. It was miserably played, but the woman who ground out the music could be forgiven for the sake of the patiently dying little baby she had with her. It was piteous to see the mother's eyes filled with tears, brooding over the mite as it lay on the grass beside her, as with dogged determination she ground out—

Non ti scordar' di me!
Non ti scordar' di me!

Miss Trenholm passed with some men on the way to the court, turning her head aside. Dorothy Armour laughed at the broken strains as she stood swinging her racket, talking to a group of nonplayers. The doleful sounds were still going on when Miss Lorrimer, with her usual following, came down the low steps to the lawn. She was in scarlet, with a three-cornered hat, her face glorious with the flush of excitement. Suddenly her eyes rested on the woman and the baby. There was not an instant's hesitation. She

called Nate Annesley to her side, and her father, the old colonel, imbecile in his adoration, and going up to the hand organ motioned the woman away.

In a second the Springs had the sight of Miss Lorrimer, beautiful enough to disarm criticising; daring enough to make even the women a bit afraid of her, grinding "*In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*," with the very best and most conservative folks joining in a ringing chorus.

It was an audacious thing—audaciously done—with just the surety of touch, the gleam of sky-scraping spirits in the eye, the rose flush of excitement in the cheeks; but underneath the sweetness of a woman thinking for another woman in distress.

With her father's hat, Miss Lorrimer went around afterward, making a collection from one laughing group to another, when looking up to the balcony she saw Delafield standing alone regarding her. It was impossible to omit him without making the omission seem an intentional thing. Again there was no hesitation—Miss Lorrimer went lightly up the steps and extended the hat. Perhaps it

was the quiet scrutiny of his keen eyes, or the look in them which told that the daring of her was answered by something in his own nature; but, for a minute, their eyes held each other and the womanhood of the girl illumined her face as she spoke, and there was a little quiver in her voice:

"The baby is so ill."

Delafield put his hand in his pocket and found a roll of bills. It was his chance, and he took it with the spur. Placing the roll, just as it was, in the hat, he took off his cap and stood bareheaded before her.

"It is a privilege," he said with a bow.

That evening he came into the ballroom about ten. There was purpose in his eyes, as he entered and crossed to Nate Annesley. A little after Annesley went over to Colonel Lorrimer, who bowed an acquiescence, and a few seconds later Tom Delafield was bending before the old colonel. The thing was being done properly. It was plainly Delafield's intention not to slur his meeting with Miss Lorrimer in any way. It was to be underlined, so to speak.

When she came back to her father after the dance the presentation followed. There was a swift raising of the eyes, a glimpse of starry blue, a quick fall of the lashes, and the lightest touch of a slender white hand as cool and delicate as a magnolia petal.

Could Mr. Delafield have the next dance? Miss Lorrimer was sorry, but it was taken. And the next? It, too, had been given away. The third? Miss Lorrimer would be delighted. And for the two dances which intervened Tom Delafield stood talking, with charming deference, to Colonel Lorrimer; of Carolina politics, the railroad rebates, the dispensary question, and the growth of cotton mills, sensible questions which an old gentleman liked to discuss and liked a young man better for caring about.

The third dance they glided away together, the white hand on Tom Delafield's shoulder, the starry eyes hidden by the dark lashes, the man doubly distinctive by being himself and Miss Lorrimer's partner. As the music died away, he brought her to her father.

"Have I your permission, Colonel," he asked, "to take Miss Lorrimer on the piazza?" and the colonel gazed after them with approving eyes on Tom's square shoulders and bent head.

They had many dances together that evening, Betty and Tom Delafield, and afterward,

as some widely experienced writer tersely put it: "It was some mornings, most afternoons, and every evening."

In the fortnight following the others stood aside, pushed somewhere ingloriously in the wings while Delafield took the center of the stage. There were horseback rides up the flower-edged mountain roads, and home-comings at the closing-in of day, when they rode straight into the golden glory of the western sky, amid the twilight singing of the children; past the new-lit houses of those who made ready for the night. Long mornings at touch with the dear old masters, under the pines: Wordsworth, and Shelley and Tennyson, so sweet and sound to the core.

One morning on the mountain side, her finger marking the place in the book, she looked down to find him regarding her curiously from under his hat brim as he lay on the pine needles beside her.

"Well?" she said.

"No," he returned, "it is not well. I am thinking I shall be obliged to give up the acquaintance."

"Why?"

"You require too much attention. I find that I have not time for you and anything else." He laughed as he spoke. "There are other serious reasons too. You make trouble for people. There is Nate Annesley."

"Let us leave him out," Miss Lorrimer interrupted.

"Willingly," he responded, with a significant note in his voice.

"And from time to time, judging you by your own utterances, I have been forced to the conclusion that you are not a good citizen of these United States."

"How absurd!" she laughed.

"Not at all." He sat upright, putting his hat on the ground beside him, and turning to her teasingly.

"Who was the greatest general ever lived?"

"Robert E. Lee," she answered without a moment's hesitation.

"Where is the only real society to be found?"

"Between Baltimore and New Orleans; of course leaving Washington out," she answered promptly, her eyes twinkling.

"And the only real dances?"

"The St. Cecilia's, of Charleston——"

"And the National Anthem?"

"Dixie," she smiled, every dimple showing.

"I knew it," he said regretfully, lying back



"It was an audacious thing—audaciously done."

on the ground. "I knew you were not really reconstructed."

"Well, you don't have to know me."

"That's just what isn't true," he returned. "It's gone too far to change. I've acquired the habit and I'm afraid I can't give it up."

Twice during the month her father found her wide-eyed and sleepless, far into the night, looking off into the starry darkness. "No, I am not ill," she said, "only restless, daddy," and the dear old colonel, who in the Long Ago had heard the greatest music in the world, the call of the one for the other, remembered the echoes of it in his own heart and held silence.

Then one day there fell the question of an automobile ride, a thin gown, and the wrong tone of voice. Tom, who with the chauffeur had been wrestling with an uprising of the carburetor, looked up suddenly to find Betty prepared to accompany him in the thinnest of thin gowns.

"You'll have to wear something thicker," he exclaimed, solicitude for her in his heart, a touch of masculine authority in his tone.

"It's so warm," she remonstrated.

"You can't go that way," he returned, firmly but smilingly.

"Then," with a laugh but equal firmness, "I shan't go at all," and the small bunch of perversity disappeared through the door to the office. Tom waited, hoping she would return, but she did not and he went for his drive alone.

Just what made Betty act the way she did on the Friday before her birthday dinner is a thing which only the Maker of girls may know. It may have been Tom's authoritative manner about the wrap; or that Dorothy Armour had inquired in a jocose way, when she met her alone after luncheon, where her shadow was. Betty Lorrimer in an untouchable and funny humor came out on the porch in a frilly, rose-colored gown, a great white hat with roses scrambled Frenchily and expensively over it, carrying a parasol, which was a mass of foolishness and lace.

Tom Delafield, in white flannels and a Panama hat well over his eyes, was smoking

contentedly in one of the great chairs as she came toward him.

He was surprised at this. It was not her way. She generally seated herself at some distance so that he might come to her.

"Mr. Delafield," she began with a smile, and hesitated.

"Yes," smiling down at her in return.

"Mrs. Gresham asked me to invite you over to her cottage this afternoon at four, to play 'Fly-loo.'"

"If she really wants me she knew the way to get me, didn't she?" he answered, looking straight into her eyes as he spoke. There was the faintest deepening of the flush of her cheek at his words. "There is a difficulty, however," he continued. "I don't know 'Fly-loo.'"

"If you should urge me earnestly, I would sit down for a minute and explain it to you," she said with the quick uplifting and dropping of the lids which he had learned to look for.

"It is not really difficult," she began. "In the first place you must, to *really*, *really* play the game, sit under tall pine trees, the kind that have brown needles under them and just spots of blue sky through the tops."

He nodded. "I know the kind."

"Then you must have a breeze—not a wind—just a breeze, with—honeysuckle in it, faint and far away. Syringa will do, but it's not just the same," she added.

"I know that breeze too," he nodded. "In fact, I begin to think I can learn the game."

"Then," she continued, "you must have a long table and iced things to drink and some negroes with fans——"

"The piece seems to require a great deal of staging, doesn't it?" he interrupted.

She nodded—"and each player must have many silver quarters and a lump of sugar, each lump being as nearly as procurable the same size as every other lump. You understand it so far?" Again the quick uplifting and dropping of the lids and the merry smile.

"It has been a strain, but I have followed," he said.

"Then all the players put a quarter in the middle of the table and at precisely the same second each one places his sugar in front of him. And the one who gets a fly on his sugar first, takes all the quarters. Then you have some iced drinks and begin over again."

"It is, indeed," Delafield said, "an intellectual pursuit. I should judge, however, not unwholesomely exciting."

"It is sometimes accompanied with music. Down on the plantation we used to have the negroes sing to it, 'Meh Ole Kaintucky Home,'—her voice took on a delicious drawl—or 'Swing Low,' and sometimes 'Meh Honey Love Dat Wint Away from Me.'" She paused, her eyes on the mountains. "Well," she said with the wistful look, "what shall I tell Mrs. Gresham?"

"You will tell Mrs. Gresham, if you will be so kind, that I could not stay away."

Now the queer part of this was that Betty Lorrimer had no intention of going to Mrs. Gresham's "Fly-loo"; and more, she knew that Delafield accepted solely because he expected her to be there. That was the Girl of it.

At the Greshams' Tom Delafield waited for Betty to arrive. The game had been going merrily forward for half an hour or more with no mention of her name whatever, when suddenly on the main road there was a ringing "Tally-ho," and a coach with four horses in a breezy trot passed the far end of the lawn.

"It's Annesley," said Porter Beardsley.

"And Betty Lorrimer—and Mrs. Carter—and Neil Severance—or is that Neil Severance?" Mrs. Gresham asked, shading her eyes.

Nate Annesley brought the horses to a full stop just outside the hedge; and Miss Lorrimer, every dimple showing and eyes alight, pointed her parasol at Bobby Barringer from the box seat.

"I came round this way to warn you all about Bobby Barringer. He cheats. The last time he played Fly-loo down at 'Way Home River,' he *wet his sugar with whisky*. The colonel saw him, and of course all the flies came to him."

Amid a shout of laughter the coach was gone, and Delafield heard the voices of the party floating back from the mountain road, in that best of all coaching tunes:

"O, the motion of a wild goose swimming on the
ocean
Is a mighty pretty motion, is a mighty pretty
motion."

That evening when Delafield was dining, he saw Miss Lorrimer come to the doorway of the dining room still with Annesley; there was a hurried conversation, a bow from the man, and with a curious throb in his throat Delafield saw Mr. Annesley take his seat between Miss Lorrimer and her father.

Later, however, he came across her standing alone, in a far corner of the piazza, her hands clasped before her, looking straight into the purple line of the mountains. She knew his step, although she did not turn toward him.

"You are tired?" he asked with no introductory good evening.

"A little," she answered. "I have done too much to-day and there are so many things to arrange. A dinner of forty is a formidable affair, isn't it?"

"It would be for me," he returned.

"And the Desmonds are coming up from Atlanta for it; and the Dysarts from Richmond, and I do so want them to have a gay time." She looked at him appealingly. There was a pause before she said in her own quaint way:

"It all does seem so foolish at times."

"It does," he agreed with conviction. "It did this afternoon—" and then, because he had the direct soul of a gentleman, he said:

"Why did you let me in for that 'Fly-loo' this afternoon, little lady?"

"Mrs. Gresham wanted you," she began.

"That's not an explanation. You knew that I thought you were to be there. You knew that nothing short of complete lunacy would have made me accept such an in-

itation if I had not thought I'd be with you."

There was another silence before she answered lightly, remembering the affair of the gown in the meantime:

"Don't you see, Mr. Delafield, it would have required a person much pleased with

herself to say: 'Mrs. Gresham wants you to come to her party, but I am not to be there; so of course you won't go.'"

"It's what I should like to have you say to me. It's what I hope you will say to me some day," he answered. There was no shadow of doubt in his meaning.

She trembled a little at his words and changed the subject abruptly—but prettily as well.

"I've a new cloak. See!"

She stepped from the shadow into the electric light for him to look at it. An odd wrap of palest yellow, and faintest gold and green, hanging straight from the shoulders to the end

of her long gown; wide sleeved and with a great hood which she put up over her dusky hair for him to see.

"Do you like it?" she asked as simply as a child might have done, coming back to him in the shadow of the porch, her lovely face turned to him.

They stood together in silence for a little space before he came near, nearer, taking her



"There were horseback rides up the flower-edged mountain roads."

hands in his and holding them clasped against his breast.

"Ah," he said, and his face was white as he spoke. "Don't you know? Haven't you seen? There is nothing of yours that is not perfect to me. Help me," he went on. His voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Ah, help me! When a great queen is to marry, it is she who must indicate her willingness, for none dare approach her; and you are like that—a great queen, who chooses for herself!"

She leaned toward him; he was ever one to take his own. For an instant she was pressed against his heart.

"Will you?" he asked, his lips on hers.

"Perhaps," she answered, her hand on his cheek; and as a group of people came toward them, she dropped her voice. "I want you to take me into dinner to-morrow night, will you?" She made the request in an intimate, sweet way, but as the dancers joined them she said in her usual tone: "I am so tired, and I'm not going into the ballroom. Good night to you all."

Going down the corridor, her face flushed, her pulses throbbing with excitement, she heard some one calling after her; and, turning, found Dorothy Armour, breathless.

"Oh, Betty," she cried. "If you're going to bed, may I take your cloak? I am nearly frozen; and if I go to our rooms, mother will not let me come down again because she will think it too late. And the dance isn't half over, and I don't want to go to bed yet."

Betty gave the cloak with a smile, entered her room, and changing her dancing dress for a dressing gown, threw herself face downward on her bed in the dark. An hour before she had been too tired to dance; but now, with the blood coursing through her veins, her cheeks scarlet, it seemed as though fatigue could never touch her again. Wordlessly she knew that the greatest thing in life had come to her, had come in a radiant way.

The next morning, alone with her mysterious happiness, she was placing the dinner guests for the evening when her maid brought the mail, a book, a great bunch of posies, and a note. She recognized the clear bold writing across the room. It was like him to write. Opening the letter, with the feeling that her hand was touching his, she read:

DEAR MISS LORRIMER:

You will doubtless read between the lines when I write that it will be impossible for me to dine with you this evening.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS C. DELAFIELD, JR.

For a minute or two it seemed as though it must be a joke—a horrible mistake—but as she reread it, the rudeness brought the blood to her cheeks. It had been said of him through the South "that he was not a marrying man," and the first thought that came to her was that he had regretted his words of last night.

Her pride, and there were many generations of great pride behind her, took fire. Her first thought was that none must know. Between women it would be food for gossip; and between men, especially if her father or that fighting cousin Culver knew, there would be more than talk. Her heart was aching under the anger and excitement, but there were things to be thought of for the present. She realized that Delafield's absence from the dinner would be noticed, and his vacant place must be filled. Old Governor Ransom, her father's friend and hers, was fortunately coming that day. She would make him the guest of honor. There must be no look of a vulgar retaliation.

It was a very alluring and appealing Betty that entered the dining room that evening with the old Governor. A slender, white-gowned, girlish hostess, with solicitous eyes for her guests' happiness, and—for race tells—a mind collected, resourceful, and "at attention."

While the orchestra was still playing the inevitable "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," she heard the inquiry which she knew must come.

"Delafield. Where is Delafield?"

"Oh, isn't it too bad? But you know how punctilious he is. Another engagement. He was afraid he couldn't get here in time," she said with a smile down the table.

Nate Annesley looked at her quickly and drew a conclusion with elation of spirits. She had refused Delafield, and was explaining his absence for him—like the *gentleman* she was.

The first toasts had been drunk and the fish course over with when, at exactly his usual hour for dining, Delafield came in. There was no shadow of consciousness. He was incomparably calm. There was just the



"She stepped from the shadow for him to look at it."

right look in his face of scrutiny of the great table when he entered, as one might say—

"A dinner party. I wonder whose?"

Betty noted that he carried the New York paper with which he dined every evening, and ordered his dinner with interest, even giving it a bit more attention than he was accustomed to bestow.

Later, when the ladies had their coffee and liqueurs on the veranda, he was smoking with two other men who were cutting cards at a small table; and she heard him laugh, a genuinely amused laugh, as one of them upbraided Fate for his luck.

She was angry as she had never been in her life; as she had not believed it possible for her to be; but her sense of humor was strong and she admired appreciatively the way the thing was carried off. A man of less knowledge would have found some very pret-

ty girl and devoted himself conspicuously to her for the evening, but Tom Delafield was different; a brute, of course, but different.

The next day Miss Lorrimer, walking alone along the south porch to the tennis court, encountered Mr. Delafield, also alone, coming from the opposite direction. Their eyes met. In his, if she were any judge of character, Betty Lorrimer read no indifference; but anger—healthy, dare-devil anger. It showed in a sudden pallor; and the set of the mouth in which the lips were brought together in a straight line. She bowed with no shadow of a smile, and he saluted her as an acquaintance whom he remembered indistinctly and unpleasantly.

After this he drifted back to his old ways, and Betty to hers. He played more polo, more golf, more bridge—always with men. He avoided meeting her no more than he

avoided meeting any other woman, but returning to his former idols, seemed unperturbed, preoccupied, and suave.

For nearly a fortnight things remained thus, and it was not till the night of the Griffiths' dance that Delafield discovered his mistake. Sitting in the big bow of the porch, intensely conscious that Betty Lorrimer was in the midst of a laughing group beside him, he heard Dorothy Armour cry—

"Why, Betty Lorrimer, you will catch your death in that thin gown;" and then, "How dreadful of me! I have had your yellow cloak ever since I borrowed it the night before your dinner."

At almost the first words of Dorothy Armour, Tom Delafield rose and came direct toward Miss Lorrimer. He knew she could not refuse to allow him to speak to her without making an awkward situation for others.

"Miss Lorrimer," he said, "will you grant me a few words with you?"

Her manner was quite perfect in response. A little surprise, the willing acquiescence of an amiable acquaintance as they turned away, but by the time they had reached the end of the piazza she had achieved the remoteness of the Chinese.

His directness was a thing to reckon with in every situation, however.

"Forgive me," he said, and the real humility in his voice might have touched a far

harder heart than Betty Lorrimer's. "Oh! forgive me," he cried, reaching his hand to her.

"About the dinner?" she asked, for pretense of any kind was as far from her code as from his own.

"The dinner—yes. Or rather what led up to my acting the way I did about the dinner."

"I have never known what the trouble was.

I, of course, realized that a gentleman must have taken very grave offense to act in the way you did. But," nodding lightly in the direction of the others, as though anxious to rejoin them, "I forgive you." She smiled at him as impersonally as though he had been one of the bell-boys.

"For my own sake you will permit me to explain, will you not? That night, the last night I talked to you, the night you said 'Perhaps,' I felt you loved me. It scarcely seemed possible it could be true, but I felt you did, for, Perfect Little Soul! you would never let any man kiss

you whom you didn't love. And so, when you left me that night at the stairs, you seemed as much my wife as though the vows had been spoken before the whole world. I couldn't sleep. I was too happy. Griffith was going off the next day and I chatted with him till nearly three. As I passed through the hall, I looked down to your rooms; and as I did so I saw Annesley and a lady come in through the long win-



WILLIAM

"It was a very alluring Betty that entered the dining room with the old Governor."

dow from the second-floor porch. She wore your cloak. I knew it. You had just shown it to me. The two figures stopped by your door. I went down the side stairs, not wanting to meet him—I might honestly say, not daring to meet him—in the mood I was in. You had told me you were too tired to stay with me, and yet I thought you had spent the time until three o'clock in the morning with him. I am so jealous of you. I didn't know that I had a jealous thought until I knew you. And now—well, I have spent the last fortnight in a burning hell of jealousy—and doubt—and love."

He had spoken squarely, humbly as well.

"Ah!" he said, both hands reached toward her this time. "Forgive me, and let me have another chance."

"I forgive you entirely," Betty answered with a little laugh. "We are gusty people, we of the South, and should practice forgiving each other, shouldn't we?"

"But—" He stood manlike to his guns. "You say you forgive me, but you don't seem the same."

"I don't feel the same, Mr. Delafield. It seems to me I should have tried not to think"—she hesitated for a word—"a friend of mine capable of such a thing on such insufficient evidence. Eyes play strange tricks. Every novel is full of them."

She was calm, judicial, maddeningly impersonal, and Delafield's temper was never one of the best.

"I was in no mood for reviewing fiction," he said, in the quick way he would have spoken to a man. "It was not *one* thing which caused me to blunder, but several. The girl wore your cloak—"

"Which meant nothing at all—" she interrupted.

"And stood at your bedroom door—"

She made no reply to this whatever.

"—at three o'clock in the morning, with the man to whom you have given at least one-half of your time ever since you have been at the Springs!"

There was old and pent-up annoyance in his tone and it was an ill time for him to show it.

"Well!" she said, her chin in the air, "it's over anyhow, and done with. I forgive you. I forgive you everything. But you may perhaps understand that a man cannot insult a woman in the way you did and suspect her of—" She spread her hands far apart with

a comprehensive gesture—"and expect her to remain very devoted to him."

"Insult you?" he cried indignantly. "I had no intention of insulting you. It was simply impossible for me to be your guest, to accept your hospitality, feeling toward you as I did that night."

"You used a method of breaking the engagement fortunately rare in civilized society. To set all those people talking as they did—all the girls and the women; I, of course, heard nothing, but I know."

"But what could they say? It was no affair of theirs," he interrupted with the masculine outlook.

"They could say anything, and probably did, and as for its not being their affair—that—" with fine scorn—"would of course keep them quiet." She turned her face toward him. "So you see there is no longer any 'perhaps.' There's not even a possibility."

Delafield bowed, white to the lips.

"May I take you back to your friends?"

"Certainly," said Miss Lorrimer. "It would look a little abrupt, even for you, to leave me down here alone."

He left her at the ball-room entrance and she danced till after midnight with Annesley, after which she cried herself to sleep; while Delafield played bridge at the club until the sun was rising, and, haggard and drawn, walked back to his rooms in the morning twilight, wondering if his own pride and obstinacy would let him sail for—somewhere—the following Saturday.

But it seemed that his pride and obstinacy would not acknowledge defeat; neither would hers. And so they remained at the Springs, miserable, but seemingly indifferent.

Late in August, Colonel Lorrimer went off to Mexico to inspect some mines, leaving Betty in charge of that old cockatoo, Mrs. Ormsby, who never took interest in anybody save herself. And the girl, who was miserable before, grew lonesome and finally, after five days of continued headache, came down with old-fashioned intermittent fever, fought it out, and announced her intention of going abroad as soon as she was able to travel.

All this time Dr. Laurence watched Tom Delafield. He had heard of him, riding like one possessed, bringing his horse home at all hours, as old Tim said, "gormed up su'thin' fearful," and he had not been giving headache remedies to Betty, alternated by head-

ache remedies to Delafield, without illumination. Having ushered Delafield into this world of trouble, on the length of his acquaintance he was accustomed to act interferingly if it suited him. So the doctor spoke.

"If I were you, Tom," he said after he had changed his medicine for the fourth time, peering at Delafield's pale face over the top of his glasses, "I wouldn't let any woman play the deuce with me the way Betty Lorrimers done with you. If I wanted a woman as much as you seem to want her, I'd get her."

Tom looked down into the keen and kindly face with a smile.

"Doctor," he said, "if I thought she loved me, neither should I. I don't believe a man has any right to allow a woman to make *herself* miserable, leaving *himself* quite out of the question. He should protect her from that mistake just as he would from any other. But, doctor"—a flush came to his face, for Delafield, in spite of his aboriginal ideas concerning dinners, was a very fine gentleman—"but, doctor, a man can't take it for granted a woman loves him, especially when she says she doesn't."

The doctor hesitated.

"You see," he began, "Betty is my god-child, and any confidence from her, you understand, is sacred."

Delafield nodded.

"But I think I might tell you that her pride is killing her."

"You think she loves me?"

"As a gentleman who wouldn't betray a confidence," the doctor returned with a twinkle, "I may say, *as my medical opinion*, you understand, that she adores you."

"Then why—" Delafield began.

"She is a woman," the doctor explained succinctly.

Delafield went to the club and sat for two hours, motionless, staring into vacancy and weighing matters.

Betty ill and alone was one thing; Betty ill and alone and proud and loving him; Betty going away as soon as she was able, out of his life forever, was another. And he sat and thought, and thought, with a bit of family history recurring to him, disjointedly at first, then over and over, clearly, the high-handed misdoings of that old colonial pirate, Nicholas Delafield.

"It was said of him, this Nicholas" (the family book had it) "that a neighbor's daughter, one Cimaronna D'Hauteville, having

played fast and loose with his affection until he could no longer stand the strain of her conduct, he met her by accident alone on horseback and took her to his residence and married her that night, and that" (the book went on), "she proved a devoted and loving wife to him ever after."

A smile came to his lips at first remembrance of this, but with further contemplation his eye took a steadier gleam, and the set of his chin became a thing goodly to see.

That night Miss Lorrimers, by the wide window of her little sitting room, was quite alone in the big chair, looking through the dancing jasmine blossoms, up to the yellow moon. No one was allowed in this little place save the doctor and her maid, and for the past week she had seen no one else. It was the doctor's visiting hour; and when a gentle rap came to the door, she called, "Come in." It opened, closed softly, and Delafield stood before her. Weakened by illness, she regarded him in silence, putting her head back on her pillows while a great tear welled from under each eyelid. Delafield, his heart yearning over her, leaned down and kissed them away.

"Ah!" she said with a quick gesture of one small, ringless hand, "go away. Please go away."

"I am never going away."

He said it quite quietly, sitting on the arm of her great chair, taking her in his arms.

"Never again, so long as we two live."

She began to cry softly, her head on his shoulder.

"Oh!" she said at length, "you are so dreadful!"

"And you've not seen yet what I can be," he returned calmly. "You've made me love you until I'm jealous of everything and everybody. I loathe Annesley, suspect Beardsley, and may end by murdering that little Barringer chap. Life is so short, Mine, so short, and you have stolen—by your unforgiving spirit to a man who was crazy—you have stolen over a month of our two lives. There will be no more stealing though. Look!"

He drew her closer to him and held a paper toward the light for her to see.

MARRIAGE LICENSE

Thomas Carteret Delafield, Jr.
Elizabeth DeHaven Lorrimers

She pushed him from her and rose, a glorious flush on her face.



"She regarded him in silence while a great tear welled from under each eyelid."

"Tom Delafield——"

"Betty—" He took both of her hands in his, the compelling sincerity in his voice which had always touched her— "We are no children. As for the conventions of the world, if we didn't know their little worth, we could not love each other as we do. You are ill and need some one; and, oh, my dearest, the ways I need you I can never tell. Marry me."

She drew herself from him.

"Let me think," she said.

In a minute his arms were around her again.

"It is just what I don't want you to do. It's no time for thought," he stated hotly, as he put his finger on the bell.

"Cave man," she said, "what do you want?"

"The Rev. Dr. Stafford."

"He is in the hotel?"

"I told him I'd shoot him if he left. We will have Dr. Laurence and your maid as witnesses."

"It's disgraceful," she sobbed, her face hidden in his coat.

"You have driven me to it."

"And you've never once asked me to forgive you."

"I am going to spend the rest of my life doing that," he said softly.

So, half in the moonlight, with the stars looking in through the wind-blown jasmine, Betty Lorrimer, in the quaintest of white house gowns, and Tom Delafield, became one, in the suddenest marriage the Springs had ever known to them. Standing together afterwards, words unneeded, and the world a forgotten thing, a bell boy, astounded to see Mr. Delafield open Miss Lorrimer's door, brought a card which Tom read aloud:

"'Mr. Annesley presents his compliments and would like to inquire how Miss Lorrimer is?'"

"Tell Mr. Annesley," he said, "that Mr. Delafield returns his compliments, and that Mrs. Delafield is much better."

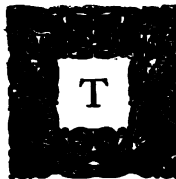


ALBERT B. CUMMINS
Governor of Iowa.

A WESTERN REPUBLICAN'S VIEW OF THE ISSUES OF 1908

By ALBERT B. CUMMINS

Governor of Iowa

HE subject upon which I am asked to write seems to imply that there is a Western view of public questions that distinguishes this region from other parts of the country, and that there may be an essential difference of opinion between the members of the Republican Party who live in the West and the members of the party who live in the East. I cannot, even by silence, appear to confirm the assumption. That the voice of the West is not in harmony with the voice of the East may be true, but if there is discord it is because the great body of the people are speaking here, while they have not yet found their tongues on the shores of the Atlantic.

To describe the situation correctly, it must be said that the differences which make themselves felt are not sectional, but factional. They are not even partisan. One of the remarkable characteristics of the present time is the substantial disappearance of issues between political organizations. At the present moment there is no real distinction in the beliefs of men that can be traced by a party line. There is a platform distinction which seems to be preserved by the force of tradition, but it does not affect the opinions of individuals. For years the Democratic Party has proclaimed in its platforms its adherence to the policy or principle, whichever it may be called, of "free trade," or its economic equivalent—import duties levied for revenue only. I venture the assertion that ninety-nine Democrats in every hundred believe firmly in the policy of protection, and yet, year after year, the party continues to an-

nounce an obsolete doctrine, abandoned by all the civilized nations of the earth save one, which effectually deprives it of the confidence of an industrial people whose growth and prosperity depend to some degree upon the maintenance of discriminating duties.

It is true that the Republican Party, having adopted an economic policy, sound, as tested by both experience and reason, and having expressed it in accurate and defensible phrase, has maintained a tariff in which many of the duties are not only higher than are necessary to secure full and complete protection, but are, in some instances, grievously oppressive, and lend efficient aid to the unlawful designs of modern combination and monopoly; yet when the people are called upon to choose between two parties, one of which threatens free trade, and the other merely persists in excessive duties, they will favor the latter, and they ought to favor it, simply because it is better to endure the evils of over-protection than to confront the perils of no protection. It is to be said, also, that without regard to varying standards of party faith, the people believe that a Republican administration has more continuity of thought and fixedness of purpose than a Democratic administration; that fewer vagaries will be exploited in the former than in the latter.

I do not intend to make this article a discussion of the merits of parties, but these suggestions seem to be required because I have it in mind to look forward a little and hazard a judgment upon the future leadership of the country, and what I have written indicates that the Democratic Party may be eliminated as a factor in the situation, unless the Republican Party is basely untrue to the imperative

obligations of the hour. If, unfortunately, it fails to interpret patriotically the signs of the times, if it refuses to grasp the opportunities before it, or if it declines to be the minister of justice in one of the most vital controversies that civilization has ever known, then it also will cease to be a force in the national life, and a successor will take up the imperative work of the present and the future.

I repeat that there is nothing sectional in the fight. I have been a close observer, with probably as good a chance to feel impulses and to note expressions as anyone in the country, and I am sure that, with the same classes of the people, the view is uniform, East, West, North, and South. It is common, I know, to divide the people the other way, in so far as their attitude toward public matters is concerned, but it is a superficial conclusion. The classification I have in mind is instinctively recognized by every thoughtful man, and yet it is very difficult to describe. The line which separates these classes does not run between wealth and poverty, between corporations and natural persons, between learning and ignorance, or between vice and virtue. On the one side of it are, first, the men who have some peculiar interest in laws which create the profits of the enterprises in which they are engaged; second, the men who have founded their fortunes in unfair practices, and who are protected by either the absence or inefficiency of law; third, the men whose ventures are so uncertain that they fear any change in existing conditions; fourth, the men who have all they want and more than they deserve, and who therefore love the *status quo*; fifth, the retainers, dependents and followers of all these classes. Taking them all together, no name has been yet discovered more fitting or comprehensive than "standpatters."

On the other side of the line are the men who, whether rich or poor, whether in corporations or out of them, whether learned or ignorant—who understand that, in the end, their fortunes will be most secure, their prosperity most enduring, the welfare of their fellow men most permanent, the more nearly we approach the standard of absolute justice. They recognize that they have a heavy stake in the laws of their country, but they know that their ultimate safety depends upon supplying the inadequacies of government as rapidly as they are discovered, whether in the

moral, industrial, or commercial world. They have gradually come to be known as "progressives."

It is to be distinctly understood that I am not dealing at this time with individual motives. There are a great many worthy people in both these divisions, just as there are a great many unworthy people in them. I am separating them wholly with reference to their influence upon the problems we are attempting to solve. In a broad way, the men of the first division are doing all they can do to induce the Government to let them alone. In the same broad way, the men of the second division are doing everything they can do to adjust the laws of the country to meet, not only a new, but a most complex condition. It is not to be doubted that the men who insist on going forward will make some mistakes; that they will inflict blows that will leave scars behind them. The real question, however, is whether action, with its possible wrongs, is not better than inaction, with its certain wrongs. There are some men who try hard to belong to both divisions, but they are miserable failures. Abstractly, they proclaim the principles of justice, but they do nothing. They agree that there are things that ought to be done, but that next month or next year is the time to do them. Some of these men are mere cowards, who think that the voice and the vote are counterbalances which will hold them safe; but the most of them are constitutionally incapable of entering a path unless it has been trodden by the feet of thousands.

It is worth while to review, briefly, the struggle in which we are engaged, which has brought about the division, not only among the people generally, but in the Republican Party, which I have attempted to define, for it is unique in the history of nations, and we have only the fundamental precepts of right and wrong to guide us.

From the dawn of creation, men fought for liberty, and after centuries of infinite toil and indescribable suffering, after oceans of blood were poured from the veins of patriots, after six thousand years had borne their innumerable victims into oblivion, the world at last came to know what they were fighting for. The issue was free thought, free speech, personal liberty and representative government. Our own land furnished the battlefields for the final wars which crystallized these essential human rights into customs, constitutions, and laws. Thus, for our country at least,

the mightiest problem of humanity was solved. No longer is there fear that a man may not think as he pleases, say what he thinks, be secure in his person, and cast his vote to determine what the laws of his country shall be, and who shall administer them. No longer is there danger that, by the sword, either property will be taken or freedom invaded. With these fundamental rights forever settled, we entered upon a period of material development such as the world has never seen. With ambition and energy filling the hearts of our people, with immeasurable resources given into our hands, we astonished not only the world, but ourselves, in the ease and rapidity with which we enlarged production and accumulated wealth. A half century ago it was not dreamed that the governments, either state or federal, would be compelled seriously to regulate, commanding here and prohibiting there, the operations of business and commerce. About twenty-five years ago, however, it became clearly apparent that the superior prowess which in the olden time had, through arms, made some men masters and some men slaves, had simply been transferred to the peaceful arena of industry, and that if the Government did not take on new functions and protect the weak against the strong in the struggle for wealth and commercial supremacy, our vaunted equalities and liberties would be but meaningless phrases.

The business of the country is based, primarily, upon our system of transportation. There was a time when the distribution of commodities was largely local, and the producer had some power to protect himself. It has now become country-wide, and any considerable enterprise must distribute its products over so large a portion of the United States that, in so far as it competes with any other of like character, it is absolutely dependent not only upon the efficiency of the service of the common carrier, but upon the fairness of the service as well. Experience has abundantly shown that the shipper, whether he be producer or distributor, can no more defend himself against unreasonable charges or unjust discriminations of the carrier than could the peaceful money changer or husbandman of the former day defend himself against the invasion of the armed robber.

Competition as an effective force in transportation, in securing fair rates, absolutely or comparatively, long ago disappeared. This condition brought into activity a dormant

function of the Government, and there is no other more vital at the present time.

What I have said is not only elemental, but universally accepted, and it would be unpardonable to restate the fact if it were not to fasten upon ourselves the consciousness that we have a sure corner stone upon which to found the structure that is rising, slowly but surely, out of the chaos of opinion and experiment. I state it for the further reason that it forms one of the issues between the classes I have already mentioned, for no man ought to be, and I hope no man will be, promoted to high office in our party who is not willing to deal vigorously and persistently with this problem. There are some hysterical persons among the standpatters who are bewailing what has already been done, and who are wringing their hands in either real or assumed fear of the consequences of the action already taken by Congress and by the legislatures of various States, and who insist that we have already done much more than is wise or just. To these persons, the men whose views I am endeavoring to express reply that we have as yet barely begun the work, and it may be—probably will be—years before we reach the solution of the problem now disclosed to us.

It is obvious that when we attempt to determine—no matter what tribunal or tribunals are intrusted with the power—what is a reasonable charge for the service of a common carrier, it must be known—not only known but definitely established—upon what capital the carrier is entitled to a return. This is due to the carrier not less than to the customer. If we do injustice to the former, the service will be inefficient, and will not expand to meet the increasing demand of a growing country. If we do injustice to the latter, the function that the Government has attempted to perform is of no value. Therefore it is necessary not only to review the present capitalization, but to make such provision for future capitalization as will insure soundness in the organization of transportation companies. Personally, I believe that in order to accomplish this end, it will be found necessary to amend the Constitution of the United States so that all transportation corporations carrying interstate traffic shall be organized under a law of Congress. I know that there are people who would rather break the Constitution than better it, but I am not one of them. I am unalterably opposed to the spirit which insists that the

courts shall make our Constitution mean what the necessities of the time require, without regard to the written grants and prohibitions of organic authority. The amendment suggested is in exact harmony with the real thought of the authors of the Constitution. It would, in this respect, accomplish no more than to nationalize in terms what the development of business has already nationalized. I am not an advocate of the destruction or invasion of State authority. With corporations so created, the States must still regulate intrastate business. When a national tribunal has fixed interstate rates upon a proper basis, it will not be difficult for State tribunals to coördinate their local rates.

It is one thing to stand for the transfer of rights of the States to the General Government, and it is quite another thing to stand for a grant of power to the general government which no State can exercise, but which must exist, if we are to settle these questions with fairness to both sides of the controversy.

When it is known what fair rates are, another duty of the Government instantly arises. It will be granted, theoretically, that all patrons of common carriers similarly situated are entitled to the same rates for like service; not only so, but inasmuch as there is competition, and always will be, it is hoped, between communities as well as persons of the same community, all communities are entitled to just comparative rates. I will at once agree that if, in the past, common carriers had indicated by their practices an inclination to observe these fundamental rules, they would be in position to make the adjustment much more easily and much more perfectly than the Government can make it for them. If, however, the history of transportation in this country establishes any one fact, it is that the carriers have recklessly violated these fundamental maxims of public duty, and therefore the Government has undertaken to perform, and must continue to perform, what I regard as the most difficult task which it has yet assumed. I think that upon this subject the law of Congress, as well as the law of most of the States, fairly announces the rights of both carriers and those whom they serve, but these laws will be of little value unless the administration is thoroughly in sympathy with them, and will infuse into those officers to whom immediate enforcement is committed a zealous interest in the welfare of the millions who are powerless even

to initiate the proceedings necessary to secure their rights. Not only so, but there must be a persistent disposition to strengthen these laws as rapidly as keen, critical, and technical minds discover weaknesses in them.

This condition presents a further issue in the policy of the party, and in the selection of public officers, both legislative and executive. It renders ineligible for these places the man who, through intimate association, unconsciously views the subject from the standpoint of the corporations to be regulated, and the man also who prostitutes his trust because it is profitable to do so. There are fair and honest men in the country who recognize the needs of the people who are to buy transportation, and the rights of the common carriers who are to sell it, who know that to injure the former is a betrayal of duty, and to cripple the latter is treason to good government. These are the men we want, both to make our laws and to administer them. There never was a more vital struggle within the ranks of any political party than is now in progress among Republicans, with respect to the division from which its candidates shall be taken, and we shall soon discover which force is in the ascendancy.

There has been much said recently about the uninformed and indefensible legislation of the Western States, passed during the last winter, with respect to the regulation of railways, and it has been suggested more than once that the platform adopted by the coming Republican convention, and the candidates who are to be nominated, should be a condemnation of these alleged hasty and ill-advised enactments. I venture the prophecy that those who are hoping for this result will be disappointed, and I venture another—that if the platform should attempt this office, and the candidates be in harmony with it, the former would never be a guide to an administration, and the latter would be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of private life. Iowa was probably as complete in her reform as any State in the West, and she stands ready to defend what she has done. She forbade political contributions, in any guise, from railway corporations or any other corporations. Who doubts the wisdom of the law? She prohibited passes or free transportation in any form, except to employes constantly employed in the service. Who challenges the propriety of the prohibition? She made absolute provision against over-

capitalization. Who advocates watered stock or baseless bonds? She authorized joint local rates, so that intrastate traffic might enjoy the privilege of interstate traffic. Who will accuse her of injustice in so doing? She made it the duty of her Board of Railroad Commissioners to institute and carry on proceedings before the Interstate Commerce Commission in behalf of the people, should their rights be denied them. Is there anything unfair in so providing? She established a passenger rate of two cents per mile upon her Class "A" railways, and I assume it is largely by reason of this regulation that she, with other States, has been upbraided for inconsiderate and ignorant action.

I take this opportunity to say a word respecting the law so bitterly and so unjustly attacked. The critics of the legislation have iterated and reiterated the statement that the passage of the law was not preceded by adequate investigation and sufficient information. These critics exhibit not only a profound but lamentable ignorance of the situation. During two sessions of the General Assembly, full and protracted hearings were held, and every fact material to the subject was laid before the members, both in speech and in printed showings and arguments. The railway companies disclosed all they had to disclose, and if we were not prepared last winter to reach a conclusion, we never could have been prepared. It was found impossible here, as it will be found impossible everywhere, to separate the passenger business from the freight business in order to ascertain the cost of the one as compared with the other. We knew the alleged value of the railways in this State, and for the purposes of the statute we accepted the value as claimed by the railway companies. We knew the earnings of the railways in the State, and knew what part of these earnings were expended in maintenance and operation. We knew that the net amount applicable to dividends upon stock warranted the reduction in revenue which, it was asserted by the railway companies, would ensue if the passenger rate were fixed at two cents per mile. We knew that according to the disclosures made by the representatives of railway companies, the average rate received for passenger service in the State, taking the railways as a whole, was not more than two cents per mile. We knew that about seventy-five per cent of the travel was being carried for two cents, either upon mile-

age books or credentials. We knew that many people were traveling for nothing, on passes, and that many others were being carried for less than two cents under various forms of excursions. Inasmuch, therefore, as the railway companies themselves had established a rate of substantially two cents per mile, we simply abolished the discrimination which had long been forbidden in the freight service, and which was no longer tolerable in the passenger service. There never was a law more firmly grounded in justice, or more completely vindicated by reason, than the law which fixed this rate; and those who are assailing it as a measure of confiscation, or hiding behind a demand for further investigation, may as well understand that it has come to stay. Nor should it be forgotten, as we are looking forward for leaders in the next campaign, that the nomination of men whose selection would be an implied rebuke to the States which have taken this action, would be a fatal mistake.

If the commercial issues of the future related only to the regulation of public corporations, they would still be difficult and intricate enough to tax all the wisdom of our people in their satisfactory settlement, but as I view the field of commerce, which includes both production and distribution, there are questions touching the duties and powers of the Government in the regulation of industrial commerce which equal in their importance, and greatly exceed in their complexity, any questions which involve the supervision of our common carriers. Hitherto, we have depended upon the force of competition to fix all the prices of private industry. I do not doubt the opinion held by most political economists, that it is a wasteful, expensive and sometimes ruinous force, but, after all that can be said against it is fully considered, we are impelled to one of three conclusions: prices must be fixed either by competition working out its results in the old-fashioned way; by a single producer or seller, which is the monopolistic way; or by the Government in its organized capacity, which is the socialistic way. The monopoly is intolerable, socialism would drive out the spirit of progress, and therefore it seems to me that the only path open for a justice-loving country is the preservation of fair and reasonable competition. There is no more serious problem in the hands of the American people than the one here suggested. Within certain limits

the enlargement or concentration of a particular business is praiseworthy. The reduction in the cost of producing and marketing a useful commodity, through expansion, ought to be encouraged instead of being condemned. This is true, however, only so long as the benefits of decreased cost are shared by the producer, seller, buyer and user.

The strong tendency of recent times has been not only to enlarge a particular business to the extent necessary to secure all the advantages of lessened cost of production and sale, but to enlarge it sufficiently to dominate the field, and to fix, absolutely, the price at which the commodity is to be sold. I agree that there are some forms of combination or concert which are helpful, rather than oppressive, but they must always stop upon the hither side of either actual or potential monopoly. I cannot believe that the people of this country look with any complacency upon a condition that will make it necessary for the Government to fix the prices which shall prevail in all kinds of business, in the same manner that it establishes maximum rates for public service companies; and yet, if we are not successful in restoring and preserving that degree of competition which will, through natural laws, maintain in reasonable prices, it is just as certain that the Government will undertake this herculean task as that free institutions will endure. Therefore, the Republican Party must be steady and persevering in the work upon which it has already entered.

I am quite willing to admit that the Sherman Act contains some provisions which might well be omitted; but with that admission must go the assertion that our experience has shown that there are many things which ought to be included in the Congressional enactment which are now wanting. The solicitude of the Government should be to give every man and every business a fair opportunity to win. It ought to be true, in a country like ours, with the immensity of its accumulated capital, that a buyer, when he desires to make a purchase, shall have the chance, at least, to seek two sellers who will act independently of each other. It is obvious that the subject is not an easy one to deal with. We may expect many unsuccessful attempts, and we should not be disheartened or discouraged if years elapse before the final decree is recorded. Our insistence now is that the men overloaded with ill-gotten gains and full of misdirected genius in creating and

fostering the combinations and consolidations which they hope will annihilate competition, shall not be influential in selecting the officers who are to wrestle with the problem.

Closely allied with the efforts to suppress monopolies, or that degree of dominance which destroys competition, is the constantly growing demand that there should be a revision of our tariff schedules. I yield to no man in my conviction that the protective policy is sound, both in theory and practice. It would be fatal to the industrial interests of the republic to abandon it, or to abate one jot or tittle of its requirements. The policy, however, is brought into disrepute when it is used to shield extortionate profit, instead of giving fair and adequate protection. Whenever the duty upon a competitive commodity exceeds the difference between the cost of producing the commodity here and in competing countries, and when domestic competition ceases upon the commodity, the producer can and will raise the price to the full limit of the duty. It is impossible to assign a reason worthy of consideration for the maintenance of excessive duties. Personally, I believe that when a wrong exists, the time to right it is at the moment at which it first appears; but whatever may be the action or inaction of the next Congress upon this subject, the progressives of the West will do what they can to make the platform clear and unequivocal for an immediate examination and revision.

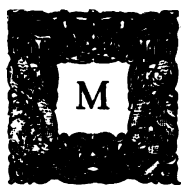
It is my earnest hope that our next convention will respond to the almost universal conviction that United States senators ought to be elected by direct vote, instead of by secondary agencies. The Government will not be represented in its best and highest sense until the intermediary bodies which now select our senators are removed. I do not impeach the wisdom of the forefathers, and need not remind the student of history of the circumstances and conditions under which this provision of the Constitution was adopted. The insensate fear which filled many of the brightest minds in 1787 has gone forever, and the imperious voice of the people is everywhere demanding that their senators shall be answerable directly to them.

I know that there are some very good men who are longing for peace and quiet; but they forget that national life is a march, not a camp, and that so long as we advance there will be turmoil and discord. Right will always be fighting against wrong.

THE RAID ON PROSPERITY

BY JAMES R. DAY

Chancellor of Syracuse University



MANUFACTURE and commerce are tremendous instruments of civilization. And the accumulation of wealth is the multiplication of man's powers of noble conquest. It is the measure of possibilities in subduing the lands and seas, in the institutions of the State, in education and the Church, in the development of the earth's resources and the application of them to the varied demands of mankind.

The first movements of migration and trade were inspired by physical consideration exclusively. It was to get pasturage for flocks and to find food more abundant. But now civilization is the great goal of manufacture and trade. All forms of business volunteer their offerings to discovery, to science, to the State. We have a new concept, broad, worthy, in which no man is to live for himself. We are to discover not trade alone but duty and opportunity and the signs of God that shall indicate our place and part in the mighty struggle to emancipate this world and give it in every part liberty.

That this tremendous mission of the United States has been in preparation is seen in the magnitudes of commercial thought and enterprise which, while filling some with dismay and affording the demagogues a text and an opportunity, are nevertheless the calm and cool logic of events. It perhaps has been the only land where these great problems could be worked out successfully. Business has been taking on gigantic proportions. Individuals have joined together brains and moneys and formed themselves into corporations because they could make more for themselves and save more for the people, and serve more the mighty interests of their country.

I wonder if any one of those men who opposed these mighty proportions when they first appeared has a proud and boasting grandson in these days who boldly declaims that his grandfather was the clear-visioned seer who predicted the appalling evil of the modern railway and tried to prevent it. There were men who smashed Arkwright's loom and Whitney's cotton gin into kindling wood. I wonder if any one is boasting in these days that his grandfather was the man who did it. When half of the next century is gone, you cannot find on this continent any man who will admit that he is a descendant of the pygmies who sought to destroy these mighty movements of manufacture and trade, logically proportionate to the tremendous age—who tried to reach up and turn the shadow back on the dial.

But we are told that there is no disposition to destroy the great forms of corporate business but just an attempt to regulate them.

We do not want to destroy the present forms of corporate business but we will discredit them and embarrass them by every law we can invent; we will make a public sentiment that will encourage every man who attempts to mulct them; we will sow dragons' teeth of hate in every corporation plant, among the workingmen; we will brand every aggregation of capital and corporate wealth as an octopus or a criminal corporation; we will talk of "predatory wealth" a silly jingle of words; we will urge upon careless-thinking people that wealth is grinding them and that cooperation is synonymous with tyranny, oppression, and gigantic theft—thrift and theft meaning the same thing; and then we will smite upon our breasts pharisaically and say: "Ah, no, we do not oppose the natural and proportionate methods of the

twentieth century. We want to regulate them only!"

The reason given for attacks upon corporate business is that it crushes out the individual and makes it impossible for smaller forms of business to flourish. In this statement it is assumed that this is an evil. But we contend that it may be and for the most part is a positive good. The big ship swallows up the little ships and the dangers and discomforts of the sea; the big trunk line absorbs the little railways and tickets you through. Twenty little shops fighting each other at a loss appear in a great factory with profits.

Men are incorporated and the man of a small business becomes the superintendent or manager of millions of invested capital. The contention that "individuals are being wiped out" is a strange one in view of the hosts of men who reach successes which, if of a subordinate character, are immeasurably beyond anything they would have attained alone.

This new doctrine, that you can legislate unsuccessful men into success by legislating successful men out of success, is a piece of imbecility that does injustice to our twentieth century. The man who whines that he hasn't got a fair chance because other men have the trade cannot be helped by law.

When a new Cunarder is built we do not begin to protest and investigate because she is too big for the channel of our harbor, or she will bring the passengers of five great ships across the seas and make tramps of the old-time greyhounds and restrain their trade. We dig our channel deeper and build our docks longer and say, "Come on! We will dig as deep water as you can draw and we will float you lengthwise of the North River before we will surrender to anything that man can put upon the ocean!"

This is a time prolific in odious phrases and titles. We have the "Octopus," the "Predatory Wealth," the "Swollen Fortune," the "Monopolist," the "Reactionist," and others.

The reactionist is a term applied to those who take issue with what they believe to be an abuse of the Constitution, or an arbitrary invasion of personal rights. Why it is given such an application I do not understand.

The real reactionists are the men who advocate "stretching the Constitution," who officially rebuke judges of the courts, who usurp legislation by dictatorial messages from the executive office, who attempt to force receiverships as instruments of prosecution;

who prosecute men in defiance of the *ex post facto* provision of the Constitution; who condemn men and prejudge them as undesirable citizens when their lives are in the judicial balances; who arraign men as criminals and then set in motion against them the machinery of the Federal Courts and prosecuting department; who insist upon branding men as guilty who never have been even indicted in the cases alleged—as notoriously characterized a Federal Court within the past summer in a great corporation case; who sentence men for alleged military offenses without evidence and without hearing; who investigate great business interests for alleged offenses and with a blare of trumpets condemn them—the innocent and the guilty alike—in the markets of the world; who by enforcing an impracticable law which the President has admitted would reduce business to chaos—a law which had lain dormant since its enactment because unjust, a law forbidding combination in business that has been the practice of the country for a generation—upon such a law send business men of unquestioned integrity to jail; who threaten to interpret the Constitution so as to evade the reserved rights of the States and to establish paternal government by the subterfuge of post-roads; who by agitation in speech and the public press disturb values and depreciate the properties and investments of millions of our people, both the rich and the poor—these are the real reactionists.

To say that men who protest and raise a warning voice against these monstrous violations of constitutional rights are reactionists is characteristic of the whole high-handed procedure. It is of a piece with the cry of the "Millionaires' Conspiracy," invented to silence the just protest of men who are being harassed and whose business is being ruined under the cry of "predatory wealth."

The falsely called reactionists are the hope of the country, and their numbers are hopelessly increasing. They warn those now in command that compromise with the enemies of constitutional government or with those who would bend it to their theories, that the encouragement of class agitation and the hatred of the rich and of the great utilities is far removed from common prudence, is lacking in every element of sound statesmanship.

To plead for it that such a course was necessary to pacify the increasing socialism of the hour, that but for the persecution of the rich

and the assaults upon corporate business we should soon have been in the hands of the socialists, is as untrue to historic facts as it is puerile in both reasoning and courage. Must we make terms with the socialist? Are we to be degraded by being told in the cowardly sophistry of certain editorials that we must "stretch the Constitution," that we must anticipate him in assailing our institutions, that we must pacify him by putting our business men into jail or fining them for too successfully competing in the business enterprises of the twentieth century?

It is such a pleasant thing to see the world's wrongs being righted when we are not the sinners! And then it is a novel way of regenerating a people that we have fallen upon, and we are a great people to try novelties. It used to be thought that you must get at a man's motives and ideals and in that way lift by a great ethical force the common sentiment of honesty, but here comes a new doctrine that depravity is in corporate forms and subject to railroad rates—a fact that has been strangely overlooked by moral philosophers until this administration.

Now you take a country full of business of infinite variety and amazing prosperity and a government that proposes to take care of all the moral aberrations and adjust all of the variant conditions and the nations of the earth and the people of our land are not going to be sensitive to the violation of constitutional prerogatives. It is easy to answer all of that by saying, "Well, it ought to be lawful if it is not." Of course that is the doctrine of a mob that hangs a man. And that is what a people becomes when it disregards the constitutional order of government and substitutes personal leadership.

For many months we have been under a monarchy in everything but the name. How long will the country continue to be so absorbed in its selfish indifference that having eyes it will not see? The change of the presidential prerogatives is going on. How much farther could it go and retain a semblance of what the Constitution provided it should be?

One of these changes involves our judicial rights and personal liberties. Recall an example or two. The President of the United States, for political purposes, arraigns a great business of the country by message, without jury, without indictment or any processes of law except an *ex-parte* report of an inexpe-

rienced commissioner, with no opportunity upon the part of the accused to be heard. The men of this business are branded as dishonest and their business is outlawed. Was ever such a thing known in this country? Was there ever anything more despotic in this country? That message was a notice to every Federal Judge in the country that the merits of his decision in this case would be noted in the White House. Every juryman in the country has been told how the verdict should be made up.

The engine of prosecution was set in motion. A test case is to be heard. Two days before the hearing the Bureau of Corporations, one of the President's big sticks, makes a report of a startlingly damaging character, much of which was subsequently proved untrue. Was this a coincidence? The accused and condemned (by message) corporation is dragged fifteen hundred miles from its incorporated headquarters, away from its books, documents and witnesses, into a State which has always been notoriously hostile to its interests. Was this a mere incident without unfair and dishonorable intent? Was it the famous "square deal"?

It will be said by some in justification of the mighty change that we get better laws and their better enforcement. That impeachment of the great past will not stand. But if it would stand, it is a dangerous bit of reasoning, for it will not always be that we shall have one man who is wiser than all men. Our next President may be simply an ordinary man.

President Wilson tells us that the President is a leader of the people. Who made him a leader of the people? There may properly be a leader of a party and leaders of the people, but it never was intended that a President should lead the people. That is an office in which the incumbent must be the servant of the people and take his commands from the people and go no faster than the people have declared their purpose to go. Even the terms upon which he can advise them are prescribed. He cannot rule them. It never was contemplated that he should use the rewards or threats of his office to enforce his advice upon Congress, or his rebukes to intimidate courts. He is to execute the will of the people declared in constitutional and statutory forms. The arena for a leader of the whole people or any party of them is in the Congress or the forum.

It is not possible for a President of the

United States to put his thousandfold reënforced personality into the determination of causes, into investigations of suspected evils of forms of business and into condemnatory utterances upon private affairs without doing great injustice, often precluding the possibility of fair and judicial procedures. He is the one man of the country who should remain silent upon questions to be adjudicated by the courts—as much so as the Chief Justice. The change which has taken our chief magistrate into the work of a chief detective with gigantic bureaus of information and a corps of special prosecutors is as amazing as it is unconstitutional.

It is a startling change that has furnished our Presidency with these subcabinets for the purpose of discovering commercial wickedness—caves of Adullam for every unsuccessful competitor, retainers of every political brigand who makes his foray upon the constitutional order of things and rides into power with a blazonry of reform. There can be no certain values nor secure properties; there can be no prosperous business and bold enterprise in a nation where governmental paternalism is permitted to command special and crude laws of commerce and menace with investigations and prosecutions the changing conditions of manufacture and trade. Values hitherto have been down on some secure and appreciable foundation. Now every day they are blown about by a new story of investigation from the White House.

It was bad enough when the counter reports of bulls and bears in Wall Street moved stocks up and down the tape. People are not looking now to Wall Street. What is the last interview with the President by one of his commissioners or secretaries? Railroad men, manufacturers, shippers, merchants, bankers, investors, all stand about anxiously waiting for the last bulletin from the White House and inquiring as to which commission is in the field to-day!

It requires only the most superficial study to convince one that the individual is not equal to the mighty enterprises of an age like this and that he must join with other individuals and form with them a great company or corporation in order to secure sufficient capital and ability for the purposes of our railroads, steamships, trolley lines, telegraphs and telephones and other common utilities.

Such a corporation will have the characteristics of a person. It will not be strange if it

makes a person's mistakes, if it becomes selfish and grasping, if sometimes it must be restrained by law as individuals are. But it is not an octopus nor a monster. It is not necessarily a criminal nor does it reckon as an asset its power to grind the poor. All of that talk is the cheapest demagoguery.

We shall after a time recognize the corporation as a natural and indispensable feature of our economy. The adjustments will have been made in all particulars as they are now in some. There is no longer any competition between a stage route and a railway that disturbs the people. The steamboat has drifted off the Mississippi with as little friction as its fogs disappear. There is no clash between the hand looms and the power looms. The brick and mortar lifts are not cursed by the hod-carriers. The machines that in about every instance have been opposed are recognized and used as invaluable adjuncts to labor. It is all plain, men have become as big as a loom and a railroad.

It is my opinion that the multitudes of our intelligent people are not responsive to attacks upon railways which are enlarging their markets and bringing them into connection with all the earth, nor to the violent assaults upon corporate business which has made the most inland farm to have and enjoy those things which a few decades ago were the exclusive luxury of the rich. It would be interesting to poll a community and ask each man on every street: "Have you consciously suffered by a railroad, have you been ground down by a trust, is your life less prosperous or happy than that of your boyhood or your father's or grandfather's lives? How came you in this comfortable home with a business that supports your home so luxuriously if everything is going to pile up 'predatory wealth out of the pockets of the common people,' and how happens it that the conditions of the neighborhood have been improving for a generation and are now improving? How did you, a mechanic, get this cottage and this green lawn and your savings bank account, with your daily wage? Whom do you get it all from and what is the kind of business that gives it to you?"

The most gigantic piece of impertinence that ever has been thrust into the faces of the American people is the hourly and daily talk of their being ground down by trusts and robbed by capital and run over and run down by railways and other so-called utilities.

It is a singular fact that those minds which have undertaken to regulate this new order of human affairs in commerce and trade, and to preserve the independent and individual forms that are inadequate and insufficient, are the very men who are violating every tradition of the country in government and contending for greater elasticity in the Constitution with an impatience that cannot wait to submit amendments to the people!

The one thing that is fixed in this country is government. It is by law, explicit and clearly defined and not subject to discretion either in quantity or application. The one thing that is not fixed and limited, that cannot be set with bounds and held within narrow confines, is trade, invention, discovery, and the extension of commerce.

The men who are using the machinery of government to regulate competition, to tell what its rights and proportions shall be and to guard against "the restraint of trade" and to dissolve the combined endeavors of American citizens whose genius has given our commerce its mighty and amazing proportions, will pass into history with the learned doctors of Nuremberg who declared profoundly that a close fence should be placed between the railroad track and the pedestrians lest the speed of the train at fifteen miles an hour should give them *delirium furiosum*!

The foundation of every permanent government is justice. Whatever it may secure to people in resources of wealth, whatever of wage-earning labor, whatever of liberty of franchise, if injustice can be done its citizens by insufficient law or too much law or by perversion of law by the arbitrary acts of administrators and the judges of courts, the Government cannot endure. It is sure to perish if it cannot be reformed.

One source of serious evil is in the appointment of judges of courts by persons who are likely to have a political interest in the verdicts of those judges.

That the President may come to feel that he is not only responsible for the selection of judges but their opinions as well appears in the notable case of Judge Humphrey, whose recent opinion was displeasing to the President and who received a presidential rebuke for it; who was told, as the whole country was, that it probably would not be sustained by other judges! The emphasis of the incident is upon the assumption of a President of the United States that he had

the right and privilege of meddling with the Judicial Department as though it represented him, and that he could discredit by public utterance the verdict of a court. What are courts worth if this is tolerated? Why then may not judges give the weight of their criticism against executive acts? Was there anything which our founders sought to guard more sacredly than the independence of the coordinate departments of our Government? If an appeal is to be taken from a court, it is not to be taken to the President but to a higher court. If a court is corrupt, impeachment is possible; if in error, an appeal can be taken—executive rebuke never.

Other incidents point to abuse of justice in the use of courts for cases in which the President is interested, if they have any meaning whatever. If that is not the meaning of such incidents, they are unfortunate coincidents.

How unevenly are the balances of justice weighted when a President of the United States becomes the prosecutor! Can anyone doubt the influence upon his judges and upon jurors? Under what provision of the Constitution shall the President become the prosecuting officer of the land? Is this the way the Constitution intended that he should see that the laws are enforced? It may be popular with a certain prejudiced and excited class. But is it safe? Is it law? Is it justice? How long since the American people put themselves in the attitude by which their respective businesses or their persons may be held up to execration before the civilized world by the President of the United States? Does the *ex-parte* report of a commission justify such a course? Then it is an emphatic reason why there should be no such commissions. Are cases to be known in this country as President's cases, brought to him by his commissions to vindicate some hasty and ill-considered utterance? If so, how will such cases stand in the courts?

We have just had an example of a man acquitted against such tremendous influence. In what light does it place the Chief Executive, who condemned him before he was tried? Suppose he had been convicted, as it is remarkable that he was not with such influence against him, how would it leave the case? There would ever rest upon it a doubt of the justice of the verdict because of influences from the head of the Government.

A wave seems to be sweeping over the times which bears down law and order and con-

stitutions and substitutes the personality of man and makes opinions law. If the old law will not do it, make a law that will do it. If a Constitution is in the way, it is easy to show that there has been that in the Constitution which our founders did not see nor dream that they had put there. What they thought the States were to be compelled to do, it is easy to show that the States are not to be permitted to do—because “they are unequal to it!” The interpretation of what reservations are left to the State will be determined by the Government at Washington—what is good for them to do and what is harmful for them to do; things that were once questions for the courts to decide will be arranged by new statutes framed by the Chief Executive and his Cabinet and consented to by an obedient Congress. The States have their proper place in this new theory as the several departments of government to carry out the prescient wisdom of the ruler of the Nation and his champions of the new government by commission. We have a new doctrine of States rights. We are told by the President that “the States rights should be preserved when they mean the people’s rights but not when they mean the people’s wrongs.” Now if those words had not been said by the President, I would say that they sound like the words of a politician and not a statesman. They are made of such stuff as is thrown to the galleries. Who is to be the judge of the quality in the case, as to which are the people’s rights or the people’s wrongs? Heretofore the courts have decided that question, and the courts uninfluenced by Executive interference. How are the rights to be preserved and how are the wrongs to be removed? In the old-fashioned way through constitutional revision by amendments by both the Congress and the States. The new fashion to which you are asked to subscribe is to read into the Constitution new interpretations, or if you are in a hurry, make a new statute to be operated by one of the new commissions by which the country is to be governed for the good of the people.

The age is peculiarly liable to exaggerated notions of the wrongs, the tyranny, and the corruption of men. We take a paper at breakfast and focus the world’s iniquity into one house at one hour as into a camera obscura. We scrape it all off the pages of one little paper into our plate and look at it and say: “The world has gone to the devil

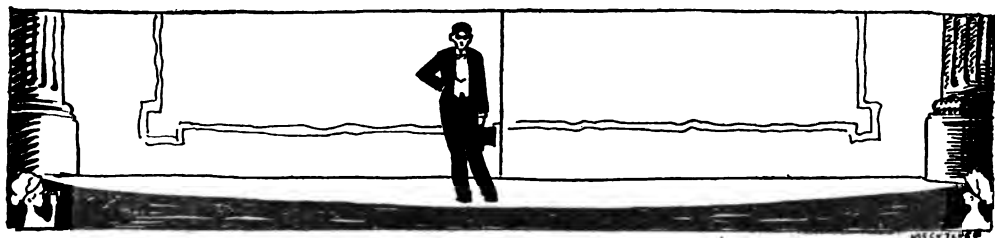
bodily.” But you scatter it all back whence it all came and there isn’t enough of it to refract one ray of the sun of our glorious civilization.

The remedy? Talk of nothing for a year but the great and glorious things of America. Talk of the thousand varieties of handy and cheap forms into which meats and fruits and vegetables, all edibles, are being put for men in all places and pursuits, from the day laborer to the North-Pole explorer. Talk of the difference between kerosene at fifteen or twenty cents a gallon and kerosene at one dollar a gallon, and every gallon at that time might blow you into kingdom come. Talk of the by-products once in the dump heaps that are adding hundreds of millions annually to our country’s wealth and the comforts of the rich to the homes of the poor. Talk of unnumbered forms of manufacture, those most active agents of civilization, which must be credited up to our great land. Talk of the railways which, from opposition in their inception to persecution throughout their history, have pushed on, opening up States, filling the Nation with teeming millions, transporting us for a fraction of the cost of conveying ourselves in all directions, hurling our papers and letters off at every wayside village at a mile a minute, and taking to the tide waters for the markets of the world the products of our fields and the work of our shops and factories. Talk about these great things a year and see how few things there will be to complain about.

We cannot consent as a country to have our laws made and our pace set in these awful times by men of small and unworthy concepts. We must have thinkers everywhere, from the dinner pail to the pulpit, clear-visioned, practical thinkers; men who have something to think with as well as to think about.

The greatest Nation of the earth demands the greatest intellectual force, the purest morals and truest patriotism to be found among men for its lawmakers and executives. We are at the outer threshold of our mission and opportunity as a Nation and we must have men constructive and not destructive, to control and shape our destiny. Ours must be men of steady, calm confidence and deep-rooted, safe convictions. It is no time for Dryden’s Duke of Buckingham,

“A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one but all mankind’s epitome,
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Everything by turns and nothing long.”



A CURTAIN CALL FOR THE "AUTHOR"

GEORGE ADE

By JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



IN the subsequent biography, which is *ex rel.* and pertaining to George Ade, there is some temptation to burst into capital letters and freak philology, such as has been fableized into popularity by the subject of this sketch. Most biographies seem to start out like this:

"Once there was a Young Man from

the Corn Belt who started Nor' by Nor'west in Search of a Swollen Fortune," etc.

In this diagnosis, however, the capitals will be used only at the North End of each sentence and in the names of proper persons.

Mr. Ade, or Georgie, as he was then called, was born on February 9, 1866, at Kentland, Indiana, and is thirty-nine years old, not counting the two years in the patent-medicine business. Kentland is a little town of a thousand people. It lies in the heart of the corn belt, where the highest hill is hardly ten feet above datum in the Kent Irrigating Ditch.

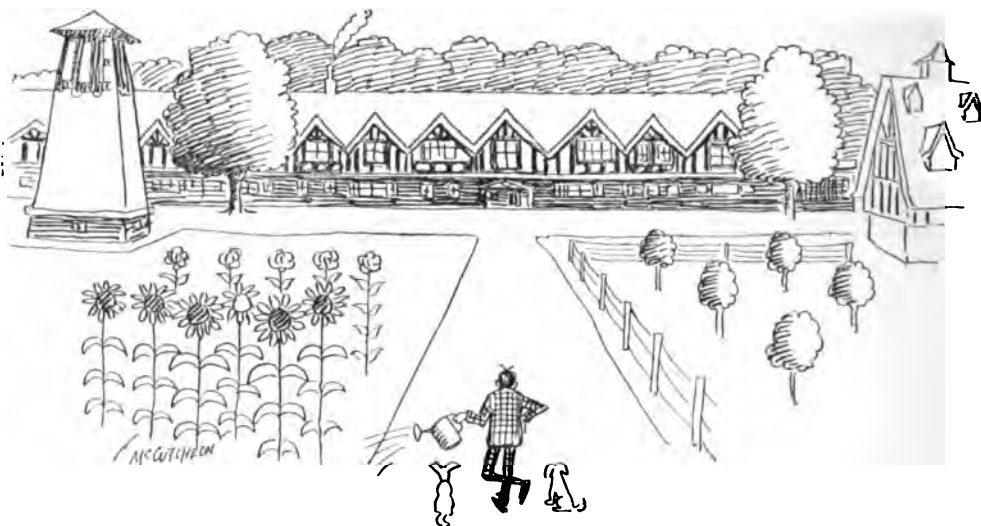
Forty years ago, John Ade, George's father, planted the trees that now make the broad, cool streets of the town look like the campus

of a venerable university. It is a pretty town, far from the madding rush of modern civilization except where the Panhandle trains pass through on their way from points east to points west, and *vice versa*.

On the east side of the courthouse square is the little frame house which some day will be pointed out to "Seeing Kentland" pilgrims as the place of Mr. Ade's birth.

The first years of his life were spent in Kentland with occasional trips to Morocco (Indiana) and Delphi (Indiana). In the daytime he demonstrated his unfitness for an agricultural career, and in the evening he sat with the local savants in front of Pat Keefe's grocery store helping settle affairs of state. Mr. Keefe, Jack Ryan, Will Kent, and Mr. Harnish, the genial photographer, were among the speakers at those evening debates. Occasionally Bluford Light, "Blu" for short, Bill Hartsock, and Ory Six would happen along to give new angles to the viewpoint of the subject under discussion.

The nights he spent at home. That is, all but one night. That was the night of the lecture at the church, and George attended. He occupied a seat in the rear, for, being a modest boy, he did not wish to make an ostentatious display of the fact that he was barefooted. The lecture was about the transmigration of souls or some kindred topic not full of human interest for a boy of eight, so Georgie went to sleep on a bench. How long



REAR ELEVATION OF HAZELDEN AND MR. ADE

With latter's favorite collics, Pluto and Stubby. Formal garden in left foreground.

he slept he never knew, but along about three A.M. he awoke with the sudden start usual when one falls off a church bench at three o'clock in the morning.

He was first bewildered and then scared plumb to death—nearly. He didn't say "Where am I?" (passing hand across forehead—biz of being dazed, etc.). He merely groped his way frantically for the nearest window, which, being a church window, was unlocked, and leaped eight feet to the ground.

Immediately after alighting, the sound of bare feet pattering busily on the board walk rang out on the still night air and a streak of embryotic genius flashed down the street, homeward bound. Georgie arrived home just in time to head off a search party of prominent citizens.

It is not fair to dismiss the boyhood of Mr. Ade without dwelling on the fact that he was a hero. He helped to save his little nephew from a watery grave in a cistern. Charles Warren Fairbanks shall not be allowed to have an exclusive right to Indiana heroism! The boy was lost and the relatives were in a frantic state of agony. They searched all around and finally decided to probe the cistern for news of the absent one. George was appointed a committee to go down and make a few submarine investigations in the cistern.

The water was about eight feet deep and

the weather was bitter cold. But George went down, and by holding his breath submerged himself and felt around with his feet along the bottom. Ever and anon he would come up gasping and in a hollow unnatural voice, such as is heard in cisterns, would issue bulletins on his progress. He was nearly frozen.

In the meantime the boy had been found under a bed, where he had crawled and had gone to sleep. The relatives swarmed in to rejoice upon his neck. They spent an hour in felicitations. They talked so fast they telescoped their words.

All this time a frozen hero was coming up and going down in the cistern without encouragement from the loved ones at home, until finally some one remembered, and he was rescued.

Thus Mr. Ade passed through boyhood and prepared for college. Pessimists around Kentland predicted that he would grow up and edit the local paper. He graduated from High School and was sent to Purdue University at Lafayette.

A local historian who was hanging around the depot when the train arrived says that his attention was first attracted by a tall youth wearing a narrow-rimmed hat with a strap around it. The mysterious stranger carried a grip and chartered an express wagon to convey it to the college. In order to insure

its safe delivery, the young man rode over with it. It was an inspiring sight. Just picture the setting. A railway platform with crowd grouped, up stage; a young man sitting on a grip sack in the middle of an express wagon, an interested throng of villagers, citizens, policemen, etc. Lady Godiva going through the streets of Coventry was dull compared with the stately ride of Mr. Ade through the streets of Lafayette.

He entered the freshman class in 1883. At that time he was a tall, slender boy with a face as refined as a girl's and as clear cut as the proverbial cameo that figures in the heart-interest literature of the later Victorian period. His hair was very dark but not black. Since then there have appeared streaks of gray, the large one on the right side coming from "The Bad Samaritan" and the one on the left from Mr. Savage. A long head with an unusual development fore and aft, and ears of generous size standing well out from the side elevations. A small, sensitive nose, slightly aquiline, a strong mouth, and an unusual sweep of eyebrows over bluish-gray eyes, sometimes keen and twinkling, at other times vague and indefinite. Long, slender hands, long, slender legs, and long, slender arms. Height, 5 feet 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches with his hair cut, and weight about 135.

In appearance then he was what might be called "delikit." He wore a blue suit.

During the first two years at Purdue he was a hard student—using the word in a complimentary sense—and always stood first in his classes. His companions during these two years were chiefly his books. He built up a reputation for studiousness that carried him far along into the last two years at college, when he stood first in his class only alphabetically.

He joined a fraternity and began to see life from the inside. He formed friendships that helped dispel the illusion that the world was bounded on the north by a blackboard, on the south by books, and on all other directions by work. He lost some of his shyness and occasionally convoyed young ladies to the

various college festivities. The gregarious instinct began to assert itself.

His tastes were literary. He was hopeless in mathematics, a circumstance which encourages many others to regard like delinquency as an indication of genius.

In the affairs of the college he gravitated naturally and by tacit consent to a position of leadership. He became the president of

his literary club, the presiding officer of his fraternity, the editor-in-chief of the college monthly and the pivot of any movement that required more brain than brawn. His room in the dormitory was the refuge and retreat of all who wished to forget work or dull care. In the restricted field of college life he rose without effort or intent to the same eminence that he has since attained in the broader field of life. His college mates remember him as a boy of exceptional promise and unusual ability who was predestined to succeed.

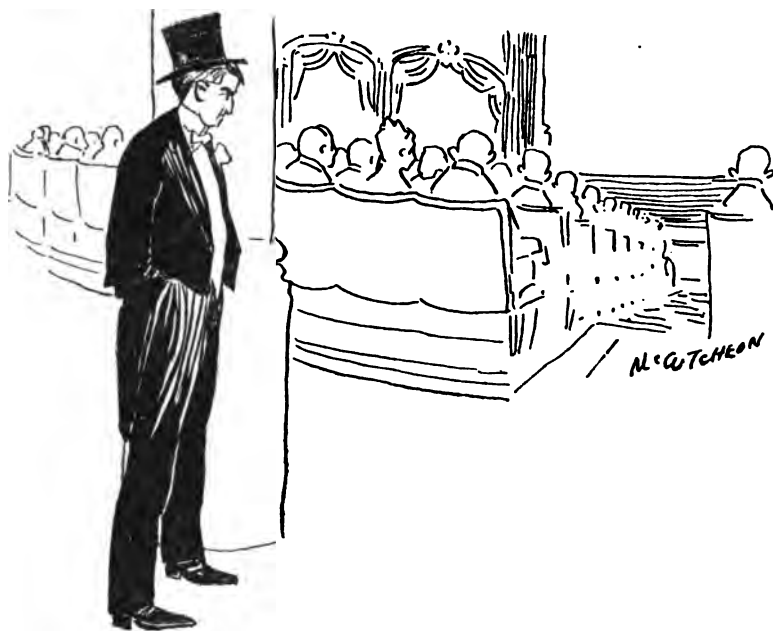
His instinct as a writer seemed inherent rather than acquired. Even his earliest contributions to the college paper bore no trace of an amateurish touch, and the highly artificial work of the Sophomore stylist was never found in his work. At the annual entertainment of his literary club, his essay was certain to achieve the signal distinction of the evening. In addition to his university work he occasionally attended night classes for the study of the drama at the local opera house. "The Mikado" as presented by the Bennett & Moulton Opera Company with Charlie Bigelow as *Koko*, was his favorite piece.

In June, 1887, with seven classmates, Mr. Ade delivered his graduating oration. It was entitled "The Future of Letters in the West," but it was not prophetic of the great part he himself was to play in that future. When he stepped down from the platform with his diploma, he could not foresee that within twenty years he was to come back as the most distinguished alumnus of his alma mater; that he was to enjoy the keenest gratification that a human being can feel.

In the heart of every young boy is the



MR. ADE IN THE CITY



ATTENDING A FIRST-NIGHT PERFORMANCE OF ONE OF HIS PLAYS

dream that he may go away and make his future, then to return in a carriage drawn by white horses and be greeted with admiring acclaim by his old townsmen. The fulfilment of this dream is pure, concentrated happiness, 100 per cent fine.

In 1902 George Ade returned to his college town and was carried on the shoulders of several hundred Purdue students, with a brass band in front and with the streets of Lafayette resounding with the query "What's the matter with George Ade?" "He's all right!" "Who's all right?" "George Ade!" When he goes back to Commencement, these days, the four or five hundred seniors turn to look after him and whisper in hushed admiration, "That's George Ade."

After graduation, he went back to Kentland to corroborate his belief that he was not cut out for a future in the old home town. Literature—as typified by a job on a local newspaper, and Law—as embodied in an opportunity to study with a prominent firm in Lafayette—were each beckoning to him.

He selected the Law. Why—has never been explained. He nodded over Blackstone for six weeks and then took a job as city editor on a newly established Republican organ in Lafayette. The organ played its

swan song after a brief existence, and he switched to an afternoon daily that held out a golden promise of six per week, rain or shine. Here he worked hard for some time, constantly confronted by the grim fact that the bare cost of living was overlapping his salary. If he had continued in that position, he would now be nearly \$40,000 in debt.

He quit journalism at six per and embarked in a patent medicine business, where he did the literary and press work of a remedy guaranteed to cure the tobacco habit if you followed directions. The first direction was to cease the use of tobacco. His chief work was to edit testimonials and act as press agent for people who had been cured of the dread habit. It was a pleasant sight to see the youthful author, with his feet on a table, writing of the invaluable benefits conferred on humanity by the tobacco cure, for he smoked incessantly to stimulate his imagination.

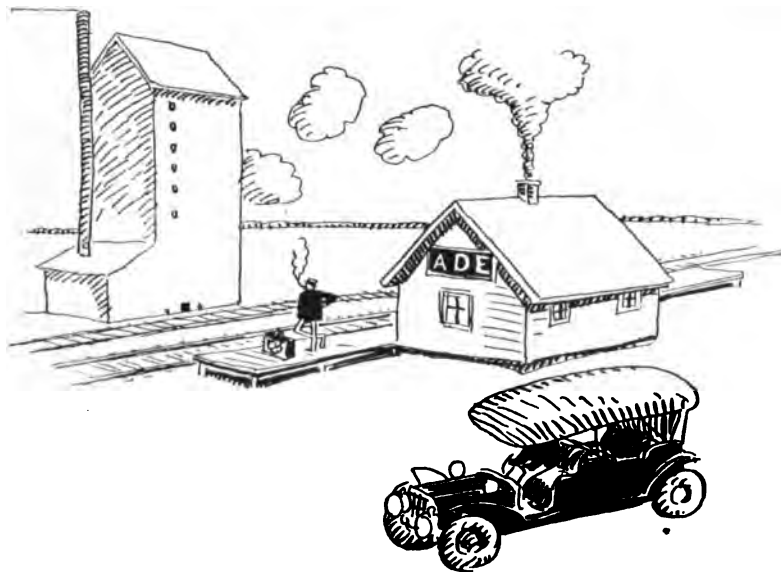
In 1890 Ade went to Chicago armed with the following equipment: A wonderful memory, an X-ray insight into motives and men, a highly developed power of keen observation and the benefit of four years of literary work in college and three years in professional fields. He had lived in the country and had

retained, as on a photographic plate, the most comprehensive impressions of country life. He knew the types, the vernacular, and the point of view of the country people from the inside. He had lived in a small town and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the types and the customs of this phase of life. He had learned college life after four years of observation and had learned the life of the medium-sized town. With a memory that retained his observations of these four distinct elements of life, and an intelligence great enough to use this knowledge, he was ready to learn what a great city could teach.

He went to work on the *Morning News* at \$12 a week. He was the cub reporter, to whom fell the lowly duty of describing the daily weather. The weather news soon became one of the bright spots in the paper. One night a steamboat boiler exploded down in the river; all the big reporters were out on big assignments and in feverish despair the cub reporter was hustled down to cover the story. He made an enormous hit. People around the office breathlessly asked who wrote the "story," and from that day on his position was assured. He swiftly gained the distinction of being the "star" reporter. All the big assignments fell to him. He covered every phase of news possible in a great city.

When anything happened outside of the city he was hurried to the "trouble zone." The Homestead strike, the Sullivan-Corbett fight, and many other assignments of major magnitude fell to his lot. For a time he did politics in the City Hall, then a series of political letters in Indiana during the 1892 Presidential campaign. Next he covered political headquarters in New York during the last week of that memorable fight, and afterwards "Labor," "Dramatics," "Pugilism," and special feature writing.

During the World's Fair he wrote a daily feature of two columns about the Exposition, and after that he began a department called "Stories of the Streets and of the Town." For six days in every week he wrote from 1,200 to 2,000 words for this department, and continued it for years. It was a roving assignment—he got his material from the four corners of the city. One day a story about the Ghetto, the next day one about a police court, the next day a little fiction story, and so on. It is doubtful whether any other American newspaper man has had equal opportunities for studying every class of people in a big city. At times he drew upon his intimate knowledge of country life, or small town life, or college life, or newspaper life, and in each story there was a freshness and



TOWN OF ADE, WITH AUTHOR'S AUTO IN FOREGROUND



MR. ADE ENTERTAINING FRIENDS IN HIS FIRST AUTO, "ROLLING PEANUT"

charm that compelled the expectant interest of thousands of readers. He had the faculty of making an interesting story of anything, whether it was a ride in a street car or a dissertation on the probabilities of rain.

If one were to analyze the secret of Mr. Ade's genius, it would seem but natural to point to the wide scope of his experience in real life, supported by tireless industry, an honest pride in his work, and with the groundwork of a marvelous gift of intelligent and retained observation.

With Brand Whitlock the "star" man on another Chicago daily, and Ade on the *Morning News*, the standard of reportorial excellence advanced immeasurably in Chicago. To Ade was largely due the distinction gained by the Chicago *Morning News*—afterward the *Record*—of being as bright and entertaining as the New York *Sun*.

During this time—a salary of \$35 a week, a hall bedroom, the old Olympic Theater once a week, pool at Tom Foley's, and the day's work with its toll on his energy and its tribute to his constantly broadening genius.

In 1895, with two companions, he went to Europe. Eight hundred dollars paid the expenses of a four months' tour that embraced practically the whole habitable part of Europe. Two articles a week went back to the home paper and the explorations progressed as merrily as though he were not coming back broke, to begin, at twenty-nine, the fortune hunt at the very bottom again.

Luckily, it was true that the acquisition of money was a mere incident to the day's work.

The work was first, the money merely incidental. He took up the old daily two-column stunt on the editorial page, and one day early in '96 there appeared the first of the "Artie" stories. The next week the second "Artie" story appeared. The public liked them. It was the first attempt to run a serial in his department, and the public at last had something tangible on which to fasten its sustained approval.

Ade's first book appeared in 1896. It was called "Circus Day," and was printed as a small children's book, barely two inches square. He received \$40 for it. But the "Artie" series of stories was the first to endow him with a definite entity in the minds of the readers of the *Record*. These stories were not signed, but his identity as the author sifted out, and spread, and then swept throughout the middle West. It was the beginning of his rise. Previous to this time, he had been undergoing the long, hard discipline that has since borne such rich and merited reward. An excess of prosperity in those early days when he was "finding himself" might have been fatal to later efforts, and it is doubtless true that he looks back to the years of grind on the old *Record* as the foundation of his later astounding success.

"Artie" appeared in book form in the latter part of '96. It was successful, and the publishers, H. S. Stone & Co., contracted for a book a year to follow it. "Pink Marsh," a series of fascinating stories about a negro boot-black, told in the dialect of the Northern negro as distinguished from that of the Southern



George Ade.

darky, appeared in '97. And in '98 "Doc Horne," a most lovable old gentleman liar of the old school, came out to greet a welcoming public. The stories appeared first in the *Record*, afterward being collected in book form. They ran once a week, the other five days being filled in with the usual variety of literary miscellany.

One day he wrote a story in the style of a fable. Months passed. He dropped the department and went on a special detail to the Balkans and Constantinople. When he returned his publishers were clamoring for his yearly book. He told them of an idea for a long story. It was to be about a college widow. The publishers announced the book, and it was listed long before a word had been written. It was then discovered that the author could not possibly deflect his energies from the daily work to write a book and everybody was in despair. As a final solution of the difficulty, he harked back to the fable about the two sisters, as he remembered that people had liked it. Why not write several more, use them in his newspaper columns and afterwards round them up in book form? This was done. The golden wand of his good fairy was getting ready to descend upon him.

Then began that amazing rise to world-wide fame and a swollen fortune. The fables were syndicated. Every paper in the country was struggling for them and his income leaped and leaped. The golden flood poured in upon him in a way that staggered one accustomed to compressing his wants within \$60 a week. He became known as the High Priest of American slang. When he registered at a strange hotel, the reporters came to interview him, and no matter what he said, the interview appeared with a dizzy string of slang *en brochette*, in imitation of his fable style. All this, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Ade seldom uses slang in his own conversation.

The whole bewildering success illustrated the triumph of an Idea. The fable style afforded a vehicle in which he could parade the accumulated store of human knowledge that had been absorbed in a life of eventful experience. The country characters appeared true to life, with their foibles exposed in a maze of home-made verbiage. The small town paid its toll, the college characters, the stage, the prize ring, the political field—all were drawn upon from the phenomenal memory where they had been stored for future use.

The sequel of this widespread fame is ob-

vious. The theatrical field with its golden promise was laid before him. Mr. Savage wanted a comic opera. The Call of the Gold was strong. So Mr. Ade gave up literature and began writing librettos. "The Sultan of Sulu" made its bow and has become a historic success. Everybody learned from it that "the cocktail follows the flag" and that "the Filipinos should be allowed their independence on Thursdays and Saturdays by way of compromise." "Peggy from Paris" followed to instant favor, and then "The County Chairman."

"The County Chairman" was an epitome of political life in a small community, but the methods it exposed were those of the whole political fabric of the country. All the characters were people whose prototypes Ade had known in real life. It was a great success. And its success lay, doubtless, in the fact that he was working in a field that he knew from the ground up. He was on familiar territory and was merely putting into dramatic form a phase of life of which he had been a part. A man who had never lived in a small town could never have written "The County Chairman." It was a compilation of years of life in a country town, reinforced by years of work in national politics.

"The Sho-Gun," a musical comedy, exploiting the method of an American promoter of the frenzied finance school, then was ushered into publicity. Mr. Ade considers it his best piece of dramatic writing, although it did not rise to the popular favor achieved by others of his plays.

"The things that have seemed the best to me have not gone as well as some of the other things," he says. "In the old *Record* work, for instance, a series of sketches about 'The Frisbie Literary Club' and some stories I wrote on 'Benevolent Assimilation' about the Philippines were not very successful, although I consider them the best work I have done."

All of which illustrates that the writer cannot tell what is going to strike the popular fancy.

"The College Widow" was the play that most people perhaps would consider his best. It was exuberant with the fresh happiness of youth. It was wholesome and joyous. And it, too, like "The County Chairman," was drawn directly from a field which he knew well through long experience—the small inland college. He wrote and finished the play in three weeks. There was almost no revising



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GEORGE ADE

to be done. He merely talked it off, and when it appeared in New York in its first performance its success was unprecedented. The author was proclaimed the premier of American playwrights and his place as a master of clean, homely comedy was secured. In a short time there were two or three "Widow" companies on the road and Broadway seemed lonesome unless one or two Ade plays were fixtures in its theaters.

The phenomenal success of "The College Widow" drew theatrical managers in a frenzied storm about him. The pressure became so strong that he agreed to write two plays for production in the fall of 1905. And then old Mr. Nature began to rebel. His health became threatened, a prerogative of prosperity, and a little trip to the West Indies was arranged. When he arrived there, he decided to go on to Mexico. As the going was good, he prolonged his trip to California, then to

Honolulu, then on to Japan, and down to Hong Kong. By this time the little trip to the West Indies had become quite a jaunt.

When he landed again in America he found two managers waiting on the dock and saying, "How about that play?" The plays were written simultaneously, and, as might have been expected, failed to reach the high altitude of the "Chairman" or the "Widow."

"The Bad Samaritan" failed because the author violated his strictest creed in writing it.

"I am always fighting to get quiet effects from everyday incidents, rather than depend upon emotional or highly theatrical effects." "The Bad Samaritan" violated this code in that noise and pretty girls were dragged in bodily, to the detriment of the quiet humor wherein lies his chief power.

In the meantime he was becoming the proprietor of a landed estate down in Indiana, near his old home. Brother Bill Ade began



CIDER-MAKING AT HAZELDEN

Mr. Ade at the lever.

to direct the investment of those swollen emoluments that rushed in. He bought farms and George paid for them. It kept the playwright working overtime to make land payments. Bill's idea was to buy up all the farms that adjoined. His brother Joe was established as the manager of the farms. Farm after farm was acquired and one day the author-playwright-farmer decided to put up a little cottage to which he could retire for rest and quiet. The cottage developed like the trip to the West Indies. It became a house and then a splendid country home. A landscape gardener cleaned out the underbrush in a grove of stately oaks and a broad lawn with drives and flowerbeds appeared as if by magic. An ice plant, an electric light plant, and all the other plants known to luxury and botany were installed. People came miles to see the place. Because it was built in the old English beam and plaster style, his farmer neighbors wondered when he intended putting on the clapboards. To them it never seemed finished.

To-day Mr. Ade has 1,700 acres of the best corn land in the middle West. He calls it Hazelden, the family name of his grandmother, and it has become one of the most

beautiful and finished country homes in the West. Here he rests and entertains his friends. His chief happiness lies in sharing his prosperity with others. There is tennis, boating, automobiling, baseball, clambakes, Fourth of July celebrations for the whole district, and diversions of every kind possible in the country. He is an Indianan first and foremost, and has succeeded in living down the story that once threatened to destroy him in the hearts of his fellow statesmen.

You have doubtless heard this story.

"It's remarkable how many bright men come from Indiana," some one remarked.

"Yes, and the brighter they are the quicker they come," said Mr. Ade thoughtlessly. It has taken years to square himself for that simple remark, not a word of which he meant.

In the summer George goes down to the farm and writes his plays. At six in the morning he is up, and a little later is busy dictating to his secretary. From then until noon he works, and in the afternoon he plays. Nearly every Saturday sees the arrival of guests, and when a guest goes visiting at Hazelden, he has a busy time.

Mr. Ade is a restless refter. When he decides to rest he sits down on the curve of his

back and then gets up and dashes out to do something else. After twenty years of most eventful experiences he is now as fresh in his interests and enthusiasms as he was before the world began to unfold its wonders to him. He is deeply interested in nearly everything that comes his way. Instead of becoming bored with life, he has managed some way to preserve a marvelous interest in things in general. If he is playing golf he is absorbed in it. If he is running an automobile, he is obsessed, and will tinker away at a piece of bum mechanism as though it were the most fascinating job in the world.

Many men lose their enthusiasm after several years of hard going. But Ade is now as deeply interested in the old college affairs, the events in his old home town, the doings of old Chicago associates, and in the world in general, as though he had not a multitude of other things to occupy his mind. He keeps up to date in every possible respect, whether it be the new chimney in the schoolhouse, the new calf born over at Brother Bill's, or the kind of gloves that are being worn in Paris.

He is usually the first to bring a new story to town. People feel certain that they cannot spring a new one on him, and invariably hedge before beginning on one. He hears a story and then tells it better than the original. And the wonderful part of it is that he remembers all that he hears. He is what is called a "raconteur" in certain circles. In consequence he becomes the central figure in most gatherings.

It is doubtful whether anyone gets more out of life than he. His capacity for enjoyment is boundless and his field extends from

China to Cairo. With the time and the means to gratify every craving for new experiences, he is in a good position to indulge himself. And whenever it is possible, he picks out those enjoyments which he can have his friends enjoy with him. His instinct of generosity is one of his strongest traits. He enjoys himself most when he produces enjoyment for others. As a host he works his head off to insure a good time for his guests. There is never a dull moment in a house party at Hazelden. If it isn't tennis, it is automobiling, or baseball, or croquet, or day

fireworks, or cards, or dominoes, or roulette. He has every game that's been invented, and has originated several new ones himself. There are hammocks everywhere, but not time to use them. If things become dull, he sets off some Japanese day fireworks. One might imagine a farm down in the corn belt to be an uneventful spot, but it certainly is not down on the banks of the Iroquois.

In his work, both as a writer and a play builder, he is a realist rather than a theatrical nature faker. He believes that the quiet treatment of human nature as it really exists is good enough, without distorting it by the use of unnatural theatricals or mawkish sentiment. He tries to make people talk and act as they would be likely to do in every-day life, and it has undoubtedly been this creed that has given him such power in his work.

"The County Chairman," "The College Widow," "Marse Covington," and "Artie" are all plays that illustrate the working of this creed, and all of them have been most successful. It is when he departs from this creed that his less successful work has been done.



FARMER ADE AT REST IN THE HARVEST FIELD



HAZELDEN IN MIDWINTER

The great success of his fables was due to the fact that he took his themes from every-day life, and in each one hit off some foible of humankind with an incisiveness that startled.

Mr. Ade's sartorial development has been apace with his intellectual and financial growth. When he went to college he was considered a conservative dresser. In his senior year, the class, by a referendum vote, adopted a silk hat as its class emblem. So for a time there was a noticeable splendor in his garb. But when he went to Chicago and was working for twelve dollars a week, he modestly resumed his old conservatism in dress, and would not have attracted attention from those who admire the elegant and the fastidious.

When his good fairy, who had been afield for some years, tapped him with a golden wand and opened up the floodgates of fortune he quickly caught up with all that was going on in matters of dress. When he went to London he bought all kinds of clothes. Later he added a great stock of Japanese clothes done in Chang Chow's best style. Tailors in New York and Chicago have worked for him with such zeal that now Mr. Ade can justly be called an extremely well-dressed man.

His habits in the main are good. They

would be graded "good" in New York, "fair" in Chicago, and "medium" in towns of less than 10,000. He has the theater habit, which is a most excellent one, and keeps abreast of the movement in the theatrical world. Just as many people are baseball fans, he might be called a theatrical fan without being theatrical himself. He knows the curtain-call record of nearly everyone in stage life, and can tell who played *Koko* in the Bennett & Moulton Opera Company twenty years ago, and who played left end in the chorus of "1492." When a new song comes out he knows it. When a new actor makes a hit, he knows why and how. In his early Chicago newspaper days he was an honored patron of the old Olympic "varieties" and did several years of dramatic criticism. From the front of the curtain he has studied stage life as much as anyone of his size in America.

For one who has had such facilities for acquiring bad habits, he has escaped wonderfully.

In the fall he goes to Chicago and New York to superintend the staging of his play or plays. Later in the winter he takes a long trip either to Japan, California, Europe, or Egypt. It is not a very hard life to lead. He has had a cigar and a town named after him.

He has made thousands of friends and has lost none. The men who were his friends in the twelve dollars a week days are still his friends, and there has been no sign that success or opulence has changed a disposition naturally generous and thoughtful. He remains as close to nature and as simple in his manner as he ever was. And there is none who grudges him his abundant prosperity.

Time has treated George Ade gently.

He is now a smooth-faced man six feet tall, weighing 165 pounds, with broad shoulders, somewhat round with student's stoop. Strongly marked eyebrows describing two angular arches above a pair of kindly gray eyes often lighted up by a quizzical twinkle of good humor. A thin, sensitive nose with an aquiline trend, and a strong mouth, which, when extended in laughter, attains a generous size. Hair, once very dark without being black, but now tinged with a very perceptible silver alloy. A head remarkable for its pronounced development behind, where it projects and overhangs a fulcrum-like neck. The whole combination, taken in the aggregate, producing a pleasing effect as much for its distinctiveness as for its suggestion of exceptional intelligence. One would be quick to observe him in a crowd, and would guess that he was a man of considerable heft in some field or other. His beard is so meager that he escapes an unshaven look even after days from a razor.

Mr. Ade is unmarried, although he has been reported engaged many times. Whenever the theatrical season is dull, some enterprising press agent announces his engagement to the leading lady, but except for these little flyers in near-matrimony he has deftly side-stepped a dual alliance. Once a nature faker reported him engaged to a New York heiress of the first magnitude, but as the man who originated the news was not authorized by anything except custom to print this pro-

digious inaccuracy nothing further was heard of it.

One day a friend who was visiting at Hazelden turned to Mr. Ade and voiced the thought of everyone who sees the beautiful country place and its bachelor master:

"George, why in thunder don't you get married?"

George gazed off across the smooth lawn at the great oaks, at the pretty house buried in swaying trees, at the cool oasis in the great desert of waving corn, and remarked with a smile:

"You see I am getting my bait ready."

Mr. Ade, as he is called by the grown-up people in Brook, or George, as he is called by every small boy, has always been devoted to his parents. His father came to America from England in 1840, aged eleven years. In 1851 he was married to Adeline Bush at Cheviot, Ohio. In 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Ade came to Morocco, Indiana, being among the first settlers of Newton County. They traveled by wagon across the unbroken prairies. In 1860 they moved to Kentland, where they celebrated their golden wedding in 1901. John Ade is now seventy-eight years old, beloved by everybody who knows him, and for over thirty years has been at his desk in Ade & McCray's "Discount and Deposit Bank."

There are six children and a great number of grandchildren. In 1906 Mrs. Ade died after fifty-five years of happy married life.

Last winter Mr. Ade went to California with his son George. One day they were out visiting an ostrich farm. The man in charge was explaining the habits of the birds.

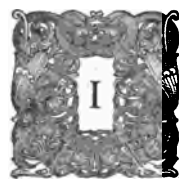
"As soon as they reach maturity," he said, "each male ostrich selects its mate, and they become companions during the rest of their lives."

"They have more sense than some people I know," was Mr. Ade's comment, and George felt his ears burn.

KOUSNA AND THE HIATUS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST SPAENKUCH



F the porter of the Pullman could be found and got to tell his story he would probably say that as the long through train on its way from St. Louis to the City of Mexico pulled out of the Kansas town "clingin' to de map wif de help-a dat black mud," the first glimpse was caught of the unparalleled hiatus that befell the great Kousna.

He would say that the slight young foreigner in F of the observation suddenly dropped the music scores in which he had been absorbed all day, looked out in the wet night, and fumbled wildly among his outlandish velvet and fur-cape coats, his glittering violin cases, and his cluttered papers, to find the little red vest-pocket vocabulary from which he had thus far delivered his English requests, much as a signal message is wigwagged at sea. He found the book and, after glancing desperately at the jewel-incrusted watch lying carelessly in a music case, began nervously turning the pages of queer Slavic characters set opposite the simple-appearing English. This was the slow product:

"To send—where—one—telegram next—fast."

By this time the porter knew better than to give verbal reply. He brought a book of telegram blanks and wrote on a sheet:

"Next stop. In forty minutes."

Then he finished making up the bed while the wonderful Kousna, running his long white fingers that were insured for \$50,000 through his lank oily black hair till he looked like a Moro chieftain, laboriously copied the words written on a card which he drew from his purse, tossing that gold- and note-crammed article heedlessly among the mass of his belongings.

The next morning when the porter made the positive discovery of the beginning of the hiatus, and was packing up the property of Kousna to deliver into the hand of the D. A. U. P. at Dallas, he found on the floor the card from which Kousna had been copying. It had been written out in English by his manager doubtless to be sent days before.

Harking back to the beginning of the hiatus it should be said that if the porter had been infallible he would have known that the next actual stop of the train instead of being the town which was forty minutes away was the automatic water tank only twenty minutes distant, and if instead of thinking the great Kousna had gone to bed the porter had hurried to the step at the stop, for he should *then* have remembered Kousna's telegram, he would have seen a bewildered young man, with a wind-blown telegram in his hand, in flopping black clothes and with flying rain-wet black hair, struggling madly for one brief moment, terror written on his white face, to catch the final polished brass rail of the observation car before it was engulfed in the stormy darkness. The train left him standing in the middle of the track where the muddy road crossed the right of way, wound around the corner of the deserted tankhouse and crept off across the inky prairie to the nearest land claimer's dwelling miles away.

"Yes, siree Bob," said old Sam Pitcher as he looked at the mud that had accumulated on the bay and the buckboard in the twelve-mile drive to the post office at Bulger's. "He's the durndest, queerest, crankiest greaser I ever seen. I'm glad you hearn tell about him, Bijé, for I 'lowed mebbe you wouldn't b'lieve me when I told you."

"Well, *is* he crazy, Sam?" inquired Bijé



"He's all-fired smart, I tell ye, but he jest can't seem to work."

Bulger, the postmaster and storekeeper, while the two or three loafers eager to listen slid to seats on nearer boxes and barrels.

"Naw, not by a durn sight. He's all-fired smart, I tell ye, but he jest can't seem to work," answered Pitcher, lighting his weekly luxury, a "Tim Meakin's Best" five-cent cigar.

"I heard Sim Turnbull tellin' Mis' New-houser he was a runaway dago from that dago col'ny settlement the Rock Island started down at Barshear's Lake," volunteered one of the listeners.

"Naw, he ain't no Eyetalian dago, for Blake's got a Eyetalian dago hired girl over to his place which he brung from New Orleans and she can't fushstay any of *his* lingo. He's a runaway all right, for he didn't have a cent, not a red, no dockymints of no kind nor nothin'; don't 'pear to know whur he come from ner whur he's goin' to, but he's been hell at the table ever sence he got his appetite back after I put 'im to work."

"Well, see here, Sam, you ain't told me the straight of how you got him," broke in Bulger.

"How I got him! Dog-gone it, I didn' git him. He come. I'd have driv him away the first day only I knowed somebody else along the road would haf to look after him. Then I kinda s'posed he might make a half hand on the place, and you know help is goin' to be durn skurse this summer. Ye see, Monday mornin', two weeks day after ter-morrer, I went down to the barn 'bout five o'clock to feed. It was jest gettin' day and comin' up the road was somethin' a-moanin' and a-groanin' and howlin' now 'n then to beat the Dutch. If they'd 'a' been any 'sylum in this end of the Turritory I'd 'a' said one of the loonys had 'scaped. Anyhow I laid hand on a pitchfork and went out to see. It was him. He musta had on his black Sunday suit when he started from whur he come from, but he had tore it to smash on barb wire and bushes and he had wallered it in

mud till he looked like he'd been diggin' a well and got caved in. I thought he's starved, he's so thin, and rustled him up to the house, with him a-jabberin' away tryin' to tell me all about it. I knowed he'd been out all night in the rain, so I had the old woman put him to bed and got him dried out and fixed up, but, by heck, eatin' hain't filled him out none. He's jest nachelly skinny. He kept tryin' to tell us things all the time, but I knowed they wuz only lies about his runnin' away and we couldn' understand none of it nohow. He acted mighty nice about everything up till then, but when I give him an old suit of Bud's overalls and a hickory shirt to put on I thought he'd have a connip-tion on the spot. You'd'a' thought they wuz pizin. Says I:

"See here, you durn little skunk, you come here of your own choosin', now you can go of my choosin'," and I dumps him out the front door on his ear, but he give one look around the prary. It ain't so thick with settlers yit as to be sociable-lookin'. He come back beggin' so pitiful that ma says to me:

"Sam, don't be crool. The pore boy 'pears kind a weak-minded; s'pose we keep him a little while anyways."

"All right, ma," says I, 'but he's gotta arn his salt. Jes' let him lay round the

house to-day and we'll see about him ter-morrer.'

"Bud and me was puttin' in corn over on the tuther side the crick, and when we left the house he was still actin' loony, tryin' to talk and makin' signs and pointin' to hisself. When we come in to dinner he had ma and Luce and Mimey all worked up. He'd got my

chalk and a piece of paper and made music on it and was tryin' to tell somethin' about it. He 'peared to be just itchin' to git away and yit a-skeered to go. He wouldn't let 'em rest a minnit follerin' 'em around from the milk-house to feedin' the calves and botherin' them till ma took him by the neck and shuck him good and set him down on the front porch in a chur.

"There he set all afternoon, runnin' his skinny white hands through his hair, moanin' and groanin' and lookin' off crost the land Uncle Sam give us year 'fore last.

"That evenin' I put in

durn near an hour tryin' to talk to him and make somethin' out of his signs, for, by heck, he made motions from his knee jints up and couldn' keep his hands still when his mouth was open, any more'n Doll can hold her tail still in fly time. Ma said mebbe he had St. Vituses dance, but I'd seen dagos and greasers talk before and I says it's jest their way of livin'.



"Ma took him and set him down on the front porch in a chur."



"'Can you sing?' asked Fred."

"He slept and et all right and next mornin' I gits him up at daylight, makes him put on the everyday duds I'd give him, and took him down to the barn and give him a dung fork to clean out the stalls. And him, he purtended he'd never seen no sech thing before, 'deed he did, boys, and when I made him start in he dropped the fork, begun kissin' his own hands and cryin', and then run out of the barn. I jing, I took down a blacksnake and went after him, but I met him comin' back. He'd seen the mud in the road, I reckon. Down he went on his knees huggin' my legs and almighty prayin' for me not to make him work, I s'pose. I took a good hold on the blacksnake and pints first to the barn and then to the road. He kinda thought a minnit, then he stood up straight, and durned if he wasn't purt near as big as me, and he walks right into that barn like a little man.

"When I come in to dinner, dog-goned if he hadn' cleaned up them stalls spick and span, and Luce said he was bound to wash

them and the mangers too, with soft-soap suds, but she'd stopped him. When he got through he'd made a stagger fer the chur on the front porch and dropped down like he's goin' to die. His hands was blistered kinda bad and he was plumb wore out. Jest from slingin' that fork, what d'ye think of that? I seen he's willin' from that time on, but he is wuthless and weak as a kitten, though they hain't no denyin' he's smart in some ways like larnin' the names of things. Ma and the girls larnt him a lot in one day startin' in with 'cat' and 'dog' and 'broom' and the like. So I been lettin' him take it easy, only workin' him nine or ten hours a day round the place, fixin' up the barn, mendin' the gate, makin' the garden, and helpin' the girls, but I'm goin' to take him out with me and Bud tomorrow. Reckon I been sayin' that most every day.

"He kinda give up tryin' to tell me any lies and didn' do any more cryin', only jest settin' round lookin' sorrowful when he was

tired and lookin' at his hands when he thought nobody was watchin' and shakin' his head.

"Couple nights after he come Dan Spence and his folks driv down and Buck Blake and his folks come over. They was all crazy to see him and they all tried to talk to him, but, great shakes, it was like tryin' to teach a grown baby to walk and laffin' yourself sick at him. Him a standin' up straight and bowin' and smilin' so perlite as you never see.

"Yes, siree, Bob, I've guessed myself to sleep every night tryin' to make him out. Dan Spence's gal got him to try to tell about hisself, and when he begun makin' some of them same motions like stretchin' out his left arm and workin' the fingers, his head leaned on one side and motionin' crost ways of his left arm with his right hand, May Spence says:

"'Why, Sam, he's a fiddler.'

"'Lawsee, that's it. I thought I knowed that move,' says ma.

"'I tell you what we'll do,' says May Spence when we'd said 'fiddle' and 'dance' and everything like that to him without his 'pearin' to git the drift; 'we'll git up a square dance, Pop and Josey, Luce and Ed, Mimey and Jim Burt, and you and me. Bud kin whistle "Old Dan Tucker." Then he'll understand mebbe if *that's* it.'

"'By Kraminy we was blame fools enough to do it and danced to beat the rebs with him a-watchin' and rubbin' his hands through that hair of hisn. By ginger, I'm goin' to fetch him to town and have you put the hoss clip-pers on that head of hisn', Bijé. Anyhow, when we was clean winded he didn't see yit what we was drivin' at.

"'Reckon I was wrong,' says May. 'He don't give no signs. *He's no fiddler.*'

"'Maybe he only hankers after fiddle music,' says Jim Burt.

"'Well, he'll jest have to hanker,' says I right peart.

"'They hain't no fiddle in this county I knows of and I ain't goin' to send him off on no jants to find one. If he wants music I reckon he'll have to wait till I go up to town month after next. I hear tell Mike Wakely's got a pianner in his s'loon. I'll take him round there 'fore we come home.

"'I jing, I purt near forgot, he's writ a letter a few days ago and when he seen Bud come with the mail the tuther day he 'peared to jest trimble with some kind of feelin'. He's so full of feelin's we can't never tell

which one's which; anyhow he writ this letter and give it to me. He borried the makin's of it from Mimey, who writes back to my old place in Indianner on foolscap to that feller Hargis. He didn't seal it and I reckon I kin spar the two cents to put on a stamp."

Bulger took the letter gingerly, turned it over and over, and pulled out the closely written sheets.

"'Why, Sam, these ain't nothin' but chicken tracks."

"'I knowed you'd say that. He-hee-haw! All I kin make out is a couple of figgers and one J in the whole business," answered Pitcher, greatly pleased at Bulger's bewilderment. All the group gathered around to puzzle out the Slavic script.

"'Honest Injun, Sam, I can't send *this* for I can't make out where to send it *to*. Don't know whether to put it in the West sack or the East sack."

"'Now, ain't that too bad. He seemed so set on it. Mebbe it's to his mother," said Pitcher gravely.

"'I tell you what I'll do," replied Bulger; "I'll keep it here. They is a Jew traveling man that talks Dutch coming Thursday, two weeks; mebbe he can make it out. And so that your dago won't fret about his letter, you purtend you sent it."

When Sam Pitcher drove toward home in the buckboard that evening and was still quite two miles from the house he found, sitting by the roadside, the incomparable Kousna in his overalls, waiting patiently with a light of expectancy in his eyes and a new color in his white face. Pitcher nodded his head and smiled in response to the eager question of which he could not understand the words, and the questioner was so overjoyed he could hardly settle himself into the seat on the buckboard that Pitcher moved over to make.

After that he seemed happier and more contented. It was plain he was growing stronger, was filling out, and he seemed to be waiting for something with ill-contained eagerness. Also he was picking up many phrases of speech, yet whenever he attempted to tell anything concerning himself English words failed him utterly.

However, the weekly trips for the mail brought Kousna nothing and Sam Pitcher's conscience troubled him sorely about the letter; also Mrs. Sam Pitcher, who was more in sympathy with their "new hand" than any

of the others, had become convinced that he was hankerin' for "fiddle music" and she made her declaration one day:

"Sam, I won't be cool to nobody. You just got-ta take him up and let him hear that pianner feller at Mike Wakely's play some chunes."

A full week before he intended so to do Sam hitched up the buckboard, and with Mrs. Sam in a freshly starched blue calico at his side and the great Kousna, slight but now stalwart, in his patched and brushed "black Sunday suit," sitting down in the back, his feet dangling above the dust of the road, drove into the little town that had sprung up in the rush to the reservation opened two years before. It was nearly noon when they got there over the frightful roads and it was four o'clock before Sam Pitcher had finished his selling and buying and his crop talk. Then while the weary Mrs. Sam sat outside

dozing in the buckboard, Sam took the Kousna, with all his day's pent-up uncertainty, expectation, and eagerness, in to see "the pianner feller in Wakely's."

That apathetic personage—they called him Fred, never more, never less—sat thumping on the old square piano the interior of which had

been so often flooded with spilled beer and was still so littered with ashes and cigar straps that its timbre was like unto that of a wash boiler. Fred paused, lit a fresh cigarette from which the sickly odor of opium curled up oppressively, and then began afresh his monotonous refrain about the good old summer time.

Kousna had clasped his hands in intense agitation at the sound of the piano as the buckboard drew up in front of the place, but when he entered the barnlike room and saw and heard fully he sank down on a chair by the door and buried his head in his hands. Pitcher with kindly tolerance stood by looking from the piano player to Kousna, rejoicing in the good deed he had done, for he really thought Kousna was greatly affected by the music. In that he was right.

After a space of ten minutes in which the piano had said good-by to Sue and

told the sad story of the lad in the suit of blue, Fred stopped, and going out to the bar drew himself a schooner of beer.

"This feller here's purty good on music—I reckon," observed Pitcher, pointing with his thumb to the wretched Kousna as Fred returned and took his seat.



"Out through the soft silence sped a sweet simple air of his own valley."



"Sam Pitcher read the text accompanying it."

"Yes?" sighed Fred.

"He's workin' for me. He's some kind of a dago."

"Ah-ha," yawned Fred.

There were many visitors to Wakely's who were "musicians" and Fred was accustomed to them.

"Does he sing any?" he asked with an effort.

"Never heard him, mebbe he kin," said Pitcher, hopefully taking Kousna by the shoulder and leading him over to the piano.

"Can you sing?" asked Fred, shutting the eye against the smoke on the side of his face from which the cigarette drooped and casually surveying Kousna from head to foot with the other, as he played chords with a little flourish in the right hand. This was Fred's best show in technic.

Kousna, if he understood, signified he could not sing.

"Play?" Fred swept his hand generously toward the split and yellowed ivory keys.

Kousna shook his head violently at the prospect and protested with his hands.

"Reckon he ain't *much* on music," said Fred out of the side of his mouth to Pitcher, who looked deeply embarrassed. "Do you know the 'Last Rose of Summer'?"

"No know," said Kousna.

"'Mississippi Rag' or 'Hussar's March'?" Kousna did not.

"'Sailing, Sailing'? 'Banks of the Wabash'? 'My Old Kentucky Home'?"

The mention of these did not waken a response in the strained face. Fred thought a minute. He must try something foreign since Kousna was a dago.

"How about the 'Mar-sails'?"

Kousna deprecated.

"Mister Pitcher, your dago musician is a

fake," said Fred with as much emphasis as he ever used.

"Reckon he is," assented Pitcher sheepishly. Then after a moment he added: "S'pose you ain't a-skeerd to stay here with him while I go back to James & Tuggers for some ile I left behind?"

"Nope," said Fred, and Pitcher went out. Kousna watched the door close behind the farmer, and when after a moment Fred went in to the bar to draw himself more beer, he shot a quick glance around the empty room, darted to the piano, and throwing on the soft pedal touched the keys with his stiffened hands. It was only a little study he had learned to play years before, when his masters did not know that he had in him the material for one of the world's greatest violinists.

Despite the jangle of the old piano, it sounded like the harmony of the angels to his hungry ears. He had fully abandoned himself and forgotten where he was when he was shocked by the crash of falling glass and the splatter of spilled brew. Fred stood in the doorway, his eyes wide and staring.

Kousna flung himself away from the seat, plunged out the door, and startled the drowsy Mrs. Pitcher by clambering into the back of the buckboard and bowing his head between his knees, sobbing as if his heart would break. Sam Pitcher appeared at that moment, gave the huddled figure one contemptuous look, and soon the buckboard was rousing the thick dust to float in the late afternoon sun above the long road home to the farm.

It may be that the artistic spark glimmered into tiny flame in the breast of Fred in the little bit of time that he listened to the old piano speaking as he had never heard it speak before. Yes, it must be that and the haunting picture of the man who had played, weeping from his soul's depths as the buckboard went down the street. At least it is known that when Spence was in town a week later and at Wakely's, Fred asked many, many questions about the dago and ended by saying, "I been thinkin' an awful lot about him lately."

Back at the farm any glamour he might have possessed for the family or neighbors now had fallen from Kousna. He was driven in the harvest season early and late and, as Sam Pitcher admitted, "He put *near* arned his board and clothes."

He was very silent and held aloof from all with a pride they could not understand. The

only moment of enthusiasm in his routine was in the arrival of the weekly mail, and it was followed by a corresponding depression.

Whether he realized that he was about to be engulfed by circumstances I cannot say, and the world does not know; in fact this is the first that the world has ever heard about this actual happening.

Exhausted, he dragged himself to his make-shift bed at night and wearily he rose in the morning to stagger through another day. Soon the farm event, thrashing day, drew on, and from dawn he had tossed sheaves with the men of the region gathered to help Sam Pitcher. The slow dark of a summer night was closing down when the hum of the engine ceased and the roar of the thrasher sounded not again. The women were laughing about the house preparing the final "snack," and by the pump under the windmill the weary men were washing off the clinging dust of the wheat. Far away across the prairie appeared a cloud of dun on the line of the road and it came nearer and nearer. At last from the center of it emerged the outline of an old white horse and a spring wagon.

"Tain't nobody coming *here*. No rig I know," said Lucy Pitcher, pausing an instant.

But the white horse and spring wagon turned in at the gate and an abashed man dressed in a shoddy best climbed down and came toward the house. Under his arm was a parcel wrapped in red calico.

"I jing!" roared Spence. "If it hain't Fred. What in damnation you doin' way down here, Fred?"

The other men were coming around the house and the women were grouping on the porch.

Fred seemed at a loss for a moment, but said:

"Oh, I just come down to see Sam Pitcher."

"Durn glad to see you. Come right in and git your legs under the table," said Pitcher heartily as he came forward wiping his hands. "Wish you had your pianner in your pocket."

"I wanta see that dago of yourn a minnit first, Sam," said Fred, uncomfortable at being the center of gaze of forty pairs of eyes. Bud Pitcher urged Kousna forward.

"Howdy, mister," said Fred, his eyes on the ground. "I been thinkin' a lot 'bout you lately and I went down to town last Sunday and borried *this* for you for a week."

Kousna's hands felt what was beneath the cloth. He tore off the covering with a wild cry of joy. An old and sadly worn violin!

Like lightning the fingers, calloused with toil, touched the pegs and tuned the strings. Then he threw the heel under his chin and drew the bow. Out through the soft silence of the summer night, in harmony with the choir of his little folks of the grass, sped a sweet simple air of his own valley beneath the shadow of the Carpathians. Cumbersome as were the hands that had done Sam Pitcher's bidding for months, they moved like flame as in another moment he swept into a triumphal improvisation that dazzled the crude minds of those who heard. But they listened and still they listened.

At last the bow paused and Kousna, bowing his head, encompassed the instrument in his arms.

Sam Pitcher stepped forward and raised his face so that the last light of the west struck it fairly. Said he:

"Boys, I been a durn fool. I reckon we *all* been gol-blame ijits. Pass the hat."

The eminent critics in the boxes were uneasy and exchanged furtive glances with each other at the opening concert of the New York season of the great Kousna. If he played with a new vitality and human understanding,

there was also a woful depreciation in finish. Also, strange as it seemed, his manager had no new photographs taken of his hands for the Sunday newspapers. But, with time, everything that was lost came back and Kousna was greater than ever.

Furthermore, the good Herr Herkemeyer, director of the orchestra in Omaha, was greatly astounded when on a visit to New York long after, he having proposed to Kousna to give just one concert in Omaha, the genius shouted:

"Omaha! That is beyond St. Louis. Go away! Leave me! Get out! Go! Go! Go!" and seemed to be gravely frightened.

Out on the prairie the ripples Kousna had raised subsided after the day Sam Pitcher put him aboard the train in his brushed and mended black suit which had seen only Sunday service. There was never anything after that save Spence once saw a big picture of a shock-headed, dreamy youth in a Chicago newspaper that strayed his way, and when Sam Pitcher read the text accompanying it all he could say was:

"Well, by Gosh Amighty!"

"Fer the lan's sake!" said Mrs. Pitcher.

The yellowed print, framed by Sam's own hands, hangs to-day in the Pitchers' parlor.

INDIAN SUMMER

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

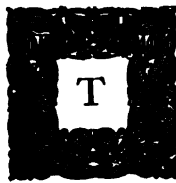
WHEN Eve grew old,
How many a time she must have dreamed and dreamed
Of her lost Eden with gardens all of gold,
And Springtide winds that whispered low, and streamed
Quietly through the dim, hushed afternoon,
And, gray and sad, wept for her vanished June,
Until some thought of her lost paradise
Lighted her old, old eyes.

So now the Year,
Banished from her young Joy and fragrant hours,
Grown feeble with much longing, sad and sere,
Dreams once again of gardens white with flowers;
And as she turns to brood upon the past,
Weary, autumnal now and old at last,
Upon her face there shines the golden glow
Of June lost long ago.

BELOW PAR

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

HE great man glanced at the card his secretary handed him, with instant recognition. "Show him in," he said, and, letting the card fall, smiled, looking down through his window at the city and the river, far beneath.

High in his office, under the roof of the skyscraper, like an eagle in his eyrie, there were more points of resemblance between the king of birds and Causabon than the mere situation of stronghold. There was the beaklike nose, the ruddy folds of flesh beneath the chin, and, above all, the trick of cocking his eye downward, with a seeking, considering gaze. But he looked up sharply enough as the door opened and the visitor stepped hesitatingly into the office.

If Fate had consciously selected him as such, the clergyman could not have looked more the opposite of the financier. He was pale, scholarly, provincial. He was narrow where Causabon was broad—head, neck, shoulders, and middle—and broad where Causabon was narrow, that is to say, between the eyes. He held his head down, and looked up with an intense, eager, half-defiant glance; and the great man, with chin lifted, surveyed him leisurely.

"Mr. Menken, I believe," he said, nodding. "Have a chair." The visitor sat down, his silk hat carefully balanced upon his knees.

"Well, sir," said Causabon, "what can I do for you?"

Perplexity and resentment showed in the visitor's face. "I think you understand that, from my letter. You answered it by sending for me. I supposed you had something to say to me."

"Quite so," said Causabon. He looked

surprised, but appreciative at the acuteness with which the conversation had been put where it belonged. "I have your letter here." He took up an open sheet of paper which lay upon the table and waved it lightly to and fro between his large finger and thumb. "I turn down upward of a thousand such letters a year," he said, in his pleasant conversational tone. "I've been doing it, or the office has for me, for the last twenty years. Your letter, Mr. Menken, isn't different at all from the rest of them, except that most, when they want money from me, for what they call charity, don't call me names. Yet I confess these letters, for the last year or two, have rather aroused my curiosity. I've been thinking about them a good deal. And when yours came in, the other day, I thought I'd have you in, to get the point of view, so to speak, of one of the thousand. What I want to know is this: Why, when all of you feel, what you have expressed so frankly—that I'm such a sinner, and my money made by such damnable methods—do you want to have anything to do with it?"

"Money!" said the minister quickly, as if he had got the answer by heart, "money is a mere medium of exchange, a force, like electricity; it's potential power. It's the purposes for which it is spent that make it good or evil. I don't see how it can, in itself, be contaminated. In my hands, some of that which has been taken from the poor of the world who earned it, will be returned to them."

"I see," said Causabon slowly, his large mobile lips apart, as if drinking in the statement; "that's why you're at liberty to call me down so loud and long, and yet, at the same time, strike me for charity, eh?"

"I'm not a hypocrite, Mr. Causabon," said the clergyman calmly. "I can't help

saying what's true, and the man that has led the life you have ought to thank God for the opportunity of giving to God's people."

"I see," said Mr. Causabon again. "I begin to get your point of view. Now perhaps you'll do me the honor of hearing mine." Sitting back in his swivel chair, he fixed his eyes on the man before him with the calm glare of an animal regarding its prey. "I believe that every man has a right to what he can earn, no more, no less; and for that reason I have never given to charity to salve my conscience—and I'm not going to do it now."

Mr. Menken stared with surprise and disappointment. Causabon scarcely repressed a smile.

"But I'll tell you what I am going to do," he added, and his slow, smooth tone betrayed no trace of cynicism; "I'm going to make you a proposition." He tapped the arms of his chair with a click of finger nails that sounded like the whetting of claws. "I'll give you the chance to make money for your own charity. I'll give you a tip on the market."

The clergyman sat bolt upright and gripped his chair tensely.

"Mr. Causabon—!" he began.

"Why, it's a simple enough proposition," said the financier pleasantly.

"But do you mean to say that you would expect me to gamble for money—me?"

"Why not?" said Causabon. "According to your own words, it doesn't matter how the money comes, so long as it goes in the right direction."

"Mr. Causabon," the other cried, in a high, excited voice, "you maliciously misquote me. What I said was that the actual coin remained untainted."

"You said," replied Causabon, checking off on his fingers, "that it was the purpose for which the money was spent that made it good or evil. Can you imagine a better purpose than the one you have in mind?" He watched his man. The clergyman's lips opened and closed. His eyes drooped. Causabon followed him up.

"There's a good old maxim of the church," he remarked casually, "that the end justifies the means."

Mr. Menken stared fixedly at the financier for a few seconds, then suddenly arose and walked to the window, where he stood for several minutes looking off at the distance. Then he turned to Causabon.

"Suppose," he said slowly, with a dry

tongue, "suppose I didn't accept the tip, as you call it. Would some one else put in the money and win—what I might?"

Causabon did not smile. "A good thing like this doesn't go a-begging very long," he replied.

"There doesn't seem to be much difference, then, between that and taking your money."

"Not much," said Causabon, biting his lip.

"You put in the money and you'll keep on gambling. But I—" He hesitated.

"You," said Causabon, "you'll put it into charity."

"But I can't afford to risk the money," Mr. Menken said faintly.

"I'll guarantee that you won't lose by it. You'll be safe! As for what you may make"—Causabon peered with a dry smile at the other's eager, half-frightened face—"well, that we never know." He waited, disinterestedly, as if to leave his visitor perfect freedom of choice.

The clergyman looked into his silk hat as if, like a well, he hoped to find truth at the bottom of it, then at Causabon. "How much would it take?" he asked.

"As much as you care to put up. The more you invest, the more you make. You needn't have it out for more than a week. What do you say? Take it or leave it! But that's all I can do for charity."

"I'll take it."

"Good!" Causabon's hand reached for an electric button on his desk, then paused. "Wait a minute," he said. "There's one more thing on your side of the bargain. I'm giving you confidential information. You understand it's not to be mentioned to anyone. You will be sure of that?"

"Oh, quite sure!" the other gasped.

"Ah! All right." Causabon touched the bell.

II

THE Rev. Mr. Menken reached his home in Hackensack that evening through a drizzling rain. He had turned his back on the great and gleaming city, but the excitement of the adventure he had just undertaken there had left its reflection upon his face. Even the aspect of factory chimneys, seen through a medium of cold, gray mist, failed to dampen his elation. He looked with a smile at the familiar, ugly streets and houses, at the signs of poverty and sordid struggle for existence,



"I'll give you the chance to make money for your own charity."

as if they were an illusion which he could cause to disappear with a wave of his hand. Even the chilly front of the parsonage did not daunt him.

His wife met him in the narrow, ill-lit entrance hall. Her dark eyes, usually so placidly patient, traveled over him with a wondering, half-startled look. "Is anything the matter, Henry?" she asked.

"Matter? Not that I know of."

"You look as if something had happened." The little woman anxiously took hold of his arm. "I hope it isn't anything disagreeable in the church!"

"What makes you suppose it is disagreeable?" he demanded uneasily. "It was quite the contrary—very excellent, in fact." A smile of retrospective satisfaction pursed his lips.

"What is it?" said his wife eagerly.

He looked at her with a start, as if he had just realized how near he had come to telling. "Oh, nothing, nothing," he said hastily.

Her face showed increasing perplexity and

wonder. "But you said that something was most excellent!"

"Nothing of practical importance, I mean," said Mr. Menken desperately. "I went—to the musical service—at St. Bardolph's—this afternoon. It was most inspiring."

"Oh!" said his wife, with a falling inflection.

"You should have heard it, dear," said Mr. Menken nervously. He enlarged upon his theme, as he followed her into the dining room. In point of fact he had been an auditor at the service, and he seized upon this explanation as a legitimate means of allaying her curiosity. But, when they were opposite each other at table, he saw she was not listening to his words; she was studying his face—she was watching his gestures, which were random and restless. He tried to subdue himself to his wonted demeanor; tried to screen himself behind a flow of talk, asking her questions of the parish news of that day. But his feverish buoyancy kept breaking out at inopportune moments in spite of himself.

"Henry," she said, at last, laying down her pudding spoon, "you know you are keeping something from me."

Mr. Menken regarded his wife with such alarm as the saints might have shown in the face of their tempters. "Mary!" he remonstrated.

"You're not yourself!" she insisted; "you can't deceive me."

"Deceive you!" the Rev. Mr. Menken echoed, his alarm giving place to indignation. "Because I come home in an unusually happy frame of mind, you conclude that something disagreeable has happened; and when I can't immediately unfold to you what is in my thought, you accuse me of deceiving you! Is it reasonable? Is it kind?" And, leaving his wife crushed by this circumstantial statement of the case, he rose abruptly from the table.

Mrs. Menken called after him to detain him as he went out into the hall, but he replied that he had an engagement upon some church matters, and hurried out of the house. It was the second subterfuge he had resorted to within the hour, and yet he seemed to have been forced into both.

He hastened along the street with an excitement that did not abate as he proceeded, as if he were trying to escape not only from his wife, but from himself, trying to walk off and leave behind him the bursting consciousness of his secret. But in spite of the rain and the darkness and long solitary walking, it seemed only to increase. It looked out of his eyes and showed in every line of his enlivened face, as if his brain were not large enough to contain it all—his great daring in the name of the church, the transaction in the city, and the thrilling possibilities that might follow. He began to look wistfully at the lighted windows of houses he knew, and, presently, though he had seemed to follow streets at random, and turn corners haphazard, he found himself walking down the street upon which stood the house of his great friend, Samuel Strout, the chief pillar of the church.

He hesitated at the gate; then, with an effort, went resolutely on, walking slowly round the block. The second time he did not falter, but, with the compressed lips of a man who feels that he has finally mastered himself, went up the steps and rang the bell.

He found Strout in the library, his large body luxuriously relaxed in an armchair, his

stockinged feet to the fire. His expansive presence was a genial relief to Mr. Menken's overstrung nerves and the coffee which was presently brought in stimulated him with a sense of power and importance. The conversation turned comfortably upon the weather, then on Strout's new setter pup that lay between them on the rug, then on through the reform movement in local politics to the influence of the church in their community. From this it was only a step to the needs of the church. Strout took it.

"How did things go in New York?" he inquired. "Get any subscriptions?"

Mr. Menken fidgeted. "N-no," he said.

The other leaned sharply at his excited face and the tense pose of his angular figure. "Hope nothing went wrong over there," he observed.

"Wrong?" Mr. Menken rapped out irritably. "Do I look as if something was wrong?"

"Well, not in the sense of sin," his friend replied, with a fat chuckle, "but you do look upset, for a fact. Don't recollect ever to have seen you look more worried!"

Mr. Menken looked forward abruptly. "What would you think," he said slowly and impressively, "if I should tell you it was something good?"

Strout's eyes widened with curiosity.

"Something for a good end," Mr. Menken went on, with increasing excitement, "for an end that is sacred, but something in itself so extraordinary that I had never dreamed of doing such a thing in my life!"

Strout sat upright. "Menken," he said ponderously, "this sounds serious. I'm glad you came to me so quickly for advice."

Mr. Menken looked awkward. "But, Strout," he said weakly, "you know I esteem your advice upon every point, but this particular case is a piece of secular business, and the fact is, I can't tell you."

Strout's mouth opened slightly in astonishment. "Not tell," he echoed, "not tell me! Why— But—" He gathered himself together with an effort. "Why, Menken, I may say I never heard that from you before. It hurts me a good deal."

"But I have promised not to tell anyone," Mr. Menken protested, "and I can't break my promise."

Strout looked at the minister with all the injury of balked curiosity. "Well, don't if you don't want to," he declared. "I ain't

the man to pry into other folks' secrets, and if you think you can't trust me——"

"It isn't that," Mr. Menken wretchedly explained, "but I have what they call inside information, and it's a point of honor among business men"—he broke off horrified to find that he had half told his secret already.

on by these arguments. Perhaps he only used them as an excuse for the passion of revelation that consumed him. However that might be, in the course of a few minutes their chairs were drawn close together, and his transaction in the market passed from his lips to the astonished ears of his friend.



"It looks like tempting the devil."

"Oh, if that's it"—Strout caught at it eagerly—"that's a good rule among business men, but what has it got to do with us? I ain't a business man. I ain't in a position to take advantage of information or to be interested one way or another. What would be the harm in telling me? You've almost told me already."

Perhaps the Rev. Mr. Menken was led

That good man was honestly shocked. "But it's gambling," he cried, and with a sudden turn of thought he added, "Suppose you should lose it?"

"It's perfectly safe in this case," Mr. Menken explained. "He guaranteed that the stock is safe, and he must know. He may have something to do with it himself."

Strout looked in a measure impressed by

the importance of Causabon's name as an adviser, but still he shook his head. "It looks dangerous to me, Menken. It looks like tempting the devil."

"But," Mr. Menken argued, "if I had not, some other man with an unworthy end in view would have bought what stock I now hold. It is only rescuing a little money from a bad purpose for a good one. And think of how much we need it. Think of the church!"

A sharp rap at the door startled them apart guiltily, like conspirators. It was Mrs. Strout who entered. She was a thin, long-waisted woman with a narrow, abutting chin; and cold gray eyes set close together. She looked sharply at the two men, greeted the minister in a penetrating voice, and carried out the coffee tray with one backward glance at her husband.

The two men looked at each other a little constrainedly. "There is something in what you say," Strout remarked, taking up the conversation again with an effort. "Yet it is a perilous undertaking, and I can't say that I think it's right for a minister. What would the congregation think?"

"But you won't mention it to anyone, not even the elders," Mr. Menken reminded him anxiously, as he rose to go.

"Make yourself comfortable," the other reassured him. "I agree with you that, for fear of misapprehension of motive, it should go no farther."

As the clergyman passed through the hall on his way out he thought he caught a glimpse of a woman's head peering over the banisters.

The following morning Mr. Strout stopped Mr. Menken on his way to the guild meeting. "By the way, what was the name of the stock you invested in?" he inquired. His ponderous manner had a trace of embarrassment.

Mr. Menken told him.

"I see by the paper that it's rising," said the other cautiously. "I trust all will turn out for the best."

That afternoon the sewing circle met at the Menkens'. On such occasions Mrs. Strout was at her best. Her compressed and angular figure, her high-bridged nose and bristling curls eclipsed Mrs. Menken's mild plumpness and made her if not the official, at least the actual queen of the occasion. Her eyes had a gleam of extra sharpness as she sat down beside Mrs. Willing, who was as harmless a creature as woman can be, and be inquisitive. Conversations at the sewing circle were sel-

dom so long or so evidently interesting as the one these two enjoyed that day, sitting together on the edge of the sofa, now and then covertly glancing at their hostess. When at last they separated and mingled with other conversations, something of their interest gradually became diffused through the room, and Mrs. Menken became a center for looks, some shocked, some amused, all of them curious. She was unaware of them. She seemed to have a preoccupation of her own. A wrinkle was between her gentle brows. She was less attentive to her guests than usual, and her manner was discussed among them, together with something else in much lower voices, after the sewing circle had broken up, and in groups of twos and threes they were hurrying down the street.

Mrs. Willing left them at the corner of Main Street, to drop into her husband's office on her way uptown; and Miss Jones changed her mind about going home to tea with Mrs. Strout, and crossed the street to call on Myra Billing, who had been absent from the sewing circle on account of a heavy cold.

The members of Mr. Menken's congregation were not unusually supplied with any more entertaining subjects for conversation than the rest of the town, but all at once they seemed to have acquired a special interest in what was going on about them. Items that seemed trivial to outsiders were remarked with interest—that Mr. Menken had gone to New York that morning; that Mrs. Menken had had red eyes when she came to the Helping Hand Guild that afternoon; that yesterday the minister had spent the evening at the Strouts'; and then, in lowered voices, stray sentences were repeated that had inexplicably reached Mrs. Strout's ears, though she had not been in the library; and finally, that Mr. Menken had gone to New York again.

They watched him, some with disapproval, some with sympathy, some with admiration, but all with keenest interest. As the week advanced, Mr. Menken's high elation had declined to nervous expectancy, and his congregation in their turn reflected his change of mood. Never had his movements excited so much interest, nor his word been so attentively listened to, and once he was obliged to extricate himself from a conversation with Mr. Willing which had drifted toward the subject of stocks and Wall Street.

The Sunday following his transaction in the Street, the attendance at church was full.



"That afternoon the sewing circle met."

His parishioners nodded, and glanced meaningfully at one another as if to say, "How appropriate!" when the clergyman gave out the text. He spoke on the beauty of giving rather than receiving. He spoke with unusual energy and conviction, his face flushed, his thin hair tossed on his forehead, and the congregation listened with rapt attention as if he had been a visiting divine of renown. Congratulations were plenty when he came down after the service. Strout observed that the discourse seemed to have reached a responsive chord in the entire parish.

Only the clergyman's wife did not share in the general enthusiasm. She had not questioned her husband since that first evening, nor had he nor any other given her any information, and her eyes still kept their perplexed anxiety.

"The sermon was a triumph," she said, as she and her husband were walking home from church, "and now it is over, I hope you'll be easier in your mind. It isn't the address you

have to make before the convention, to-morrow, that's troubling you, is it?"

Mr. Menken looked up in startled recollection, as if far from troubling him, the Brooklyn convention had entirely slipped his mind. It would keep him away all of Monday.

"Nothing is troubling me," he said, but he dropped his high exultation and was irritable and moody all that evening.

He had to leave on an early train, but in spite of his haste, he found time, before he went, to instruct his wife that if any telegrams should come, she was immediately to telephone to him in Brooklyn; and when he reached home again, that evening, his first words were to inquire if any message had been received. There had been none. Mr. Menken seemed both relieved and disappointed. He looked so worn that his wife did not wake him at the usual time on Tuesday morning, and he was still asleep at the unheard-of hour of ten, when the servant came upstairs, to say

that Mr. Strout was in the library waiting to see the minister.

Mr. Menken hurried into his clothes with anxious haste, and, but half awake, hastened to the library. Strout was walking up and down the room with rapid steps, his tie was under one ear, his frock coat was unbuttoned and flapping, and the newspaper he held in his hand was so tightly clinched that it was crushed into a wisp in his fist.

He whirled about as the minister came into the room, and Mr. Menken stopped in dis-

Mr. Menken read. He read it twice before the figures brought any meaning to his mind.

"Why—why!" he stammered in piteous bewilderment.

"Yes!" Strout roared, "the bottom's dropped out of it!"

"But it's impossible! He said it was safe—safe!" Mr. Menken's voice rose to a wail of despair.

"Then he lied!" Strout brought his fist down on the table. "Five hundred dollars—every damned cent I put in, I've lost!"



"What figures they cut, they were too distracted to care."

may at the sight of his colleague's face. It was pale, and set in forbidding lines, under wild, upstanding tufts of gray hair. The sight of Mr. Menken for a moment seemed to deprive him of speech. Then, "You—you—you!" he stammered, "tell me what this means!" and advanced upon the clergyman, shaking the newspaper.

"Brother Strout!" Mr. Menken expostulated, involuntarily stepping back.

"Don't brother me!" the other shouted. "Look at that! Read that!" His fat forefinger pointed to a column, to a number.

"Every cent you put in!" Mr. Menken cried; "what were you doing in it?"

"I guess I'd as much right in it as you!" the other man retorted furiously. "What harm could it have done to me? What harm could it have done to any of us, if it hadn't been a crooked deal!"

"Any of us?" Mr. Menken echoed, with a sharp movement toward his elder. "What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what he means," said a husky voice behind them.

Turning, the clergyman saw the burly form



"I am not defending my husband."

of Mr. Willing in the doorway. His face was dark red and his little blue eyes were snapping.

"He means me," Willing said, "and he means Peters, the drug clerk, and he means old Miss Jones, who has put all her income in, not a penny spared, and the Billings with six kids to keep—God knows how they'll get through the winter! You, our minister! You—our shepherd! You've deceived us and led us all astray!"

Mr. Menken, white as paper, turned to Strout. "Did you tell him?" he said, pointing a trembling finger at Willing.

Strout's mouth opened and shut, but no sound escaped him.

"His wife told my wife," Willing spoke up roughly. Shame and humiliation were in his eye, but he brazened it out. "If you didn't want anyone to know, what business had you to tell yourself in the first place?"

"My God!" said Mr. Menken. He put his hand to his forehead.

"Henry!" his wife called, in a horrified voice. She pushed past Mr. Willing, and ran to where her husband stood. "Oh, Henry! Are you ill?"

He shook her hand off his arm. "It isn't true! It can't be! There's some mistake!" he said wildly. "Get my hat, Mary! Get my coat!" And still clutching the newspaper in his nerveless hand, he felt rather than saw his way out into the hall. To his wife's entreaties that he would lie down, that he would tell her what had happened, he answered in the same high, excited voice, "I must go to New York! I'm going to New York!"

"I shall go with you, then," she insisted.

But he paid no attention, neither remonstrance nor acceptance, and, seizing his hat and coat, hurried headlong out of the house. She followed him, pinning her hat on as she went.

What figures they cut, as they hurried through the town, they were too distracted to care. On the way over, on the car and the ferry, she got the story out of him, in incoherent sentences. After her first exclamation she did not speak nor offer any comment, though at every fresh step in recital she grew paler, and amazement, incredulity, and anguish were in her eyes. But she only tried to quiet his hysterical excitement, urging him to command himself, to speak lower, until

the elevator let them out at Causabon's eyrie under the roof.

They waited but a few minutes before the person who had received the card Mrs. Menken had handed him returned to ask them to step into Mr. Causabon's office. Mrs. Menken followed in her husband's wake as quiet as a small gray shadow.

Causabon sat tipped back in his chair, his large, smooth-shaven face clear in the full light of the plate-glass windows. His drooping lids lifted slightly with surprise, first at sight of the clergyman's dishevelment, and then at the woman who had followed him. He bent his head in acknowledgment of her presence, but before he could offer her a chair she had drawn one up to the window apart from the two men as if she wanted them to understand that she left them alone.

"Well," said Causabon, turning courteously to the minister.

Mr. Menken was agitated, and hardly coherent. "Mr. Causabon," he said, "I don't understand. I should like to know what this means?" and with shaking finger pointed to a column and a figure in the paper he held in his hand.

Causabon cocked his eye down upon it. "H'm—yes! Below par! I'm afraid the bottom has dropped out of it," he said coolly.

"But you said I shouldn't lose!" the minister cried accusingly.

"Why, so I did," Causabon agreed, "and you're not going to. I always keep my word." He reached for his check book, filled out a blank to the amount of four hundred, tore it off, and held it out to Menken. "That squares us, doesn't it?" he asked, smiling.

The clergyman's face flashed from pure amazement to horrified incredulity at the realization of what was meant.

"But you said—the stock was safe!"

"I said nothing of the sort." Causabon was calm. "I didn't mention the stock. I said I'd guarantee you lost no money."

"But you let me think it was safe—you deceived me!" The minister was working himself into a white rage.

"Well, and what difference does it make which I meant, since you've your money back again? I protected you, and since you're the only one that's in it, what's your kick, eh?"

Mr. Menken looked at the check, started to speak, looked at Causabon, and swallowed convulsively.

"But he is not the only person in it!" said

Mrs. Menken, in her quiet voice, getting up from the chair she had occupied in the window. She came forward and stood beside her miserable husband. "There are the poor people who put their money into it without knowing! Many of them have lost their all!"

Causabon's eyebrows shot up to a peak of sarcasm and astonishment. "So that's it!" he exclaimed. "He did tell!" and the wretched clergyman flinched before the financier's amused scorn. "My dear madam," said Causabon, turning to Mrs. Menken, "your husband gave me his word not to repeat that information. Can you hold me responsible?"

"I am not defending my husband," she said, fixing her dark eyes dauntlessly upon Causabon's face. "He did a very wrong thing when he broke his word, and he did a very wrong thing when he accepted your tip. There is no excuse for him. But he is weak, as you probably saw, and you are strong. He came here asking you to give to the church because you are very rich. You refused, but instead of simply sending him away as you ought to have done, you tempted him."

Causabon's brow shot up again. "I? Tempted? But, my dear madam—!"

"You tempted him," she repeated steadily; "you can deny it, but in your heart you know it as well as I. I know he would never have thought of such a thing if you had not put it into his head. You dare not shift the whole responsibility to his shoulders. You dare not deny the misery of all those people is on your shoulders, as well."

Causabon had risen; his disclaiming expression had disappeared. He was listening attentively, admitting her accusation, by his demeanor accepting it; yet there was a shade of satire in his face.

When she had ceased: "I won't say you're all wrong. Say I tempted your husband. Say I gave him a chance to show that he is like other men, and his congregation suffer for it. Call me the more guilty, and say what you want me to do about it." There was a sly smile in his eyes, as if he guessed what it would be, and his hand moved toward his check book.

But she did not see the motion. "What can you do about it?" Her eyes were fixed upon him in astonishment. "Can you make matters right between those people and their consciences for what they have done? Can you make it right with my husband's soul? Can you take away his shame, or make it

possible for anyone to forget that he broke his word? It's far beyond any of us, now. No one can set that right but God!"

Causabon's hand dropped from the table. A faint red spot appeared upon his forehead.

"As for this," she said, putting her finger on the four-hundred-dollar check left upon the table, "do you think my husband would take that?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Causabon brusquely; "it was in the bargain."

"Even so," she said, "we haven't kept it."

Menken mechanically pushed the check across the table toward the financier.

"Mrs. Menken," Causabon said quickly, "you make it too hard for me!" He stood a

moment, frowning at her—then, as if with a fresh thought, filled out another check and held it toward her.

She read the four figures on the slip of paper, and drew back.

"Oh, no! That is worse! That is more than all of us lost together!"

"It is not for you," he said, smiling, "nor for your husband, nor to square the others. You're to take it in trust, and see that nobody suffers." Then, as she hesitated, looking doubtfully at him: "And it isn't to square my conscience, either, Mrs. Menken," he said. "If it makes you feel any better to know it, nothing can square that with me now, except"—he controlled the twitch of humor on his lips, and ended—"except God."

THE DESERT

By GERTRUDE KING

I AM the pure proud land that hath hearkened to no man's wooing;
I am the virgin land vowed sole to the service of God;
The silence that broods on my hills is my answer to human suing,
And there is the peace on my plains that marks where the Lord hath trod.

I and my sister the Sea, we fret at your insolent creeping:
She decks with a light foam wreath the place of a strong man's rest,
And the dry skull, bleached to silver, where the sated wolf is sleeping
Is a trivial gaud scarce worthy to lie on my proud white breast.

Love you your fat green valleys, the riches of man's long labor?
Love you the foulness of cities, dark with the age's grime?
Find you your gladness warm in the smile and the grasp of your neighbor?
Bide you there with your kin, the plaything of men and of time.

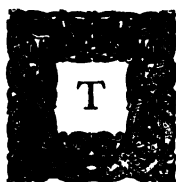
But when kisses have cooled on your lips and your eyes have grown weary of weeping,
When your pitiful loves slink down to the clasp of the eager earth,
Come you and taste of the peace that the guard of my hills is keeping,
Come and learn you the sweetness of silence, the mother of God's own mirth.

He is throned on my crimson hills in a purple meet for His passion;
The hot bright flame of His patience plays over the leper-white plains.
The wonderful sun is His herald, and speaks Him in kingly fashion,
And the golden splendor of midnight is the veil that His glory deigns.

Leave you the joys of green valleys to faint hearts that wait on their sating,
Here in the sweet fresh air the soul is cleansed from its fears,—
Can you bargain with Age the Despoiler—will Time not grow weary of waiting?
But here in the Desert is God, the End and the Crown of the years.

THE FLASH AGE OF NEW YORK

BY JAMES L. FORD



THAT we are traveling just now at a swift, feverish pace, living more extravagantly and luxuriously, gambling more recklessly and for higher stakes, and making history — social, commercial, aggressive, and acquisitive—more rapidly and engraving it in deeper lines than ever before in the history of the country, no one will attempt to dispute. So great, indeed, is our apparent prosperity, so busy are we with our money-making, so eager and lavish in our spending, so luxurious in our tastes, so sure of ourselves, so buoyant of spirit and so complacent over our material progress that we literally have not time to ask, as we go swinging along through the first decade of this new century, when and where this extraordinary period of luxury and avarice, money-getting and money-spending, self-advertisement and hysteria is going to end.

There are a few grizzled and experienced New Yorkers who, even while profiting by and enjoying to the full everything that the present day has to offer, look back now and then with grave thought to another age of speculation, extravagance, and rapid living that preceded this one by about forty years, surpassed in its characteristics anything that the town had previously known, and may be truthfully called the "Flash Age of New York." Like the age in which we live, and which began with the sudden loosening of purse strings that followed the quick and easy victories of the Spanish War, the Flash Age had its inception in carnage, for it was the Civil War, with its attendant curse of inflated money, and the great rise in real and speculative values incidental to both, that gave it birth. But, to treat the subject with the rigid accuracy which it deserves, the Flash Age really began in 1867, at a time when an over-

abundant greenback currency was giving a false and baneful impetus to speculative commerce, when the fortunes easily made during the war, and the loose habits and morals as easily acquired at the same time, were asserting themselves in the social life of the town, and when the illegal naturalization and colonization of voters on a scale previously undreamed of, was laying the foundations of the great and unscrupulous power known as the New York Ring.

It was an age of great crimes against life and property, when cracksmen and other criminals were pointed out as citizens of distinction and when the boast was openly made that "hanging was played out in New York"; an age of cowardly, unsolved murders, of a corrupt judiciary, of bank robberies, of enormous pilfering from the public treasury, of riotous excesses in downtown dives and uptown gambling and dance houses, of shameless obeisance to Tweed and Fisk and the robber bands of the ring and gold market; an age that witnessed the final passing of many ancient social customs—New Year's calling among others—as conservative, well-bred society retreated in the face of the invasion of those Goths and Vandals begotten of the Civil War, who formed the advance guard of the great army of pushers, boosters, climbers, and self-advertisers who are so much in evidence at the present day.

To conceive of New York as it was at the beginning of this exciting and pivotal moment of its history, we must imagine a city devoid of automobiles, hansom cabs, trolley cars, East River bridges, subway and elevated, and depending for uptown and downtown transit on clumsy omnibuses, slow moving horse cars and a fleet of steamboats that plied between Peck Slip and the Harlem River. The city practically stopped at Forty-second Street, north of which were a few dreary blocks

of brownstone houses, scattered through a region of sunken lots, rocky heights covered with squatters' shanties, in some of which could still be found bronze clocks, costly shawls, rings and laces and other remnants of the loot of the draft riots. Trains entering from the north stopped at the site of the present Grand Central Depot and were taken by horse power through the tunnel to the station at Twenty-seventh Street, where the Madison Square Garden now stands. The terminus of the horse railroad on Fourth Avenue was at Thirty-second Street, and the newspapers were clamoring for the paving of Madison Avenue above Forty-second Street and the opening up of the great region lying about that thoroughfare. Lexington Avenue stopped at Sixty-fifth Street; the entire postal business of the town was transacted in an old Dutch church on Nassau Street; the New York Hospital, with its five acres of green-sward shaded by noble forest trees, was a refreshing sight for tired eyes on Broadway at the head of Pearl Street, and there was a skating pond on Fifth Avenue where in later years stood the Windsor Hotel, the first of the strictly modern and ornate hostelries that have since become an integral part of the town and a truthful reflection of its spirit.

The finest hotels of that day were the St. Nicholas, Astor House, Metropolitan, New York, Fifth Avenue, Everett, Brevoort, Clarendon; not one of them gorgeous or luxurious according to latter-day standards, but all famous for generous fare, large rooms, cheerful open fires, and genuine comfort. Many of them could boast of an open court or garden, with a fountain and growing flowers, and each one possessed a landlord of distinct individuality, whose personal qualities attached guests to the house, just as nearly every newspaper of the day could boast of an editor, like Raymond of the *Times*, Bennett of the *Herald*, and Greeley of the *Tribune*, whose writings had a power and individuality that attracted thousands of readers. Nowadays both hotel and newspaper are conducted by corporations and the personal element has been eliminated from both.

And in trying to picture to ourselves the New York of this dead and gone age, we must remember that the history of the town is written in its domestic architecture, which, as the growth has always been in one direction, reveals itself in cross sections like the rings in a forest tree. Downtown, especially along the

water front, a few old Dutch gabled houses still stand. The merchants who made their fortunes by slow, legitimate means before the war, built for themselves plain solid houses of brick, with wide parlors, generous fireplaces, and deep windows, and, in many cases, with stables at the rear of their great back yards. Many of these houses still stand, notably in the neighborhood of Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue, and not a few remain in the hands of the families that built them. The army contractors and speculators who appeared during and immediately after the war and who had previously lived in humbler quarters of the town, demanded that their new homes should be situated in the then magic circle of fashion, and they much preferred a thin veneering of brown stone to the unpretentious brick of the antebellum age. The new houses were narrower by from five to fifteen feet than the old ones, and were built a dozen or a score at a time in solid blocks, all precisely alike and without a shadow of individuality in any of them. As fast as they were built they were sold or rented and then filled at once with black walnut furniture, a great deal of which was graven with deep lines filled in with gold leaf. The day of solid mahogany doors and fine old furniture of the same incomparable wood, made by real cabinet makers, working with their hands, and not by immigrants treading machinery with their feet, had passed away and in its place had come that of brownstone and black walnut with which the Flash Age stamped its architectural and decorative spirit on the town.

But, like the fortunes which produced them, the "brownstone fronts," as they were called, began to crumble even before the sharp panic of 1873 brought the Flash Age to a sudden end and laid so many commercial reputations low. And now, if we walk up Fifth Avenue, we find innumerable old-fashioned, dignified brick dwellings still standing below Fourteenth Street just as they were before the war; but north of that are evidences of premature decay, followed by rebuilding in modern style. Great business blocks or sky scrapers stand where the sons and daughters of gold brokers, army contractors, and those fortunate Pennsylvania farmers who had "struck oil" once made merry behind their brownstone veneers and amid the splendors of black walnut picked out in gold. Comparatively few of the brownstone dwellings

that still remain enjoy the high estate that once was theirs. They have changed hands a dozen times and as a general thing are given over to lodging and boarding houses. On upper Fifth Avenue we find the costly, solidly built homes which represent the spirit of the present day, just as the brownstone blocks represent that of the more primitive age in which they were built. The new mansions are not built in blocks, as the enlightened domestic architecture of to-day has found it possible to give to each one a certain individuality of its own. As a general thing they have been built or altered by their owners, and the present indications are that both they and the fortunes to which they owe their being will have a long life in the town.

The year 1867 was notable in many ways. The final disbanding of the old Volunteer Fire Department, the year before, had stirred the real heart of the town to its innermost depth, and now two or three huge Broadway fires gave the newly organized paid department a chance to show its mettle and lay the foundation of its present world-wide fame. In February of this year, Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree, planted by the fiery old governor in 1647 at what is now the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, succumbed to a high wind, as if foreseeing and unwilling to endure the six years of corruption, extravagance, and municipal disgrace that were coming upon the town. And it is quite reasonable to suppose that at the same moment the great Stuyvesant himself turned apprehensively in his grave in St. Mark's churchyard near by. In the same year plans for the Brooklyn Bridge were submitted by Engineer John A. Roebling and accepted; and about this time, too, William M. Tweed, erstwhile foreman of Big Six Engine Company, and an acknowledged power in local politics, was elected state senator and became the center of the group of unscrupulous rascals who subsequently looted the city of countless millions of money. Curiously enough, Tweed's career of robbery not only began with the Flash Age but ended with it, for it was in November, 1873, a very few weeks after the panic had put a sudden and tragic end to that period of extravagance and sin, that he began the expiation of his crimes in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

We of the present day who can view the happenings of the initial year of the Flash Age through the clearer glasses of subsequent history, know that it was in that year that the

widely discussed and greatly feared and fiercely attacked creature of modern high finance, the Trust, had its beginnings. For it was in the early winter of 1867 that Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the great plutocratic dynasty that bears his name, first obtained control of the Hudson River Railroad and a few months later locked horns with Daniel Drew—both men having then passed the age of three score and ten—in their historic struggle for the possession of Erie. And it was in the consolidation of railroad lines that followed, that Mr. Vanderbilt paved the way for the huge combinations of money and competing industries that dominate American commercial life to-day—presenting a problem that no economist has yet been able to solve.

In this connection it is at once instructive and interesting to read what Charles Francis Adams, Jr., had to say on the subject in "A Chapter of Erie" published in the *North American Review* as far back as July, 1869, and at a time when the great railroad man of that day was still building up the enormous system of consolidation and extension which stands as a monument to his ability:

"In this dangerous path of centralization," says Mr. Adams, in speaking of the nullifying of the competition between the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads by obtaining control of both lines, "Vanderbilt has taken the latest step in advance. He has combined the natural power of the individual with the factitious power of the corporation. The famous '*L'état, c'est moi*' of Louis XIV represents Vanderbilt's position in regard to his railroads. Unconsciously he has introduced Cæsarism into corporate life. He has, however, but pointed out the way which others will tread. The individual will hereafter be engrafted on the corporation—democracy running its course; and resulting in imperialism; and Vanderbilt is but the precursor of a class of men who will wield within the state a power created by the state, but too great for its control. He is the founder of a dynasty."

There was, of course, a serious side to the Flash Age, one of great material progress, of the extension of old railroad lines and the overbuilding of new ones, of a harbor alive with a great merchant marine sailing to and coming from every corner of the earth and of an enormous expansion of the city itself by way of streets, avenues, and boulevards extending north toward the Harlem River and Westchester County. There were good citi-



THE 'GRAND DRIVE IN CENTRAL PARK FORTY YEARS AGO

zens in those days—merchants, professional men, publicists, and preachers—who were not without their influence, and there were good women, too, who gave liberally in charity, upheld a decent social standard, and reared their offspring in the fear of God and the law. But, sad as it is to relate it, these were not the ones who set their impress upon the fast-speeding years. I find it difficult to remember even the names of the many upright and just persons who flourished during that period, but I can easily recall fully a score of bank robbers, dive keepers, gamblers, murderers, and political criminals who were familiar figures in the life of the town and known by sight and by name to the whole community.

Tweed, Sweeny, Dick Connolly, and their associates were persons of great prominence, and if the list of those who gave wedding presents to Fanny Tweed or paid homage to the murdered Fisk, lying in state in the Grand Opera House, were published now it would prove a shock to some of the descendants of the men and women who were doing business in the town at that time. Gould never courted notoriety, but did his work like a mole, out of the sight of men. Fisk, however, never forgot

his old peddler days in Connecticut and loved to start his Fall River boats in person, wearing an admiral's uniform and screaming through a huge gilt trumpet. He was fond also of showing himself on Fifth Avenue on fine afternoons in a four-in-hand break, filled with painted and bedizened women, and followed, perhaps, by a quack druggist named Helmbold driving a five-in-hand, while a naïve and awe-struck city gaped and stared. At this time, it must be remembered, two men on the box of a carriage was an unusual sight, and when August Belmont put his servants into livery, *Harper's Weekly* printed their pictures.

It was essentially a gambling age, not only in Wall Street by day but in the uptown streets by night, where everything—saloons, dance houses, gambling hells, and other even more demoralizing resorts—was "wide open." John Morrissey, who had been a prize-fighter and always looked it, with his burly figure, bullet head, and broken nose, kept a house in Saratoga and another in New York, and faro was dealt at 818 Broadway and at the houses of John Daly, Charley Ransom, Charley Walsh, Charley Reed, and many others. Lotteries were conducted openly—I



Barnum's Museum. Trinity Church.

St. Paul's Church.

Astor House.

BROADWAY IN 1865, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE

recall one for a charitable purpose held in the hall of Cooper Union—and, even as late as the night of the Hayes-Tilden election in '76 when the success of the Democratic ticket had been generally conceded, I well remember how the sudden change in the odds in the pool room that stood with wide-open doors on, or near, the present site of the Hoffman House was our first intimation that something was wrong with the count.

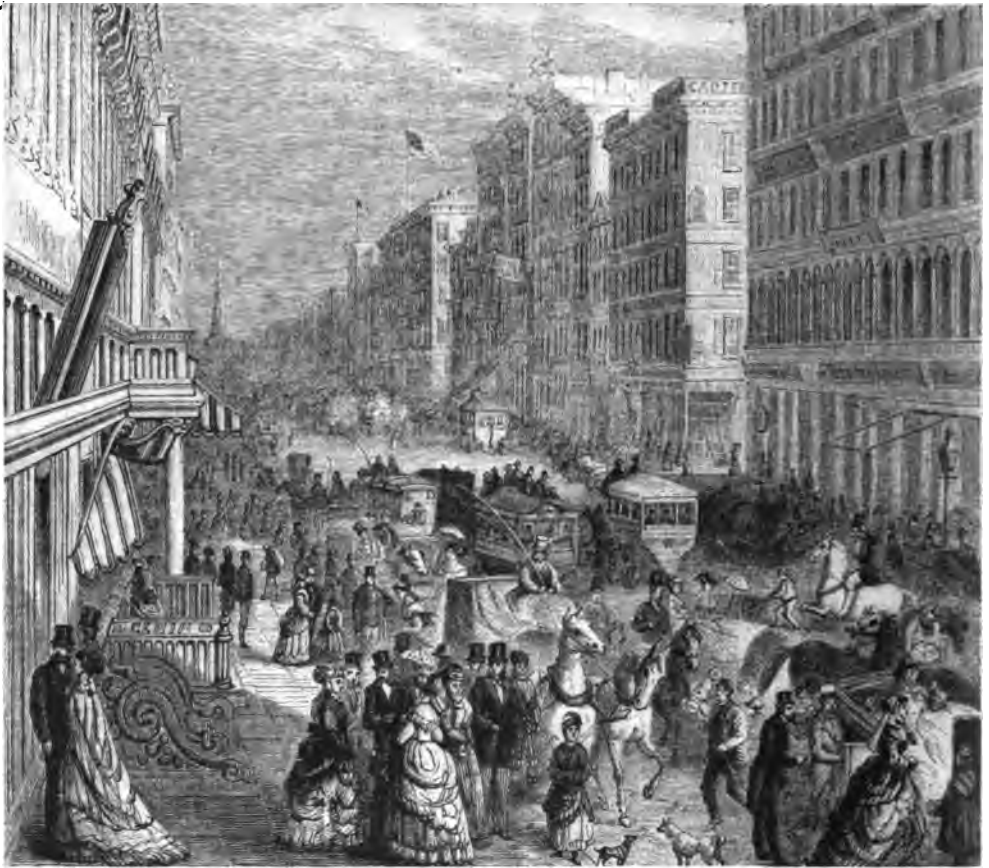
Yet, in spite of all, people were not robbed in the name of sport as they are now. I will not say that gambling houses were run strictly on the level then any more than they are today, because I have always maintained that a belief in "square gambling" was a sign of either the peachy cheek of adolescence or paresis in its later stages, but I stoutly maintain that the town gained nothing when the

old-fashioned houses were closed and the Morrisseys, Ransoms, and Dalys were succeeded by the crafty bookmakers and crooked jockeys who are degrading the fine old sport of horse racing; the loud-voiced pugilists who would rather "quit" than fight as the old-time fighters fought, with bare knuckles in a twenty-four-foot ring; and the cormorants who fleece a "drunken kid" out of a quarter of a million or more at a sitting.

The boldness of criminal deeds in the Flash Age, the recklessness with which the great robbers courted notoriety even when they were "wanted" for some job, and the light esteem in which human life was held, is not easily understood by this more peaceful generation. It may be recorded that such bank robbers as John and James Hope, "Red" Leary, "Sheeny" Mike Neuman, Dutch Hein-



PRINCE OF WALES BALL IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC



BROADWAY IN 1870, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL

richs, Charley Bullard, Mark Shinburn, and a few more were robbing banks to the tune of more than a million dollars a year, while the most picturesque criminal of all, a stout, middle-aged Jewess named Mandelbaum, openly purchased and disposed of stolen goods in a Clinton Street store to which came every famous robber of the day.

It is no easy matter to arrange the many picturesque and startling crimes of the Flash Age in the exact order of their importance. That of Black Friday, however, ranks easily next to the long-continued speculation of the ring in point of shameless audacity, reckless disregard of all personal honor and commercial obligation, and the extent of its plunder, as well as in the number of persons who suffered by it and the extent of unhappiness that it entailed. It was followed by the long and

bitter fight between Fisk and Stokes—one whose acrimony was intensified a hundredfold by the introduction of that charming and lovely element which is seldom absent when men war against each other with the knife—and which ended with the sensational murder of Fisk at the hands of his adversary. Other crimes of this period were the Merchants' Dispatch robbery, which enlisted the talent of some of the leading lights of the great fraternity of cracksmen; the Ocean Bank robbery; the murder, never yet explained, of Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy and highly respected Hebrew who lived directly opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Twenty-third Street; the murder of Rogers; the killing of Bob Dunn by William J. Sharkey, and the sensational escape of the murderer from the Tombs.

Harry Hill, square and courageous, a sur-

vival of the old-fashioned London sporting and boxing type, extinct now save in colored prints, drove a curiously misshapen horse up Broadway and Fifth Avenue on fine afternoons and was known, even to citizens of the better class, as the keeper of a Houston Street dance house that was one of the most notable of the city's many sights, and a place where many famous singers and pugilists of later

father after the exhorter, John Wesley, kept the "Mabille" in Bleeker Street; lower Broadway and the Bowery were full of underground dens, and Sixth Avenue boasted of the Argyle Rooms, the Cremorne, the Buckingham, and the Star and Garter.

And let us not forget that the Flash Age saw not only the beginnings of the commercial trust, but also that of the gold brick and saw-

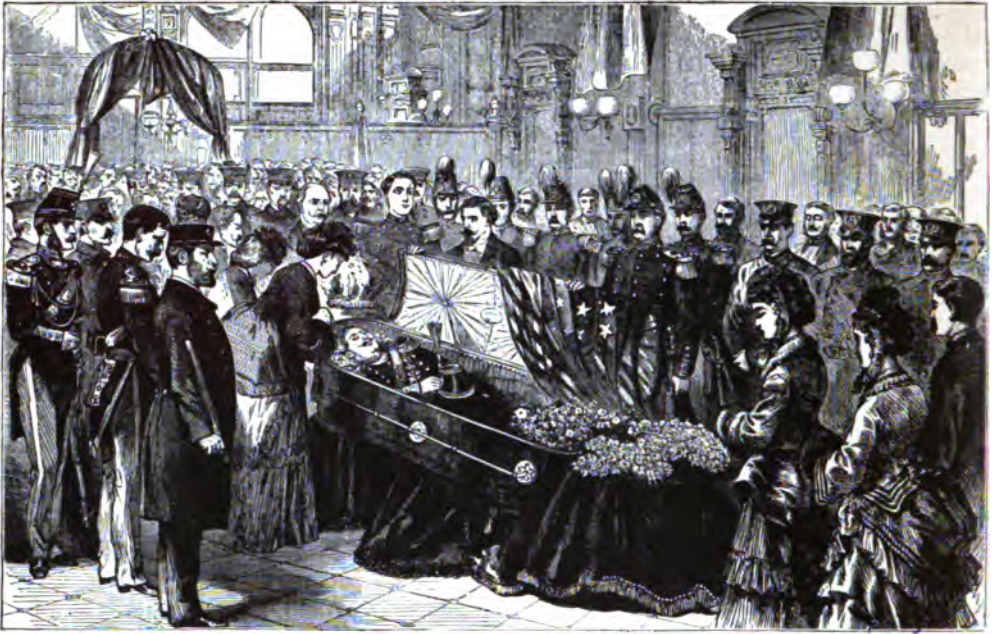


FIFTH AVENUE ON A SUNDAY MORNING FORTY YEARS AGO

days were wont to sing or spar. Billy McGlory, who is still alive, kept the "Burnt Rag," and Owney Geoghegan ran a place on the Bowery that was a famous resort for thieves, thugs, and professional mendicants. Geoghegan died long ago and, like a good old-fashioned New York dive keeper, was followed to his grave in Calvary by two wives racing for the place of honor in the funeral procession. "The" Allen, the brother of the eminent pickpocket, named by a pious

dust-package industry which permeates our entire commercial fabric to-day.

It was Paris and not London that set the fashions for us in the late sixties, just as it had a decade earlier when Miss Flora McFlimsey of "Nothing to Wear" fame shopped there with her friend, Mrs. Harris, and brought back, among other novelties in dress, the hoop skirt. For those were the days of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie, when, with Offenbach leading the dance, Paris was whirling on



Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.

THE BODY OF COL. JAMES FISK LYING IN STATE IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE ERIE RAILROAD OFFICE, IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1872

to war, the siege, and the horrors of the Commune, just as New York was whirling on to the panic of 1873 and the lean years of hunger and repentance that followed.

But if we took our fashions from Paris in those days we had not yet reached the more sensible point of going to that famous capital for our plays, for, during the whole of the Flash Age, Lester Wallack was the dominant figure in theatricals of the higher class, producing nothing but English plays and employing scarcely any save British actors. That his theater was British to its very core is indicated by the fact that even when its manager so far forsook his allegiance to the mother country (in which, by the way, he was not born) as to produce an adaptation from the French, he insisted upon an English locale, and when Bronson Howard offered him his first version of "Shenandoah" he advised him to make it over with the scene laid in the Crimea. It was not until the very close of the Flash Age that A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly appeared on the scene and paved the way for emancipation from English rule. In later years American adaptations from the German at Daly's, French plays like "The

Two Orphans" and "A Celebrated Case" at the Union Square, and finally real native dramas—"The Banker's Daughter" and "My Partner" at the Union Square, for example—began to make easy the stony road of the American playwright.

But other influences besides the Wallackian were at work during the Flash Age. Over on the Bowery, Tony Pastor was raising the variety stage from ignominy and obscurity to a place of well-deserved importance as a cradle of native talent; Harrigan and Hart were forming the partnership which was to result in the best school of local farce that the town has ever seen; Sam Bernard and Weber and Fields were comedians in rival juvenile theaters downtown; French opera bouffe, in Fourteenth Street and later at the Grand Opera House, was going a step farther in the way of suggestiveness than the "Black Crook" and the British Blondes; Edwin Booth was sinking his fortune in the noblest playhouse that the town had ever seen; Howells and James were looming up in the East and Bret Harte and Mark Twain in the West; Pfaff's beer cellar was declining in favor as a gathering place for "bohemians"—the term was

still an honest one in these simple days—and Morretti, Martinetti, and Murillo were attracting to their table d'hôtes many of the best writers, artists, players, and singers of the day.

Such, in brief, was that Flash Age to which old-time publicans, gamesters, and politicians are wont to hark back on the willing pinions of fond memory as to a golden era of corruption in high places, general tolerance of evil, and reckless scattering of ill-gotten gains. Above all was it a dive-keeping age; for those who felt the promptings of easily acquired money were without the restraint that comes from a knowledge of the difference between cider and champagne; nor had that Martin Luther of American bar-keeping, the inventor of the cash register, made his appearance on the scene.

The Flash Age ended in a single night in the awful panic of 1873, and was followed by a period of commercial depression and disaster that brought about economy, sobriety, and

serious reflection, sowed the seeds of repentance in our hearts, and finally brought us down to our knees in the dust and ashes of the great Moody and Sankey revival of 1876. We who know the town only as it is in this money-making, pleasure-seeking era will find it difficult to conceive of the sorrowful and repentant city of thirty-one years ago, that waited hour after hour, morning after morning, and night after night, oftentimes in the cold, the snow, and the rain, and then crowded Madison Square Garden to its utmost capacity to seek salvation for its lost souls.

And, if the fires of hate and love, of money-making and money-burning, that lit up the Flash Age with their lurid glare were finally choked in the ashes of bitter repentance and contrite prayer, what will be the journey's end of a generation like our own that follows a hysterical press by day and the electric lights of Broadway by night?

GENIUS

By FREDERICK TRUEDELL

OH some there are with beauty bright
 And they are lust of eyes,
 And some who blind us with the mind
 Our spirit deifies,
 But genius is the great white light
 Nor mind nor beauty buys.

And some will play a wanton air
 To catch the vagrant soul;
 Some find it sweet with dancing feet
 To foot it toward the goal;
 But he who hears the whirling spheres
 Can ne'er again be whole.

Oh he who hears the whirling spheres
 Where'er his steps have trod,
 Has reached the end of human trend;
 With wings his feet are shod,
 For he has seen, beyond the screen,
 Into the face of God.



"Near the entrance stands the altar."

SCHLARAFFIA: A WORLD SOCIETY

BY SIGMUND KRAUSZ

ILLUSTRATED BY HY MAYER



ROAST suck-
ing pigs, with
knives and forks con-
veniently growing in
their sides, bask and
grunt contentedly in
Schlaraffia. In Schla-
raffia the streams
flow with milk and
honey—or other beverages to the taste. In
Schlaraffia there is only one law: that every-
body must and shall be happy. In fact, the
Schlaraffian police arrest anybody who frowns
or is the cause of a frown in another. Schla-
raffia is the mother country of various colonies
throughout the not-too-civilized world. These
colonies endeavor to plant, amid the grind
and worry of our big cities, certain small
oases of rest where the spirit of fun shall reign
unquestioned and unresisted.

Somewhere in his writings Washington
Irving says that "humor is the oil and wine

of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial
companionship equal to that where the jokes
are small and the laughter abundant." Mr.
Irving died in November, 1859, about four
weeks after the foundation of the Schlaraffia
in Prague, and, therefore, could not have
heard of its doings, its aims, or even its exist-
ence. But, for that matter, how many Ameri-
cans have heard of it even to-day—nearly
fifty years after its merry birth? Yet many of
its lusty offspring have reached our shores,
and are scattered between Sandy Hook and
the Golden Gate.

This is rather remarkable, for a humorous
society is, by the nature of things, localized.

Like many similar institutions, the Schla-
raffia had its precursors in humorous socie-
ties, such as the "Grüne Insel" (Green Island)
and the "Ludlamshöhle" (Ludlam's Cave),
which recruited their members from the most
intellectual circles, and flourished in Vienna
until the turbulent times that followed the

political events in Europe of 1848, when everything in the nature of societies or meetings met with suspicion on the part of the authorities, and was subjected to such rigorous supervision as to prevent the achievement of the most innocent object.

In fact, Schlaraffia is the indirect outcome of the great reaction which came in the wake of these events, and was created by its founders with the idea of giving the members a chance of assembling for the purpose of innocent amusement, without exciting distrust in the eyes of the Austrian Government, whose spies scented political crime and treason in every gathering of men.

The earliest history of the society is, however, intimately connected with that of the German Theater in Prague, in which city it first saw the light of day, or rather night.

At that time, in 1859, there existed in the capital of Bohemia a society of artists and art lovers, called the Arcadia, consisting of the cream of German intellect, among the members of which, however, the so-called "Protzenthum" (money-proud class) was numerously represented.

It was at one of the meetings of the Arcadia, in the spring of 1859, that Director Thomé of the German Theater proposed one of his foremost actors, a notoriously poor man, for membership. In the discussion which preceded his ultimate rejection the word "Proletarian" was uttered in connection with this actor, and Director Thomé, indignant at the epithet and the result of his proposal, immediately resigned his membership, which example was followed by the few actors of his company who belonged to the society.

Thomé and his friends, at that time, were also in the habit of attending, in a certain restaurant, the informal meetings of a group of intellectual men, inclined to Bohemianism; and when at one of these gatherings the story of the blackballing of one of Prague's most famous artists was told, the indignation was so general that the same evening saw, as a protest against the action of the Arcadia, the metamorphosis of the round table, until then nameless, into the "Proletarian Club."

This club proved to be the original germ of the Schlaraffia, and its caliber may fairly be judged when the fact is stated that the same evening also saw the writing of the words and music of the "Proletarian Song" by one of its members, Albert Eilers, a noted opera basso, and the singing of it by an improvised quartet.

In the meetings of the Proletarian Club everyone contributed his share toward the entertainment, and there were no drones, for even the members outside the arts and professions were men of various talents, the principal requisites of membership being brains and appreciation of humor and art.

When conditions, in the fall of 1859, made a change of the club name desirable, the choice fell upon "Schlaraffia," the name of a mythical country where everyone is happy. In mockery of feudal customs and the ridiculous claims of the aristocracy of birth and money, an oligarchy and a ceremonial for the meetings was established which, in its paradoxical quaintness, proved irresistibly amusing.

From the start, the principal object of the Schlaraffia was to create a true democracy of mind, and the qualifications for membership were confined to unblemished reputation and ability to contribute an equitable share to the entertainments, or, at least, to fully appreciate the efforts of others. Birth, social standing, wealth, religion, politics, and nationality carried no weight whatever in the applications for membership, the cardinal requirement only being considered, and an educated or talented cab driver had the same chance of admittance as a prince of the royal blood. In the Schlaraffia all were alike, and on its ban-



"The signal for entry."



"A supposed helmet of satin or velvet."

ner were placed the words "Brotherly Love and Friendship among Men" in addition to the device of the Proletarian Club, which was "For Art and Humor."

In order to avoid the possibility of disagreements and heated discussions, all topics of conversation which might give rise to them, such as religion, nationality, business, politics, etc., were tabooed in the meetings. Card playing and the reading of newspapers also were prohibited. As the official language of the Schlaraffia, German was naturally adopted. In fact, the Schlaraffia came in time to be looked upon as a stronghold of German culture and ideas, especially after the society had spread to foreign countries, where, in many cases, it served as the only intellectual refuge for its members.

In Prague itself, with a surrounding hostile Czechish element, the mother society frequently labored under difficulties which, some ten years ago, and shortly after the Schlaraffia had moved into a home of its own, culminated, during an anti-German riot, in an attack on the Schlaraffen Castle by a Czechish mob. In consequence of this attack, the doors and windows of the house are now protected by heavy iron gratings and shutters, which give it, more or less, the aspect of a medieval fortress.

In spite of the early vicissitudes, the Schlaraffia in Prague continued to develop. In its meetings the vanities and follies of the outer world were mocked by means of a ridiculously

solemn cult, for which a strictly observed ceremonial was devised. From the moment a Schlaraffe entered the castle, he was supposed to leave behind him all the profane cares of existence, to step, for the time being, out of his mortal shell, and to live solely for the enjoyment of humor, art, and friendship among men. To aid in this imagination, the members pretended to live in the middle ages, and adopted humorous armorial bearings, wooden swords and a supposed helmet of satin or velvet which resembled a fool's cap with bells and ears. They applied ancient and obsolete names to every-day actions and things, greeted and drank each other's health in a different manner from usual, and adopted, for exclusive use during the meetings, odd individual names which generally bore some humorous reference to their vocations or to certain characteristic peculiarities.

Out of all this developed a grotesque knighthood with gradations of nobility, and an infallible despotism, conceded to the elected rulers, to which the knights bowed in submissive reverence. The three "Ober-schlaraffen" (Supreme Schlaraffs) were supposed to be endowed with special virtues by "Uhu" (the horned owl), which bird of



"Uttering at the same time a solemn 'Uhu.'"

Minerva had been chosen as tutelary deity. They took turns presiding over the meetings, and the one who was temporarily chairman was recognized as being directly inspired by Uhu, and therefore infallible.

Uhu, the protector of the Schlaraffia, was worshiped in two forms; as "Aha" in moments of unruffled enjoyment, when everything was harmony and love, and as "Oho" at times when discord threatened the peace of the meeting. In both cases libations were offered to the deity in form of mighty steins of beer, called "Quell," or bumpers of wine, called "Lethe," which found their way to the right spot in the anatomy of the knights, and created that feeling of good-fellowship to attain which the German needs his native drink and pipe.

It must be said though that, while, according to German custom, drink is a necessary adjunct to jovial companionship, in the meetings of the Schlaraffia all excess is tabooed, and that, in spite of the respectable capacity of the average Teuton, cases of over-indulgence are unknown. A still more remarkable thing in relation to the Schlaraffia may be quoted in the fact that the members are bound to refrain absolutely from lewdness of speech, immoral language, and questionable jokes, all of which are punished by cash fines for the benefit of the treasury, or by cruel confinement in the castle dungeon.

As a further satire against the weaknesses and foibles of the outer world, the Schlaraffia established high-sounding titles and glittering decorations which were conferred for fidelity to the society, regular attendance at the meetings, special brilliancy and other meritorious conduct. Blue blood was infused into the members by conceding to those who deserved it ancestors in the shape of small stamped metal plates, to be worn on the helmet or the bandolier, and some of the knights are thus enabled to show an ancestry against which that of a scion of the Wittelsbachs or Colonnas sinks into insignificance.

From 1859 to 1865 the Schlaraffia in Prague preserved a local character, but the latter year witnessed an event which had a momentous effect on its future development as



"A hint of cutting it short."

a world society. Some time before that, one of its members, the well-known author Schmidt-Weissenfels, known in the Schlaraffia as Knight Plato, had moved to Berlin. His attachment to the society was, however, so strong that he kept in constant touch with Prague, and at last his longing for a similar institution in Berlin induced him to seek suitable material among the men of art and letters in the Prussian capital, with which he founded a society which, like the Praga, called itself Schlaraffia, but, while following in principle the example of the original institution, adopted a dual form of government and was ruled by a "Mikado" and a "Taikoon." The event was greeted by the mother society with acclamation, and in 1867 the branch was recognized as a legitimate daughter of the Praga.

Again seven years passed before another altar of Uhu was erected. This time it was in Leipsic where a knight of the Praga and one of the Berolina jointly founded a new Schlaraffia under conditions similar to those of the first branch. One year later, in 1873, Uhu spread its wings over Graz, in Austria, and up to 1875 in Vienna and Hamburg preliminary work was done toward the establishment of further branches.

During all these years a lively intercourse, by correspondence and mutual visits, was



"The guests are 'dragged' before the throne."

kept up between the different societies, and the desire to get in closer contact with each other grew apace until, in 1876, it resulted in the first great Schlaraffen Council of Leipsic. All four societies, which then numbered together one hundred and eighty-nine members, were well represented, and it was at this council that, after the Berolina had graciously relinquished its special form of government, the great idea of "Allschlaraffia" (Pan-Schlaraffia) was born, and the Praga unanimously recognized as the "Allmutter" (All-mother), which honor she bears since then.

It was here too that the "Spiegel" (Mirror), the guiding law code of Allschlaraffia, was formulated and the ceremonial revised. This, with a few changes at later councils, is to-day the code of the world society. It was further decided to hold periodical councils of Allschlaraffia every five years. The Schlaraffen era was put back just three hundred years, and the duration of the Schlaraffen year made to begin officially in October and end in May. The festivals were divided into movable and immovable. To the first belonged the Ladies' Evenings, the Festival of the Orders, and those given in honor of dead heroes of literature and art; to the latter, the

Foundation Anniversary, the "Schlaraffiad," or monthly business meeting, Christmas, and the last evening of the calendar year.

Shortly after the Leipsic Council, Schlaraffia began to develop in a most unexpected manner. The idea was carried by enthusiastic errant members all over Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Russia, and Hungary, and at the next council, which was held in Prague, Allschlaraffia was represented by thirty-six "realms," as the full-fledged individual societies were now called, and by several

colonies, by which name those were known which still were in a period of probation. The approximate number of Schlaraffs at this time was over one thousand.

It is not to be inferred though from this rapid growth that Schlaraffen colonies could be created indiscriminately. The Spiegel provides that only members of knightly rank in good standing, who have lived over one year in an Uhu-forsaken town, may, with the help of at least ten native citizens, found a new colony, for which the sanction of the Praga has to be gained before it is recognized by the realms and sister colonies. A period of probation, generally from one to two years, during which it is strictly supervised by the mother realm to which the founding knight belongs, is imperative for the colony before it is created by the Allmutter a full-fledged society and receives its bull of sanction.

Neither can a Schlaraffe visit societies other than his own without being provided with a regular passport, signed and visé by an Oberschlaraffe and the chancellor of his realm, in which his visit is recorded by the chancellor of the realm whose guest he was.

In the years following the second council of Allschlaraffia up to the present, the number

of branch societies increased to nearly one hundred and sixty, with a membership of approximately five thousand, and efforts were made to establish colonies in such out-of-the-way places as Singapore, Auckland, New Zealand, and Alexandria, Egypt, all of which, however, soon disappeared again on account of lack of closer geographical connections. Some ten years ago the Russian societies too disappeared, being suppressed by the Muscovite authorities, and one or two Austrian realms were stricken from the list of Allschlaraffia on account of political meddling and religious intolerance, but all occurring breaches are soon filled up by newly founded colonies.

In 1883 Uhu took its first flight across the Atlantic, when Knight Columbus the Pathfinder, an actor member of the Berolina, founded the Schlaraffia in San Francisco. This is known as the Franziscana California. It may be stated here, by the way, that the custom of giving the realms Latinized names has become general, and whenever a city in which a Schlaraffia is located has an ancient historic name this is adopted in lieu of its modern one. Thus, for example, Vienna bears its former Roman appellation, Vindobona, Cologne that of Colonia Agripina, London becomes Londinium, etc.

While, in the nature of things, Uhu's advance on this side of the Atlantic has not been so rapid as abroad, altogether a dozen Schlaraffias have been founded in the United States since 1883. San Francisco was followed by the Nova Yorkia, Milwaukia, Chicagoana, Ludovica Missouriia (St. Louis), Cincinnatia, Newarka, Sylvana (Cleveland), Brooklynia, Filadelfia, Caesarea (Jersey City), Bostonia, and Novus Portus (New Haven).

These American societies are mostly in flourishing condition, but whatever increase there is to come is naturally confined to the larger cities of the East and Middle West, as only there can the proper material for the make-up of new realms be found. It may be remarked in this connection that, while the American members are fully as loyal to the Allschlaraffia as the others, they exhibit a certain pride in their newly adopted country, and some years ago there was a slight tendency, in view of the different conditions of life, manners, and customs

in the United States, to form a coalition of the American societies which, while acknowledging allegiance to Allschlaraffia, was to govern itself according to local conditions. This tendency has, however, absolutely vanished.

The Schlaraffias in America keep in even closer touch with each other than those abroad and their meetings are better attended for the reason that German intellectual club life is much rarer here, and that in the sea of Yankee materialism and tremendous business activity a society of this kind is often the sole isle of refuge of the members, to whom jovial companionship is a necessity.

The mental caliber of the American Schlaraffs compares favorably with that of their European brethren, and is, perhaps, slightly superior; at least it would seem so from the quality and number of their contributions to the society organ, the "Schlaraffia Zeyttungen" (*Schlaraffen Gazette*), a periodical published during the active months of the Schlaraffen year, and exclusively edited, written, and illustrated by members. Its existence dates back more than a quarter of a century, and it receives an annual subsidy from all realms through the treasury of the Allmutter



"Mighty steins which found their way to the right spot."



"The valiant challenger."

Praga. Aside from literary contributions, it prints all official proclamations and other news of scholaraffic interest.

While the Franziscana California, on account of the distance, remains somewhat isolated, the groups of Eastern and Middle Western Schlaraffias in the United States frequently visit each other and arrange the so-called "Summer Festivals" which are attended by delegations from the various realms and during which the rigor of the ceremonial is relaxed to give the members and their ladies, if possible, a better time.

It may interest the reader to pay an imaginary visit to one of the "Sippungen," as the official weekly meetings are called, and get a closer view of the doings of the jolly crowd. The Sippung to which the reader is to be taken is typical of any of the American societies.

The Schlaraffia is chary with its invitations to outsiders, and "Pilgrims" (guests) can be introduced only, after previous notice, by members of the highest grade, the knights; but once within the walls of the castle the stranger feels that the hospitality extended to him is hearty and genuine.

Arrived in the "Vorburg" (the anteroom) before the Sippung begins, the visitor generally encounters the members in the act of exchanging their street garb for helmet, bandolier and sword, to which, on special occasions, are added a knightly flowing cloak and such orders and decorations as the wearer

may possess, and be inclined to wear.

The sound of a tomtom is the signal for entry into the castle proper. Near the entrance stands the altar with a stuffed image of the bird of Minerva. Before it members and guests bow deeply, uttering at the same time a solemn "Uhu." Then everyone bows before the throne on which are seated the three "Oberschlaraffs" with the insignia of their office, after which the Sippung begins.

The castle is quite remarkable in its arrangement and furnishings. At one end of the spacious hall extends a carpet-covered platform, surmounted by a canopy of rich hangings, and backed by the coat of arms of the realm. On the table, in front of three high-backed chairs, are scattered books, a silver box containing "ancestors," and a couple of large candlesticks. This is the throne.

On the opposite side of the hall is Uhu's altar, on which rest the sword of the realm, the challenging gauntlet, and several elaborate mugs, each of which is destined for use on certain special occasions. The "Aha" mug



"Presided over by the Younkermeister."



"Out of all this developed a grotesque knighthood."

is used only by knights at the reception of visiting knights—members of the lower grades are only permitted to smell at this. The "Lulu" mug is used for greeting the Pilgrims, the "Dudu" for exchanging brotherly vows.

Near the altar hang the large portraits of Schlaraffs who are resting in "Ahalla," the schlaraffic heaven; in one corner threaten the heavy gates of the dark and grewsome dungeon; in another rises the "Periculum," the rostrum from which flows the wit, humor, and wisdom of the members. In its vicinity the "clavicymbalum" (piano) generally finds its place. The walls are covered with pictures of poets and composers, photographs and armorial bearings of the knights, etc.

Two long tables with rows of chairs, patterned after the German fashion of the sixteenth century, extend on two sides through the whole length of the hall. One of these is for the knights, the other for the "Younkers" and "Knappen," the lower grades of membership. The latter are known only by num-

bers, and theirs is the first rung of the ladder reached by the "Prüfling" (probationer) after he has proven, during a hard trial of at least six weeks, his mental caliber and worthiness of becoming a Schlaraff. Their table is presided over by the "Younkermeister," who, with his heavy cat-o'-nine-tails, keeps order among the unruly youngsters (some of whom are sixty or seventy years old), and teaches them the Spiegel and the ceremonial.

At the head of the knights' table sits the "Reichsmarschall." He only, at the command of the throne, is entitled to sound the tomtom, at the tones of which absolute stillness has to reign in the castle. Between the Reichsmarschall and the throne is the desk of the "Kantzellar," the chief of all departments, who, next to the Oberschlaraffs, is the most important of Schlaraffia's oligarchy.

The meeting is always opened with a short speech by the presiding Oberschlaraffe, who is addressed as "Eure Herrlichkeit" (Your Magnificence). The clavicymbalum master

touches the keys of his instrument, and the strains of the "Opening Song," an inspiring melody, sung by all members, fill the hall. It should be mentioned here that the schlaraffic song book, consisting of two big volumes, contains almost exclusively original songs and compositions of members, some of which are works of the highest artistic merit.

The song finished, cigars and pipes are lit, the mugs are filled, and the "Protocollant" is called upon to read the minutes of the last meeting. This is done in humorous verse or prose, according to the choice or ability of the man, and gives the best chance for good-natured satire. Variation is secured by a weekly change of this official, who is appointed by the throne.

After the reading of the protocol, the chancellor reads the letters which have been received during the week from the various realms and colonies abroad and in America. Meanwhile the Reichsmarschall has handed the throne a list of those members who have volunteered or may be commanded to deliver speeches, poems, essays, or musical selections for the entertainment of the evening. Such a command has to be cheerfully responded to with the words "With pleasure and at once."

The chancellor having finished, the guests are "dragged" before the throne, where they are welcomed by a humorously impressive speech and the tender of a huge bumper, to which, if they feel so inclined, they may "stutter" a humble response.

The Reichsmarschall now reads the list of the members in their schlaraffic names, to which, if present, they respond with a loud "Here." Absentees have to furnish a plausible excuse, as four weeks' truancy may be punished with loss of membership. After the roll call the real entertainment begins. Speeches, repartee, songs and instrumental

productions follow each other in rapid and brilliant succession. These are generally greeted with vociferous "Lulus," as signs of acclamation, though, sometimes, an ominous "Ul-ul" is heard, which means disapprobation.

Such an Ul-ul is often followed by a challenge to mortal combat. The duello may be fought out in two ways. One is called the "mental," the other the "material duel." The mental duel may be "plain" or "with sharp weapons." In the first case the duellists choose a theme for themselves, generally

suiting to their own individual abilities. The theme may consist of prose, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, or other artistic work. Thus one of the combatants may produce in the next meeting an original poem, the other one an original musical composition or a sketch on canvas, on the relative merits of which the knights are called upon to vote. The vote is secret, and the combatants must remain in the anteroom during the ballot. A majority of the votes constitutes a victory. In a duel with sharp weapons, the throne gives out the subjects to be treated, all other conditions remaining the same as in the plain duel. The victor receives, in ac-

knowledge of his valor, an ancestor.

The material duel is rarely chosen. It is a bout between the two combatants and three seconds on each side, in which the party who empties a stein of beer in the shortest time and without spilling a drop is declared victor. This form of duel is considered a sign of cowardice when chosen by the challenged party.

At times passion runs so high that no delay is brooked, and the valiant challenger and his adversary insist on immediate satisfaction. This action involves rare ability, as the duelist must be prepared to deliver his blow on the



"Dismal howls for 'Quell.'"

spot either in prose or poetry, as the challenged party may desire, and, in case of sharp weapons, on any theme given by the throne. To the honor of the Schlaraffia it may be said that these impromptu duels are by no means rare, and often result in the most brilliant efforts.

Sometimes it will happen, though, that in the course of the evening a member may speak uninterestingly, or too long, on a subject, in which case a warning may be given him by shoving under his nose a huge extension pair of wooden scissors as a hint of cutting it short. If the hint is not taken within a reasonable time, the ambulance may be called in service, when the offender is bodily removed from the Periculum by several stout Younkers and Knappen, and carried on a stretcher into the Vorburg. Hardened sinners will be put in the dungeon, from where their dismal howls for "Quell" can be heard through the heavily grated window. In extreme cases even decapitation may be inflicted, after which punishment the victim appears only as ghost during the balance of the evening, his presence being ignored, though he may exercise his privilege as specter to play all sorts of pranks, until, by the supreme power of the infallible Oberschlaraffe, he is brought back to life again.

Twice during the evening the entertainment is interrupted by a "Schmuspause," a short recess during which the Schlaraffs leave

their seats, and stand around in groups, laughing and joking, smoking, and eating or drinking.

After the second recess, the closing part of the Sippung begins, and the humor of the members reaches its climax. Witty speeches tend to increase the general hilarity, and this is the time when slight infractions of the rules give the "Kneifer" (Pincher), an important official with an alms-bag at the end of a long rod, a chance to shove his instrument before the face of the offenders, and gather in a lot of nickels and dimes, which go to swell the treasury of the realm, or a charity fund to be distributed at Christmas time. Frequently special contributions are requested, for the Schlaraffia, although not of the character of masonic lodges or mutual benefit societies, having for its aim solely the mutual entertainment and mental improvement of its members, contributes its obolus toward any worthy object.

At last, about midnight or a little later, the time for closing the Sippung arrives. The music of the beautiful "Farewell Song" fills the castle, members and guests pass in single file before the throne, shaking hands with the three Oberschlaraffs, and, amidst general handshaking and hearty Lulus, the Sippung is declared closed. The Schlaraffs and their guests bow once more before Uhu's altar, and the castle is deserted until one week later, when joy and hilarity again reign supreme.



"Aba! Aba! Aba!"

KONOR

BY FREMONT RIDER

I STOOD on a spit of barren land—a gift of the gray sea's store,
Where the dunes were black 'gainst the sea at their back and white 'gainst the land before.
And a boat beat out through the gloom and the glow to meet the rush of the tides:
Sorry her sails to meet the sea, and the foul hung green on her sides;
Her spars tore jagged against the sky and she left no wake behind;
And her grim-faced crew were gaunt and glad, and the man at her helm was blind.

And lo, on the spit were many men, and they mocked at the boat I saw;
They jeered at its rows of rotten spars and its crew that knew no law:
For the speech of that crew was of alien growth and none might understand,
And the ship was fraught with foreign freight and bore to an unknown land.
I watched her slip through the gray tide-rip to the toss of the tumbling sea
And lose herself in the fairway mist which hid her sails from me.

And lo, in that mist that her crew saw not rose the loom and awful weight
Of a wall—impassable, grim and dark, and pierced by a thrice-barred gate:
Its sheer-cut base felt the tug of the tides; its crest was the lightning's lair;
Its age was the age of the sins of men which had laid its bastions there:
And the boat of the blind beat against that gate and shivered in dire distress;
And its yawning timbers shattered and choked in the salt sea's bitterness;
And the gate swung ajar in seeming pity to them who knew no law;
And the moil of the boat showed black and green.—*I knew that the helmsman saw.*

The wreckage tumbled in with the surf, churned by the changing spray;
And lo, the men who had mocked were eager to carry the wrack away:
Diligent long did they pace the beach and fashion the foam with their feet,
Treating as gold the broken spars they had scoffed with sullen heat;
Until of the pieces, and other pieces numberless through long years,
The men of the beaches built a temple peerless among its peers.
But they veiled the god in whose honor they wrought in the slight of a thin pretense,
And the name they gave on the high-arched nave was the word "Experience."

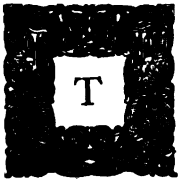
And I knew that the spit where I stood was Life and the sea around was Fate,
And Death was the scroll deep cut in the scarp above the thrice-barred gate:
The ship bore the legend Peradventure, her crew were the heroes and seers,
The great far-eyed of earth who fall pierced by a thousand spears.
The cargo she bore was all men's hopes; her charts God's hand pricked out;
Her anchors were wrought of the sins of men, and the foul of her hull was Doubt;
The men of the spit were the men of the world—mockery, sneers and lies—
Afterwards glad to use the wrack of the men they would fain despise.

And I blest the crew and the boat they manned, and lo, as I rose from the ground
Yet another ship groped out through the gloom to tempt the set of the sound.

MA WILSON

BY WOLCOTT LECLÉAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



HE train crawled and jogged; the engine grunted and wheezed. Trains always went so on this, the only Philippine railway.

Cary, the Supervisor of Pangasinán, had but lately recovered from illness, and also he was overworked, for an epidemic had been stamped out, only to return to the province with redoubled force. He was very tired. For many slowly passing hours he had watched the landscape that dawdled by—bamboo huts, paddy fields, and stretches of grass higher than the head of a mounted man, with the sun blazing pitilessly, save once when a flight of locusts cast a shadow as a cloud might have done. So Cary leaned back and closed his eyes. Soon he had fallen into a troubled sleep, which left him still subconsciously aware of the dust, the heat, and the buzzing flies. He felt the sharp edge of the seat back cutting more and more deeply into his scalp; he knew that soon it would wake him, and he fought against waking. Then something soft was deftly slipped under his head. Cary woke, and sat up, blinking.

"Oh! now I made you wake up," said a regretful voice. "Can't you lie back an' try once more? You look like you needed the sleep, you poor boy."

Cary looked, then rubbed his eyes and looked again. The woman who had spoken was an American—was from New England, if appearance and speech went for anything. She was plump and motherly, with white hair drawn straight back to a little knot behind, and steel-bowed spectacles, with kindly brown eyes behind them. In her hand she held a folded shawl that she had placed

between the seat back and the troubled head that had rested upon it.

Under any circumstances this wholesome woman from home would have been a pleasant sight, but there—at that time, and on that train, empty but for those two—her presence was astounding. Cary stared, too amazed even to smile back at her.

"How did you get here? How did they come to let you through? Do you know where you're going?" he gasped.

"Yes," she replied, nodding composedly. "I can't speak the name the way these folks do, but in English it means St. Charles. Don't this train stop there?"

"Stop at San Carlos?" cried Cary. "Yes. It's the only place it does stop. It's a special, sent to take me there from Manila. But why do you want to go there? Don't you know that the people of the town are dying like flies? That the worst kind of cholera is raging there?"

"Yes," she answered. "They told me all that when they made me get off the reg'lar train back there at Tarlac. Then this train come along an' stopped for water, so I jus' got on. I *had* to come, you see, to this town. My boy's there. He's a pefessor there," she added proudly.

"A what?" asked Cary, puzzled for a moment, as visions of frontier dance halls with male performers sitting behind jingling pianos, rose before him.

"A pefessor," repeated the old lady. "He's principal of the High School there."

Cary tried hard not to smile. He knew what the High School of San Carlos was like. Evidently the son of this old lady had not underrated his importance when writing home.

"He was always dreadful smart," the "per

fessor's" mother went on, beaming at Cary through her spectacles. "He took the speakin' prize at school when he wa'n't more'n ten year old. Prob'ly that's why the Gov'ment got jealous of him, an' poked him 'way off some place the other end o' nowheres. But the boy's uncle—he's a congressman—'tended to that, an' he got me a pass to come here, so's it didn't cost me anything but my victuals. I *hed* to come—why, ther's a baby I ain't never see yet. An' this baby an' his pa is all I got—though 'bout half the town, back where I come from, calls me 'Ma Wilson,'" she ended, with a little laugh.

Cary smiled sympathetically, then became grave again. "I understand," he said. "But I'm troubled to think what is to become of you. You're through the quarantine lines now, so I can't very well send you back. Well, we must do the best we can, I suppose. We're nearly there."

"I'll git along all right," she declared confidently. "But you c'n see how 'twas that I had to come. Why, s'pose my boy—or the baby—was took, an' me away! My! What's that? Are they fightin'?"

While speaking she had been gathering, with Cary's help, the multitudinous bags and parcels without which no woman of her age and class, it seems, is able to travel. But her face paled, and she dropped some of the bundles as a popping, as of distant shots, met her ear.

Cary laughed a little. "It's only burning bamboo," he said reassuringly. "The air inside the sticks burst out as it gets heated. But the sound has deceived people far more experienced than you, Mrs. Wilson."

A whiff of acrid smoke swept through the car, the popping became closer, and in another moment they came in sight of a large Filipino house, built on stilts as all such houses are, one wing of which was burning fiercely. Near by stood a group of Americans, armed with rifles, and back of them was a crowd of sullen natives, one white man among them.

The old lady's cheeks flushed with excitement. "Look! Look at them standin' there an' not doin' a thing to put it out," she cried. "It ain't too late yet, if they'd only set to work. An' there's my boy with 'em, too. What can they be thinkin' of? Are they crazy?"

"They don't want to put it out. There's been cholera in that house, and a pint of ker-

osene and a match are good disinfectants," explained the Supervisor. "And about the only ones we have, too," he added bitterly to himself.

Ma Wilson sat down weakly. The scene was grim enough in its suggestions, and seemed to bring the situation home to her understanding more clearly than any number of words could have done. She sat watching it as though fascinated, and the color left her face.

One of the Americans mounted hastily, and, followed by a native orderly, galloped in the same direction as that in which the train was going. "That's the doctor—the Provincial Physician," said Cary. "He's seen the train, and is going to the station to meet us."

Ma Wilson did not seem to hear him. Mechanically she gathered again her various parcels, and as the train stopped, she rose to leave it, but with eyes and ears only for the new surroundings in which she found herself.

An indefinable air of desolation seemed to hang over the stricken town. Here and there an inspector from the Board of Health hurried from house to house, and a funeral procession passed, two men bearing the mat-wrapped body lashed to a bamboo pole, followed by a sorrowing woman, carrying a child in her arms, while another clung to her skirts as it toddled alongside. Otherwise the streets were grass-grown and empty. They were silent, too; no children cried or shouted, and no gamecocks crowed. That station itself, roofless and with blackened walls, though its condition dated from the time of Aguinaldo, still added to the effect.

The doctor's face was beaming as, dismounting, he came toward Cary. Few things could quench the indomitable good humor of this medico, and a cholera epidemic was not one of them.

"Hello, old man. Glad to see you again," said he. "Got the stuff?"

"Pint of chlorodyne, an ounce or two of opium, and a half dozen brandy. Did you expect more? Yes? Then you were an ass. There wasn't any more, and there won't be, until a torpedo-boat destroyer or a mud scow or something that they've sent to Hong-kong gets back."

The doctor's face fell. "We had 380 deaths yesterday," said he. "Three hundred and eighty in one day, out of the 26,000 inhabitants of this town."

"And Manila had 260 out of 350,000, or thereabout. That's why they cornered the available medicine supply, I suppose, poor dears. But look here, Jack—"

"What on earth—" began the doctor, interrupting, a look of utter astonishment coming over his face. Cary glanced back and saw that Ma Wilson had come around the corner of the station. For the moment he had forgotten her.

"Hush—she'll hear you. She was through the quarantine lines before I saw her. Would come. Got a son here," Cary whispered hurriedly. "Oh, Mrs. Wilson," he called aloud. "This is the doctor of whom I spoke to you—the doctor who takes care of us all. Jack—" Turning, he saw that the medico had gone, and was speaking to the native orderly, who galloped off as fast as his tiny pony would carry him. Then the doctor returned and was introduced.

The ceremony was hardly completed when an ambulance drove quickly up to the platform, and from it there got out a young man, dressed like a native, who promptly was in-folded to Ma Wilson's capacious bosom. Cary caught sight of his face over her shoulder, and with an expression of utter loathing on his own face, Cary turned away.

For it came as a shock to the Supervisor that he had seen this man before, and had known him as one who had committed what, to an American in the Philippines, is considered an unpardonable—the unpardonable—crime. He had married a native, he had thrown in his lot with natives, and, as far as he could, had become one of them. Also, though he was without proof, Cary was certain that this person had guilty knowledge of the theft of some Government money. But even this crime paled to insignificance by the side of the other.

Ma Wilson's son returned her greetings affectionately enough, then gently released himself from her arms. He waved his hand toward the ambulance, from which a woman was just emerging.

"My—my wife, mother," he said, rather uncertainly.

Cary looked at the woman as she straightened upon reaching the platform and turned to speak to some one still inside the covered vehicle. He saw that, though heavy, she still was graceful, but that the lines of her face, through their thick coating of powder, were coarse and hard. In her arms she carried a

bundle. A man of her own race, young and not ill-looking, followed her out of the ambulance, giving her a look as he did so that made Cary stare in surprise at Ma Wilson's son, who appeared to notice nothing. The doctor stood smiling quietly and tugging at his pointed beard as he watched Cary.

"My wife, Mother," repeated Ma Wilson's son.

Before, the old woman had not seemed to comprehend, but now the words forced themselves upon her. She started back, with a little piteous cry, and with one hand clutched at her throat, as though her breath would not come. For a moment she stood there, gazing first at this woman, then at her son. Whereupon her daughter-in-law sniffed audibly, and, tossing her head, flung a few words in the vernacular to her companion, which made Cary frown fiercely, for he understood the words, and they were not nice ones. Wilson laid his hand on his mother's arm.

"Don't mind, Mother," he said, not unkindly. "She don't mean anything—she's a little strange, that's all. She can't talk English, you know."

With an effort Ma Wilson pulled herself together. New England stock does not easily give way for long in times of stress.

"I know, Perfessor-boy, I know," she panted. "'Tain't the way she acted; that was my fault, likely. Only—only you'd ought to 'a' told me. It all come so—so sudden."

"Mother," said the school teacher, with a theatrical dignity that made the Supervisor long to kick him, "is it not fitting that I, who have devoted my life to these people, should choose a wife from among them?"

"But you didn't tell me, so how was I to know?" The old woman sobbed hysterically, but again she pulled herself together. "Don't feel bad, Sonny-boy," she said. "'Course I knew she was Spanish or somehow furren. The name said that. But I didn't expect—and—an' I don't care anyhow! No, I don't! So long es she's a good woman, an' makes you happy, I'll love her like she was my own. Bring her to me, Sonny, an' tell her what I say."

Wilson caught his wife by her shoulder as she stood with her back to him, talking with the man who had accompanied them. She shrugged the shoulder, but yielded to his hand, and came toward the older woman. Then the bundle in her arms stirred, wrig-

gled, and a little hand flapped aimlessly in the air. It was a baby. With a cry of delight Ma Wilson snatched it. For a moment it regarded her critically with its inscrutable black eyes; then it smiled, disclosing two white teeth. Oblivious of all else, its grandmother stood there, with the squirming little ivory-colored creature pressed to her cheek, talking to it by means of those low, inarticulate sounds which seem to be the language of babyhood the world over. The baby's mother turned away indifferently and continued the interrupted conversation with her Filipino friend, whose eyes had never left her.

Looking up, Ma Wilson caught Cary's eye, and smiled at him. "My first gran'son," she said, holding out the baby. "Ain't he—?" She did not finish the question, but left it for Cary to do.

"He is, indeed. All that. Wonderfully so," the poor fellow managed to stammer in reply, painfully aware of his lack of that technical vocabulary of infantile praise which is every woman's birthright. He was spared any further effort, however. With a glance of dislike at Cary, Wilson stepped forward and addressed his mother.

"Come," he said. "It is not far to my house, and we will walk there. I do not care to avail myself of Government transportation—at all events while the Government is represented here as it now is."

The old woman said nothing, but looked from Cary to the doctor with an air of hurt astonishment. She was about to comply, when the doctor stopped her.

"Look here, Wilson," he snapped. "You and your wife can walk till you're both black in the face, if you want to. But your mother isn't going to hike that distance in this sun—and that's settled and flat."

Before Ma Wilson could object, the medico had bundled her rather unceremoniously into the ambulance. For a moment Wilson hesitated, but his wife and her friend already were inside, and even he could not help seeing that his mother's bonnet, though doubtless a proud creation of the local milliner somewhere, was but an indifferent protection from the torrid Philippine heat. So he, last of all, got in, and they drove away.

The doctor heaved a deep sigh as they disappeared. "Now, what in God's name do you think of it?" he said to his friend. "*What* do you think of it? Did you ever *see* such a Comedy of Errors? That good, clean, de-

cent old American woman in such a household. Or a tragedy of errors seems more probable."

"A tragedy of errors, like enough," agreed the Supervisor gravely. Then he looked at the face of his friend, worn and haggard in spite of the good humor it always showed. "Oh, well, Jack, we must do the best we can," he said, trying to speak lightly. "After all, it's no fault of ours. But do you know, one end of it reminds me of a serial story I saw advertised before I left the States—God bless them!—as coming out in some Chambermaid's Delight weekly paper. 'She Was Wedded, but Loved Another,' it was called. Now, who is 'Another,' Jack? I mean, who is that beast of a yellow-faced gu-gu who was throwing the languishing eyes into Wilson's wife? And how did Wilson get here, anyway?"

"Wilson got here on account of political influence; some hayseed congressman, who never saw these islands, even on the map, probably. 'Another' is about the worst we breed here, and that's quite bad enough. He's the man, unless I'm mistaken—and I'm not—that's getting the natives with their backs up. It's hard to do, but he's doing it—blast his soul!"

They had reached the headquarters of the Board of Health. The doctor had appropriated the big convent for this purpose. Approaching it, one was smitten with the smell of carbolic acid. Everything reeked with it—walls, floors, furniture, and even the clothing of the American guards, mostly old soldiers, who stood or lounged about the doorway, awaiting an assignment to duty. Cary turned up his nose at it.

"Never mind, you'll wish for that same smell before long, and won't find it. There's mighty little carbolic left, and no more coming, it seems. But, as you say, we must do the best we can, but the natives are getting ugly about our burning their houses. They don't see the necessity for it, of course. I've taken the city hall—how d'ye call it now?—*presidência*—for a detention camp and the schoolhouse for the hospital. Wilson didn't like it, but he's behaved very well, on the whole. He has the rudiments of an education, and can see why we're doing things, and he tells the natives, and is getting himself disliked in consequence, I hear. But he keeps right on, I'll say that for him. I must make an inspection now. So long."

The doctor waddled off, and Cary threw himself into his work. There was much to do. The doctor, good physician as he was, had but little executive head, and a campaign, with all its myriad details, had to be planned and organized. All of the following days, and most of the nights, Cary was on horseback. In those days his frame grew thinner, as did those of his horses; his head was spinning for want of sleep. He had not seen Ma Wilson. Not only had there been no opportunity, but he felt that, with Wilson's obvious dislike of him, such a visit would be painful to the old lady, and, moreover, there was no occasion. Cholera, as yet, had not reached their part of the town. Both he and the doctor had used special efforts that it should not.

In the infected districts things were going from bad to worse. Daily the number of those doleful little funerals increased, in spite of all they could do. As the doctor had said, the smell of carbolic no longer was perceptible in the convent. All that was left was issued only to the inspectors who went from house to house, and finally there came a day when they carried forth the last of it.

On the evening of this day, Cary, booted and spurred as he had dismounted a few minutes before, had fallen asleep in his chair, when he was roused by footsteps on the polished mahogany floor. It was Clancy, chief inspector, and Cary's right-hand man.

"Well, what is it now?" snapped Clancy's master.

"Cases, sorr, two av thim, in Buldweg. The docthor's gone there already. I didn't want to wake you, sorr, but you gev arrders that you should be let know if——"

Cary sprang to his feet. This was the *barrio*—a village having much the same relation to a town that a ward has to a city—where the Wilsons lived.

"Have one of my horses saddled at once," he ordered, then asked: "Was there any trouble?"

"'Tis already done, sorr. The natives is ugly, an' gettin' uglier, I fear, but there was little trouble. Wan man ran at me wid a bolo," replied Clancy, with a reminiscent grin.

"And you? Did you shoot him? You mustn't unless you have to, you know."

"I did not. I was scatterin' carbolic on the flure, an' some of it got on the bare shanks of the naygur. He'll be runnin' yet. I think,

sorr. I cudden't stop him," said Clancy, as he followed the Supervisor out of the room and down the stairs.

"Do you know this man?"

"I do, sorr, but not be name. 'Tis the man what's always hangin' round the house av that schoolmaster."

"Follow me with a dozen men, mounted, as soon as you can get them," called Cary, and swinging into his saddle, he galloped away.

The road was lined with cocoanut palms, through which the bright moonlight filtered, casting weird shadows that raced over the engineer as he galloped along. A breeze, gratefully cool, came from the sea, and rattled the fronds with a noise like pattering rain. This, and the soft thud of hoofs on the grassy road, were the only sounds. Once a man sprang out from a deep shadow at the horse's head. Cary struck downward with his heavy crop; the blow fell on a basket hat, smashing it. The man reeled back, and the horse galloped on. Evidently, as Clancy had said, the natives were getting ugly. This was the first time such a thing had happened.

From the direction of the cemetery there came the popping of rifles, and a red glow rose in the sky. A moment or two later, another glow, nearer at hand, grew rapidly until it fairly disputed the sway of the moonbeams, and as it shone down the straight road, colored everything as though with blood. By this Cary knew that the doctor already was at work, and that the infected house was becoming harmless by means of the only disinfectant they then had at command.

A little farther along the road, and the burning house was in sight. Standing full in the glare, leaning on a rickety bamboo fence and watching the fire, stood a woman. There was no mistaking the form of Ma Wilson. Cary pulled up and dismounted. She started when she saw who it was, and half turned away, but then turned back again, and held out her hand.

"I'm awful glad to see you," she said simply. "I s'pose I'd ought not to be, but I am, for I know my boy must 'a' made a mistake. It stan's to reason that you wouldn't be a-workin' for these people of his, as he calls 'em, and a-reskin' your life for 'em if you hated an' despised 'em like he thinks you do. But never mind," she added reassuringly. "It'll come out all right. He's too good not to see a mistake when it is a mistake. And

I was dreadful lonesome, an' did need some-buddy to talk to," she finished.

"Where is your son?" asked Cary, shaking hands.

"Over there, talkin' to them people," she replied, with a motion of her head toward the burning house.

Cary looked. A group of sullen natives stood listening with but half an ear to the school teacher who, dressed like themselves, was haranguing them. Near by, the doctor stood by his horse, with a couple of inspectors.

"Your son doesn't seem to be pleasing 'his people' just now; at least they don't seem to approve particularly of what he's saying."

"No," agreed Ma Wilson, with a sigh. "I don't know jest what it is thet he's sayin'. I can't understand that talk; but I think it's about the doctor. He only has three men with him, an' those folks, poor, igner'nt things, do' know what he's tryin' to do for 'em. So they're mad becus he burns the houses. But my boy'll fix all that. It's mighty noble, what he's doin', tryin' to uplift them downtrodden folks, an' has married the woman of his choice, 'stead of lookin' down upon 'em an' despisin' 'em like the other Americans do. It's a glorious life work. Yet——"

Cary had turned his head to conceal a smile, but it vanished quickly of its own accord as something very like a sob broke from the poor old woman. He could think of nothing to say; he nodded sympathetically.

"Some ways I can't help wishin' thet he— he'd thought differ'nt, an' that *she* was more like what we're used to. I can't talk to her. It's dreadful hard to bear. An' she don't act 's though she wanted to talk to me. If she was makin' him happy, 'twould be all right; I could stand anythin' then. But she ain't. He ain't happy, though he won't say so. She don't care for him like she should. The boy says thet it's just her manner, becus her raisin' has been what it was, and her folks is differ'nt, but it ain't so. No woman, no matter where she was born, is so unlike any other woman thet the other woman can't tell such things. It's terrible—*terrible*—to see what I see, an' not be able to do a thing or say a word. An' now if anythin' should happen to the little feller, I jus' don't know what I'd do."

She broke down completely, and buried her face in her arms, which were folded on the fence top, while her shoulders shook.

Cary's every instinct was roused in sympathy, therefore he was stricken dumb, after the manner of his kind.

"I hope nothing has gone very far wrong with the little chap," he ventured, after a while.

Ma Wilson raised her head. "No, I guess not," said she. "But he's ailin'. He's asleep now. I'd like to have the doctor look at him if he would. My boy thought he wouldn't care to, seein' whose son it was, but mebbe—since he's right here——"

"Of course he'll come. Gladly," interrupted Cary, with some indignation, as the old woman hesitated. "What do you take him for, anyway?" He stopped in order to step out and meet Clancy and his men, who came sweeping down the road.

"Don't stop," shouted Cary, as the men slowed. "Go down where you see those natives, and then stand by. Ask the doctor if he'll please come here." Clancy saluted, and put spurs to his horse.

Ma Wilson looked her gratitude, but said nothing, and there was a long pause. Again came the sound of rifles from the graveyard.

"Did you hear that?" asked Cary.

"Yes," she answered, with a brave attempt to smile. "That noise can't fool me no more, though. I've heard too much bamboo a-burnin'. Besides, I can see the fire in the sky there."

"There's no bamboo in that fire," rejoined the engineer. "What you heard was rifles. We're burning bodies *on* consecrated ground because we can't any longer bury them *in* it. The cemetery's full. But I don't tell you this to frighten you. I want you to understand. The people are resisting this—and you hear the result. I want you to come to the convent, where it is safe, and bring the baby—your son, too, for that matter."

"My boy wouldn't go away from the place where he thinks his duty is," said the old woman proudly. "An' do you s'pose I'd leave him? Why, if anythin' was to happen, I'd— Listen!" A feeble wail came from the house. "It's the baby; I must go." And she hurried away.

Cary lighted a cigarette and waited. There was absolutely nothing he could do for this woman, and his inability to aid made him sick at heart. In a little while the doctor came, rolling out of his saddle with a word of explanation on his lips.

"I had to wait and see that the house was



"With a cry of delight Ma Wilson snatched it."

burning so that no one could go inside it before I left. What's wrong here? Not Mrs. Wilson!"

"No. Oh, no. The kiddy; she wanted you to have a look at him, but there's nothing much the matter, she thinks."

"God grant there's not, for her sake," said the doctor fervently. "But I don't think there's any cholera in this *barrio*."

"But what of those two cases that were in that house up there? I don't understand," cried Cary. "Have you sent 'em to the hospital?"

The doctor shook his head. "No. There was no need. They're in the house yet."

"Dead! Already? Heavens, but that's bad! Why, Jack, the cholera hasn't acted as quickly as that since it first came. And

now that the germ has grown weaker, or whatever it is, it takes lots longer. Some of the beggars get well, and the rest don't——"

"I know. Did you ever hear of *El Punto de Flecha*?"

"It's a plant the natives make poison of."

"A tasteless vegetable alkaloid, that acts so like cholera that one can tell it only by a microscopical examination. It's played a considerable part already in this epidemic, I fear. Just now I hadn't my microscope; and if I'd had it, it wouldn't have served to convict any one person. But those two dead men were followers of Wilson, and consequently it is supposable that our little friend 'Another'—who was in the house, you will remember—wouldn't be sorry to get them out of the way. Here comes Clancy back,

with his men. I'm going in to see that child."

Clancy came up. There was no further need of him and the party by the burning house, he said, as the natives had "scattered

been settled before the lighted doorway was again filled by the doctor's burly form.

"The boy's all right enough," said he cheerily, anticipating Cary's question. "Little feverish, that's all. Teeth."



"There was no mistaking the form of Ma Wilson."

an' skydoodled," to use his expression, at the sight of potential force. So he suggested that he and his men, leaving a couple at the Wilson house, should go back to headquarters as the central point, there to be ready for whatever might occur. But Cary decided that for the present, at least, they should stop where they were, so they did. The point had

"Thank God! Thank God for that at least!" said a tremulous voice from the shadows behind.

With a rush, the doctor stumbled down the steps and flashed his electric torch. The circle of light fell on the face of Wilson, haggard and twitching. His body swayed, and he clutched at a gatepost for support.

"What's up with you? Speak, can't you?" snapped the doctor, springing forward. But there was no need to ask, and already he decided in his mind what the answer should be; the face before him was enough for that.

doctor again. "Here, Cary, grab hold, and help me get him into the house."

"Clancy!" barked the Supervisor, gathering Wilson bodily into his arms.

"Here, sorr."



"The woman was smiling triumphantly."

Straightening with an effort, Wilson waved the doctor away, then spoke.

"I am—I'm sick, doctor. Very," he gasped. "I know you—you don't like me. I know what you think of—of me, and I of you—of you. But I thought that perhaps on account—account of my mother, you—"

"Rot, man! Cut that out!" snapped the

"Surround this place. Let no man, woman, or child leave it without orders." Then he carried the limp body of the school teacher into the house and laid it on the bed.

Ma Wilson, from the doorway, had seen and heard it all. From the first she had uttered no sound; there were things to be done, and after the manner of her kind, she was



"Cary could not speak. Leaning down, he kissed her forehead."

doing them. Now she swiftly undressed her son, as she might have undressed a child, but Cary saw, by the light of the smoky kerosene lamp, that her face, usually so rosy, was as white as the hair that framed it.

In its little hammock, slung across a corner, the child was sleeping; in a second corner, "Another" squatted on his heels, his eyes turned on the floor. The child's mother stood near the table supporting the lamp, drawn to her full, graceful height, her arms folded, her face expressionless, and her black eyes seeing everything.

Only once did Wilson show any signs of consciousness. Then he opened his eyes and smiled up at his mother, who smiled bravely in return; then turned away as though to place on a chair the clothes she had removed, and quickly brushed her eyes with the back of her hand. Cary turned, and stared hard out of a window, cursing under his breath.

"Water," said the sick man faintly.

The doctor was dropping some medicine. Lifting quickly from the table a glass, half filled, Wilson's wife swept between his mother and the bed. Raising his head, she held the glass to his lips, and he drank greedily. The doctor raised his eyes, but too late. Before he could interfere, she laid her husband's head back on the pillow and let the glass fall from her hand, so that it broke, and the remainder of its contents ran through the floor of split bamboo, and was lost. The woman brushed by him, and for the first time there was an expression on her face. She was smiling triumphantly.

Instantly the doctor poured his medicine down Wilson's throat, and grasping his wrist, felt for the pulse there. Her hands clinched, and whiter if possible than before, Ma Wilson stood and watched them both. Then she sank heavily into a chair, for the doctor re-

leased his hold and reverently pulled the sheet over the face of her son.

"Get them out of here!" commanded the doctor hoarsely. "Do it now. Send a man for my microscope, and tell him to *ride*."

Before the doctor finished, "Another" and the new-made widow already had passed down the steps. Ma Wilson's body seemed to understand, even though her mind did not. Mechanically taking up the child, she deftly folded a blanket around him, and followed the others. The doctor handed down a chair.

Cary gave the order. In a little while the ambulance drove up at a gallop, and a man got out with the microscope case, which was passed to the doctor. In the interval that followed Cary paced furiously up and down the road, as though his speed could hasten the time. Ma Wilson sat, silent and motionless, in her chair. When at last the doctor came out of the house, he went to her.

"There's no fear of contagion, Mrs. Wilson," he said. "There'll be no quarantine, therefore. I'm sorry to say it—we shall miss you—but don't you think you'd better get away from this place? No good can come of staying, it seems to me."

She slowly shook her head. "No, no good can come. No good—no good," she said. It was the first time she had spoken since she went into the house to hush the crying child. Her two hearers fairly started at the sound of her voice; it was like that of some one else, hard and dry and mechanical.

"The train leaves at three; it's nearly two now," the doctor went on. "So, if you want to—to get your things together, or anything, you know, perhaps you'd better——"

Nodding her acquiescence, Ma Wilson rose, and moved toward the house.

"Call us when you're ready," finished the doctor.

"I won't be long," replied the mechanical voice. "No good of staying now."

She went into the house. The doctor mopped his forehead. "Thank heaven, she didn't see, and didn't understand," he said to Cary. "You did, of course."

"Of course. I never doubted from the first what the cause of death was," replied the Supervisor. "That was why I ordered the ambulance. But, Jack, *can't* we cinch those two brutes some way? Legally, I mean. I'd *rather* do it that way—if I can."

"No. We can't. There's not one atom of legal proof against anyone," answered the

doctor mournfully. "Wilson was ill when he came into the house. God only knows where he got his first dose. But these two people mustn't stay here, where that poor old woman can see them when she comes out." He turned to the woman. "Go!" he said in Spanish, pointing. She rose, and with an insolent leer, sauntered past him.

Cary wasted no words, but stalking to where "Another" squatted, caught that little brown brother by the collar of his shirt and jerked him to his feet. The big Supervisor had played football not so very long before. He took a couple of quick steps and kicked—once. With outstretched arms "Another" soared through the air, crashed through the rickety fence, and fell prone outside. Darting a glance of hatred at the Supervisor, the woman helped her lover to his feet, and together they hurried down the road.

Cary sighed. "Well," said he, "they'll try to run the guards and get away from the town. That's a certainty. And the guards have orders to be especially quick on the trigger to-night. *That's* a comfort."

Ma Wilson came down, dressed for the journey. "This house—an' the things in it—who do they belong to?" she asked.

"Nobody will ever use them again. Don't fear," replied the doctor, with quick intuition, and a shadow of relief passed over her face.

Her bundles were carefully packed around her by Clancy, who then rode ahead to hold the train by force, if necessary, while the ambulance followed at a walk by Cary's orders, in order that the baby might not be awakened. It was waiting when they reached the station. It was in motion again when they had settled the old lady in her seat.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand. Her voice was shaking, but it was her own voice now. "Good-by. I can't thank you. I can't think what to say. I can't even feel it—ner nothin' else—yet. But I'll never forget how good you've be'n."

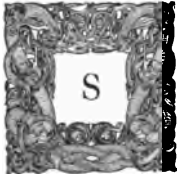
Cary could not speak. Leaning down, he kissed her forehead, then bolted from the car. The doctor had gone before.

For the third time that day, as the two men stood watching the train as it dwindled in the distance, a red glow rose, and they knew that it was Wilson's house that burned, lighting his mother toward the sea and her own country. The train vanished around a curve, and the two Americans wearily mounted and rode back to their work.

THE IMPRESARIO OF MILTON

BY EDWIN BLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON



UPREMEST satisfaction reposed on Joe's face as he closed the door of the Milton Hotel behind him and meditatively drew a coat sleeve across his mouth.

"Relief wagon!" the old man muttered softly to himself. "Wa-al, I'm dummed! Relief wagon fer Joe Milton," and his withered form was doubled up in gales of silent laughter.

Slowly the old man walked up the crooked street with its ramshackle little frame dwellings leaning toward their counterparts across the way. Down the long, narrow grass-grown street running from the hotel to the foothills not a vestige of life was visible. Not a sound broke the stillness of the little mountain village; not a sign of human activity anywhere in the whole town—with its huts all broken in the joinery; jagged holes where windows had been, and the joints of tin that answered for chimneys lying with drunken gayety

at all sorts of crazy angles. Not a dog trotted down the thoroughfare, not a wagon rumbled in the distance. Everywhere was solitude so intense as to be awful.

Yet the old man seemed to walk straighter as he progressed and to look about more and more carefully as with intense satisfaction he pointed his cane at something in the distance.

"Most mail time," he cheerily sang out, as though to some one across the street. The sturdy tones came hurtling back from the hills with a hollow, mocking sound, "Most mail—time—mail—time—time," and like a skipping pebble fell spent in the bottomless waters of Infinity. But Joe was not thinking of any such intangible things at the present moment, as he keenly scrutinized the speck of dust visible down the road.

He was a man of not much over fifty who looked seventy—albeit a hale and hearty seventy, with his snow-white hair gracefully framing a gentle, determined face. All the spirit of the untamed West



"All the spirit of the untamed West was in that face."



"Hank gave the cheery old man a hearty hand-grip."

was in that face plus the refinement of the man who knows things and moreover knows that he knows them. His form was sturdy—yet not so rugged as it should have been to endure the hardships his solitude had forced upon him. For Joseph Milton was the sole inhabitant of Milton, Wyoming.

Twenty years before, he—then a prospector young at the game—had struck a pocket of nigh free gold. It was a rare fine vein and the farther he went the more it broadened and smiled at him. Not being a Western man, he immediately hoofed it to the nearest town and invited his friends back East to share the bonanza. But even telegraph wires forsake the inane dash and dot system when loaded with messages of this sort and the magic word G-O-L-D fairly sizzled from the ticker, so that all might hear. Suffice it, that immediately upon sending the message, the Fremont operator forsook his keys and toilsomely led the procession to Milton. Led

the way—for he was followed by a vast concourse from all over the West. How they knew no one can say, but GOLD is written on men's foreheads in that country, and their boot nails spell out the magic word on the very ground they tread. By the time the Easterners arrived, Milton—named for its discoverer—was a booming hell-hole of 10,000 souls, working like mad by day and playing like mad at night. Shanties were speedily erected; a hotel was built; stores went up; then came the local newspaper—*The Thunderer*; but all followed the gambling houses and saloons. Enterprise was in the very air, and danced its merry way to the music of dynamite blasts, and cradles and hammers and the click of little ivory balls. It was a real boom—not one of the made-to-order kind. The gold was there—everywhere in paying quantities fairly beckoning the hungry man animal.

That was Milton's big day. It always is

in a mining town—the time before the greed fever is satiated. Then an era of prosperity set in. Men talked of building decent

farther than talk; Joe was made postmaster. The editor was killed; Joe took his place—and a right smart sheet did he get out. So,



"'Cross country, ignoring the roads, dashed the mad cavalcade."

dwellings—and never did it. A movement was on foot to have it raised from a fourth-class to a third-rate post office—and got no

on and on through all the endless changes every mining town makes, until his pride in Milton was like a father for his child. He

sold his claim, everything he gave up to the one idea. Roundly he rated public men editorially for the slipshod dwellings they occupied; "Civic pride," he thundered, "civic pride," but his voice was as a whisper in the ears of the gold-lustful men. Mines—mines—mines. The money fairly shrieked on its way to Milton. Everyone wanted a bit of the bonanza, so the Mining Exchange was built. Now all these changes took years. Then came the reaction. The fever was on again. Mines thinned; veins mysteriously disappeared; always a foot from where the toilers stopped, discouraged, did they reappear. Disappointment followed disappointment. Glade, twenty miles east, was booming. The gambling houses were thinning out. Then men began to move to later strikes—leaving good claims behind. The exodus of the few became the panic of the many, and the line at the post office, which of a Sunday had strung out clear to the foothills, now could easily get within the little building.

Old Joe noticed the change and vaguely it piqued him, as a child. But he went on the even tenor of his way, marking the difference in the mail time, saw the time when only one man answered his booming bass—"All ready"; remembered the time when all alone he dug that man's grave and went back to town—his town—to sadly sort over the mail the others had left, and to wait the few odd letters that still arrived. Some went as they came, hurriedly, madly, convulsively; others moved the very roofs over their heads; a few took their stock and provisions; but most had left all things absolutely and gone away with no ties or impedimenta save the glitter lust in their eyes to hunt—and hunt—and hunt, leaving everything, anything, just as they had deserted some other place to come.

For a long time Joe Milton failed to realize the change—so sudden had the shock been. When he did, there was no brooding; only a mighty yearning to get them back, and a terrible hatred for the town that had called them. He set about his work in a slow, plodding way, getting out *The Thunderer* once a month now, instead of weekly; swung open the post-office window just half as often, but fully as religiously; regularly went to the Mining Exchange, and, clanging the big gong over the clerk's desk, solemnly announced the suspension of business for the day; prepared his breakfast at the hotel, and cere-

moniously ate it in the big dining room; bought all his goods from the deserted stocks, entered the purchase in the books, and deposited its value in the cash drawer. Never for one moment did he allow himself to regard his old townspeople as other than away on a visit. He had made Milton once; now he would remake it. So with pick and hammer every day the old man prospected. A rare diviner he was too. Gold he found—gold in paying quantities; gold in old deserted claims, just a little bit farther on. But never the big strike. These were just mere claims; only an item in *The Thunderer*.

And then one wonderful day—marvelously like another twenty years ago—he lit on a beautiful bit of rock, and that same day—irony of fate!—the relief wagon called on the crazy inhabitant of Milton—for crazy, Joe had been dubbed for years. Frank Peters drove the wagon clear from Glade, and Joe received him; radiantly happy at his assay, on the steps of the hotel. Courteous as ever, he prepared a hospitable dinner for the man who had come to relieve his want; showed him over the old town with childish glee—the Exchange, stores, the latest copy of *The Thunderer*, and gently saw him on his way back to Glade nonplused.

"He moight be crazy an' then ag'in he moightn't, but he's sure queer," was Frank's sage comment on returning.

So the matter was dropped temporarily. He had food, raiment, and lodging, and was happy. Al Rankin voiced the sentiment of the camp when he said:

"We're all loco, an' if Joe thinks thar's gold thar, we're a hell of er lot ter take him away."

The next day—the one on which this story opens—Joe Milton, attired in his best Sunday raimenting, in honor of his strike, was going to receive the mail. Long and steadfastly he gazed at the tiny speck of dust in the distance drawing nearer and nearer until a man on horseback could be distinguished. Then it was possible to make out the features, and finally Hank Ayres, swinging his heavy mail pouch to the ground, followed it and gave the cheery old man a hearty hand grip.

"Couple er letters to-day, Joe."

A fitting expression of delight crossed the old man's features.

"Hev a drink, Hank. Dusty ridin'?"

"Thanks! 'Tis dusty. Donkeer ef I do."

Solemnly the two linked arms and slowly

paced across the deserted street to the hospitably open door of Danny Callahan's old place. The old man stooped painfully under the counter at one end of the bar and deposited a bottle of "rye" before the mail carrier. With a hearty "How," and a hasty swipe of lips with coat sleeves, the two drank.

"Danny's away," the old man finally vouchsafed.

"Thasso?" Hank shuffled his feet uneasily as Joe threw a half dollar into the cash drawer.

"Ya-as. Been gone some time now. Orter be back this week."

"Thasso?" more uneasily than before.

"Business goin' ter hell ef he stays gone. I alluz liked Danny, but he hadn't orter stay so long ter onct," he continued.

This conversation was too one-sided for the dusty rider, much too queer for him to enjoy, so he broke the monotony by judiciously tilting the bottle toward the old man's glass. "Say when," he remarked sententiously. Another guttural "How" and a half dollar went jingling across the bar. The old man quickly shoved it back.

"Cyan't nobody pay hyar to-day, Hank, but me. I struck it rich."

Incredulously he gazed at the barkeeper, but the look of quiet assurance he received in return gave him a start.

"What!"

Had Hank been closely observant he would have noticed a look of cunning, altogether alien, on the open countenance opposite him. The old man turned his back, apparently busying himself with the bottles, while his eyes were fixed on the reflection of the mail carrier's features in the bar glass.

"Wa-al, Hank, I jest can't natcherly say I struck it rich lately. I seemed to know gold 'us all over these hyar diggin's. Ye see I've been alone hyar fer nigh on five years, an' a man's got a lot er time ter think whar gold is, then."

"But ye said ye'd struck it!"

This time Joe did not attempt to suppress a look of extravagant trickery as he carefully unfolded a copy of *The Thunderer* laying among the multifarious bottles, and spread it before the eager man.

Hank regarded the paper carelessly, disgust overshadowing his features. "Joe," he finally drawled, as he disdainfully tossed the paper back, "my literary persoot o' totin' mail ain't eddicated me up ter *The Thunderer*.

Not sayin'," he hastily interposed as he saw a hurt look steal over the old man's face, "as 'tain't th' best sheet in Idyho—but I likes ter read it slow an' kerful-like goin' hum, so's I don't miss nothin'. Now, speakin' o' strikes. Didn't I hear tell somethin' 'bout er strike? As you wus a-sayin'——"

The old man with a look of speedy good nature—almost childish in its blandness—handed the paper back to the man. "Jest take it to the boys when ye go back. It's sorter a letter to 'em. I been here nigh onter five years all alone now, an' I'm gittin' lonesome. I want 'em to come back. They's gold hyar—heaps er gold. Don't seem right fer the boys ter leave me so long. I want 'em ter come back. Milton's a good town, an' there's gold hyar. Take it to 'em, Hank, an' tell 'em to read it all through. Tell 'em there's gold hyar. Tell 'em for me." Eagerly the old man clutched his companion's sleeve—"Tell 'em I'm lonesome—ole Joe. Tell 'em that. Won't yer, Hank?"

The rough fellow looked pityingly at the man behind the bar.

"Joe, yer hadn't orter be hyar this-a-way. Donno wat's goin' ter happen ter yer. Come along with me."

The man who a moment before had seemed about to burst into tears became convulsed with an eager fury.

"Damn yer pity! I ain't a askin' no favors of ye! I tell yer thar's gold hyar. Gold! Hell! Gold ter burn!"

"I ain't never ar'sd nobody ter come ter Milton. Milton don't need nobody. I didn't ax nobody ter come ter Milton twenty years ago. I managed ter keep her goin' then thouten no passel o' fools that 'ud live in a measly little hole like Glade. They jes' natcherly cum. Whatta ye got at Glade?" His voice rose with all the disgust of a world. "Ye got a six-dollar mine 'at petered on ye! Mebbe ye'll find th' vein ag'in! Mebbe! Sure, ye might; an' mebbe it'll turn up an' assay *five* dollars—why it might make *six*! Ye can't never tell 'bout these hyar rich veins over ter Glade. Cose I ain't a axing nobody ter leave Glade for Milton. Milton's worked out! When a *fifty-dollar* vein gets lost they ain't no chance o' ever findin' it ag'in! Ye only finds yer *rich six-dollar* uns. You know that, Hank. Ye've been livin' in Glade long 'nuff ter know that. But ole Joe Milton—he's been a-lookin' so long fer th' fifty-dollar boy 'at he's loco. Sure; plumb loco!

"Now thar's a boy as believes in Milton." Unfolding the newspaper Joe proudly indicated the large cut of a man. "Dr. Bartle by name, who asked the world to come and be cured of rheumatism and catarrh by sending fifty cents mailing charges and receiving a free bottle of Bartle's Tanya Elixir in return. That man"—again he rested his withered finger on the advertisement—"that man's run this hyar ad. fer ten year thouten stopping; cose he ain't paid nothin' las' five, but he showed his *faith*, an' he's a frien' o' mine. Have a drink, Hank?"

An hour later a sorely perplexed man rode slowly out of Milton, an empty mail pouch hanging from the horn of his saddle. He was puzzling over the four-sheet copy of *The Thunderer* filled with foolish little items concerning the absence of certain prominent citizens from town, and remarks regarding prospecting tours made by one "Joe Milton, Postmaster of Milton," and "Joseph Milton, Editor of this paper," and "Joe Milton, clerk of the Mining Exchange," etc., etc. Here and there a scare head chronicled improvements made in divers buildings of the town. And Dr. Bartle, in the solemn dignity of frock coat and spectacles, flamboyantly proclaimed his message of joy to a rheumatic populace.

There was much mirth in Pete's that night as Hank told of his experience—mirth mixed with sadness as they thought of the plight of their erstwhile comrade. A hush fell over the rough crowd as they gazed at Joe's message to them. Crazy or sane—something in the very word "Gold" in that far Western region has a power to send a chill over men's hearts and numb their brains. Gold—gold—gold—gold—they had given their lives to the cabalistic word. A feeling of pity akin to awe swept over the assemblage as they saw the effect this tireless devotion had had upon one of their comrades. He was not the first they had known to go mad in the elusive chase.

"Reckon we'd orter made him jine us," sadly ruminated Danny Callahan, which remark seemed to sum up the general sentiment.

"Wa-al, I dunno," said the chagrined man who had met such a polite rebuff only a few days before when driving the relief wagon. "He's a purty hard costumer ter handle."

"Boys, it's up to us," broke in Pete, the proprietor of the house. "We'll jest go round thar, leisure like, next week and take

keer o' the old man. He ain't got no business bein' alone, ef he's crazy."

"Crazy! Crazy hell!" burst in a wrinkled old gold hunter by the stove. "Ain't we all crazy? None o' our business ef a man 'at's crazy wants ter prospect 'ith a lot o' type, stid of er pick. Ain't I right, Hank?" But Hank vouchsafed no answer. He didn't know what to think. Somehow he didn't believe the old man was crazy. There was something almost wise in his conversation; something that wasn't insane in his tirade of sarcasm. Hank Ayres was puzzled, but Hank alone, and it was readily agreed the relief wagon should set out again next Sunday, take the old man by surprise, and bring him in by force if necessary. And many a heart ached under its rough red shirt as they realized the utter dreariness of his life for the last five years.

The week passed rapidly—all too quickly for the arrangements to be made before they could bring their comrade back. A doctor must be obtained and Sid Johnson was dispatched to the nearest town to bring him. Then a shack should be comfortably fixed up to shelter the old man. Nothing was spared to cure his malady. They would make amends for their cruel neglect—and eagerly they set to work. At the end of the week all arrangements had been completed and there only remained a choice of who was to accompany the relief wagon. It was dangerous work. Joe must not be hurt at any cost—chances were, some one else would be. It was not a question of volunteers—rather one of making a choice. They should be old friends, and tact was first to be employed; they must be men of fighting ability—and these two qualities were almost incompatible in the township, where "Shoot first an' talk arter" was from long usage popularly supposed to be biblical writ. Sim Peters, Jake Brown, "Slim" Hawkins, and Tom Hart were the chosen ones.

True "Slim" was not much of a fighter and Jake a bit too hasty on the trigger, but it was the best selection they could make, and Saturday night the town devoutly prayed the two might equalize each other.

Sunday morning broke bright and clear and a thousand or more men cheered them off on their errand of mercy. Slowly the rumbling old wagon rattled over the rough road while the four men with set, determined faces stood unsteadily on their feet in the

bed and waved their hats to the rapidly receding throng.

The crowd adjourned to Pete's to await developments. It was a nasty job those four were going on and the probabilities were they would not all return. Death by the trigger is a matter of no great consequence out there, but deliberately sending men to that death—ah—that is another matter.

Al Drummond sat at the table where the paper that had caused all the mischief lay, idly glancing now and then at its tiresome repetitions. Suddenly he became as stone. "Boys!" he huskily called. A few men glanced from the bar in his direction, then turned away. Eagerly he traced some words out with his finger, then jumping from his seat, waved the paper aloft. A few idly speculated as to how Al had managed to acquire such an early drunk. He jumped upon the table and held the paper over his head. "Boys," he fairly yelled—"look, boys, am I plumb loco?" Such actions were unprecedented and the gang set down their glasses and gazed inquiringly. "Boys, didn't Hank say this hyar was a letter to us?"

"You shore am *plumb loco*," testily remarked the wrinkled old prospector as he swallowed his whisky.

"Boys, did ye ever know ole Joe ter lie?"

Drummond seemed choking with excitement. His mouth opened and shut in a most alarming manner. Finally he fairly burst forth. "*Look at ole Doc Bartle!*"

He threw the paper in their midst and lo!

Do you suffer from rheumatism? Do not be discouraged because—

Joe Milton assayed his strike of last Monday in Lone Gulch at sixty-nine a ton.

Dr. Bartle will cure you.

Twice they read. A moment they looked at each other in dismay and chagrin.

The relief wagon! With a wild yell the place was evacuated. Pellmell, helter-skelter they made for the door. No interchange of courtesies now. The gold thirst was upon them all and they fairly fought their way out. Only one man used the back entrance, and that was Pete, the boss, and in a trice he was saddling his pony for its long dash. Crack—crack—went revolvers as men, balked in their efforts to find their ponies, quickly shot off their guns as an outlet to their spleen. Clickety, clickety, clickety, clickety sounded a lone pony's hoofs as one solitary man dashed across country first at the start. The

sounds grew louder. There was a buzz—the noise, deafening noise of a thousand men's intense silence. Then clickety—clickety—clickety, rum—pedidum—pedidum, louder—louder—beat the hoof on the hard ground until a fair riot of thundering hoof beats shook the earth. 'Cross country, ignoring the road, dashed the mad cavalcade—'cross country—short cuts, anything to be first, on—on—on—while the sweat of horse and man blended in an indescribable steam. Did the animal lag, ready spurs were fiercely driven into his sides, but not more bloody were the poor beasts' flanks than the eyes of their riders. Fiercely—madly they rode, nor stopped to help the man who fell. Cursing—panting fiends they rode. Now a neigh of distress as a pony stumbled—oaths and the reports of revolvers—flashes of light in the clear air. Mad—mad—mad, every one of them on the way to Milton. At last the town was in sight. The ponies were flecked with bloody foam and still they plied the quirt. Men dismounted and ran—ran like sprinters, notwithstanding their clumsy boots, up the grass-covered street of the town.

An old man stood in his shirt sleeves before the post office—the only placid figure in the world that day. Steadfastly he watched the crazy mob dashing up the street, some afoot, some horseback. They caught sight of him and a roar of joy went up to the heavens. Thank God! The relief wagon had been anticipated! An odd smile curved the corners of his mouth as he slowly withdrew within the building and double barred the doors. The first man sprang forward and threw his weight against them, but not an iota of give was in their solid portals. Old Joe was not in sight, but peacefully sorting over the mail within the inclosure, just as he had sorted that same mail for five years. The whole mad mob was outside. Again and again they tested the door. It would not give. Boom! Crash, and it flew off its hinges under the mighty impact of their concerted weight. A mad surge forward and then—the mob halted under the muzzles of two nasty-looking revolvers. Like a bit of steel came the old man's tones, every word distinct as the crack of a whip.

"Consarn ye, what'd ye bust my door fer? This yer post office ain't never opened till three o'clock an' it ain't agoin' ter be."

"Come out, Joe! Come on out!" a lone man in the rear called.

"Ye've waited five years fer yer mail; reckon ye can wait till three o'clock," and *click* went the shutter right in the face of the nonplused mob.

Every second an hour, they stood. Waited when gold was in the very air about them. At last the shutter flew open with a snap and again the men sprang forward. "Where's the strike?" pleadingly. "Where's the strike, Joe?"

"Hold yer hosses an' get in line."

This man was trifling with them. Maybe he was lying about the strike after all. Pete sprang forward, an ugly look on his face.

"Joe, ye're all right, but we want ter know 'bout that strike. Wuz ye joshin' us?"

A threatening murmur at the very suggestion arose.

"Pete Browning, git in line, damn ye! Ye git in line now. I'm postmaster hyar, an' ye'll get yer mail fust er I'll know the reason why. They hain't agoin' ter be no disorderly conduct in my post office 'cordin' to the Rules and Regulations er the United States er Ameriky. Git in line!"

Sullenly the mob aligned itself before the little window and again it stretched its serpentine length through the building, down the street clear to the foothills. Silently they received their mail or asked for it, and sulkily ignored his pleasantries. Finally the last man was through and he emerged from his shelter.

"Naow, boys, come along. Postmaster fust, miner arter! Come along an' I'll show ye somethin' that'll— Hello! Hello, Slim! Hello, Jake! Come fer yer mail? No! Wa-al, ye'll git it!"

"Tell him, quick," fiercely hissed Pete, and they looked in amaze at the lowering faces about them. "Tell him wat yer cum fer," repeated Pete, and Slim, the pacificator of the relief-wagon expedition, confusedly spoke up.

"Wa-al, Joe, reckon we uns wuz wrong. But we 'lowed as you 'uz loco."

The old man regarded them silently a moment, then chuckled gleefully.

"Loco, eh? Wa-al, mebbe I be. But I ain't never lived in Glade, an' I struck it twist. Loco! Wa-al, I'm dummed!"

And the procession slowly followed his chuckling lead down the grass-grown main street of the town of Milton out into the foothills.

All that day did Joe show them his strike and help them stake claims around him. Merrily he showed them assays he had taken of deserted claims that now looked extremely good.

But at night when the tired, glad men assembled in Danny Callahan's, the old man seemed to lose his gayety. The eager throng, pressing about, could drag from him nothing save monosyllables. Finally he looked up and said very softly, so that only those immediately around heard:

"Waal, boys, it's tough work for an ole man—this hyar minin'. Jes' let me watch ye, an' tend post office." A moment he paused at the door. "Don' ye reckon ye'd better sen' yer relief waggin back ter Glade? If ye stays a little while, ye won't need it no more."

And as he slowly left the room, not a man but knew what he meant.

THE COLD POOR

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

HIGH crucified on every winter's night,
Bound to the cross of every wind that blows,
Frost on my lips that leaves a kiss of blue,
And on my head the thorns of driven snows.

Sleep may not lay her hand in that of Pain
Or Hope trail silver garments through the dust,
For Fate decrees the lines I have to read,
Hell is what is and Heaven but a crust.

THE PRETORIAN GUARD OF "FLOATERS"

BY R. H. FULLER



IN the days of Roman decadence it was the custom of the Pretorian Guard to sell the Empire to the highest bidder and the imperial purple was awarded to the aspirant who had the longest purse. In these days of strength and prosperity in the United States there has sprung up a Pretorian Guard of venal voters who are seeking to dispose of the offices which are filled by election on the same sordid principle.

Encouraged at first by the political "machines" of both parties they have grown beyond the power of the "machines" to suppress them. They exist in greater or less numbers in every State and in every political division which is capable of being contested by both parties with hope of success. Immunity from punishment has increased their exactions until in many localities they now hold the balance of power and are able to cry "Stand and deliver!" to both the party organizations. The political leaders know that in many cities, counties, and even States, refusal of their demands will entail defeat. Both sides are compelled to yield and to suffer spoliation in silence, since by yielding they make themselves the accomplices of the vote sellers, and both being equally guilty, neither is in a position to complain.

Long-continued bribery has deadened the conscience of many communities. Sons have followed the example of their fathers and the sale of votes has become a recognized and permanent family asset. The contagion has spread even to partisan voters, who, while refusing to sell their votes, decline to vote at all unless paid by their party organization.

No State in the Union is entirely free from vote-selling mercenaries, and in some of the States their strength has reached enormous proportions. Once established, the practice of bribery is tolerated and even shielded by public opinion. The disgrace which originally attached to it ceases to exist. The legal penalties against it are either not enforced at all, or if prosecutions take place, the prosecuting officials connive at acquittal or permit the lightest possible penalties to be imposed.

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of dollars are paid to the modern Pretorian Guard in every general election. Nobody knows what the precise expenditure is. The amount is not measured in any single fund, no matter how large it may seem. It is made up of an undefined proportion of all the various funds—national, State, county, district.

When Abraham Lincoln ran for Congress his friends raised a fund of \$200 to promote his election. He returned \$199.75 after the campaign, explaining that on one occasion he had been "cornered" and had been compelled to buy cider. It is said to have cost W. A. Clark \$431,000 to have himself elected to the United States Senate from Montana.

In the debate in the last session of Congress on the bill providing for the publication of the campaign expenses of nominees for federal office, which failed to pass, Representative William Sulzer, of New York, read to the House a statement of the funds raised by the Republican and Democratic National Committees in Presidential contests since 1860. Mr. Sulzer assured the House that the statement had been prepared by "competent and experienced men," and that he was convinced

of its approximate correctness. This statement was as follows:

Year	Republican	Democratic
1860.....	\$100,000	\$50,000
1864.....	125,000	50,000
1868.....	150,000	75,000
1872.....	250,000	50,000
1876.....	950,000	900,000
1880.....	1,100,000	355,000
1884.....	1,300,000	1,400,000
1888.....	1,350,000	855,000
1892.....	1,850,000	2,350,000
1896.....	16,500,000	675,000
1900.....	9,500,000	425,000
1904.....	3,500,000	1,250,000

Considering the magnitude of the evil of vote buying in the United States the public papers of executive officials and the records of legislative bodies are astonishingly free from allusions to it. Yet the allusions that have been made reveal with sufficient clearness the actual conditions that exist. President Roosevelt said in his message to Congress in 1904:

"The power of the government to protect the integrity of the election of its own officials is inherent and has been recognized and affirmed by repeated declarations of the Supreme Court. There is no enemy of free government more dangerous and none so insidious as the corruption of the electorate. No one defends or excuses corruption and it would seem to follow that none would oppose vigorous measures to eradicate it. I recommend the enactment of a law directed against bribery and corruption in federal elections. The details of such a law may be safely left to the wise discretion of the Congress, but it should go as far as under the Constitution it is possible to go, and should include severe penalties against him who gives or receives a bribe intended to influence his act or opinion as an elector; and provide for the publication, not only of the expenditures for nominations and elections of all candidates, but also of all contributions received and expenditures made by political committees."

Familiar as he was with the conditions which exist in "practical politics" in his own State of New York, President Roosevelt's recommendations were not idly made. These conditions were set forth in the annual message to the Legislature of one of his Democratic predecessors in the office of Governor

of the State—David B. Hill—for many years leader of his party and fully informed of the minutest details of political management. As long ago as 1889, Governor Hill's message to the Legislature contained the following:

"Large sums of money are expended at each election, especially in the rural districts, for the ostensible and avowed purpose of getting the vote out. This alleged purpose in most cases is a mere pretense, however, and a transparent excuse for bribery and corruption. Money is disbursed under a thinly disguised claim that it is paid and exacted for teams, time of men, and other services in getting the electors to the polls, when in fact its real design or effect is to influence the man whose team or services are nominally employed, and thereby secure his vote and the votes of his neighbors who accompany or assist him. The political committees of both parties report that all over the State many electors, for the purpose of exacting money, assume a disinclination to vote, and oftentimes assert that they will not vote unless they are paid for their time and expenses of getting to the polls; and both political parties are thus compelled to hire their own adherents to come out and vote their own party ticket."

Official testimony that the bribery of voters prevails in other States is not lacking. Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin, of Rhode Island, in a special message to the Legislature of that State in 1903, depicted the prevalence of bribery there. He said:

"That bribery exists to a great extent in the elections of this State is a matter of common knowledge. No general election passes without, in some sections of the State, the purchase of votes by one or both the great political parties. It is true that the results of the election may not often be changed so far as the candidates on the State ticket are concerned, but many assemblymen occupy the seats they do by means of purchased votes.

"In a considerable number of our towns bribery is so common and has existed for so many years that the awful nature of the crime has ceased to impress. In some towns the bribery takes place openly; is not called bribery, nor considered a serious matter. The money paid to the voter, whether \$2, \$5, or \$20, is spoken of as 'payment for his time.' The claim that the money given to the elector is not for the purpose of influencing

his vote, but is compensation for time lost in visiting the polls, is the merest sophistry, and should not deceive any adult citizen of ordinary intelligence. It is well known that in such towns, when one political party is supplied with a corruption fund and the other is without, the party so provided invariably elects its assembly ticket, thus affording positive proof that the votes are bought and the voters bribed."

In Rhode Island, according to former Governor Garvin, a favorite method of bribing the voter is through what is known as "the Tasmanian dodge," because it was first practiced in Tasmania when the Australian ballot was adopted there. This "dodge" consists of giving the voter whose vote is to be purchased a ballot prepared in advance by the men who do the bribing. The voter obtains his ballot in the usual way from the election officials, but he votes the ballot which has been prepared for him and delivers the ballot which he has obtained at the polls to the bribers, who take it from him and pay him his bribe. The new ballot is then marked and the operation is repeated with another voter, who, in turn, delivers a fresh ballot, and so the bribery is continued.

The purchasable vote in Rhode Island is estimated at ten per cent of the total vote, and the same proportion exists in New Hampshire. In Connecticut it is sixteen per cent and in New York fifteen per cent.

In New York, Massachusetts, and other States which have adopted the main features of the Australian ballot law, the "Tasmanian dodge" is prevented by numbering all the official ballots on the stub, noting the number of the ballot delivered to each voter, and again noting the number of the ballot which he offers to deposit in the ballot box.

It is rare that the man who negotiates the bribe is the man who actually pays it. Various tokens are given to the voter to be "cashed" at some designated place. In a recent bribery case in Brooklyn testimony was given on the trial that the voter who was bribed received a card bearing the inscription "Christmas Dinner." This card was exchangeable for \$2 in a certain saloon.

In a town in the interior of the State containing 900 voters, the canvass lists of the Republican and Democratic committees showed that 446 of them were purchasable. The system in this town is for the voter to hold up his fingers to indicate the number of

dollars that he wants for his vote. The purchaser gives the voter a card of a certain color and this card is afterwards cashed. The paymaster stands with his back to the voter, receives the card, and makes the payment called for without turning his head, so that, if necessary, he can truthfully say that he does not know who received the bribe. The entire transaction is carried through without the exchange of a word on the subject.

In Delaware one of the tokens used a few years ago was a celluloid button of a peculiar form. Another was a tin tag stamped "O. K."

David B. Hill's reference to the hiring of teams and payments for time lost in going to the polls in the rural districts of New York State was an allusion to a practice which has prevailed for years in nearly all the rural counties of the State. Another method is to hire an unlimited number of "workers" on pretense of getting out the reluctant voters. Expenditures for these purposes are specifically authorized by the law. There are many gradations between these semilegitimate forms of influencing voters and the outright purchase of votes. In many districts in the State, especially in the northern counties, large numbers of voters, from fifteen to thirty per cent of the entire body, will not go to the polls unless they are paid. The majority of these voters cannot be induced to vote any other ticket than that nominated by their own party, and they would feel insulted if it should be suggested to them that they had been bribed. Their attitude is virtually that of the blackmailer.

It is extremely difficult to break up this custom when it has prevailed in a locality for years, because it is not regarded as in any sense dishonorable. In Livingston County, in the western part of the State, it had prevailed for a considerable period when James W. Wadsworth, Jr., speaker of the Assembly, was nominated in 1905. It is the custom of the county to leave to the nominee for the Assembly the management of the campaign in his own town. Mr. Wadsworth determined to expend no money for votes. The "floaters" were incensed by this decision, and in his first campaign they cast their votes for his opponent and he lost the town. To intensify their disappointment, some strategist of the enemy spread the rumor that the Republicans had a large fund to be expended for vote-buying. This rumor reached a band of 160 Italian voters who were em-

ployed in the town, and they came to the polling place in a body before the polls were opened, demanding through their spokesmen \$1,600 for their votes. This demand was refused, and they waited near the polling place until four o'clock in the afternoon and then went away without voting at all.

This is by no means the only instance in the State of the revenge taken by floaters whose demands have been refused. The city of Ogdensburg in St. Lawrence County, a Republican stronghold, is practically governed by its mercenary voters. The struggle between the party managers for the control of the city created a corps of "floaters" which A. B. Gray, a member of the Assembly from St. Lawrence, in the course of a debate in the Legislature last winter upon a bill of local importance, estimated at 1,400 in a voting population of 4,000. The demands of these "floaters" became so exacting that a few years ago the party managers on both sides agreed to try the experiment of purchasing no votes. To teach them a lesson, the "floaters" banded together and elected the Prohibition nominee for Mayor over both the Republican and the Democratic candidates. The normal Prohibition vote in the city is about 200.

In some localities in the State, to avoid angering the "floaters," the party managers on both sides have been accustomed to divide the purchasable vote between them before the election, agreeing upon a price for votes and purchasing only the voters whose names appeared upon their respective lists.

In the smaller cities in the interior of the State, where the purchase of votes has been the custom for many years, it has reached almost incredible proportions. In one election district in such a city 157 Republican votes were cast in a recent election, and the Republican leader of the district admitted afterwards that he had personally paid for 143 of them.

In Delaware the chances of bribery with impunity are increased by the constitutional provision in the State that the Attorney-General shall have sole power to bring prosecutions. The persistent efforts of J. Edward Addicks to have himself elected to the United States Senate from Delaware brought about a reign of election debauchery in the State which was described in detail by George Kennan after an investigation of the campaign of 1902. He found that in one Kent

County voting precinct, 175 Union Republicans out of 225 had been paid. In the second precinct of the Second Representative District in Sussex County, the Addicks men spent between \$9,000 and \$10,000, and bought 307 of their 401 votes. In the northern part of Nanticoke Hundred, in Sussex County, they polled 158 votes, of which 140 were purchased. In the Fifth District of Sussex they spent \$5,700 for 407 votes; in the Fourth District \$4,500 was expended for 240.

Similar conditions were brought about in Montana by the Clark-Daly fight.

Most people no doubt still remember the sensation that was caused in the Presidential campaign of 1888 by the publication of the famous "blocks of five" letter, written by Colonel Dudley, manager of the Republican campaign in Indiana, to the chairman of a Republican County Committee in that State. There were from 20,000 to 30,000 purchasable voters in Indiana and the State was close.

"Divide the floaters into blocks of five," Colonel Dudley wrote to his lieutenant, "and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away and that all vote our ticket. . . . There will be no doubt of your receiving the necessary financial assistance through the national, State, and county committees, and only see that it is husbanded and made to produce results."

Matthew Stanley Quay was chairman of the Republican National Committee in that campaign, and while the "floaters" were being taken care of in Indiana in the manner indicated by Colonel Dudley, he prevented Tammany Hall from casting its usual fraudulent vote in New York City. The Tammany method has always differed from the method employed in the rural districts. Tammany pays comparatively little attention to the actual purchase of voters. Gangs of repeaters are hired to go from one election district to another on the days of registration and register under assumed names from fictitious addresses. These fictitious names are preserved upon slips of paper which are supplied to other gangs of repeaters on election day to be voted upon at a fixed price for each fraudulent vote cast. Successful repeaters are sometimes able to vote as many as twenty or thirty times in one day upon these names. This was also the Philadelphia method under the rule of the Republican ring in that city,

and thousands of votes were cast annually upon the names of men who never existed.

In the campaign of 1888 Senator Quay hired a large number of private detectives, who obtained employment from Tammany as repeaters and got possession of the lists of fraudulent names registered. On the eve of the election Senator Quay sent for the Tammany managers and showed them the evidence in his hands, telling them that if any attempt was made to vote the repeaters, they would all go to prison. The result was that comparatively few fraudulent votes were cast in the city that year.

Instances of the existence of a widespread and persistent system of vote buying might be multiplied. The evil has existed over a long series of years in every contested State, and it still exists. William H. Jackson, who was elected a Representative in Congress in the last election from the First District of Maryland, which is made up of the counties comprising the Eastern Shore of the State, was accused by the Democrats after election day of having purchased votes. He startled the campaign managers of both parties by frankly admitting it.

"It is useless to pretend," he was quoted as saying, "that elections can be carried on the Eastern Shore without the use of money. They are out for the boodle, and they must get it or they don't vote. If you buy a man, you buy him; it matters not whether you give him whisky or a \$5 note. No whisky was given to any man who cast his ballot for me with my knowledge or consent. The Democrats used whisky and \$2 a man as a vote getter. They got beaten at their own game. I am one of those fellows who fight to the last ditch, but I don't squeal if I get licked. The Democrats are squealing.

"It takes money to win an election on the Eastern Shore. The precedent of spending it was not established by me. Years ago, when the Democrats had the votes anyway, they bought them. This spoiled the voters and made them so that they wouldn't go to the polls unless they were paid to do so. No man without money need run for Congress in the First District of Maryland, and a poor man has no chance against a wealthy man."

This frank declaration was made in the face of the Maryland law, which provides that any person who attempts to influence any voter by bribery may be punished by imprisonment.

What means can be found for breaking

up the army of "floaters" which has fastened itself upon the election system? In nearly every State in the Union there are laws upon the statute books imposing drastic penalties for the purchase and sale of votes. For all the effect that they have had, they might as well never have been passed at all. They are null and void in practice. No serious attempt is made to enforce them because each party knows that it is as bad as the other, and that if it permits its representatives in office to bring prosecutions in one part of the State, there will be retaliation in another where the opposing party succeeded in electing its candidates. The purchase of votes is a game at which both parties are compelled to play, and, as Representative Jackson intimated in his observations relating to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, "squealing" is not sportsmanlike.

Admitting the failure of the laws which seek to punish the bribe giver and the bribe taker, many of the States are trying the experiment of enforcing publicity in the collection and expenditure of campaign funds. These statutes are based on the theory that if a full accounting is made, the disbursement of any considerable sum for the purchase of votes must be betrayed in the report. They direct that campaign expenditures shall be made by specified party officials only, and that a sworn statement shall be made after each election of every contribution received and of every expenditure made.

It will be noted that the purpose of the publicity laws is to restrain parties and their agents from giving bribes to voters, by making it easier to obtain evidence of the violation of the unenforced penal provisions of the laws against bribe giving and bribe taking. In other words, they are supplementary laws. They make it more difficult for the vote purchaser and the vote seller to strike their bargain and that is all.

Of the same nature are the laws which seek to limit the available supply of money for vote buying by forbidding contributions for political purposes from corporations and the laws which have been passed in some of the States limiting the amount of money that a nominee may spend, either to a certain proportion of the salary attached to the office for which he is a candidate, as in California, or otherwise.

These laws, like the original penal statutes, leave the party organizations still at the mercy

and under the domination of the "floaters." They are valuable so far as they go, but they do not strike at the root of the evil.

It is probable that the army of mercenary voters will be routed, if it is routed at all, by the party "machines" which brought it into existence and have now become its victims. A beginning in this direction which has attracted much attention is found in the "Elmira Compact," which was devised by the party managers in the city of Elmira, in Chemung County, New York, in 1905. Both the city and the county have been politically "close" for many years, and both sides have usually been able to command large sums of money. The inevitable result followed and a strong band of "floaters" came into existence. They cornered the vote market and in some elections succeeded in raising the price of votes as high as \$40 each.

After meeting the exactions of the "floaters" as long as they could, the organization managers of both the Republican and the Democratic parties in Chemung resolved to join in making common cause against them. The "Elmira Compact" was made with this end in view in October, 1905. It read:

"We, the undersigned representatives of the Republican and Democratic organizations and candidates upon the party tickets of the Democratic and Republican parties in the present campaign, hereby mutually agree as follows:

"First. That the amount of money to be placed by each of said organizations, or their candidates, in each of the election districts of the city of Elmira and the county of Chemung, shall not exceed the sum of \$40 to a district in each of the country districts of said county, nor the sum of \$40 in each of the election districts of the city of Elmira, and no more.

"Second. That no expenditure of money or promise of money shall be made on election day or prior to or after said election day or by either party or its representatives for the purpose of purchasing or influencing votes, nor for any purpose other than the legitimate expenditures for the legitimate organization and educational work of the campaign as set out in the preceding paragraph; and all agreements heretofore made in violation of this paragraph are hereby canceled.

"Third. We further agree to unite in an effort to bring about the arrest, prosecution, and conviction of any person or persons who

engage in the violation of the law and its provisions in reference to bribery at the polls.

"Fourth. We further hereby mutually agree that a reward of \$100 will be paid in each case for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person or persons guilty of any violation of the provisions of the election laws.

"And we hereby jointly and severally pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure the renewal and continuation of this agreement for the future."

This "Compact" was signed by Representative J. Sloat Fassett, chairman of the Republican County Committee of Chemung County, and by W. H. Lovell, chairman of the Democratic County Committee.

The "floaters," as usual, resented this attempt to destroy the market for their votes. Holding Representative Fassett chiefly responsible for it, most of them voted the Democratic ticket in 1905 and the Republicans lost the city of Elmira, although they saved the county by a narrow margin. The "Compact" was renewed in the last election. In describing its effect on the second trial, Representative Fassett said:

"It worked satisfactorily. There were no accusations of money being used that I know of. The election was free and clean from bribery so far as I know. This thing did happen: that scores and scores of men came to the polls, demanded pay, and when pay was refused to them, went home without voting. In one election district there were about one hundred; in another district, forty to fifty."

Under the New York law, an election district contains about five hundred voters. W. R. Hearst carried both the city of Elmira and Chemung County in the last election, over Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee.

Several other counties in the State in addition to Chemung were induced to try the "Elmira Compact," or some modification of it, in the last election, and as a rule it had a marked deterrent effect upon vote buying.

It goes without saying that the enforcement of such agreements as the "Elmira Compact" presupposes good faith between the party organizations and that strict adherence to the terms of the pledges given is essential. The election banditti are too firmly entrenched to be dispersed by a half-hearted or unsustained attack.

There is nothing at present in the laws of

the various States to compel the party organizations to join forces against the vote-selling blackmailers. If they do so at all, it must be of their own volition and to escape the heavy burden of expense which the purchase of voters entails. This arises from the fact that the American laws lack the most effective feature of the British Corrupt Practices Act, which has all but put an end to the selling of votes in Great Britain and Canada. The British law declares that when it can be shown that bribery has been resorted to in the campaign for the election of a successful candidate, he shall forfeit his office. In extreme cases entire electorates are disfranchised for stated periods for permitting bribery.

In the United States the laws against bribery in elections are aimed at the punishment of individual offenders, but they leave the party and the candidates in whose behalf the corruption has been practiced in possession of its fruits. The British law punishes the party, and by compelling the nullification of an election tainted by bribery, destroys the incentive to corruption.

To understand how efficacious this penalty has been it is necessary to glance at the conditions which existed in Great Britain before it was imposed. Lord Chesterfield wrote in 1767 that he had offered \$12,500 for a seat in Parliament for his son, but that the borough jobbers told him safe seats cost \$15,000 at the least; many of them \$20,000, and that they knew of three seats that brought \$25,000 each. "This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal," wrote Lord Chesterfield in telling of his disappointment.

The famous "Spendthrift Election" occurred in 1768. The Earls of Spencer, Halifax, and Northampton each nominated a candidate for the County of Northampton, which contained less than one thousand voters. Spencer expended \$500,000, Halifax \$750,000, and Northampton as much more. The result was a tie which was decided by the toss of a coin. Spencer won the seat for his candidate. Halifax was ruined. Northampton was forced to cut the trees on his estate and to sell his furniture to meet his expenses, after which he went to Switzerland to die.

In the Parliamentary elections of 1880 about \$15,000,000 was spent, or an average of \$25,000 for each seat. Ninety-five petitions were brought after the elections to unseat candidates on the ground of bribery,

and many of them were sustained. The cost of similar elections after the passage of the Corrupt Practices Act fell to \$3,900,000.

Professor Huxley bore witness that four fifths of the seats in the House of Commons were sold more or less openly, and that votes sometimes brought in his time as much as \$150 each. So great has been the revulsion of public feeling against the corruption of voters since the enactment of the Corrupt Practices Act that a writer describing the "corruption" of the elections of 1906 could find nothing worse to rebuke than some vestiges of the "treating" system in one or two boroughs and the practice on the part of some of the candidates of making generous subscriptions to local public institutions.

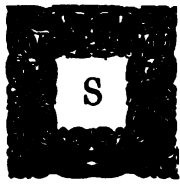
It would be more difficult to apply the forfeiture principle for bribery in the United States than it is in Great Britain, because there the contest is waged only for the seat in Parliament, while here a dozen different offices, ranging from that of governor to that of county clerk, are often filled in one election and it would be difficult to determine in behalf of exactly which of the nominees the bribery had been perpetrated. Nevertheless, the British plan of depriving the party and its nominee of the fruits of a victory tainted by fraud is the only plan yet devised to compel the party managers themselves to brave the displeasure of the "floaters" by refusing to purchase their votes.

No doubt a long step in advance will be made when Congress at last yields, as it seems certain to do, to the repeated recommendations of President Roosevelt for the passage of an adequate Corrupt Practices Act to apply to all elections in which members of Congress and other federal officials are chosen. Such a national law would be enforced by the agents of the national Government, who are usually removed from the temptations to inaction or leniency which have paralyzed the enforcement of the penal laws passed by the States for the punishment of bribery. It would apply to all the elections every two years, since members of Congress are chosen on the same ticket with local and State officials, and the enforcement of its penalties would tend to awaken the public in general to the prevalence and enormity of bribery, thus arousing a healthy sentiment for its suppression and directing against the vote seller the scorn and contempt of the community in which he lived.

THE REDUCTION OF THE HOUSE OF THE VIRTUES

BY FRANKLIN CLARKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WELDON



UCH is the supernal clearness of the air that moon and stars swing very low. The light that lies spectrally white upon this Manchurian plain has a searching character—as if to enjoin that between the battle lines no unseen movement shall take place this night.

Here and there rises a compact adobe innocent farming village; but for the rest, stretching on one side to the horizon, on the other to those rugged mountains that toss like hurricane waves against the sky, stand stacks and stacks of gigantic millet—the limit to them your eye cannot reach. Sheaves of peace!

Hidden by them, along ten miles, lies a whole corps of the Mikado's army—100,000 men—with two other invisible corps up and beyond the hills for thirty miles more.

Out of one walled village issues a small file of soldiers, preceded by a short-legged, blunt, Malay-like figure, his saber dragging, and with him on either side two tall persons of Caucasian build—one a British captain, there for his war office; one an American geodest and map maker, known, for his solitary wanderings, as the Great Blue Heron.

They go silently, challenged from millet stacks now and then, to the outpost of the battalion. It is an outpost marked by twin pillars of stone. Around the corner of one a hooded soldier is steadily peering north across the Sha River. Back of the other his comrade, through the slit between the monoliths, immovably gazes north also.

Two of the relief go forward to replace them. They question, "What news?" and the sentries answer in low voice:

"We have seen the glow of their camp fires; we have heard the sound of their songs. They have raised a Red Cross flag over that village beyond."

"Here," remarks the stumpy major to the two foreigners, waving his hand toward the tall stones, "is the tomb of two 'faithful and filial' Manchu maidens! Very good now for Japanese sentry box!"

"What did they do? Who were they?"

"Nothing—peasant girls who were faithful to lost lovers, good daughters to their fathers!" He laughs—at the wrong time, as Japanese do; and all move on.

Not a fleck is in the night sky; there is not a sound save the clink of spurred heels and the major's dragging saber on the frozen furrows.

To come upon a solitary, motionless, silhouetted armed figure no more than reminds the Blue Heron of a soldier's monument in some New England village common. Even those pink flares, he meditates, might be merely an indication that just beyond the new-turned fighting trenches are some tidy farmers burning the dry stalks of their threshed-out crop. The tranquillity is exquisite.

"Do you," he breaks forth to his British companion as they follow, lagging, to camp, "measure a people by their attitude toward women?"

"Rather!" replies the Britisher in his native way of speaking.

I

It was, you remember, a terrific seven days' battle—the one that placed the Sun-flag on the farther bank of the Sha-ho. "Take the

village ahead of you and continue on," was the command telephoned to the stumpy major by division headquarters from a lone tree a mile back. The dun sheaves of peace became well spattered with crimson from the veins of white and yellow; and many pastoral Manchus, like the flowers the reaper cuts when he mows his grain, were caught between.

"What does it say, Kinshu—that Japanese army placard?" asks the long, spare Blue Heron on the shaggy pony, at the gate of the house which had upheld the Red Cross flag.

The interpreter lights a match, half illumining his villainous countenance. "It say," he reports, "'This the house of Russia—friends. Troops shall quarter themselves upon them.'"

The escorting orderly rides close to the oaken gate and kicks with one boot just where the impossibly fierce protecting war gods of the Chinese Confucius are affixed like circus posters, gutturally demanding, "Please open! To wo aketi Kudasai!"

"And that sign on the lintel?" inquires the British attaché, pointing. Kinshu studies it; for the Japanese can read Chinese characters when they cannot speak the tongue. He reads it to himself, then with an indrawn breath, "It say, 'Praise be to genterness and goodness'; and the house name is," he spells it out, "'House Which Regard the Virtues.'"

"Good old virtues!" comments the bluff Britisher.

Bolts are drawn; the gate swings. A Manchu appears, holding a tiny iron lamp, Greek shape, its flaming wick extending over the lip. He has the chastened face of a student; deep soft eyes with the absorbed burning look of a poet. As the party enters he stands aside, nonresistant.

An inner gate, and within that a quadrangle: the master's house facing, the servants' on the left, the women folks' on the right.

Some overcoated soldiers are gathered round a bonfire of dried stalks, and others are boiling rice in the great kettle by the open kitchen door. These have removed their unaccustomed European brogans and leg-gings and have put on their accustomed rope sandals; and they have laid aside their Hungarian overcoats, keeping against the settling night cold those goatskin corselets that remind you vaguely of De Neuville's military pictures of the French in 1870.

Quong Yu takes the horses to a shelter

where the family millet mill is set up—trusty Quong Yu, who had come to the captain and the Heron at Liaoyang, after the looting which accompanied the climax—one army retreating and reckless; the other dashing in with the intoxication of victory and forceful sovereignty. Strong, tender, somber, with brown eyes like those of a nice-dispositioned work horse, you have seldom or never seen in America a Manchu of the caste of Quong Yu. He had joined the group of foreign "military observers" with the army just as smaller boys at home trail after a circus. He had come to "belong" to the Heron and the British attaché, who found him a retainer, a real *ronin*, a champion.

Within the house some petty officers are already asleep; others sit crosslegged on their blankets, smoking cigarettes round a Manchu urn, which they have filled with fire and ashes, made in the likeness of Fuji mountain.

The smell of burnt human flesh and of Shimose powder is in the room. An immense new jagged hole in the roof tree shows the quiet stars.

The white men wearily roll up in their blankets. Presently the sound of women's excited voices comes through the paper panes of a back window, punched with holes by the mischievous fingers of children, and they rise. "I'd jolly well like to look things over," the Britisher remarks.

They feel their way out in the darkness and circle round to the back garden. There is a mound there covered with millet stalks. From one end of it glows a dim light, in which stand corseleted Japanese soldiers, who laugh and suddenly withdraw abjectly, as if caught in a mean act.

Within, beneath the bombproof, what a piteous gathering! The women of the village are there huddled in fright of the uncouth soldiers who have been threatening to pounce upon them. Some in the bombproof are maidens, some widows since morning, some lone mothers with children at breast. The cruelty of war, to those neither in it nor of it!

During the battle which surged about the village for a night and a day, these had been in this protected dugout which the Russians had made for them—which some Russians had stayed to make till too late to maintain their own safety!

"He's a fool about women, this big enemy

in front, isn't he?" the Blue Heron remarks, "but this makes a hit with me!"

"Oh, woman is a Russian's natural idol," comes brusquely from the British captain; "to ruin himself for her is his natural fate."

When the one candle shows white faces at the opening, the gentle refugees grow quiet and placid. They murmur mellifluously like doves and stare out round-eyed from their miserable cote. One is rather pretty, for a Manchu, and flutteringly snuggles against her mother's shoulder.

Quong Yu regards them with eyes alight. "Taiyen," he entreats the Blue Heron, "my—please—sleep—?" and for lack of the word "here" the young Manchu puts his palm against his cheek, tips his head toward it, and points appealingly to the ground before the bombproof. It is Quong Yu's nature to be a guardian and defender.

In the morning all the forlorn ones are removed to the house next door, beyond the wall. They are invisible for days. Then, timid as fawns, they are driven by hunger to reenter the white men's compound. For in it are the only two little asses that wore through the battle: they have absurd, outrageous ears, but the daintiest feet in the animal kingdom. The women hitch them—blindfolded, so they won't be tempted to eat—to a rolling stone log and drive them round and round the grinder. The feminine chatter in Pekinese, the soft and muffled pronunciation, bring out tones like those of flutes. Last of all came the pretty youngster, smoking a very long slim pipe with a jade mouthpiece. Quong Yu stood indifferently by while, with shy glances about, she rehitched the asses to the roller. That done, and the little workers started round and round on their tread, Quong Yu began to chop wood for the white men's fire. Upon this operation the pretty one gazed with fixed attention, as though it were a deep, devious mystery which she needed to think out.

"She'll soon be tame enough to feed out of Quong Yu's hand," said the Blue Heron.

He named her Blubber, she was so like a sleek little Eskimo. She had more of a developed nose than the others, and seemed less used up with the alarms of this battlefield existence. She was in trouserettes of faded blue jean, and a graceful thin, long coat—almost like the motor dustcoats which were the American fashion last year and

possibly this—and in her ears were jade rings and in her marvelous jetty stiff-curved hair, tin and silver ornaments.

Quite a belle she seemed, the smooth saffron skin of youth touched with artificial bloom, and her fine teeth like new corn on the cob. Over one eye there was a strange dent, which took all the coquettish effect of a dimple when she smiled.

It is a family of some standing. The torn paper in the windows, the dust on the teak chests, the ragged straw on the *kangs* are merely to deceive the ravaging, thieving Hunghutze and the predatory mandarin. The mother has a tranquil, superior face. The father, he of the vague air of a scholar, possesses drawings, Chinese novels, the "Siho Story," which resembles Robin Hood, and three-fourths of a vernacular dictionary, beside which the Century would be a mere thumb-nail record.

He and his boys have been crowded to a single *kang*, heated by the smoke from the cook fire at one end. From occupying this he rises now and then to sit at the door in the sun, viewing helplessly the feeding of his store of winter fodder to the army horses, the destruction of his winter cabbage patch by the voracious soldiery, and, saddest of all, the felling of the hallowed trees which stand about the house. They have bent their branches over this house in a way suggesting kind tenderness and care during numerous generations of Wongs—fending off the gales of winter, offering shade from the blistering sunny summer.

Trees are sacred. They are the symbol of that long living which somehow, to people with little to live for, seems to be desired; and the old scholar, smoking his long silver pipe, contemplates for hours at a time the sacrilege of turning them into charcoal for heating the Jap trenches at "the front."

He is centuries old. There is about him an inertia that appeals to you as a sort of highly philosophized heroism.

One evening, the door of the white men's dim room opens and the old man, for the first time, crosses their threshold. He comes with wan smiles, half-questioning looks, ingratiating obeisances, Quong Yu beside him.

His looks go roving about, and all at once rest on the duffel bag of their cook—a little, old-fashioned carpet gripsack which the cook had just left while he went into the village for beef. Quong Yu, by indifferent aid

from Kinshu, explains: "He say, your cook has stolen all his property and keep it in that bag. Deeds to this farm, money, and gems."

"How did cook come by them?"

"He find where the master hide treasure from sorjers—under ashes where he cook," Kinshu grinned.

Crosslegged on the *kang* like a pair of Buddhas, the Blue Heron and the Britisher sat "en banc," as the legal phrase is, and they had the claimant describe his treasures. When the bag was forced, there lay in sight a package, a tin box hammered out of a Standard Oil can. The claimant leaped for it. But the lynch judges took it into their own hands and questioned: "What is in this?"

"Deeds to this estate, my father's will, accounts of debt owing to me, promissory notes, money, jewels."

All were there. And when the old man was required to write his autograph in Chinese, it corresponded precisely with signatures to the mildewed papers.

Then, bearing his treasures, he retreated triumphantly to the other room, shutting the door.

Loud greetings met him, joyous confusion. Presently a knock, and the wife, the serene and superior, stepped in. She was beaming. By her side was Blubber, a cordial friendly radiance in her face at last; back of her a score of women stretching to see, while the wife was holding forth jewels made of the precious green sheeny parts of the wings of kingfishers.

The whilom judges were told:

"She, the wife in this home, beseeches you to receive these trinkets—her wedding hair ornaments. They were in the box which held the titles to three houses and a thousand acres. She wore the jewels when she came to this house a bride! She yields them to you in sovereign gratitude."

Her marriage jewels—kingfishers' feathers mounted in silver and jade! Her wedding ring, in effect, was what, eyes shining with grateful and profound emotion, the mistress of The House Which Regards the Virtues was offering to the Britisher and the Blue Heron.

An interval of silence on the bench. No sound except the desultory distant cracks of watchful rifles at the outposts came through the torn paper windows.

The American scratched a match for his

pipe. Then, belying the moist glisten of his eyes, he spoke jovially: "We're much complimented, and they are curiously beautiful, these jewels like polished malachite," he admitted. "But they are no decoration—are they, captain?—for our fresh and unstained ~~ex~~mine!"

II

NEXT day the Blue Heron is led to inquire of the interpreter:

"What's the matter with little Wong Sha to-day I wonder? What's he cutting up the door jamb for, and crying?"

There are three or four small Wongs, younger brothers and sisters of Blubber, in blue trouserettes and overdress, and narrow, wooden-soled shoes that turn up like a gondola; and Wong Sha, the next to the youngest, is the camp favorite. He has a patrician bearing. A trifle soiled for lack of care, he is none the less charming; for he is usually cheerful, though at the moment he is sobbing, sobbing miserably, yet making convulsive efforts at repression—while he whittles absently at the door jamb with an old razor.

"Oh, he very angry," Kinshu answers. "He sister, she have no care for him to-day; she sit very quiet, sad. And Wong Sha he no understand, and eat nothing, and cry."

"Why is the sister sad? What's the trouble?"

The Japanese regards the Blue Heron a moment as if hesitating what to answer, then says reluctantly, "I t'ink, sir, sorjers make sad."

Riotous with captured Harbin brandy, infantrymen had entered the women's house of sanctuary in the night. And the dainty doe-like Blubber had not got over her terror at their rough presence.

"Go to headquarters about this, Kinshu," insisted the British captain. "Soldiers must not disturb these women. They are not Russian. And true soldiers," the Heron heard him go on, "do not injure nor leave unaided any women of whatever rank. Manly character, in my country, begins with this."

Kinshu drew in a long Jap sibilant breath, and laughed submissively. Inwardly boiling, the Heron turned to the mess table and gathered up some chestnuts and a pear, a bit of native candy, and the remainder of a can of marmalade, and offered them to little Wong



"The cruelty of war, to those neither in it nor of it."

Sha. He hesitated to receive them. But the Heron rubbed him on his shaven head, and taking his pigtail tickled his ear with it.

The boy brightened like a sunrise, and accepted the gifts. "*Toshi, toshi, toshi*," he thanked him, and ran to give part to the sad and harried sister.

That afternoon nothing was heard except

Wong Sha's childish, delightful laughter, as he related how the foreign devil had tickled his ear with his own pigtail. By the sudden confidence of the child, the confidence of the distraught family was itself restored; so much so that the women who belonged to it left their compound to come home.

As they came, Quong Yu was near the

door, placidly hammering out the now emptied marmalade tin, driving a nail through it to make holes. Nobody knew for what purpose.

There arose a south wind and the compound was so mild that in the morning Blubber attempted the family washing.

It is light work—so little that is worn is doffed till springtime. She scrubs both sides of the clothes with a wet brush, sitting on her heels; then with her slim graceful fingers she stretches the clothes taut on a board and lets the strong sun dry the wrinkles out.

Her feet are tiny and tidy and her dull green trouserettes are neatly bound with white at the ankles. There is a new ornament in her hair, a straight polished strip of tin, curled at the ends, full of holes. It glistens in the sun and throws rays like a mirror.

"Quong Yu's handiwork. And I thought he was making a carrot grater!" recalls the American, awed by his own simplicity.

Quong Yu is airing the furs in which his masters sleep. He spreads them upon the top of the wall, foxskin, marten, and wolf, where the sun will cure away some of the raw smell. He can reach the top with his hands, and his figure, as he stretches, makes itself evident under his loose blouse, tied with a Turkey-red sash—a splendid, lithe, masculine figure. His queue is wound about his head as a turban, shimmering like blackest silk.

Him the girl observes keenly, with no one knows what thoughts, rubbing and rubbing meantime without interruption. So that when he turns and strides by her grandly she is, with downcast intimidated eyes, absorbed in her homely labor.

Few words have ever passed between them, unless it has been while Quong Yu, at night, was keeping ward before the *kang*, where she lies beside her mother and the small Wongs. He would never have seen her had not war, by invading this home, made seclusion impossible; and he takes not the slightest advantage of the shattered proprieties. Instead he almost pretends that she is invisible—just as a Manchu maid should be until her bridal is arranged for her.

An hour later Quong Yu enters where the two friends are busy with sketch maps and notebooks.

"Taiyen," he begins slowly, trying to marshal his words correctly, "my please go Liaoyang side?"

"Liaoyang? Liaoyang sixty *li*, Quong Yu. What for go?" the Blue Heron irritably inquires. "One day, two days—little while—big fight come again."

"Taiyen"—Quong Yu always starts thus, to give himself time to recall what English he will be needing—"taiyen no like?" He was turning his double-eared seal cap in his hands, embarrassed, disappointed.

"But why go, Quong Yu? Have got big pidgin?"—pidgin being the word for business.

"Taiyen—no—no have got big pidgin. No big pidgin," he repeated diffidently. "Taiyen, Quong Yu appagee (father) he catch Quong Yu one piece wife. My—please want take look-see!"

The Great Blue Heron started up. "Look-see! My dear pal and brother," he shouted joyously. "Why, captain, he's going to get married! Look-see! I should think you would. Go on! Go!" He clapped a hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder and pressed him toward the door.

Then on second thought he pulled him back. "Quong Yu," he demanded gravely, "what about Blubber?"

The boy showed immediate distress. The Heron still held him by his tunic. "Taiyen," answered Quong Yu sadly, "Quong Yu no can do!"

"Why? What reason no can do? Kinshu, you ask Quong Yu why he can't marry Blubber! I suppose her eyes are not brown enough, or not slant enough, or her nails not long enough!"

The interpreter drew with a stick some characters in the dust. Quong Yu replied at once with others, and Kinshu studied them: "He say, 'In Manchuria, the father make choice of his boy's wife. Quong Yu must obediently obey,' and, Kinshu read on, 'Blubber, she been seen now by many. She has been gazed upon and her name has been in men's mouths before marriage.'"

"Gazed upon!" repeated the Heron to the captain. "Why, it's like a fastidious lady getting a gem at Tiffany's—she doesn't want what everybody is familiar with in the show-cases; she must go to the back room and choose from those in the safe! Well," he continued to the Manchu boy, "go on. But two days!" he cautioned him, holding up two fingers. "Two days is time enough to decide an affair like that, Quong Yu. It's only for life, you know!"

As the boy swings out the gate amidst confused calls and exclamations, Blubber intermits for a small eloquent fraction of time

"Come back? What, Quong Yu? Do you think he's a deserter?" The Heron picks up his cap. "Captain, I'm ashamed



"The wife, the serene and superior, stepped in."

her process at the tub. She watches him disappear, then her glance lifts dreamily to the distant heavens, and at last falls absently close to the work in hand.

"Will he, now, come back?" speculated the Britisher in dismay at having no horse-boy.

of you. I think I'll exercise The Parable," he announces. "Want anything from the canteen?"

The sun was striking aslant from the west against the mud walls of the compound. In its warmth three or four infantrymen were

taking their five-o'clock bath, squatting nude in tubs of heated water, or drying themselves with linen, and chaffering in rough peasant enjoyment of the exquisite chaste distress of the Manchu women grinding their millet with the small blindfolded asses.

The Heron galloped out across the plain to the fitful, occasional discharges of artillery, but discovered them only engaged in the same interminable duty of finding ranges and flushing up the enemy's whereabouts.

When he got back, at sunset, Blubber was outside the compound, leaning against its clay wall, staring with glistening eyes south across the plain, where the silent railway stretched toward Liaoyang.

The Heron pulled up. He could see in the distance, down by the double shaft of the two faithful and filial maidens, a blue speck walking.

"You simple heathen! I suppose it's all up with you!" he exclaimed to the girl. "You have been 'gazed upon,' and your name has been in men's mouths before marriage! Nothing ahead for you in this blessed pagan land—nothing but an honorable monument!" In a moment he added: "You don't know a thing about romance—or—" he challenged, "do you?"

She made a slow little obeisance, her arms folded in her wide sleeves, and smiled somberly, not knowing what he said.

III

Two days passed, and then came a night filled with commotions. The earth began

to tremble from the violence of once more renewed regular cannonading; the displacement of air when a big shell came near would rattle the paper lattices like a typhoon.

The Heron rolled over to ease his hip bone from the hard *kang*, and thought to himself in half-sleeping, absurd peevishness: "They'll bring on rain to-morrow with all that concussion, and my poor pony, Parable, will be worn out with knee-deep mud marching." The anger of a man who bumps his head against an inanimate object has but a pale, anæmic relation to the fierce snapping tenseness of the detestation he gets to feel toward the racking explosions of battling.

Three sets of sounds now disturbed his awakening nerves—the demonism of three-inch shells bursting nearer and nearer, weird chatter from

the next room, and strange outlandish shouts from the neighboring compound. The Heron got up to tell everybody to quit it and not add to the difficulty of sleep.

By light from an iron urn lamp like the classic lamp of literature—he saw severe and concerned looks upon the faces of the family. Little Wong Sha was weeping. The blankets of the soldiers lay smooth and un-



"Both hands lifted an impressive moment on high."



"His action was as solemn as if he were giving him the knighting accolade."

used on the earth floor. Blubber, he could not see.

"Captain," he hurriedly called, "up! There's something doing! Every soldier has disappeared! Kinshu, oh, Kinshu!" he halloed into the dark courtyard.

The captain sat up, listened, then reached for his puttees. "By Jorrocks!" he exclaimed gratefully, "it's either a new battle or the Japs are going to hook it!"

"Good. If it's a retreat couldn't we sit tight and see it go by? But what, in that case, will happen to Quong Yu? He ought to be here by now!"

While the ground convulsively shuddered, the sky overhead held steady, serene, and bland, as if the fact that a forty-mile strip of the planet earth was aflash and ablaze with fighting and sudden death was nothing at all. Mounting the bombproof to see better,

the Heron beheld to the north a different aspect—gorgeous stars shattering themselves riotously into brilliant golden splashes and atoms against the purple night.

His eye was caught by a dark figure in a tunic just topping the wall of the compound. It reached itself across—drew itself to the thatch of the women's roof beyond. Shadows were vaguely prodigious; the man seemed giantlike. Carefully the figure let itself slip down to the tiled jutting eaves, then stretched up and walked, both hands lifted an impressive moment on high, in the gesture of a vow—an oblation.

Suddenly there was nothing: the man had dropped off below sight.

Sounds from within the house stopped so quickly that it made a pause in the disturbed night. Uproar followed: a clamorous mingling of screams, guttural shouts, crack-

ing of wood. And over all the resounding cannon and the scrunching of great projectiles tearing through air.

The Heron threw up the back window of his quarters. "Come! Come out!" he shouted to the captain; "hurry——"

The captain scrambled silently after the Heron over the wall to the women's roof, along the eaves, to the ground by their door, which was open.

Within were a half-score Japanese soldiers, crowding savagely with beast cries upon some one in the center upon the floor. The women refugees, Blubber among them, clung fearfully to one another in a far corner.

"Hai!" The captain and the Heron strode in casually.

At once the moiling company, drink-excited because on the eve of battle, faced the newcomers. All "Buddha calm," all "Samurai politeness" was absent. Instead was primordial elemental fury, such as the two foreigners had seen once when a few Russians had been beset in a corner to be butchered. Yet the apparition of two cleanly chiseled white faces subdued every cry to a mere sullen murmur.

"Taiyen!" came a well-known voice. Quong Yu rose painfully from the floor. One hand pressed where the sash of his torn tunic was tied in front. With the other, soft brown eyes alight as from a fire, the Manchu youth took off his cap and respectfully let down his queue, which had been fastened up for safety.

His breath came in short, agonized gasps; he was bent like an old, old man. What had happened was plain. He had been overwhelmed into excruciating helplessness in the classic Japanese way—not with fists and honest blows, white-man fashion, above the belt—but with kicks and batterings below it.

"God, it makes me creep!" cried the Blue Heron through set teeth, aghast at the writhing, bitter suffering of his boy.

"Taiyen," the boy went on, straightening to indicate plaintively the huddled women, "Manchu people—Quong Yu all same belong." He doubled down again in torture: "Quong Yu go Liaoyang side two days. Japanee plenty bad—taiyen sabbee?" Another wave of the hand toward Blubber and the women. "Quong Yu back—Quong Yu he sabbee—and—make fight!" He sank exhausted where he stood, and curled up, all a-shiver.

The British captain leaned over him. "Quong Yu," he said simply, with more feeling than he had ever shown. The boy rose to a sort of attention, and the Britisher proceeded: "I want to shake your hand, man, I want to shake your hand!" His action was as solemn as if he were giving him the knighting accolade.

Dropping a blanket at the threshold of the women's sanctuary, Quong Yu inquired gently in a tired voice: "Taiyen, my—please—sleep?" They wrapped him up, and when the captain had gone for a surgeon, the Heron sat beside him and ventured: "Quong Yu wifie have got?"

Which produced a deprecating shy sign of disavowal. The boy raised his arm toward Blubber. Down from the inward corners of her slant eyes tears were streaming, but she was disregarding them, fixedly ignoring them as if they were not there. "Taiyen, family say," the boy brought out, "Quong Yu can do!"

This was about all that was saved from what war did to The House Which Regards the Virtues, for presently a bright steel six-inch shell plunged through the thatch next door and detonated its appalling battle-nose upon that innocent hearth.



THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY, MAIN BUILDING

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE ANTIPODES

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University



MOS WARNER once said that a Western man in America "is an Eastern man who has had some additional experiences." In similar fashion, Emerson declares, "the American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions more or less propitious." In the United States, in Canada, in Australia, and in New Zealand, we have essentially the same sort of people, the people of Great Britain, under all the varied conditions of pioneering and of empire building. Whatever the incidents of novel experience or of admiration of foreign blood, the dominant note is always English.

But in Australasia, as compared with the United States, certain differences are always conspicuous. The American regards himself as a member of his own country with traditions of his own. The Australian or the New Zealander, wherever born, always speaks of England as "Home," and however rebellious

in spirit or contemptuous of petty English conventions, he bows his head before all forms of English tradition. This is shown in governmental matters generally. It is very conspicuous in all details of the management of the universities, and this deference to England shows in the student life as well.

Australia is in itself a monstrous continent. It is as large as the United States; its four millions of people are scattered in a narrow fringe along the streams and shores of the southern and eastern seaboard. The vast interior—"the dead heart of Australia"—a region as large as the Mississippi Valley, is a trackless, rainless waste of sand and alkali, while the intervening hills, the bush and scrub, are scantily occupied by sheep stations and by mining camps. The vast north of Australia is in part a tropical jungle—in part a blistering Sahara. The Fates denied to Australia the gift of high mountains, to catch the snow and to hold the water, hence her rivers are few and precarious. Hence at too frequent intervals the great drought comes and the desert



STUDENT BAND IN COMMEMORATION DAY PROCESSION

University of Sydney.

spreads its smothering arms, crowding man and his dependents backward toward the sea. It is a monotonous country in its physical aspects; the forests on hill, valley, rock, and swamp are all of one pattern, Eucalyptus, Eucalyptus—the gray trunks of the gum trees of many species—as far as the eye can see. Without mountains and streams there is little room for variety. It is monotonous in its industries—cattle, sheep, horses; its one fine art the breeding of the perfect merino sheep. It is monotonous in its towns. One story, light brown, with unpainted roof of corrugated iron, is the description of nine tenths of the Australian homes. Corrugated iron means clean rain water, and Australia can afford to waste none of it. It is monotonous as to population. The Englishmen came first to Australia and they are still holding it against all comers. The way is made rough for immigrants who do not speak English, and for good or ill—in many ways for each—the ruling minority, the labor vote, is sternly set on “White Australia,” with all which it implies.

The history of Australia is monotonous. It contains the story of hard struggles, of bitter sufferings, deserved and undeserved, of lawless courage and of reckless bravery, but the causes served were individual. Australians never had a common enemy, and their records show no glorious war and no uprising of common feeling. The achievements of Australia belong to the category of individual deeds of peace.

With all this, the color of Australia is gray; the land, the towns, the spirit of her people. Her literature has a sober touch, and this difference in tone shows itself in its way in the life of the universities. In America, as in Browning's verse, “the flower of life is red.” The American student knows that “the world is his oyster.” He knows that “he can get what is coming to him,” that in proportion to his talents, his training, his sobriety, and persistency of purpose, will be his success in any affair he undertakes.

To the young Australian all this is not quite so clear. Enterprise differs from other forms

of gambling mainly in the larger odds against it. There is a slight drooping of spirit where the higher ambitions are concerned. He is not sure that Australia means opportunity. The youth does not educate himself as part of the adventure of his life; more likely he is sent to college because a university degree is proper or necessary to a man of his social class. Some part of his career is determined before he is born, and for the rest, Australia looms up huge, gray, and insurmountable. The near aims of athletics or of social success are likely to appear more important than the far ambitions which may very likely come to naught. In recognition of this same fact, near and petty goals, honors, prizes, scholarships, as in England, are used in the schools as substitutes for the real aims of education.

But though Australia may be gray and monotonous, she is vast, patient, fascinating. The mightiness of the land to be conquered, the huge roominess of the continent, the vistas of future national greatness, all these grow on one, and all these find their reflex in the student life, and in the rising literature of the com-

monwealth. That Australia will be the birthplace of great men in the future no one can doubt. Their coming will not be due to the lopsided political administration nor to state ownership nor to the coddling of the laborer, but to the persistence of her fine old English stock, under man-making and man-inspiring conditions.

The universities of Australia are four—those of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart. Of these that of Sydney is the oldest and the largest, and in some regards has set the pace for the others. All of these are urban institutions in the heart of the city. They are founded on a basis of private gifts and the state has duplicated these gifts, so that the general control is part in public, part in private hands. In general the students live with their parents in the neighborhood of the university, there being very few from the outside. As a result of this the “college spirit” and the “college atmosphere” as we know these in America are scantily developed. At Sydney and Melbourne different religious denominations (Presbyterians, Anglicans, Methodists, Cath-



STUDENT CHARACTERS IN THE ANNUAL "CORROBBOREE"

University of Melbourne.

olics) have established "colleges" on the university grounds. These colleges are for the use of the residential students, or students from the outside, and in them the students are under the direct influence of representatives of the religious denomination by whom the college was founded.

In the enabling act of 1854 establishing the residential colleges, it is specified that in them "systematic religious instruction and domestic supervision with efficient assistance in preparing for the university lectures and examinations" shall be provided. The universities have no relations with any religious bodies other than this. All religions and all classes of society meet on a common democratic footing, as in the State universities of the United States. At Sydney the fellows or teachers in the colleges give only general help or coaching. At Melbourne many of the university courses are duplicated by the collegiate staff.

It is generally agreed that the residential life is more expensive, that it is socially more valuable, than the ordinary life of the day student, but that in general, the student outside is likely to work harder than his more fa-

vored colleague. In the main, these residence colleges are picturesque—very picturesque—suggesting their prototypes, the colleges of Cambridge. But unlike Cambridge the majority of undergraduates in Sydney and Melbourne reside outside of the colleges. In all Australasian universities coeducation of men and women is the unquestioned rule, and at Melbourne and Sydney there is a residential college for women. At Sydney there are about 900 students, 100 women; at Melbourne about 800. The other universities of Australasia are much smaller. Usually the women in these universities are those who look forward to being obliged to teach. Girls from well-to-do homes seldom enter the universities, and in general, the feeling that a girl should not do anything remunerative unless she is obliged to by financial stress, is prevalent. To this feeling there are numerous exceptions, and both at Melbourne and at Sydney there are among the women excellent students who are in college because they want for their own intellectual satisfaction the help the college can give.

The standard of physical health seems lower among the women at Sydney than in the col-



STUDENTS IN SPORTIVE COSTUMES ON COMMEMORATION DAY

University of Sydney.



A FLOAT IN THE STUDENTS' PROCESSION, COMMEMORATION DAY

University of Sydney.

leges in the United States. This may be in part due to the lack of means for physical training, but more likely the trying sultry summers of New South Wales are responsible for the general lack of color among the Sydney people. In the colder climate of Melbourne rosy cheeks are common enough, and among the young women of New Zealand and Tasmania they constitute the rule rather than the exception. This condition is recognized by Professor Anderson Stuart, who interprets it in the following clever fashion:

"Upon health and race, if the Australasian climate—excepting, of course, in the far north, where few if any settlements have been made—is not positively favorable, I know of no evidence to show that it is unfavorable. I know families in the fourth generation in New South Wales, and they are as fine specimens of the human race as I ever saw. We are told that Australian girls have not red cheeks; how can they, when they have not to encounter any of the vile cold winds that but widen and fill the blood vessels of the face? That is

what 'red cheeks' mean, and are they so very desirable after all? The Australian girl, according to Ethel Castilla of Melbourne,

'has a beauty of her own,
A beauty of a paler tone
Than English belles.
Yet Southern sun and Southern air
Have kissed her cheeks, until they wear
The dainty tints that oft appear
On rosy shells.'"

The model of organization for Australian institutions is found not in Oxford nor Cambridge, but in the provincial universities of England, as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, or Leeds. These have escaped some of the abuses of the English system, at the same time losing its chief strength, the close association of the students with their teachers.

To a large extent the Australian universities are free from the tyranny of the idea that an examination with the degree which follows it constitutes an end in itself. It is generally recognized that an "examining university," as distinguished from a teaching uni-



ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE (CHURCH OF ENGLAND,) UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

versity," is no university at all, and that an education is valuable in proportion to its effectiveness in human life and not for the social standing its degree may confer.

The idea that men who can be trusted to teach cannot also be trusted to confer degrees is one of the anomalies the Colonies have inherited from the mother country. The universities of Australia are for the most part emancipated from the two heaviest burdens borne by Oxford and Cambridge. These are, in my judgment, the sinecure and the examination. In spite of recent reforms, the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge still devote a discouragingly large part of the income to the support of "dons" who do no effective teaching and who make no contributions to scholarship. There are no sinecures in the Australian universities, and the professors live, as they should, in an atmosphere of work.

The fees of the universities are high, and those of the secondary schools are also burdensome. There is no "well-trodden path from the cottage to the college." For the student without money, the only path leads through competitive scholarships and bursaries, and to gain these in succession he must set out as a prize-winner very early. Naturally the passing of honor examinations becomes a fine art, while in Australia, as elsewhere, there are many who can cram a text-book, with no great talent for anything higher.

The entrance requirements in Australia are much as in the United States, with a little

more insistence on Latin and much less on science and history. The undergraduate course is three years in length. The undergraduate work is known as "university" work, the name college being applied to the residential halls, and to secondary schools of one sort or another. Graduate students, except in law and medicine, are very few, and outside of the professional courses, which are in general strong, most of the courses given in the university are elementary.

Much stress is laid on final examinations; more instruction is given by lectures than in American colleges, and less use is made of reference books and of seminary methods. Idle students are sometimes "plucked," that is, rejected on examination, but no degree of failure excludes a student from the university. Many lectures are given in the evening to accommodate students who act as clerks through the day, but, so far as I know, no student pays his way by manual labor. In general, the work in science, English, philosophy, and mathematics is very well done in Australia, the medical schools are admirable, and there is good work done in law and in engineering. The subjects most neglected are those bearing on modern social and economic history and political science.

Ordinarily, the professors in Australia receive generous salaries (\$3,500 to \$4,500 or more). There are few assistants and these are scantily paid. Most of the professors are chosen while young from the honor lists of

Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh. They are thus "able to exert personal and social influence" while still in the prime of life, a matter not easy to accomplish in England. The candidates make formal application for the position sought, and the one with the longest series of scholastic honors is usually chosen.

Student life differs from that in America mainly as the surrounding conditions differ. The affairs of the student body are less in the calcium light than is usual in America. There are no fraternities in Australian universities.

kind of football they play. No fair-minded university authorities, seeing the Rugby game at its best, could tolerate the rough battle between coaches into which we have perverted football in America. The Rugby game is a real play, severe, strenuous, but manly and sportsmanlike in all its phases. In Australia men play on the University team as long as they can maintain their supremacy. The present captain at Sydney University, Johnson, is in his seventh year of university football. To neglect work in favor of athletics incurs no penalty if the examinations are duly



GREAT HALL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

College yells are unknown, although the boys of Dr. Empson's College at Wagnanui are making a fair start in that direction. There is in each university a "Christian Union," much like our college Y. M. C. A. There is an athletic association in each university, and Australia and New Zealand are the home of clean athletics. Games of Rugby football and of cricket are played against local clubs throughout the season. The university team has much less elaborate training than in America, but the Sydney team puts up a fine game, comparing most favorably with the best American teams after making allowance for the

passed. Boating is also a favored form of athletics in Sydney.

Of late years intercollegiate track meets similar to those held in America have come into favor. The chief difference a spectator may note is that in America the audience is close to the track and watches the races with keen interest. In Australia grand stands are far from the track, and the audience pours tea and enjoys its own society.

Outside of religion and athletics student clubs are little developed. At the close of each term occurs the granting of degrees. This is known as capping. At that time the



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE (PRESBYTERIAN), UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

undergraduate has his innings. It is his privilege there, as in England, to guy each person capped, and also to interrupt any speaker, and even cry him down.

The fine line between wit and rowdiness is not always strictly observed in Australia or in New Zealand. At commencement time the American student is at his best, so far as behavior is concerned. At the corresponding periods the Australian student is at his worst, not because he chooses to have it so, but because he is bound by the student traditions of England and Scotland. At Melbourne the capping ceremonies were recently broken up altogether by unruly undergraduates. This was going a little too far, and the repentant students asked as a special favor afterwards that the chancellor would repeat to them his suppressed address.

At Sydney at the recent capping ceremony, as the audience was waiting for the procession, two students elaborately dressed, the one as the honored chancellor, Sir Normand Mc-Lauren, the other as the dignified registrar, Mr. Barff, came on the stage, and with them a third dressed as a young woman. The degree was solemnly conferred on the supposed woman. With equal solemnity the chancellor and the registrar kissed her, and then she skipped gayly off the stage.

The mildest fate which can overtake speakers on commemoration day is shown by the following extracts from a report in the *New Zealand Graphic* (June 8) of the recent capping ceremonies in Auckland University College:

The chairman, Sir George O'Rorke, said: "I do not intend to speak at any great length. ("Hurrah!" said the students.) It is very creditable that students can obtain in New Zealand degrees which are entitled to rank and precedence in all parts of the British dominions. I must also congratulate the young ladies on being able to obtain degrees within the Colony, although I regret to have to add that those rights are still denied in the two great universities at home. ("Oh!" said the students.) I trust the time is approaching when the ladies will be entitled to the same privileges at home as the gentlemen are in respect to university degrees." ("Hurrah! let 'em all come," said the students.) Professor Egerton, the next speaker, said that as accomplished orators were to speak he would not address them at any length. ("What about yourself?" said the students. "Don't blush, good old Pro.," they continued, "don't blush.") The retirement of the registrar, Dr. Runciman, would be regretted by all. (In this the students concurred.) They would



UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE

also regret the retirement of the registrar's daughter. ("Oh! oh! you a married man, too," said the students.) The professor trusted that they would yet have new buildings of which the citizens might be proud. He had heard the present ones referred to in language he would not care to repeat in such an august assemblage. It might be a long time or a short time before they had the new building, but he hoped to see their college a building which looked like an abode of learning and not like a shirt factory. (In all this the students cheerfully acquiesced.)

The Anglican Bishop, Dr. Nelligan, also did not propose to speak at great length, a determination in which he was encouraged by the students. He wished to remind the ladies, with whom were his sympathies ("OH! that won't do, you know," said the students), that they could get their degrees at the University of Dublin. ("Good old Ireland," said the students.)

Dr. McDowell was announced by the students with an imitation of the noise of a motor car and a gong, followed by the cry, "He's coming." "I always enjoy these gatherings," he said, "as they renew the spirit and influence of student life." ("Hurrah!" said the students.)

A student speaker, Mr. Ziman, referred feelingly to the need of buildings. (Auckland

University College still occupies the wooden shed built for the parliament of the former province of Auckland.) While they might not have room on the grounds for football and cricket, they might at least have a tennis court and a gymnasium. ("And a bowling green," said the students.) "Facilities for students' boarding together are also needed. St. John's College supplies that want to some extent. ("That is not a boarding house; the bishop will rise to a point of order," said the students reproachfully.) What we want is an arrangement enabling all the students who desire to reside together. ("Yes, that would be nice," said the students.) Social life would give culture, while the university would give learning. The Easter tournament inaugurated by the students fosters that feeling of fellowship in university life which is better than sickly sentimental fads and affectation. ("Hurrah!" said the students.) The university should be a vital force in the community. Graduates of our university have already entered political life. ("There's our Freddie," said the students.) We look forward to the day when the whole political life of the Colony should be dominated by the University of New Zealand." (And to this hopeful sentiment the student body gave its cheerful acquiescence.)

The principal student festival is an evening

procession or tournament passing through the city streets, composed of students in all sorts of costumes, representing whatever kind of joke, good or bad, smart or inane, may come into the heads of the performers.

The accompanying photographs of the last Sydney procession will give some idea of this. It usually ends at a theater, when the play is punctuated in the time-honored fashion with which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is received in an American college town. In Melbourne a night performance is known as a "Corroboree," the name of the wild medicine dance of the black aborigines of Australia.

If the normal tone of Australia is gray and that of America is red, that of New Zealand is certainly green. It is a land of springtime, a land of hope, a land of gentle climate and fertile fields, a land of sturdy people, honest hearts, and generous hospitality. The charm of New Zealand lies in New Zealand herself, her people, her forests, and her fields. The much-vaunted and over-vaunted political experiments of New Zealand have no part in it, except in this way, that New Zealand is so sure of herself that she can play games which would bring disaster to an older and less joyous community. When a nation is tired it ceases to experiment.

The University of New Zealand is an alliance of the four colleges of the four principal provinces into which the two islands were once divided. These are: Otago College at Dunedin, Canterbury College at Christchurch,

these two the oldest and the largest; Victoria College at Wellington, and University College at Auckland. These separate colleges grant no degrees, but the graduates receive their degrees from the University of New Zealand, all papers being graded in London. This system is not very favorable to development of individuality, either in the colleges or in their faculties, but its purpose was to insure a New Zealand degree against accusations or suspicion of inferiority to the degrees granted in England. This function is no longer necessary, as the best evidence of New Zealand's equality is found in the character of her scholars.

The student life in these universities is essentially that in Australia. The financial stress of many students has led to the recognition of more outside book work than in Australia, and in Wellington and Auckland nearly all the lectures are given in the evening. In general, the sons of wealthy parents are sent "home," that is, to Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh, for their education, and the chief weakness of the university system of Australia is that in this pioneer period it does not reach one tenth of the students who need its help. This same condition existed in America forty years ago. The great growth of our American universities, confusing and overwhelming in its rapidity, began with their first clear realization of their duty to the pioneer man in the free State. A like change, expansion, and intensification is imminent in the universities of the Antipodes.



CANTERBURY COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

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THE BLOCKS TELL THE STORY

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS
Author of "The Moonlight Ship."



Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

"Joy be thine forever and ever."

—"The Kaiser's Cousin of Clausthal," page 717.

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THE OASIS

BY MARIE VAN VORST



"The Nile sparkles between the high mud banks."



THE map of our school days made little of the Oasis. A dot, a circle—and in the last form it was distinctly at its best—it formed a mere blur on the wide surface that spelt Desert. But in our imagination we have all of us seen it. It was round, of course, small and bright and green, proud with high palms and very much the shape of Noah's Ark trees and of their own delectable color. It rose up out of a sand

lake and it had lakes of its own, or more likely a well from which camels drank, where "*the parched traveler bent to slake his thirst.*" Lions, tigers, tropical birds, disported their bright and terrifying forms; but even animal life grew indistinct, as round and cool and green, of a magical freshness, the oasis scintillated upon our dream of the Sahara. We saw it far across the schoolroom hanging like a Babylonish garden in the air. But how much farther do we see it now down through the years—that childhood's

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"In spite of its hoary history it does not look old."

dream of the oasis that never was on land or sea!

But oases, some of them measuring twenty thousand square miles, do tremendously exist. And since civilization, prowling even in the Sahara like a commercial beast of prey, to feed upon tracts of valuable land, has discovered their importance, it might be well to see what they really are.

Beyond Cairo, on the west Nile bank, the pink cone of the Sakkara pyramid shines through the blue fog of the palm groves. The couchant figure of Rameses lies in its marble sepulture, and the Nile lands go down on all sides to the river and are met right and left by the blinding plains. The Nile sparkles between the high mud banks, and here and there where the view of the stream is lost, the pointed sails of the fellaheen boats rise like doves' wings brushing along the horizon.

The character of the country abruptly changes. Over the surface of the pale earth stretching in every direction rise curious dunes. Other countries have moors, forests, valleys, and leas. The Desert has its golden hills, varied in color and yet fantastic in monotony, yellow at the noontime, and

opalescent in the sunset, white as specters in the blue African night. On these stretches there are no flowers, no verdure, scarcely any growth: from where, then, does this perfume come? There are no seas within hundreds of miles: from where, then, comes this smell of the sea? There are no trees: from where comes this rushing sound as of the wind in full-leaved maples? This is the music of the waste; all the scents and sounds of the fertile land belong to the mid-Sahara. The sand is a great Memnon and at noon it is vocal; and through it a rustle seems to run and every grain of it appears to be as perfumed as musk.

The Desert is a sea, wide, white as asphodel, just within the shadows cast by the dunes; then pink as the leaves of millions upon millions of roses toward sunset. Mile after mile spreads and flows and billows. The horizon is broken only by the points of the dunes against the sky. Dunes with azure points, with pink and blue shadows lying long across them; marigold hillocks that rise like little pyramids along the way.

The miles appear to surge and flow like a torrent, to come at once close to all points of the compass, to extend on before with an

inevitableness that it would seem death only could overcome: they seem to steal like an enemy from behind, to fall down from the sky, to accumulate, to crush, to gain in intensity, to go on into a dreadful eternity into

oven whose depths are caldrons, and look as it will, strain as it may, the eye sees only the uncompromising horizon against which the sand waves flow and beat like molten seas to a molten shore. The thirst in the



"Natives in brilliant dress sell their wares along the street."

which, once one has so boldly started, he must disappear.

The sun holds its copper bowl inverted over the waste and pours down a terrible rain of light. Ruddy, sparkling like a billion suns, the sand sucks the heat in and appears to reverberate with it. The miles become an

waste is overpowering; it is a prickly torture that is not all pain. One drinks, drinks, drinks, and the liquid oozes out at the ready pores. Only at night after sundown can this thirst be satisfied, and the draught then is like nectar in Elysium.

Over the Desert at the close of the day



"The red wave of sunset spreads a crimson fan over the land."

there falls something that resembles more than anything else a rosy dew. It is as if some softening hand, some skyey touch, had passed over, caressing the hilly waves and undulations. The hillocks come gently up out of the sand, dark and velvetlike; they appear created out of a vague and unreal material that threatens to vanish at too long a look. As night falls, unprecedented by any twilight, a deep melancholy takes the barren, shoreless country into its keeping. It is then that the aloofness of the waste strikes the traveler, and its silence appalls him. One would give worlds for the call of a bird, or the sound of waters, or the sound of stirring foliage. After a time the *néant* grows so terrible that the ears ring and the heart seems to beat out loud. One becomes used after a while to this soundlessness, and it is then that the antiquity of the traveled tract whose slippery yellow grains have obliterated the feet of so

many millions of travelers, begins to speak, to find a tongue. The very air appears to listen, and one wonders what possible sound could harmoniously break the spell.

The shape of a caravan discerns itself against the sky. Presently the murmur of life is perceived. The camels give their peculiar cry and the Bedouins who pass call out a greeting. The sand swallows them up, and the silence falls again.

The sky at night is as blue as indigo, and the stars are low, swinging lamps.

There is such a thing as desert panic, when the loneliness and the voicelessness grow too intense to bear. It seems then as if the brain might break or the very flesh divide. But after the pendulous camels and the sleepy Arabs have been swallowed up in the distance, before the misery of the quiet has grown too much to bear, the wind comes. Great blasts blow the sand into cones, into water-

spouts; torrents and cyclones whirl and dash against the tents. Camels huddle and cry. The skin of the traveler pricks and his blood flows like mad in the fierce heat of the dry tempest. The Desert is vocal enough, and cries, and rages, and whispers, and reveals secrets, and hurls abuse; but above all this in a sinister fashion one conceives the silence of the plain and knows that it is ready to take up its intense soundlessness at the death of the storm.

In the morning the sea sparkles once again under the sun, and as the journey advances all the crests of the waves are tufted with pale green thorn. Nothing is more delicately exquisite than this flora, if such it can be called: this fungus, this exhalation of the waste.

The rocky hills assume myriad colors in the early light. It is bitter, piercing cold. At this hour, before the sun gets well up into the sky, the melancholy of the Desert is at its height. One would like to roll up the land like a great carpet, to do away with it for all its fascination, and he scans the horizon eagerly for the sight of a palm, for the first glimmer of the fair circled spot which childhood, with bated breath, called an Oasis.

When once, however, the eyes have become accustomed to long hours of sun and the glare of the sand, then the Desert begins to blossom before the sight like a rose. The colors are ethereal: leaves upon leaves of countless roses appear to have been spread over the miles until one seems to travel across a carpet of petals. From the soft hue, warm and efful-

gent, the perfume of the wilderness rises like a spell. It is intoxicating. There is no air like this in all the world. It is the unspoiled, untainted breath of the earth, of the deep, warm sand, of the high, bright heaven where the hot sun hangs like a censer.

The level melts away until little hills come sweetly up again, and in their corrugations violet shadows hide. There is a mild incline in the land, a low chain of hills is crossed, and from the Nile valley one passes into the Fayoum.

All of a sudden, like a cord drawn across a flat surface, a sharp line cuts across the Desert's face, and the horizon comes to light. The line bristles with tassels, as it were, and as the caravan advances there break upon the eyes sweeps of instantaneous green. There are no palms at once to be seen; a line of hedge, sparse patches of cultivated land, across which a lion would scarcely dare to tread. A few clumps of mimosa, low groves of tamarisk, and the desert sands are relinquished for the earthy soil of civilized country. This is the land of the living, the land of farms, the land of sounds. A bird calls, a lamb bleats. In the distance the shape of snowy houses, the round, blatant dome of a tiny mosque, the shadow of a town defines itself. Gracile shape of yellow tiger—clear pool under a trinity of palm shade—visions of the schoolroom— Oh! where are they?

This little country where all preconceived ideas of an oasis fade as one enters it, is the Sea-Land—a lake pasture, according to the meaning of its ancient name, El Fayoum.



"Meanwhile he drives his flock, carrying the lambs in the bosom of his blue robe."



"Against the sky the palms are painted with their quivering bushes."

By means of an isthmus in the desert and the river, the Nile is fetched in canals that intersect and vein this country. Between stone walls whose tops are bordered with trees a canal flows like a peaceful river in a winding course throughout the town of Medinet el Fayoum. Natives in brilliant dress, Egyptians, Copts, and others sell their wares along the streets: great yellow oranges, dates and figs, and piles of pistachio nuts. The petty, noisy traffic of a populous native town is the final sound that shatters the prolonged silence of the Desert.

The land of Egypt is in the form of a lily, and Fayoum is the bud. The Libyan hills, whose topaz, sterile heights rise along the western banks of the Nile, fall here into a depression that causes a great hollow, and this basin into which the Desert filters like gold contains the ancient, most ancient Oasis of the Fayoum.

The Pharaoh of the Almond Eyes, Amenhotep III, created this province, whose fertility was a discovery in his own times. During those ancient reigns the Oasis numbered three hundred and sixty-six towns and vil-

lages. To-day its population is over two hundred thousand souls.

The Fayoum is more exquisitely pastoral than even the fertile ribbon of land along the bank of the Nile. It is a garden blossoming in the Desert like a colossal flower. If one might be suspended over the plain in an airship and look down on this spot of country it would appear like a bouquet set among its leaves of green. There are patches of cultivation over it as tender in color as the young spring leafage. Into this blends the dark shadow of the cotton-fields and the bright bloomy squares of the bean in leaf and flower. If this perfume of the bean blossom is fine and subtle in the Oasis, the rose is still sweeter, and one after another of the sumptuous rose gardens lie behind their high white walls—roses perpetually flowering, perpetually gathered. The Fayoum rose supplies all the petals for the famous rose water sold to such extent in Egypt, and from there shipped all over the world.

There is indeed "a bower of beauty by Bendemeer's stream," but this time it lies along the banks of Amenhotep III's canal,

Beni Suef. As the slow clear water flows like a real river through the lake country, the nightingales sing in the mimosa, in the yellow flowering acacia, in the *Igdasil*, fountain-like tree, whose pale green foliage, delicate as the leaves of a fern, trembles and shines in the wind and sun, and dangles luxuriantly its bunches of yellow flowers.

There is the aspect of perennial spring in the Oasis: so many harvests are garnered, the fields grow green again so many times. The creatures, too, seem perpetually young. A baby camel frisks like a young colt across the road; a little donkey not more than a few weeks old frolics like a puppy by the side of its mother; a flock of young lambs pass across the fragrant fields. It is spring, the eternal, perpetual spring, and yet the calendar marks the first of January.

Full as the land is of the remnants of antiquity, it is a peculiar charm to feel that in spite of its hoary history it does not grow old. The shepherd, attired in his unaltered dress, antique since the time when the artist carved his bas-relief on the nearest temple's walls, follows his calling to-day as he did in the time of Pharaoh, but he is a young, a beautiful creature; he carries a lamb in his arms, and his bare feet rustle in the young forest of the cane. The multicolored parquet of the fields is yellow with mustard, green and white with corn and bean, then darkened with the ochre thicket of the young cane, or the low ranks of the purple, ripened stalks. And in these thickets the figures of the peasants in their blue and white dress, or nude, save for their loin cloths, bend to cut the stalks. Here and there like flecks of cotton on the parterres of the fields are scattered the tents of the Bedouin farmers who have left the Desert to labor for a season in the Oasis. These dark figures slip and pass in amongst the low pale ochre forest of the cane.

The Fayoum shepherd is simple and beautiful. He has many charming customs and beliefs. He thinks that from the smoke of his fire a genie may rise at any moment to grant his prayer; he sees an Afriti in all his troubles, and trembles; but he is a good Mohammedan and prays five times a day with washen hands, his eyes turned toward Mecca.

Meanwhile he drives his flock, carrying the lambs in the bosom of his blue robe. He is friends with all the creatures, with the ducks and the water birds that drink in the swamps

and canals. And "as he crosses the marshy lands at evening his way is very hard, for he is in the water with the fish, and he talks with the Nar-fish and passes the time of day with the West-fish."

From an opening in the hill near Beni Suef the canal fetches the waters of the Nile, and at the intersection of some of the many canals that vein the province a Pharaoh built a city at the time when the Hebrews were groaning under their tasks. Crocodilopus, celebrated for the worship of the crocodile, was a famous ancient metropolis, under which ran the labyrinth counted by many amongst the Seven Wonders of the World. The ruins of this underground passage still exist, filled with the débris of statues to Pharaoh, and devastated columns and dust. But in point of fact, although throughout the oasis the remnants of early dynasties are strewn, almost nothing of Crocodilopus, whose marvels caused Herodotus to break into ecstasy, is left to-day.

The Lake Land is the California of Egypt, but it is above all else the Lake Country, and after passing fertile plantations, groves of palm and fig trees, the great Basin is reached. Moeris, a sheet of water which Amenhotep III created by the extraordinary system of sluices and dikes, has been as it were brought back again by the present Egyptians. Moeris is a sad, melancholy expanse of cloud-colored water with dreary shores. Vultures circle over it and their wings are dimly reflected on the obscure surface, and the Desert spreads away from the lake on all sides.

No more than fifteen miles from the capital city, Medinet, is the site of the lovelier Birket-el-Korn. Ruins and débris of once graceful temples strew the road which, through cotton and cane fields, takes the traveler across the Oasis. The red wave of sunset spreads a crimson fan over the land, and a mounted sheik in his white dress and turban ambles along on his steed. A group of shepherd girls slowly follow their flocks which they drive bleating before them; and out of the sunset the waters of the Birket-el-Korn glow and sparkle. Partly fed by natural spring, partly formed by the inundations of the Nile, the Birket-el-Korn is no less than thirty-five miles long.

This lovely lake is the lake of the child's dream. Here one sees after all the school-room fancies are not always myths.

From the upland plateau of the country,

from the high ground of the Fayoum, the aspect of this little sheet of water is beautiful indeed. Against the sky the palms are painted with their quivering bushes. The dom palm shakes its fronds, and slowly and gently the verdant fields undulate, spreading their tapestry down to the water's borders. Tamarisks border the lake; the small fine silver leaves sparkle in the sunset, in whose light the lake lies in its basin like a carmine sea; and mysterious and indefinite on all sides, the limitless boundaries of the Sahara stretch away.

At a little height above the Birket from the elevation of a camel's back this is the brilliant picture that spreads before the eyes: Curious birds come down to drink, to dive, to float on the waters—water fowl and sand-grouse and wild duck, flamingo and heron. And the Nar-fish and the West-fish swim under the bright waves. Further along are the columns of a temple, the broken stones of a Roman altar, the pale columns of a Roman shrine.

From the broad fertility of the province Egypt derives an immense revenue. The luscious orchards of apricots, the misty fig trees, the silver olives bear in plenty. There are patches of strawberries whose fragrance recalls all the Junes of the North.

The statement that yearly from the Oasis Egypt realizes £200,000, makes it not to be wondered at if modern spirit is occupied in the opening up of the greater oases that strew the Libyan Plain. These features are the only interruption to the sterile miles of the Sahara: they are profound depressions, pools in the masterful formation of the Desert's sea; low, sunken indentations where here and there a little green breaks forth. Cycles ago the oases were thrown up by an upheaval

of the limestone substance, the real formation of the Desert. In the course of ages these depressions became like oceans; wind and sand and cycles upon cycles did the rest, and these physical phenomena whose very name has a charmed sound became molded by enormous transitions into their present form. Their forms are tremendous.

Kargeh is nearly half as large as the State of Pennsylvania. It has twenty thousand square miles. The villages are made of mud. The inhabitants are physically the finest specimens of the Egyptian race, snuff-colored, with fine limbs and appealing eyes. The women are strong, healthy creatures, and Fayoum gives the Egyptian army her best soldiers.

There are Berber tribes here and Moslems, and the spot has been peopled no less than three thousand five hundred years. The streets are tunnels under the ground like the holes of beasts or the burrows of a rabbit, and close to the filth of the town there rises a temple built by Darius, the Persian, in honor of the God of Light.

The oases were celebrated in antiquity for their phenomenal crops. The olives bore in perpetuity, the cotton was white as snow, Olympidores says, and from three to four harvests of any growth were realized a year, and there was never any rain. Kargeh is fed by water-wells which like floods at the surface of the earth pour a heavenly cascade over the land.

The keen Egyptian knows the value of these countries. The Nile banks have yielded gold for ages and it now remains for these mines to be exploited. Railroads are half-way to Kargeh as it is, and where now it takes three weeks by caravan to reach the Oasis, it will within a short time be accessible in twenty-four hours.

DAYLIGHT AND DARKNESS

By DOUGLAS CHANNING

SOFT wind, and golden light in all the land;
 Spring breathes new joys from many a secret place,
 But oh, my hand is lost without your hand—
 And oh, the day is empty of your face!

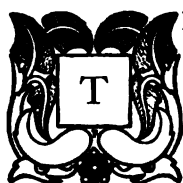
White moonlight on the cedar branches falls,
 Still is the air, and through the fragrant camps
 A nightingale's lost spirit throbs and calls—
 And oh, the dark is desolate for your arms!

BECAUSE OF JULIE

HOW THE MEMBERS OF TURTLE LAKE CLUB ELECTED OFFICERS

BY EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK



THE chairman of the Central Committee leaned back and reached for the match box on the table. A yelp announced the presence of a recumbent hound beneath him when he let down his chair legs.

"Well, look out then!" he commented, annoyed. "Hang it, Buck, these dogs are under foot all the time. Why don't you keep 'em out at the kennels?"

Buck, the keeper of Turtle Lake Club, threw down his armfuls of wood and smiled. "Bâ oui, M'sieu," he replied, "dose dawg, she's nuisance all right."

"As I was saying, Williams," went on the chairman, resuming his conversation with the president of the bank, "the whole country's crazy these days. We're hysterical. First it's one thing and then another. One editor finds all our troubles due to the abolishment of the Bible from the public schools. Another insists we ought to love the negro as ourselves. Then there are the ladies, God bless 'em. Our committee was besieged with delegations of women insisting on the extension of the franchise. What with one thing and another, I must say that the rights of capital toward what it has earned in the building up of this magnificent civilization of ours——"

The bank president reached up and pulled the bell toward him, sounding it loud and long. "Violation of house rule Number Three! No shop may be talked within four miles of the clubhouse. What was Turtle Lake established *for*, my friend?"

"By Jove! I forgot. All right. Buck, in-

quire of the gentlemen." The chairman passed the matches for the other's cigar when it was brought; but resumed his discontent.

"What can we do even here? Our rights as men of prominence are denied us even in the wilderness. Once we could spear muskies right out here in front of the dock. If one of us was caught with a spear in his hand now, it'd be him for the rock-pile as soon as the dear people got wind of it. Here's our dogs—whole pack lying around, decrepit, worn out, no good. The dear people objected to our running deer with hounds. If I had my way I'd chloroform the whole kit and boiling of these dogs to-day, and the dear people with 'em. Get out, Bose! I declare, as chairman of the board of governors, I'm going to see if I haven't a little authority here."

The bank president laughed, knowing that most of this was the talk of an irritated city man wearing his first soft shirt for the season.

"Yes," said he, chuckling, "I'd like to see you around here with your little old chloroform sponge. Start in with the chloroform, Oldham, and you'll run against the whole Turtle Lake system clear back to the real and actual sovereign on the real and actual throne. Ain't that right, Buck?"

"Bâ oui, M'sieu'!" grinned Buck, making himself comfortable in a chair. At Turtle Lake men are democrats who in the city may be almost anything; plutocrats, socialists, conservatives, what it may chance. The tariff and the ghost of Thomas Jefferson, national expansion and uncrowned kings—all these questions compose themselves amiably under house rule Number Three, which has penalties attached.

"Besides, as to the dogs," went on the bank

president, getting up in his moccasin feet and reaching for a black pipe over the chimney jamb, "they couldn't be kept any place else. We undertook to get rid of the dogs once. Then's when we discovered several great truths that you don't seem to have grasped as yet."

"When was that?" asked the chairman of the Central Committee.

"The first fall after the dog and deer law was passed. Tell him about it, Buck. Mr. Oldham isn't posted on the archives."

Buck propped his great shoulders against the side of the wall and put his feet on the chair round as he felt in his own pockets for fuel for his pipe.

"I'll not know much 'bout dose h'archive," he began, "but if you mean dat tam' I'll take dose h'eighteen dawg down to Judge Gill' on Detraw', I know dat tam' all right."

Oldham raised his eyebrows in query. "How'd he happen to take the club pack down to Detroit?" he asked of the bank president.

"Oh, some of the others thought that since the dogs were no longer of use they ought to be disposed of. Theory was that Judge Gillam would take the pack over to the dog show down there and sell them for what they'd fetch. Go on, Buck, tell him about it. Show him who's boss here."

"Sure Mike, M'sieu'," rejoined Buck. "Me, I'm remember dose tam' like to-morrow. The gentlemens on dose committee tell me tak dose h'eighteen dawg on Detraw' and give it on Judge Gill'. I'll break my heart that day, when I'm start for Detraw'. Dose dawg been on the club five year, t'ree year. It belong on the club same like me. I seeck when I'm start for take dose h'eighteen dawg on Detraw'. I'll break my heart. I'll mos' break my neck also."

"You see, M'sieu' Old', it was thirty mile from dis place to Alpeen', for take schooner on Detraw'. Alpeen', she's thirty mile now, she's thirty mile then, also. So me, Buck, I'm lead dose h'eighteen dawg thirty mile, all on wan rope."

"I'll know, when dose dawg come on the trail 'bout where we run the deer, all dose dawg she'll think she run deer, same like always. Dose dawg ain't know dose legislate' pass the law she ain't to run deer no more. So I'm take long rope, nineteen, forty feet long, and I'm tie dose h'eighteen dawg on dose rope, like what what you call the catfish

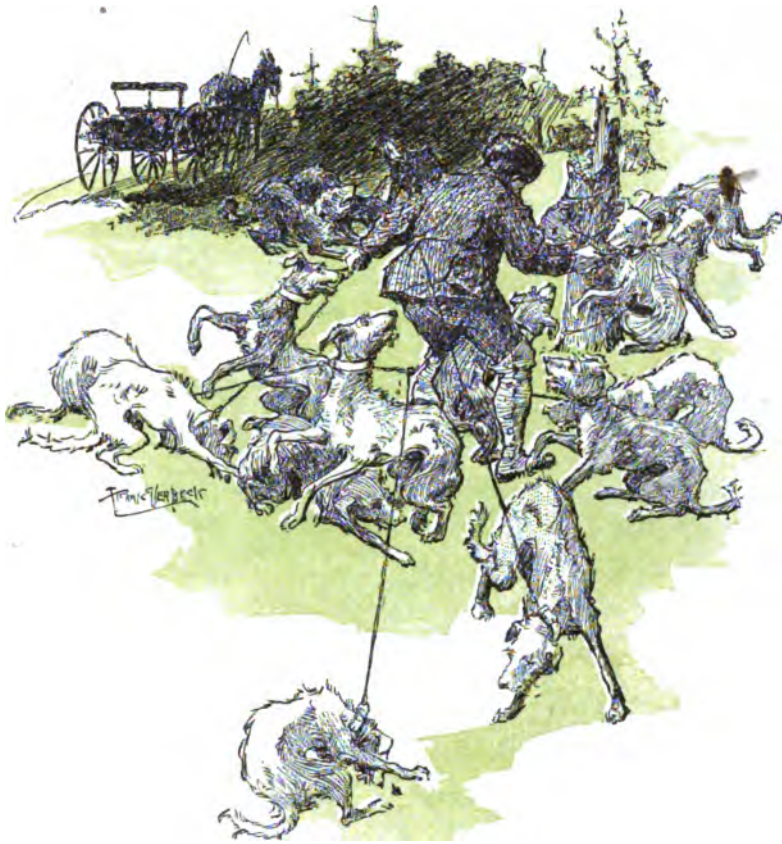
on the set-line—bimeby, one dawg, bimeby two dawg, bimeby seven h'eight dawg; each dawg 'bout two, four feet from both dawg all 'round him. Some of dose dawg got collar, and some ain't got collar, also. When she ain't got collar I'll tie rope on his neck. All dose dawg, she's use' for to have rope on his neck till she'll come to dose place on the trail where she'll run the deer. When she'll come on dat place, she ain't use' for to have rope on his neck no more, him.

"Ba gosh, I not like for lose my dawg. No hear him no more in the sunrise—'Wow, wow woo-o-o!' No hear him no more in the wood, run the deer—'Wow, wow, woo-o-o!' And ba gosh, also I'm think we're not h'eat dose deer so much when dose dawg gone. When I'm go in dose buckbor' I'm look down my face, I'm tell you. Dose dawg, he look down its face too, also. Two, three things dis world you're not fool it. First is dawg, next is h'woomans. I'll not fool it dose dawg when I'm tell it we go run some deer. He'll walk on dose rope and he'll feel seeck, too. He'll put its tail between its head and he'll look down its nose, same like me."

"Bimeby, I'll come in dose buckbor' and lead dose h'eighteen dawg on dose rope behin' the buckbor' till we get on that place where dose dawg she's use' to run some deer. Ba gosh, then was troubles! 'Wow, wow, woo-o-o-o!' all dose h'eighteen dawg she'll holler. Also she'll tie dose rope on dose stump. I'm maybe one hour, two hour, get dose rope untie. From that place to Alpeen' is nineteen thousand stump; and every tam' dose h'eighteen dawg she'll come on a stump she'll wind itself around it. Me, Buck, I'm climb down from buckbor' and unwind dose dawg nineteen thousand tam's to Alpeen'."

"I'll goin' take some schooner from Alpeen' on Detraw', and dose schooner she'll make sail bimeby. Me, I'm step on saloon of Jacques to get a *petit verre de bier*. Dose small boy of Jacques, she'll stand on the dock—*petit garçon*, just like this—and I'm give the end of dose rope to dose small boy to hol' dose h'eighteen dawg while I go in and have *petit verre de bier chez Jacques*. Me, I'm wish to forget dose forty thousand stump from Turt' Lak' to Alpeen'."

"Bimeby I'm sit *chez Jacques*, when some wan come and say Jacques his small boy is go drown on the *baie*. We'll talk litt' while more, and bimeby Jacques he put his hand on his head. He say, '*Mon Dieu!* dose boy



“*And unwind dose dawg nineteen thousand tam’s.*”

she’ll pull off the dock with dose h’eighteen dawg on some rope.’ Me, I’m plaintee scare also. I’m think maybe dose h’eighteen dawg she’ll get drown’ sure. ’Spose then what’ll Judge Gill’ say to me?

“Well, I’m go on the dock and look on the *baie*. Sure ’nough, dose small boy she’s on the *baie*, and she’s swim, mix’ up with dose h’eighteen dawg on the rope. Dose boy, she’ll holler plaintee, and all dose dawg she’ll holler plaintee, too, ‘Wow, wow, woo-o-ow, woo-o-o-ow!’ I’ll know what that mean. She’ll say, ‘For sake of *Bon Dieu*, Buck, save it the life!’ So me, I’m find the life preserve’ and throw it on the *baie*. Dose small boy she’ll catch the life preserve’ and bimeby she’ll swim on the dock, and walk on the step. But dose dawg, seven, h’eight, she’ll try to climb up the pile, and she’ll can’t do it.

Seven, h’eight, she’ll swim wan way; seven, h’eight, she’ll swim other way. Me, I’m find the boat-hook, and Telesphore Aubien she’ll find the boat-hook also, and Jacques, she’ll find it too, and we’ll reach down and hook on the rope. Bimeby we’ll pull dose dawg on the dock. Pretty soon he’ll hol’ up his head and wag itself, and say ‘Wow, wow, woo-o-o!’ I’m hear some man’s on the schooner will see dose h’eighteen dawg and for some joke she’ll whistle to dose dawg and she’ll all go on the *baie*, and dose small boy, also; but dose dawg ain’t call it some joke now. *Eh bien*, annyhow, we get all dose dawg on the schooner sometam’. I take some more *petit verre de bier* with Jacques. ‘Good-by, *mon ami*,’ I say to him pretty soon, ‘that’s lucky we save dose dawg, eh?’

“’Bout three, four clock that afternoon the

captain she'll say it's tam' for schooner for sail. All the peop' of Alpeen' she'll stand on the dock and see dose dawg on the schooner. Long tam' I'm sailor man, me, and I'm know dose dawg she'll get bust down in dose hold where the lumber is, so I'm stay on the deck; and dose dawg she'll braid itself on the main-sail, and the fo'sail also. When the main boom come 'round she'll bust dose dawg on her head, and every one of it she'll sit up on its tail and say 'Woo, woo, woo-o-o-oo!' Me, I'm not sleep much.

back mos' all night. Dose rope, she's good thing.

"Bimeby dose schooner she'll come on Detraw'. The captain say, 'Ba gosh, I'm glad dose dawg walk on dock now.' Me, I'm glad also. But I'm not glad for long.

"I'm not know dose city, Detraw'. I'm ask policeman where Judge Gill' live, and dose policeman say go on the street-car on Judge Gill'. Ba gosh, he'll not tell that, if some tam' hisself he'll try put h'eigheten dawg on wan street-car.



"'Spose dose boule dawg she's worth seven dollar.'"

"Bimeby the wind come up and blow strong. Some of dose dawg she'll get seaseck, too, same like peop'. Me, I'm seek too. When the schooner go up on the wave, and go down on the wave, some tam' dose dawg fall out on the lak'. I'm pull 'em

"M'sieu', you'll be city man? You'll know dose street-car? You'll know she ain't stop for long. My faith, 'spose you go try put h'eigheten dawg on wan street-car—that's what dose schoolma'am call *tres difficile*. Seven, h'eight, she'll braid herself on the front



“‘He ain’t got no boule dawg now.’”

wheel; seven, h’eight, on the doorstep; seven, h’eight, on the plat’form; seven, h’eight, she’ll try get on behin’; seven, h’eight, she’ll go on front. Dose conductors she’ll be crazy, too, and say dose car is for lady. Me, I’m say where Buck go, dose dawg go also, like the sheep of Marie. Two, three lady, she’ll smile on me and say dose plaintee fine dawg; bimeby so many fine lady—myself not yet know where Judge Gill’ she’ll live—I’m get out on dose car; and my dawg she’ll got out too, all h’eighteen.

“‘Bout dose tam’ come along wan mans with two dawg, to take it on dose dawg show—two boule dawg. She’s got blue ribbon on its neck, and dose mans she lead it both on fine string. I don’t know, me, maybe dose boule dawg she’s worth seven dollar’ on dose dawg show. Dose boule dawg the both two she’ll look on my h’eighteen dawg that’s braid’ on the lamp-post and tree both side dose street. My faith, gentlemen, *you ought to see dose fight!*”

“You ought to have been more careful, Buck,” said Oldham, interested now. “Of course you got a lot of the dogs killed and crippled up.”

“What, me? Dose dawg—dose h’eighteen dawg of the pack of Lac de Turt’? You mak’ fun, M’sieu’! You’ll not know dose dawg. She’ll fight the lucivee, she’ll fight the skonk, she’ll fight anythings. Dose two boule dawg they come on dose h’eighteen dawg for to eat all dose dawg up, and dose pack of Lac de Turt’ she’ll unbraid itself off dose lamp-post and dose tree and in one minute, two minute, she’ll eat up dose boule dawg the both two and dose blue ribbon also. Then those h’eighteen dawg, she’ll lick its face, and she’ll smile, and she’ll put her tail on its back and she’ll go on the street much what you call, *complaisant* then. ‘Spouse dose boule dawg she’s worth seven dollar’ I’m sorry for dose mans, for he ain’t got no boule dawg now!

“That’s all right, all right. I’m walk on the street plaintee tam’—two, three hour, on Detraw’. I go two block; maybe wan block. Dose dawg go on both two sides the street and the middle side also. There’s plaintee tree on both sides dose street, and plaintee lamp-post also. Seven, h’eight dawg she’ll braid itself ’round tree one side street some more; seven, h’eight, she’ll go other side; seven, h’eight, she’ll sit down and say ‘Woo,



“‘And Julie—she’ll be seeck, too, for Turt’ Lak.’”

woo, woo-oo!’ Some wagon’ll come on the street and she can’t get by dose dawg. Three, four policemen come and pull dose dawg on the rope. All right, bimeby I’m go on up the street with all dose dawg, and all dose dawg run different way. Me, I dinno where is the house of Judge Gill’.

“I’ll walk on the street five hour, seven hour, and I’ll get plaintee hongree. Bimeby I’ll come on what they’ll call dose City Park. She’ll have seven, h’eight, dose tame deers in dose park—deers that come eat the peanut on the fence. My dawg she’ll walk along, whole h’eighteen plaintee tire’ now. Her tail not up on its back now. She’ll look down her face and put her tail between her face now, and she’s plaintee hongree. But when

we’re come on dose City Park, where dose deers come and eat the peanut, all dose h’eighteen dawg she’ll smell it, and she’ll lift up her head and she’ll say, all the same like here in the woods, ‘Woo, woo, woo-o-o-oo!’ Then she’ll make for dose fence. Me? I’m hol’ on to the rope. I’m pull through the fence three, four, different way. Dose dawg is the mos’ bes’ dawg in all the worl’ for deers. ‘Spose they get loose on the rope, she’ll catch dose deers, sure. Ba gosh, all dose deers she’ll jump the fence pretty soon and run on the city. I’m think seven, h’eight dose deers she’ll climb the tree. Me, I’m inside dose h’eighteen dawg. Two, three more policemen come and ask me what *le diable*? Me, I’m say what *le diable*, also. ‘Why you ain’t

told me where live dose Judge Gill?' I'm say.

"I pound on my breas' on dose policemen. Me, I say on them, 'Behol' Jean Marie Guillaume LeClair! I come from Lac de Turt', and I bring dose h'eighteen dawg on Judge Gill', me!"

"When I say dose word to dose policemen she'll stand on one foot and she'll look on each other and she'll say, 'All right.' All dose policemen she'll know Judge Gill'. *Eh bien*, messieurs, you know our club she's made up of the mos' bes' peop' on all dose different city. Judge Gill', she's prominaw' in Detraw'.

"Dose policemen she'll show me two, three tam' which way I'll go on Judge Gill'. I'm plaintee tire' now. I'm willing for sell dose h'eighteen dawg for ten cent. But pretty soon I come on some beeg house.

"When I'm come on the gate by dose beeg house dose dawg she'll smell on the walk. Ba gosh, I think me, she'll know somethings! She'll smell on dose walk, on dose flower bed, on dose porch. She'll run up on dose porch, seven, h'eight on wan side; seven, h'eight on other side; seven, h'eight on walk; and me, I'll go too, on rope. Dose dawg she'll be glad. Bimeby, she'll lift up its head, all h'eighteen, and she'll say, 'Wow, wow, woo-o-o-o-oww!' I'm shame' of dose dawg. But I'm not know whose house this is.

"And then, M'sieu'—ah, what you mean by chloroform dose dawg? She's got the mos' bes' sense of any mans. She's got more sense than *me*, Buck. It's dose h'eighteen dawg I'll take on Detraw' that find me my wife, Julie!"

The chairman raised his eyebrows in query, but the bank president nodded assent.

"You know dose Julie gal that live on dose clear' 'bout six mile, where we put dose dawg on the deer bush?" resumed Buck. "All the tam', 'bout ten, eight year, I'm goin' ask Julie if she'll marry on me. But I'm get so busy here attend on my gentlemen I'll forget till the season close. Bimeby I'll go on the place where Julie live, but Julie, *elle est partie*! She's gone. Where does she go? Her peop' say maybe on Detraw'. She'll get work on some house on Detraw'. She don't write on her peop'; they don't write on her. So Julie she lose itself, yaas; and me, I'm not marry on that gal!"

"Well, you're married to her now, aren't you?" asked the chairman of the Central

Committee, reaching for another match. "Isn't the housekeeper's name Julie?"

"Don't hurry this story, Oldham!" The bank president raised his hand.

"*Bà oui*, M'sieu'!" continued Buck. "I'm say that's all because dose dawg got more sense than any mans. I'll stand there on the porch, seven, h'eight dawg on wan post, seven, h'eight dawg on 'nother, and all dose dawg she'll holler. Just then, ba gosh, I'll look up, and *voilà Julie!* Behol' dose gal I'm lost so long!"

"Dose Julie she'll walk around the side walk on the corner of the house and look at me, Buck, and dose h'eighteen dawg! And dose Julie gal, she'll look what you call good to me. How do I know she'll live on the house of Judge Gill'? How do I know this is the house of Judge Gill'? I *don't* know. Dose dawg, she'll tell me! Dose dawg, she'll find me Julie; and also she'll find me Judge Gill', because of Julie!"

"M'sieurs, on the club of the Lac de Turt' all dose members she'll fish good, she'll shoot good, she'll drink *petit verre* not too much, she'll ride good, and she'll admire *la belle femme*. Me, I'll get dose 'abit from dose gentlemen. *Maintenant*, annyhow, dos Julie she'll look what you call good. Besides, I'll not know for more as two year where Julie she'll go. '*Mon Dieu*, Julie!' I'm cry; and I'll make out the arm wide; and Julie—she'll be seeck, too, for Turt' Lak'—she'll put out his arm wide also. We'll fall on the neck, wan tam', two tam', and several *plusieurs* tam' also. Dose h'eighteen dawg she'll wrap itself 'round us, seven, eight wan side, seven, h'eight on both two side, and she'll stand look up, hees tail on its back. Hees eyes very fine, and she'll say on me, all h'eighteen, 'What I tol' you, Buck; what I tol' you, Julie? Ba gosh, here we be; us and Buck also!"

"Well, bimeby Julie she'll pull itself loose from my neck and she'll say, '*Va t'en!* what you do at Judge Gill', his house?' Me, I'll say, 'I'm lose it dose gal Julie, and I'm take dose h'eighteen dawg to fin' dose gal Julie on the city Detraw'.' Me *voilà*, Julie,' I'll say, 'and my h'eighteen dawg also! I search my Julie,' I'll say, 'all over end of dose earth, yaas!' I'll pound on my breas' some more. Then I'll kiss dose Julie some more, also. Julie, she'll take her apronne and wipe it on the mout' and say, '*Va t'en!*' but me, ba gosh, I'll think she'll like dose kiss all same.

"*Ma foi!* Julie,' I'll say bimeby, 'if this is house of Judge Gill', 'spose you got anything for h'eat? Me, I'm hongree, one day, two day.' Julie she'll say, 'Come on kitchen, then.' I'll go on the kitchen. And now, ba gosh, what you think? Dose h'eighteen dawg she'll walk on a string, straight, wan dawg before the other! She'll not fight, she'll not run, she'll not go both sides the post, she won't run both sides the step. She'll put dose tail on its back and its face straight on the front, and she'll follow Julie like wan judge! Ba gosh, I'll not understan' that! Me, I'm have plaintee troub' with dose h'eighteen dawg; Julie, she'll have no troub' 'tall!

"She'll feed dose h'eighteen dawg, and bimeby dose h'eighteen dawg she'll go out on the grass and she'll curl up in a ring and she'll go fas' asleep. Yaas, all dose dawg she'll think it's home now. Why? *Because of Julie!* Dose dawg she's elect its president then.

"You'll go sell dawg like that on dose dawg show, M'sieu' Old'?" asked Buck. "My faith, you'll no can do that thing. Listen; *écoutez!*

"Bimeby Judge Gill' he'll come home on dose machine of benzine, dose autobominall! He'll come up the road on the house. He'll see dose h'eighteen dawg all sit on its tail on the grass and wag its head at him. I'll say to Judge Gill', 'Me *voilà*, Judg Gill'; also hehol' *tous les chiens de Lac de Turt'*, dose whole h'eighteen! Here we'll be, Judge! I'll say to him."

"Yaas, damme!' say Judge Gill', 'and we'll sell every d—n one of them,' say he. 'What use dose blamed things to the club now when we can't run the deer? Here, you Tige!' he say, 'here Billy, you Bose—you Sounder, and here you, you lowdown yellow thing, Fanny, by gad! I'm glad to see you.' That's the way he'll talk bimeby. 'And you Ranger—be a good dawg, Dasher—and little Pete, that killed a lucivee; and Willy and Fly!'

"M'sieurs, naturel'ment, being one of my gentilhom' at Lac de Turt', Judge Gill' he know each of dose h'eighteen dawg by name hisself. All our gentilhom' they'll know by voice each wan of dose h'eighteen dawg every tam' in the wood. Of course Judge Gill' he'll know each dawg by her name, and all dose dawg she'll know its name too. So all dose h'eighteen dawg she'll set up on

its tail and say 'Woo, woo, woo-o-o-oo!' 'We're glad for see you, Judge,' she'll say plain.

"Why don't Judge Gill' sole dose dawg? Ba gosh, he *can't* sole dose dawg because of Julie. Julie she'll go for cry. She's know dose dawg long tam', wan year, two year, and she's seeck for home in the wood. Judge Gill' he'll look on dose dawg, and he'll pull his handkerchief out his pant and he'll say, 'Me, I can't do it. D—n you, Buck, what'd you bring 'em down for?' Me, I'll put my hand on my eye, too. Julie, she'll put her apronne on her eye. Dose dawg, she'll say, 'Wow, wow, woo-o-o-o-ooo!' We'll all cry. But we'll can't sole dose dawg, no, no.

"Come on the house, Buck,' Judge Gill' he'll say to me bimeby. 'Julie, get him the supper. Get the supper for dose dawg also. I may sell my house yesterday, my wife also, but not dose dawg, ba gosh, no!' So Julie, she'll get the supper encore for me, encore for dose dawg, and I'll make the spark on Julie now for make up los' tam'.

"Bimeby, two, three day, Judge Gill' he'll say to me, 'Buck, I'm president of dose club, and I'm direct you take dose dawg back on the club.' Me, I'll tell Judge Gill' dose dawg was seeck for home, and Julie she's seeck for home, too. Me, I'm seeck for home. S'pose I'm make for marry dose Julie, and she keep the house on the club, and keep dose dawg also?'

"Judge Gill', he'll think for while and then he'll say, 'My faith, that's good thing, Buck! I'm seeck for home, also.' He'll make me marrie on Julie next day yesterday. Yesterday after that, Julie and myself, me and all dose h'eighteen dawg, and Judge Gill', we'll take the schooner back for Alpeen'.

"No, we got no troub' now. Now dose dawg she'll follow Julie in wan long string, on the street, on the street-car, on the dock, on the schooner, on the road for Alpeen'. She don't make the mix on the rope with dose tree or dose lamp-post no more. All dose dawg she'll put its tail on its back and walk easy and she'll be parfait gentilhom' and not fight. Why? *Because of Julie!*

"Judge Gill', he'll see dose dawg act like parfait gentilhom' and he'll say, 'Buck, I don't see no troub' on dose dawg.'

"*Ne moi non plus,*' says I on him. 'Me neither also.' 'S'pose I got that Julie gal

'long, there'll not goin' to be no more troub',
nowheres now.'

"Well, me, annyhow, and that Julie also,
we come on the club bimeby; and Julie, she'll
be the housekeep' on the club seven year,
five year, long tam' all right, in dose h'archive
maybe. You know, that year, Judge Gill'
she'll be elect' president. He'll be president
now—all the tam', 'cept Julie! Dose Julie,
ba gosh, maybe so she's real president this
club." Buck chuckled.

"And just can't she cook, Oldham!" said
Williams. "I say, *don't* things taste just
absolutely bully up here?" The chairman
of the Central Committee nodded an em-
phatic assent.

Buck let down his chair to the floor. "And

dose h'eighteen dawg," he concluded, "some
of it'll get gray, like *nos austres*; s'pose not
quite so much use now, eh, like us, eh? But
it was once *beaux temps* of dose dawg, yaas,
eh?"

"Me, I'm sit on what you call pat. When
Julie lead dose dawg so easy, I'll not say
much, but I'll think it plaintee. Ah, m'sieurs
m'sieurs, dose Femme! Dose Femme! Dos
H'woomans, she'll be the president on the
club, also on the countree. I'll pound on the
breas' and say, 'me, *voilà*! I'm boss!' But
dose dawg, she'll follow Julie! Good tam'
here, eh? Why? *Because of Julie!* M'sieur,
you h'order dose dawg h'outside, if you
please. Me, I'm scare' for do it. Why?
Because of Julie!"

THE GYPSY LAD

By GERTRUDE KING

SAY, have you seen my gypsy lad come singing down the lane,
And have you heard the Mistaaf's lilt a-calling me again?
For it's nigh six months' long waiting, and the heart of me is dry,
And sure of all the wandering folk my lad must soon come by.

His cheeks are like the red red haws through dusky autumn boughs,
His eyes burn black and golden beneath his silky brows—
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice, he gave me kisses three,
And then I vowed I'd follow him from sea to farthest sea.

And he—he laughed and left me as he shook his bonny head;
"You'll kiss me close the next time, white maid," was all he said.
He set his cap upon his curls and laughed and flung away—
I've heard the Mistaaf ringing from his lips each weary day.

They laid my little Mother 'neath a green mound smooth and fair,
And I tend the green space nigh her till I lay my Father there;
And some day at their feet they'll put the empty flesh of me,
The while my heart is pressing on from sea to farthest sea.

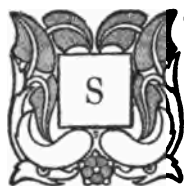
But oh, my gypsy lad will laugh and jest the road along,
And every lane and field and fair will learn the Mistaaf song,
And when he lays his dusky cheek against the warm brown earth
He'll say: "Good night, my Mother dear," and dream all dreams of mirth.

But sure before that distant day he'll swing a-down the lane,
And I shall hear the Mistaaf song and I'll fling wide the pane,
And he'll lean in and kiss me, kiss me close, my gypsy lad—
Oh, 'tis a long long road he goes, and my heart is very sad!

THE MOONLIGHT SHIP

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY



O still she floated on the tranquil tide, so dreamlike in the radiance of the flooding tropic moonlight, that the swarthy renegade, staring forth at her through the thick foliage of the river bank, almost repented of his purpose. At the sight of her trim, tapering spars, her fine traceries of rope and tackle, her snug-furled snowy sails, the slumbering forms sprawled about her decks or curled in hammocks under her awnings, all mysterious in the still splendor, he felt old memories coming back to him, and old sympathies, which had long ago been crushed savagely out of his heart. For a moment his cruel face softened; but for a moment only. Then it hardened again till the white teeth gleamed fiercely at the corner of his wide, thin-lipped mouth.

Outlaw by temperament, rebel and desperado by inheritance from a line of moonshining, ambuscading ancestors in the mountains of Tennessee, Britt Wasson, after being pitchforked by Fate into the Nth United States Infantry, had managed to hold his turbulent spirit in bonds while the fighting in Cuba gave it some sort of outlet. He had won mention for desperate bravery on the field. But instinctively his officers had kept eye on him, his comrades had fought shy of crossing his savage and incomprehensible temper. Instead of assimilating, he had grown more and more an alien among his fellows, resentfully conscious of a difference which he did not understand. Certain outbreaks of hot insubordination had balked his well-earned promotion; and choosing to consider himself wronged, he had nursed his little heat into a hate. At last, in the Philippines, all discipline

had grown intolerable to him, all authority an insult; till in his insane mood he had come to regard his superiors, and then all ordered society, as his mountain sires regarded the officers of the United States Revenue.

One day, when he should have been on duty, he had been met by his Captain in an evil little street down by the Pasig, and curtly ordered back to barracks to report himself under arrest. His long-smothered fury had flamed into insolent revolt; and his Captain, a hot-headed youth, had struck him across the face with the light rattan stick which he was carrying. The next instant the young officer had gone down, dropped by a neck-breaking blow on the point of the chin. In a silent frenzy against the whole world, and his own race in particular, Wasson had picked up the limp body and tossed it, like a dead dog, into the thick current of the Pasig, where it crept through a labyrinth of rotting, weedy piles. Then, with a sense of savage joy and the lifting of a great burden of hate from his perverted spirit, he had fled away into the bush. In the tribe of cutthroats, land-robbers and sea-pirates, which he had presently sought and joined, his experience of war, his arrogant mastery, his strength, endurance, and reckless courage, won him such prestige that the sultan of the tribe, a bloated and libidinous old tyrant, shrewd of wits but no longer capable in war, had made him field captain and adviser-in-chief. In this strange *milieu* Britt Wasson's bile had found vent. As an outlaw he dreamed that he had come into his own. And the snake of his hatred gnawed not so incessantly at his heart.

Noting well how unguarded and unsuspecting the beautiful ship swung at her anchorage, out in the whiteness of the moon-

light, the watcher's lips curled contemptuously. Such arrogant and foolish confidence filled him with scorn. Well, he mused, there were many bitter scores yet to wipe out! He turned noiselessly, and made an authoritative gesture. At once there was an almost inaudible movement behind him and about him in the gloom, a sinister stir, as dim forms settled themselves down to positions of waiting.

Three bells sounded over the water from the deck of the gleaming ship—three slender, musical notes. The renegade started. More old memories came to him with those sweet tones on the stillness. But the memories turned bitter, and his face grew only the more savage. He noted the drowsy watch on the deck, moving as if hardly more awake than the quiet forms sleeping so well in the warmth of the perfumed light. He noted how, as the moon sank lower behind him, the band of inky shadow along shore broadened slowly out toward the ship. He noted that the tide, slipping smoothly past the ship, was nearing the last of the ebb. His hour was close at hand.

Four bells sounded over the narrowing space of radiance. The renegade whispered a command which passed around his crouching company. In a moment all were on the move, but stealthily, as partridges slip through the underbrush. A number of narrow wooden canoes were pulled softly forward through the ferns and creepers, and launched over the smooth mud without a splash. These canoes had been dragged overland a distance of about two miles, from the next bay. Silently the robbers embarked, and held the canoes close along the bank like stranded logs. Then, once more the breathless waiting, every man with his eyes upon the ship where she floated like a shining ghost.

At last a log was seen, floating down toward the ship on the sluggish ebb. Then another, and another, with several bits of branchy *débris*, small bushes that had apparently fallen from the bank into the river. This harmless-looking flotsam, by some strange whim of the current, seemed to be drawn toward the ship's bow. In fact, all the floating stuff managed to converge upon the bow. The separate pieces clung there and paused, under the sweeping overhang, or caught upon the anchor chains. It was only for a moment, however. Each log or bush released itself at once, and went drifting smoothly on past the ship's side. Each had hidden the head of a stealthy swimmer.

The instant that the first of the floatage passed under the stern and reappeared in the moonlight, the renegade, who had been watching intently from his canoe, jerked his broad shoulders forward with eager loosing of tension, and spoke one word of command. The paddles dipped. The narrow canoes shot out from shore like a shoal of swordfish. Across the broad belt of shadow they shot like blacker, sinister shadows, then out into the white radiance and straight upon the ship.

The canoes were not more than halfway across the lighted space when a sudden noise broke out on board the ship—a noise not loud, but confused, terrifying, ghastly. There were blows, and scuffings, and gasping groans, as if men fought and died in their sleep. Then there was wild running to and fro of naked feet, with curses, and at last hoarse shouts and screams. There was something hideous and unbelievable in it all, bursting out from the mysterious beauty of the slumbering ship, in that glory of white moonlight. The lean brown ruffians in the canoes strained at their paddles, bending their heads low in fierce effort. But their leader sat erect, his eyes fixed on the ship, his gaunt face grim with triumphant hate.

As the leading canoes reached the ship, six revolver shots snapped out in swift succession. A man's figure, half clad, in white, arms and legs sprawling convulsively, was projected over the rail, and fell into the water with a heavy splash close beside Wasson's canoe.

Leaving a man in each canoe to hold it, the pirates threw aloft their grappling hooks and went up the ship's side like monkeys. The awful, inarticulate hubbub on the deck redoubled. Men fled into the rigging, to be followed and cut down with slashing kreeses or transfixed from below with knives hurled unerringly. Others scurried below, into fore-castle or hold, like rabbits taking to their burrows. And an unspeakable medley of oaths and screams came up muffled from the hot, half-lighted depth.

The crew—Americans, English, and Norwegians, with half a dozen Chinese picked up at Singapore—fought desperately after the first amazement of the attack. But from the first their case was hopeless. Practically unarmed, taken by surprise, and outnumbered ten to one by a foe fearless and fiendish, they nevertheless managed to drag down with them so many of their assailants that the deck was slippery with blood and littered with the hud-

died or sprawling dead. But they had no leader. The Captain, with a passenger, the owner, who had been cruising with him among the Eastern Islands to study conditions of people and product, had taken the launch that morning and gone up the river on a semi-official visit to a friendly chief. The second mate, chancing to be the officer of the watch, had fallen with a knife through his throat at the very first of the attack. The first mate, roused from sleep in his hammock just outside his cabin door, had rushed into the fight with his revolver, which he kept always under his pillow, and after emptying its chambers had fought like a madman with the heavy butt, till suddenly, as if remembering something, he had turned and raced back toward the cabin. He had not gone five paces before he came down like a felled ox, with two long knives in his back, one between the shoulders and one just above the loins.

Britt Wasson stood a little apart, not caring to contribute with his own hands to the easy victory. He noted the sudden flight of the mate, and wondered at it. He had seen the man fighting, and realized that such a man would not have fled through fear. Hence he concluded that there must be something very precious in the cabin, which the mate had remembered and hoped to hide or fling overboard. The moment, therefore, that he saw the fight practically over and his followers beginning to scatter for the loot, he strode aft to the cabin. At the door he halted, faced about, and stood for a moment in the full flood of the moonlight, that his followers might see where he had gone and take the hint not to interrupt him; and he smiled arrogantly to himself as he thought how slight a hint was necessary to secure obedience from these lawless scoundrels of his. In his own country, in his own regiment, and not very long ago, it had been different. The blood rushed to his head with rage at remembrance of that blow across his face. His lips curled from the teeth like an angry beast's as he turned into the cabin.

The cabin lamp was burning low; and it showed the cabin empty. Wasson was not surprised at this, for he had been informed, through his spies, of the Captain's expedition up the river. Diagonally across the cabin he saw a door half open, and something white on the floor just within. Approaching curiously, he saw that it was a woman's hand, very white and slender. He started, and a curious

change came over his pitiless face, softening it with something almost like diffidence. He glanced quickly behind him, to see that he had not been followed; then pushed the door wide open so that the light streamed in.

Huddled upon the floor, dead, or in a swoon, lay a slim girl in a wrapper of some soft white stuff, her yellow hair plaited in two long, heavy braids. Britt Wasson looked down upon her with startled eyes, the ferocity all gone out of his face. He had almost forgotten there were white women in the world. And it had never occurred to him that there might be one on the doomed ship.

A touch on the girl's breast told him that she was not dead—that she had fainted with fear and horror; and he stood aghast at the problem confronting him. At thought of the fate overhanging the child, this white and helpless flower of his own race, the mad beast in his brain slunk away abashed; but it left him for the moment bewildered, shaken with a fear which he had never before known. As he stood looking down at the pale face, the childlike mouth, the pathetically huddled form, he felt as if he had already killed her, with his own hand. And perhaps, after all, that was what he must do. If she should come to her senses, and see him in his blood-stained, savage garb, standing over her, she would scream—and then, to a certainty, he would be powerless to save her, to do anything more than die with her. His followers on the ship, indeed, he knew he could control, so long as they had no cause to distrust his loyalty. But the implacable old thief and profligate who was his master—it was he who would allot the spoils of this enterprise, and his word was absolute. Well enough Britt Wasson knew how this gold-haired girl would fare in the division. His veins knotted with rage and anguish at the thought of it. That at least, he swore, should never be.

As he hesitated, the girl stirred, and her eyes opened. On the instant Wasson's indecision ended. His right hand darted out and covered her mouth, so that not even a gasp had time to escape her lips.

"Not a sound! Not a word!" he hissed at her ear. "If they find out ye're here, nothing can save you!"

Too appalled to move a finger, the girl stared up at him with dilating eyes in which the blank horror slowly yielded a little space to comprehension.

"D'you understand?" he demanded urgently.

The girl nodded; and as he relaxed a little the pressure on her mouth she gasped:

"Yes, yes, I'll do anything you tell me to. Oh, I thought at first you were one of them!" And she closed her eyes again, shivering violently.

"I *am* one of them, Miss," he answered soberly. "An' lucky for you I am."

As he spoke he lifted her to her feet. But she shrank away from him in a very sickness of horror, putting out her small white hands as if to thrust him off.

"I'm goin' to git ye safe out o' this, if I die fer it, Miss!" he went on reassuringly. "But you've got to trust me. You ain't got no one else to trust."

She looked at him for some seconds in silence. But he was of her own people; and something in his voice compelled her confidence, in spite of herself. Her lips quivered, and she half reached out a hand as if to grasp his blood-stained sleeve.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked faintly.

"Get into that closet, an' don't stir till I come back fer you!" ordered Wasson.

Without a word she obeyed, gathering her white wrapper close about her and slipping in among the hanging silk garments noiselessly as a ghost. Then, with a deep breath of relief, Wasson locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and stalked out upon the moonlit deck.

Pleading an over-dose of native potentates, a headache, and the unquestioned security of the *Mirabel*, Natalie Calvert had begged off when her father and the Captain started on their expedition up the river to Mava. As the native potentates invariably wanted to buy her, and as her father always got unreasonably annoyed at their not unnatural aspirations, Natalie had come to feel, after a year's leisurely voyaging in the Orient, that her father's enthusiastic investigations of native manners and customs might be the more effectively conducted in her absence. And she had at last brought her father and the Captain to the same view.

Natalie had been sleeping contentedly in her cabin when a confused, horrible noise, which she at first took for a nightmare, awoke her. She sprang up, and stood in her bare feet beside her bunk, trembling but incredulous.

There was the light, burning low in the empty main cabin. She was certainly not dreaming. Those sounds—the groans, the blows, the struggling and horrid scuffling—no, she had not imagined them! They were only too hideously real. But what could they mean? Her heart, apprehending the truth before her intelligence would accept it, contracted with awful terror. She ran to the outer door of the cabin and threw it open impetuously. The space of deck just before her, transfigured in the moonlight, was empty and still, save for the mate's hammock, which was still swinging from the violence with which he had sprung from it. The sounds came from up forward; and she was afraid to put her head out and look. She heard a shriek, ending in a sound like choking; then those six revolver shots rang out. Everywhere was the noise of trampling, of desperate running. Even yet she could not acknowledge to herself that she knew what it all meant. It was too inconceivable—too absurd, in fact. The peaceful glory of the moonlight contradicted it flatly; and the idea of pirates in these days, on the safe, familiar *Mirabel*—that was just an impossible, agonizing, ridiculous, bad dream! She prayed to wake up, lest she should die of sheer horror. Then, for a second, she thrust her fair head forth and gave one swift glance up the deck. She was just in time to see the mate, as he came running toward her, pitch forward on his face, with two long blades standing up horridly in his back.

In a paroxysm of fright Natalie rushed back into her own cabin, her arms flung out before her as if she had gone blind. She had a dim purpose of getting a long, inlaid Javan dagger which she had picked up in Batavia, and killing herself with it. But before she could clearly formulate this purpose, and find the weapon on her littered table, panic clutched too tightly at her heart, and she sank fainting on the floor.

When she began to recover her senses, and opened her eyes to see a grim, dark face, a tall figure in outlandish clothes, bending over her, her heart seemed to stop. Yet, to her immeasurable despair, she did not die instantly, or even lose consciousness again. She was about to scream, in the mere extremity of madness, when a firm, cool hand, inexorable as fate, fell upon her mouth and stopped her. She realized that words were coming from the terrifying face, but she was for the moment

incapable of distinguishing them. Then it was borne in upon her that the face was not so terrifying, that the words were English and to be understood; and at last, with a tremendous back-rush of hope, that protection was being proffered. Yes, even in the ultimate pit of blackness, help had come to her. After all, she felt that it had had to come. It could not be otherwise! Heaven, it seemed to her, could not let such unutterable things as had been threatening actually befall her! So, with an unreasoning confidence in this blood-stained stranger, this self-confessed pirate, hope came back, and a blind faith that she would be saved.

When she obediently slipped into the closet as she was bidden, and let herself be locked in, the character of her strange protector and champion she dismissed from her thoughts as irrelevant. That he had taken her ship, and slaughtered her crew as it were before her eyes, she refused to let herself consider. She chose, clutching desperately at the difficult faith, to trust the look in the stranger's eyes, the tone in his voice. Locked in the suffocating dark of her closet, among the scented silks and linens, with the intolerable thing that had been done beating upon her shaken brain, she waited for his next order.

When Wasson left the cabin he had hardly the vaguest idea of what he should do. The same vehement emotionalism and unbridled arrogance of spirit which had made him an outlaw and an enemy of his kind, were now focused intensely upon the succor of this helpless girl. It filled him with a strange exaltation to feel that such a girl, so fair and so exquisite, had nothing between her and the most hideous of fates but his arm, his prowess, his devotion. He, the renegade, the outlaw, the pirate—he was her sole defense.

It was characteristic of his temperament that he should give small thought to the fact that it was he himself who had brought her to this appalling plight. That consideration was effaced in his resolve that he would save her or die with her. And in those moments of crowded emotion his insane savagery slipped from him. His civilization and his race reclaimed him. He became once more the white man, the soldier, the defender; and nothing mattered but that the white maid should be saved. In this mood he would have faced and fought joyously the whole horde of his cutthroats, with his back against her door,

if that had seemed to him the way of her escape.

With rather more than usual of his domineering manner he now got all his band together and allotted each his task. Their own wounded, and their dead as well, were to be handed down into the canoes. Of the ship's crew there were no wounded; and there was no need of troubling to throw the bodies overboard, as they would presently go down with the ship. His first care, however, was to set his cutthroats to work in the systematic stripping of the ship, in order that everything of value that was removable should be got ashore. His training in the army had taught him to exact a discipline which he had loathed to endure; and his followers had reluctantly learned submission. It excited no surprise among them now that he should pin them all down to their tasks, beginning at the bow, and working steadily aft, while the canoes were kept plying between ship and shore. When this was all ordered to his satisfaction, he walked carelessly back toward the cabin, thinking desperately as he went.

Before he reached the cabin Wasson noticed that the davits on the port quarter were empty; and peering down over the rail he made out the gig, floating in the black shadow of the ship. Beside the rail lay a rope ladder, tidily folded. Quietly, and with a sharp glance behind him, he slipped the ladder over the side, till it touched the water without a splash. The moon, by this time, was so low that the shadow of the shore reached out almost to the ship, and the shadow of the ship stretched black and fantastic almost to the opposite bank of the river. The space of deck between the cabin and the rail was in darkness. Wasson pulled the light guide rope till he had drawn the boat close in against the ship's side, then made it fast there. So far, all was favoring him. There was some time yet before the moon would be low enough to afford him a fair chance of getting away. He moved a little farther forward, till he was once more in the full glare where he could be sure his followers would see him. Then, lighting a rough cheroot, he lolled carelessly against the rail, and watched his men in silence. Under his eye they redoubled their diligence. There was something in his look which they never understood, but always unanimously feared.

Suddenly he threw his cheroot overboard, half smoked, and went hurriedly back to the cabin. He had remembered that it was

about time for the turn of the tide. When the flood should begin, the ship would swing around. Then the boat would come into the moonlight!

Stepping into the inner cabin, he unlocked the closet door, and whispered, "Come, Miss, come quick!"

whisper died on her lips, and with a sharp in-drawn breath she clutched Wasson's arm. He turned, quick as a snake that has been stepped on. There in the doorway of the inner cabin stood a tall, black-browed Malay, a kinsman of the Sultan's, grinning comprehension at his leader. Suspecting, from his



"At the door he halted, faced about, and stood for a moment."

The girl arose. Noticing that she was all in white, he snatched up a heavy shawl of dark silk, and wrapped it closely about her, covering even her face and head. As she came out of the closet she thrust her bare feet into her slippers.

"I'm read—" she began to say; but the

movements, that Wasson had found some peculiarly precious treasure in the cabin, and was trying to keep it to himself, the fellow had come, with some plausible excuse, to spy upon him.

Wasson's instinct, in an emergency, could work quicker than his thought. Roughly

shaking off the girl's grasp, he approached the intruder with a condescending smile, as if haughtily but not unwillingly admitting him to share a secret. He had no weapon in his hand; but neither had the Malay, whose still reeking kreese was in his girdle. Noting her champion's friendly manner to the newcomer, the girl's knees trembled beneath her and she sank down upon the floor, staring with wild eyes.

When Wasson was within a couple of feet of the intruder, his smile grew more gracious. But at the same instant, without a warning flare of his eyes, his sinewy hands shot out, as lightning-quick as a rattler strikes. His right caught the intruder fairly by the throat, choking back a yell before it could be uttered. His left caught the Malay's right arm at the wrist, and held it with the grip of a vise.

The Malay's mouth opened wide, horribly. His eyes bulged. His left hand tore frantically, but in vain, at that awful clutch upon his throat. Then it fastened in desperation upon Wasson's throat, forcing the latter's head back and his mouth open. For a few seconds the two writhed and reeled in strange silence all about the main cabin. Then the Malay got his legs wound about those of his opponent in such a way that the two fell heavily. But Wasson was a cunning wrestler; and as they fell he twisted himself so as to come down on top. The fall, however, broke his hold upon his adversary's wrist; and for the next few seconds it was a life-and-death struggle for the possession of the kreese, with the odds slightly in favor of the Malay's right hand as opposed to Wasson's stronger but less adroit left.

When the two fell, Natalie had sprung up, and as they writhed together on the floor, in that unnatural silence, she drew nearer, staring, fascinated with horror. At last she noted that the Malay had got hold of the handle of the kreese, and was desperately working it loose from his girdle. This sight shocked her into action. Leaping to her toilet table she snatched up the little Javanese dagger, and ran and thrust its hilt into Wasson's hand. Then she turned away her face with a sob. She heard a soft, sickening, muffled kind of a blow, then another, and another. She covered her ears, feeling as if it were her own hands that had struck those dreadful blows. Then she became conscious that her champion was standing erect before her, covered with blood, and bidding her come with him.

As she turned to obey, she saw him blow out the cabin lamp.

At the door he stopped, and caught her up in both hands. "Don't move!" he commanded in a whisper.

It was thick shadow now on the deck between the cabin and the rail. Handling his burden unceremoniously, as if it were a bale of stuffs, Wasson carried the girl to the side and lowered her, unprotesting, over the rail, as far down as he could reach. If his actions should be noticed, his followers would merely think that he was condescending to do some work, for a change.

"Now," he whispered, "reach out an' grab the ladder! So! Now git your feet onto the rungs! There! That's right. Now climb down quick. Mind your feet! So! Now lay down right flat an' keep covered up, an' don't stir till I come."

Wasson drew himself erect with a huge breath of relief. But his task was scant half done. Glancing up the deck, he saw his followers all toiling eagerly, like ants who are carrying off the spoils of a conquered nest. His first thought was to return among them once more, and spur them to redoubled diligence. But he bethought himself, in time, of the blood with which the whole front of his shirt was drenched. He had not been so disheveled and so drenched when he had gone among them a few minutes before. No, they must not see him face to face again. Moreover, the ship was beginning to swing. The tide was on the turn. Slipping back to the cabin he shut the door, locked it, and flung the key overboard. That would delay investigation. It would seem to imply that he was inside and unwilling to be disturbed. Then, watching his moment, he slipped over the rail, and down into the boat.

In the blackness close under the ship's side the boat and all in it, as he well knew, were almost invisible from the deck above. He almost trod upon the girl, where she lay huddled on the bottom under her shawl. His own shirt, except for the blood upon it, was white, so he tore it off and hid it under a thwart. Lying across the thwarts he found not only the light oars belonging to the boat, but also, to his exultation, a Malay paddle. Rowing was noisy, and therefore dangerous; but he could paddle as noiselessly as a goose swims.

By this time the ship had been carried up over her anchor, and had swung half about.



"She was about to scream, in the mere extremity of madness."

But fortunately by this time also the moon was so low that the shadow of the shore extended far out beyond the ship, whose hull and deck were now dark while the spars and rigging, and the tops of awnings and deck house, were still bathed in the peaceful splendor. Sitting flat and bending close over the

gunwale, Wasson cast off and softly dipped his blade. As the ship kept on, describing a wide arc out into mid-channel, Wasson slipped the boat along till it lay close under the stern beside the great rudder. Here it was perfectly concealed; and here he held it till all the canoes had been shifted around to the other



"And thrust its bilt into Wasson's hand."

side, where they would not be hampered by the darkness of the ship's shadow. The robber boatmen were somewhat slow about this, accompanying it with much quiet cursing; and there were perhaps ten minutes of awful suspense, while it was possible that some capricious paddlers might take it into their heads to go the long way round by the stern, rather than by the bow. But at last this peril was over. The canoes had all swarmed around the bow, and the confused clamor of hoarse voices came from the other side of the ship. Then, with a deep breath, Wasson thrust out from his hiding, and paddled stealthily away from the shelter of the ship's shadow.

This was the moment of supreme peril. The girl, crouching under her shawl, felt like crying out from the strain of it, and her heart pounded as if to be heard all over the ship. Wasson's face was drawn, and his eyes burned under the tension like those of a wild-cat at bay. He dared not paddle hard, lest the ripple at the prow should become audible on the stillness. If the boat should be observed,

an unaccounted-for darker shadow moving across the darkness of the water, the game would be up. Wasson knew that in the boat, for all his strength and skill, he would have no chance in a race against those swift-darting canoes. Paddling steadily, and smoothly as if his blade were working in oil, he drew gradually away from the ship, farther, farther, till he was close to the edge of the shore shadow. Across that edge he dared not go. But keeping well within it he turned his course and slipped up stream with the flood, putting more and more force into his strokes till the water sang softly at his prow and boiled under the stern. The noises from the ship came now but faintly over the water; and at length the girl, realizing that the worst of the danger was past, sat up on the thwart, straightened her cramped legs, and threw back the dark folds of the shawl from her fair hair. For some moments she gazed searchingly into the harsh face of her deliverer. She noted the exaltation in his eyes, the movement of his mighty shoulders toiling to carry her to

safety. And she felt that she was safe. Then the nerve which had so upheld her through the unspeakable strain gave way. In a paroxysm of noiseless weeping she sank down again into a huddled heap in the bottom of the boat.

Paying no attention whatever to this outbreak, his eyes fixed broodingly on a streak of shining water far ahead, Britt Wasson paddled on with measured strength. He had rounded a bend in the river by now, and there was no longer a possibility of being sighted from the ship. But they were yet very far from being out of peril. At any moment a swarm of darting, snaky prowls might come up behind them. He ran in close to shore, where the shadows were blackest, and surged ahead mightily on his paddle. If now he should be pursued, he had made up his mind to run the boat ashore and hide it under the trailing lianas, taking the chances of the jungle in the dark.

For nearly an hour they had journeyed in silence, and the moon had sunk almost into the feathered tops of the jungle. At last an abrupt bend in the river made it necessary for Wasson to cross a broad space of illumined water, or make a detour of a mile or more. After listening breathlessly for some moments, and hearing no faintest sound to break the vast, infolding stillness, Wasson shot out into the moonlight. As he did so the girl, who had lain so quiet for a time that he thought she must have fallen asleep, suddenly sat up, threw the hair back from her face, and stared about her. For the first time, Wasson realized that she was beautiful.

Sitting where she was, in the bottom of the boat, she leaned forward, crossed her arms on the thwart directly in front of Wasson, and fell to studying his face with frank and anxious scrutiny. His eyes met hers fairly for an instant, letting her look straight into them, then fixed themselves seemingly on some vision far ahead. For a long time she waited for him to speak, but he appeared to have no other thought than to urge the boat onward, onward, into the voiceless jungle world, in that path of the sinking moon. At last she could no longer bear the silence.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked in a level tone that expressed nothing.

"To your folks," he answered laconically.

"Then—you knew they had gone—and left me behind on the ship!" she demanded, staring at him with wide eyes of horror and fascination.

"I knew they'd gone. I didn't know you were on the ship," he answered, gazing steadily ahead and never pausing in his mighty stroke. Then, dropping his eyes to hers for a moment, he saw the look of horror in her face. "If I'd known that, it wouldn't 'av happened," he added, setting his jaw grimly.

"Oh!" she gasped, cringing away from him, against the farther thwart, "you could have prevented it! Then, you did it—you! You are their leader!" And she covered her eyes with her hands again, that she might not see him.

"I was their leader!" he answered significantly.

She uncovered her face and looked at him again, with a change in her expression.

"And aren't you still?" she demanded eagerly.

He gave a dry laugh, and his eyes dropped to the blood-soaked shirt at his feet. As her glance followed his, he said:

"That there blood's the blood of their dirty old Sultan's cousin and favorite. No, I'm not their leader now. If they got me they'd lead me to the bamboo stake."

The girl had learned something, in her travels, of the atrocious tortures of the Malays. She shuddered, and looked at her deliverer with new eyes as she began to realize what he had done for her. For a time she was silent, once more leaning her bare white arms on the thwart before him, and staring back thoughtfully past his toiling form toward the appalling perils from which he had snatched her. At last she found her voice again, as the boat, having crossed the moonlit space, smoothly reentered the shadows.

"What would have happened to me if they had caught us?" she asked, musingly. "Would they have—killed me?"

"I would have killed you, myself, quick!" he answered harshly.

After this there was silence again between them for a time. The moon had set; and the river was all one glimmering, ominous shadow between the dense shadows of the shore; and the stars glowed large, and low, and yellow. The girl, sitting motionless, felt her imagination thrilled with the heroic figure of her deliverer, and in that unreal environment his crimes faded back into remoteness. What he had done for her seemed the only real thing about him. The rest was all an awful dream; and she could not believe him responsible for it. She fell to racking her brain over his



“Where are you taking me?” she asked.

future—his, who seemed to take no thought of it whatever, or of himself at all, but only, silently, of her. Presently she looked down at her shadowy hands on the thwart, and then at the dim outline of the blood-stained shirt at his feet.

“If it was you who killed him,” she murmured, “it was I who handed you the dagger.”

To Wasson this sounded irrelevant, and he did not know what to say. It never dawned on him that this was her subtle way of diminishing the gulf between them, of letting him see that she chose to forget so much.

“It was right brave of you, Miss,” he answered at length. And there was a catch in his voice which thrilled through all her nerves. For some moments she would not trust herself to reply. And in the interval, on the warm silence came a faint sound of oars from far ahead of them.

“That must be your people, coming back!” muttered Wasson. “Soon you will be safe.”

The girl strained her eyes in the direction of the sound, and reached out her hands to him in terrible apprehension.

“Oh, are you sure?” she whispered.

“Certain!” he answered, resolutely ignoring the small hands before him—shutting his eyes that he might not see them. “There’s no other boats on the river but theirs. These natives here use nothing but canoes.”

The girl folded her hands in her lap.

“What will you—say to my father, and to Captain Bever?” she asked, trembling now for him, in the predicament in which she thought he would find himself.

“Nothing!” he answered, after a pause. “They’ll not see me!”

“What do you mean?” she demanded, with a pang of apprehension.

“I mean,” he answered, paddling with savage determination toward the sound of the approaching oars, “they’ll find you alone in the boat. When they’re near enough so they can’t miss you, I’ll just swim to shore and go my way. You’ll never see me again, to re-

mind you of the black doings of this night, I promise you."

The girl clasped her hands very tight before her.

"But—I don't like that," she murmured, faintly. "You have saved my life, you were like a miracle from heaven. I must know—all about what becomes of you—please."

Without answering he stood up, peering forward, and listening.

"They're pretty nigh, now!" he muttered. "I must be going. Call out to them, as soon as I've gone. I'll keep near you, in the dark, till you're safe aboard, never fear. But I'm going to ask, Miss, that you'll take my hand, bloody as it be." And leaning over the side he washed it, rubbing it fiercely.

She reached out impulsively and grasped the great hand in both of hers.

"I don't know—how bad you are," she whispered, sobbing and catching her breath. "I don't know what has made you do those awful things. I only know you've been good to me. My name is Natalie Calvert, and I live in Richmond, Virginia. I want you to promise me—to give me your word of honor, that you'll—that you'll not be—oh"—and

she clutched his hand in passionate appeal—"that you'll give up this life, that you'll be different. Promise—you must promise!"

He released his hand gently, and took both of hers in a clasp that hurt.

"I promise!" he muttered.

"And—you will remember—my name—and let me know!" she persisted, half hysterical in her weakness.

"I'll let you know, if ever I've any good to tell you of myself!" he answered. "Now call your father. Good-by!" And suddenly, with a little splash, he had slipped overboard.

The boat rocked. The girl watched the dark head of the swimmer as it receded from the boat toward the shore. At a little distance it stopped, waiting for her to call. With an effort she withdrew her eyes from it, and in a trembling voice hailed the vague approaching shadow which she knew must be her father's boat. Her father's voice, and the Captain's, full of startled amazement, answered her. Then she turned her face again and stared after the retreating swimmer till the black spot on the water vanished from her straining sight.

I DO NOT GIVE THEE PRAISE

By HELEN A. SAXON

I DO not give thee praise, thou art too dear.
 If I could summon words that should express
 Thy image mirrored in my consciousness,
 Still but in outline would thy form appear;
 Nay, to the heart's more finely tempered ear
 How paltry would they sound and meaningless!
 Could earth that blossoms at the sun's caress
 By language make her meaning half so clear?

As some wise merchant of the East doth hold
 His richest treasure back from eyes profane,
 So I in amber dusk and silence fold
 That rarer wealth which I in thee attain,
 Well knowing that a love which can be told
 Has stooped to mortal consciousness in vain.



AN OLD GUITAR

By CLARENCE URMY

I PICKED it up in northern Spain
This "Relic of the rosy reign
Of Francis First or Charlemagne."
(So read the sign.)

In woeful, stringless deshabelle
It made such fervent, mute appeal
That on the spot I closed the deal
That made it mine.

It does not very kindly take
To these six strings of modern make,
And yet it is not hard to wake
Its voice to song,
The voice, perchance, that helped to seal
The fate of fair Blanche of Castile
When Thibault with designing zeal
Sang low and long.

This tracery of tortoise shell
If it could speak might softly tell
How many bosoms rose and fell
With questionings;
These ivory keys recall the touch
Of fingers trembling overmuch
Because of Master Cupid's clutch
At other strings!

It may be that some swarthy Moor
Or gentle love-sick Troubadour
Oft used these very frets to lure
His lady fair;
Immortal Villon may, perchance,
Have strummed the strings to gay romance,
Some neat ballade of ancient France,
Light, debonair.

I love to think that Blondel may
Have borne it on his weary way
When through long night and lonely day
By mead and brine,
He sought his long-imprisoned king—
How throbbed with mighty joy each string
When lo, at last he heard him sing
At Dürrenstein!

And now, here in my studio,
It breathes of that sweet Long Ago
When Beranger, Ronsard, Marot,
Clemence Isaure . . .
With lai and chaunt beloved so well
Wove wreaths of fadeless asphodel,
And garlanded with magic spell
Their deathless lore.





SANTY

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



HY, land's sake, child, of course they is. I reckon I've saw him nigh onto a hundred times myself—and he'll be here drecktly, too. He's jest a whoopin' down across them icebergs on his way here, licketty split, an' you betchy he'll be here on time, too. Never knowed him to fail yit, an' I reckon they ain't nobody's had more ex-per-i-ence in these matters than me. No, course you ain't saw him yourself, but you got a *purr-r-ty* fair idee how he looks, now hain't you? Sure! I knowed you had. Why, I ree-collect jest as well's 'twas yestiddy the first time I see him. Let's see, what year was that? Um-m. Brother Jim was born in—well, if I hain't clean forgotten. Well, well, well, 'pears like my mem'ry's kind o' failin' me on little things like that, but when it comes to Santy Claus—you betchy I don't forgit anything about him.

I kin dee-scribe old Santy with my eyes shet. Tall? No, not exactly tall. Kind of a little squatty roly-poly feller, if I remember right, with the funniest little eyes you ever see. Reg'lar little weasel eyes, but so full o' fun that they jest plum brim over and spill out on his cheeks. Not what you'd call a real handsome man—but, oh, powerful good-natured. Jest do anythin' fer you if he takes a shine to you. If you're real good an'—

How? How do I know he's comin'? Well, well, well, jest listen to the child. *How do I know!* Why bless ye, I know the signs as well as I know beans. You know how a new Noey's Ark smells, don't ye? Well, that's one of the signs. Whenever you go down to the store and ketch a whiff o' new Noey's Arks, you c'n make up your mind that Old Santy's powerful imminent. And another thing, too. Along in the late fall when th' year's gettin' kinda old an' decrepid like, jest hobblin' along to'rd December, you c'n jest taste the Santy Claus feelin' in th' air. Why,



goodness me, it's jest as plain as spring fever is along in April. You know what spring fever is, don't ye? No? Well, well, what in th' world do they learn ye in school nowadays? That was one of th' first things I learnt at school. Well, anyway, spring fever is a kinda lazy feelin' that comes along 'ith th' first warm days. You don't know *exactly* what ails ye, but you don't want to work, and jest want to mosey around wishin' fer somethin' you don't know what. Very curious feelin'—that spring fever. Well, this yere Santy Claus feelin' I was tellin' you about—it's a good deal like spring fever, only different. It comes along with the first snow. You feel full o' ginger, 'i jiminy. You want to crack yer heels together an' get up an' whoop. Th' old Northwind comes tearin' around th' corner o' th' house an' pinches yer cheeks till they look like a ripe tomayter. He's jest tryin' to remind ye that Santy's comin'. You see, he's a sort of a *ad-vance* agent, so to speak. Santy sends him down to tell folks to git ready. An' the trees, too, they take off their clothes and wave their ga'nt arms as a kind o' signal. Always 'peared strange t' me that the trees take off their clothes in winter when it's turrible cold and put 'em on in the summer when it's so warm. I've thought about that a heap, but I never quite got it figgered out. I'm goin' to start on it again next week. How? Oh, to be sure, I'll tell you.

Well, as I was a sayin', Old Santy sends this yere advance agent down to notify people. Then, purty soon, he follers him up with another one—old Mr. December First. Along he comes to politely hint about Santy, and then old Mr. December Tenth, he speaks





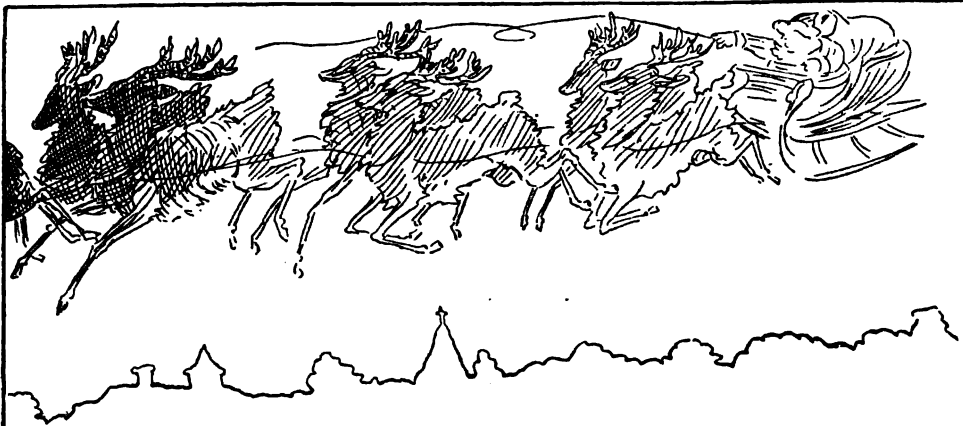
to you mighty plain. "You better begin gettin' ready," sez he, and off he goes, an' along comes a whole bunch of 'em, each gettin' more an' more ex-asperated. I tell ye the excitement is jest about near the bustin' point by the twenty-fourth of December. If Chris'mas had came two days later the strain would be too much. Old Nature would jest throw up both hands an' call in th' doctor. But you see they figgered 'n this, so Chris'mas comes two days earlier than it would if it came two days later an' so ever'body manages to live through it safely. Talk about excitement! Why the buzz o' childern talkin' an' the thumpin' of little hearts on the night afore Chr's'mas is enough t' plum drown'd out the sound o' sleigh-bells, to say nothin' o' th' crunch o' fur boots on the housetops.

I tell ye, folks begin to hurry 'round like all git-out, jest afore Christmas. But nobody gits mad. They all git more good-natured right along. Kinda funny about Santy that way. Whenever I feel Santy a comin' I begin t' feel a heap better man than at any other time o' th' year. 'Pears like a big revival meetin' was goin' on

in me. All the good in me wakes up and I feel sort a friendly to'rds ever'body and ever'thin', regardless. That's the nice thing about Old Santy. He makes you fergit your little worries and yer orn-ryness. You fergit your own self an' begin to think about other folks and how to make 'em happy. A kind a warm feelin' seems to squeeze all through you an' you feel heaps better fer it.



Old Mr. Grouch— What! never heard o' him? Well, he's a cantankerous old party that's always hangin' around makin' folks disagreeable. Him an' Santy's bitter enemies—have been for a thousand years, I reckon. You betchy, when Santy comes along th' first thing he does is to chase old Mr. Grouch away, an' the old man keeps away as long as Santy's around the neighborhood, I tell ye. Santy's what they call a *an-ti-dote*, as the feller sez. How? Why



don't Santy stay all th' time? Well, you see the fact is, Santy's got a heap o' office work to do up at his shop. He has to keep the Book. He has t' put all th' names of the childern in a great big book, and that keeps him purty busy most all year. Ever' new baby has to be put in that book of his'n. He keeps gittin' reports all th' time—ever' day—ever' minute, almost. You see, the Stork tells him.

Yep, the Stork's another advance agent. I reckon he's the principal advance agent because he is a couple of years older'n Santy himself. I can't exactly explain it, but you can work it out by 'rithmetic some day when you git older. Jest add an' subtract an' then you have th' answer, slick as a whistle. Well, anyway, this Stork keeps track of all th' new babies an' he hustles back an' ree-ports to Santy—a *ver-bay-tim* ree-port, I reckon—not jest an ever'day kind o' ree-port. He notifies him about another stockin' to be loaded up with goodies, an' Santy puts it all down in his Book. Once in a while, pore feller, he has t' scratch a little tad's name 'cause his mother has folded up the little stockin' an' laid it keerfully away in a trunk.

Then they hain't no use fer Santy to call there no more. Pore little tad's flew away again back to Never-Never Land. That's what they call the place the fairies live, you know. Lots o' wonderful people there—Sinbad th' Sailor, Jack an' the Beanstalk, Little Jack Horner—they all live there. My little gran'son, pore little boy—he's jest gone there, an' his mother's folded up his little stockin' an' laid it away. . . . High ho, where was I? Oh, yes, Santy Claus! Well, he's a little roly poly—what? Sure enough, I dee-scribed that, didn't I? How old? Let's see, I used to know—almost to a





day. I reckon about a thousan' years, more or less. I first heerd o' him when I was 'bout three years old—that makes him at least sixty-nine years old. You heerd of him when you was three, an' you're six now. That's three years more, so atween us two he's seventy-two years at least. Your brother heerd o' him when he was three, an' he's ten now. So there's seven years more. It's kinda hard to calcalate, offhand. You see, you got to 'low fer th' difference in time, as th' feller said. F'r instance, when it's ten o'clock out there in Chiny, it's yistiddy or to-morrow here. All them things has got to be took in consideration when you figger out how old Santy is. I reckon I'm safe in sayin' he's purty well past middle age anyhow, ef the truth be known. But the funny part is he's got a heart like a little child, jest as young an' happy as a chipmunk. He's more fun'n box of monkeys. He al'ays dresses in red clothes with a little red cap all trimmed with white wool. I reckon this wool was gathered by childern friends of hisn. Wool-gatherers. Hi'jimony, that's funny. I never thought o' *that* before.

Well, as I was sayin', Old Santy is a pretty busy man, in season an' out. You might think that President Roos-velt was busy, but he hain't a patch alongside o' Santy. Why, I reckon he has to keep tab on nearly a hunderd million thousand childern, from one end of Chris'endom to the other. An' he has to take presents to all of them. Now, f'r instance, sposin' they was five hunderd million thousand childern, an' sposin' each one of 'em lived a mile apart, there you have five hunderd thousand million miles, all to be covered in one night. That's a right smart chore, I tell you what—a pretty big ja'nt, when you figger delays an' sech. So he ap'pints assistants—deppity Santys, so to speak, two or three to ever' fam'ly. These here deppity Santys do all th' work an' give Santy all th' credit, so's to cause no ill feelin'. These deppities keep track of all th' different childern. Ever' time a little tad wishes f'r anything one o' these deppity Santys makes a memorandum of it an' goes out an' gets it. F'r instance, ef a little kid, one of these little Storkites, mumbles somethin' or other, th' lady deppity Santy translates it to mean "doll," or somethin' o' that sort. Sometimes a little kid sez he wants a pony or a train o' cars, an' if the house is very small th' lady deppity has t' translate it to mean "rubber ball" or some little jimcrack o' that sort.

You c'n see these deppity Santys downtown ever' day in December, hustlin' around like a chicken with its head off, totin' bundles an' spendin' money to beat th' Old Harry. Yer ma's a deppity Santy. So's yer pa. I used t' be but I hain't been workin' much o' late years. Reckon I ain't spry enough t' tackle them big stores an' the crowds o' folks. Kinda stiff in my j'int's an' my eyes seem to be

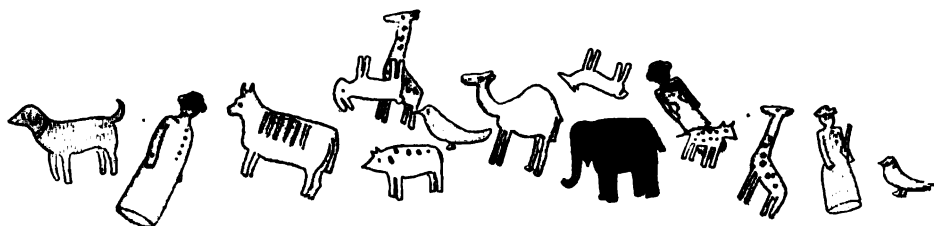


goin' back on me. One o' these days I reckon I'll be startin' off to Never-Never Land, child. Take you? Why, bless your little heart, no! You want to stay here a long time with yer pa and ma 'cause you ain't ready to go yet an' I am—an' you can't go till they call ye, you know. . . .

Course I can't vouch fer any o' these things I've been tellin' you 'bout Santy. Like as not they ain't true at all. Sometimes I jest say these things fer fun, you know. If they ain't true they don't count ag'in me, bein' jest in fun, you know.

Oh, yes, the toys. Well, old Santy has a wonderful workshop, leastways *they* say he has. I read it in a picture book. Well, anyway, *they* say that this here shop is quite wonderful—has three doors, one for Santy to go in, and one for him to come out so's to avoid runnin' into himself, and one t' keep burglars out. Kinda funny arrangement, ain't it? He's got a hired man t' make th' toys. This party makes all the toys an' hangs 'em out on the Ar'tic Circle to dry, an' along comes old Mr. Northwind and dries 'em. When they are all ready fer delivery, Santy hists 'em on his back an' goes kitin' away in his sleigh to fill up these stockin's I was speakin' of. Lots o' little detectives set up an' try to ketch him when he comes along, but none of 'em ever succeed. He's too sharp fer 'em. You see he sends along old Mr. Sand Man, who puts 'em all to sleep jest afore he comes, so he never gets ketched. Sometimes he can't get into a house on account of the Wolf. Lots of little houses have wolves at the door—not t' keep people away, but wolves that want t' get inside t' eat up everybody inside. Sometimes Santy gets scared away by a wolf, and the little stockin's inside don't get anything in 'em. . . .

Well, land's sake, four o'clock! Who'd a thought it was so late? Run along now, child, an'—don't tell your ma what I've been tellin' you. Get her t' tell you about th' little Chris'mas Boy that lived a long time ago. That's a beautiful story fer you to hear, lots nicer'n th' Santy story. You get her t' tell it to you.



FIRE—OUR NATIONAL FOLLY

BY F. W. FITZPATRICK



Nation on earth builds as much as we do, but neither does any other nation have to build so much, for none permits the useless, ruthless, criminal waste and destruction by fire. Our much vaunted rapid growth and phenomenal building booms give a false impression of the real conditions. Nearly fifty per cent of all our buildings go simply toward filling up gaps made by fire. No other people on earth permits such waste nor do we find anywhere else, in what we call civilized countries, as much rank stupidity in matters of construction.

We have evolved the sky scraper, we easily lead the world in skillful structural engineering, we have more conveniences in our buildings and they are better planned than those of any other people, and artistically some of them rank with the best in the world, but when it comes to fire prevention, the matter of safeguarding those very fine buildings, we are at the bottom of the scale, and rank with China and Japan, countries of bamboo and of paper.

Wood has been our curse. In earlier times it was the handiest and most easily manipulated material, and our pioneer fathers used it exclusively. They "marked" us with it, so to speak. We show our hereditary strain and the influence of environment. To-day wood is almost a luxury; it has advanced 150 per cent in cost in but a few years' time. Yet when a man thinks of building, it is invariably wood that presents itself to that man's mind as his principal medium of expression. The result is that our cities are virtually collections of tinder-boxes. We realize it, too, in a sort of helpless way, but instead of attempting, even at this late date, to stay the destruction, to refrain at least from adding more fuel to certain bonfires, we turn all our splendid energies and so-

called intelligence in a childish manner toward a cure, and the one cure in our pharmacopœia is water. We apply that cure with great skill, and our fire departments are undoubtedly the best in the world. If they were not so there would soon be no buildings for us to occupy, in spite of our phenomenal yearly construction.

In all our country we have 11,500,000 buildings (in Europe, Russia only ranks with us in number of buildings) and they are valued at \$14,500,000,000. We hear a good deal about fireproofing, and know that we easily lead the world in ingenious systems of protecting our steel frames, in devising fire detecting apparatus, window protection, sprinkling systems, and all that sort of thing. But we also know that of that vast number of buildings, we have in all the land but 5,000 in which any pretense has been made at fire prevention! By some sort of spiritual dispensation those 5,000 are called "fireproof," and people innocently or stupidly accept them as such. As a matter of fact usually the only thing done in those buildings to differentiate them from the rank and file is to make the skeleton of steel, protected in its turn with fireproofing tile, or some substitute system of concrete protection, with floors and partitions also of tile or some incombustible substitute. In all else, in the design of the construction, the arrangement of parts, the decorations, the furniture, nothing or very little is done to stay the progress of fire in most of those buildings, and usually their exterior is of granite or stone or marble, any of which materials can be damaged beyond salvation by fire. It is clear how much is applied in our modern construction of what we may know about fireproofing.

Our fires are increasing at a far more rapid ratio than is our wealth or population or our building. We have reached a point where we permit to be destroyed, consumed, turned

into smoke, over \$200,000,000 worth of property in a normal year.

In the past twenty-five years we have burned up \$3,500,000,000 worth of property (the highest point ever reached in our national debt, 1866, was only \$2,733,000,000), we have wiped 1,000,000 buildings out of existence in the last ten years, and, mark you, that is absolute loss. In most transactions that are termed "losses" it is a case of some one losing something but others gaining; it becomes a species of exchange. They say that in nature nothing is absolutely "lost," but we know that in this matter of fires all that is left is useless ash and—smoke.

In European cities they eschew wood. It is not, therefore, imperative to have so many high-class details of fireproofing for the buildings because the architects have always known enough to use at least incombustible materials. We have used so much combustible material that now if we do want a building that is fireproof, we have to make it superlatively so. In Boston \$1,500,000 is a very small yearly loss; in the average European city of that size \$150,000 would be more than a usual yearly loss.

But smoke does not represent all the cost of our municipal folly. Our mode of construction has savored of the rankest insanity, and it also is akin to murder. Seven thousand lives destroyed by fire is a year's record. But let us keep to the dollar question. That is most apt to appeal to us. Besides the smoke cost we annually disburse in wonderful fire apparatus, salaries to the departments, high water pressure, and the other *et ceteras*, all necessitated by fire, nearly \$300,000,000 more. Then our friends, the insurance companies, the managers of our great gambling schemes, have patted us on the back and aided and abetted us in our folly by agreeing to insure us against loss, and in our beautifully confiding way we hand over to them another \$195,000,000 a year: (\$1,610,000,000 is what we have given away in premiums in the past ten years). Besides these various totals of fire loss we ought not to forget the loss of business to merchants and individuals caused by fire, but let us ignore that, too, for the nonce. In return for this vast annual total of all these disbursements and losses we get back from the insurance companies the munificent sum of \$95,000,000! Surely not a profitable gamble.

Just as a slight illustration of our stupidity, and to emphasize the point that poor con-

struction is but poor economy, let us glance at San Francisco's plight. Some may say that that great damage was caused by earthquake. It was not. Earthquake started a few fires and broke up the water system. Granted. But had there not been such shoddy construction, had the architects advised better building, and had the insurance companies not virtually coaxed the people into slipshod ways of building by giving them a ridiculously low rate of insurance—because of the city's exceptionally good fire department—there would not have been so much fuel to burn and, therefore, less, if any, uncontrollable conflagration. The earthquake started it, but fire did the greater havoc and folly contributed the fuel. That one conflagration meant \$315,000,000 wasted in smoke, \$1,000,000,000 in lost business to the city and the country generally, \$12,000,000 to clean up the debris and \$350,000,000 and twenty years' time to get the city back to where she was rated before the fire. The sum of those figures represents the cost, to counterbalance which the people have received or may receive after some quibbling and much litigation, \$135,000,000 from the insurance companies.

Just note that if the San Franciscans had known enough to spend \$10,000,000 more in good construction originally, it would certainly have reduced the loss at least \$160,000,000, or, if the architects had had sense enough to have spent but \$600,000 more on thirty-five of the so-called "fireproof" buildings there, or rather, shifted that sum from frivolous ornaments to necessary precautions, they would have saved those buildings intact, buildings in which at least \$9,000,000 destruction had been wrought. Simpler still, had the single precaution been taken of protecting the windows of those buildings with wired glass, an additional or shifted expenditure of not over \$60,000, their interiors and contents would have been saved.

It will be said that most extraordinary stupidity must have been rampant in that city! The next great conflagration that happens in New Orleans or Philadelphia or any of our crowded cities will lay bare almost as stupid designing, as shoddy work, and as criminal connivance or weakness on the part of the authorities.

Our architects know so little, or apply what they know so ill, in the matter of fire prevention, that even in the huge, enormously costly "fireproof" building a conflagration

can damage from twenty to eighty per cent of the cost value. Really, the "fireproofing" of the structural parts is all that is *not* damageable. In our homes we are still more ruthless, for wood reigns triumphant there. We so love the effect of shingle and siding that we cannot divorce ourselves from them even though we know their danger and that ingenious manufacturers have placed upon the market asbestos materials that closely resemble and cost but little more than the wood. We destroy 80,000 homes a year; every day there are directly endangered 36,000 lives; New York normally indulges in 8,700 fires a year and Chicago in 4,100; we burn up 3 theaters, 3 public halls, 12 churches, 10 schools, 2 hospitals, 2 asylums, 2 colleges, 6 apartment houses, 3 department stores, 2 jails, 26 hotels, and 140 flat buildings and 1,600 homes every week in the year—normally. In San Francisco 18,000 buildings were wiped out in one fell swoop, an area four miles long and nearly three miles wide.

Of course, the people are to blame, for ignorance is no excuse, but primarily a very large meed of blame is to be laid at the doors of our architects. They will sacrifice the fireproof qualities of a building every time, if it is a question of economy, rather than let go a little marble or some frills and furbelows that will make people comment upon the "beauty" of the structure. They are not consistently set and determined enough in making people build well. We are all gamblers and are ever ready to take a chance. It is assuredly the architect's province, his duty, to show his client the utter folly, the certain loss, the criminality of poor building, and he doesn't do it.

The insurance companies are also very largely to blame. Their agents are hungry for commissions and will strain to get their companies to take a "risk," even if it be questionable. The companies know what good building is and prate much about it, but they do not make enough difference in the rates on poor and good buildings. People depend upon the intelligence of the companies and think that since those experts make so little difference in the rate the chance cannot be great, and, therefore, will they economize by building just as shoddily, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand, as the companies will insure. Low rates abet improper building. Risks multiply. Then there is a conflagra-

tion, or a severe scare, or the municipalities do not add the fire-fighting appliances that the companies direct, and up go the rates. The companies have gotten the individuals virtually in their clutches; they absolutely control and direct to-day. People have to insure. Perhaps the companies never intended making such abject slaves of us, but nevertheless and notwithstanding, that is what we are.

The Cure?

It's simple enough. It will have to be a slow one, for we have accumulated so much of the disease that its eradication means years. But we can estop its growth. "Build better!" should be our battle cry. And, to attain that end, we should inject some stamina and backbone into our architects first and foremost, brace up the weak knees of our municipal governments that are so fearful of enforcing even their too weak building requirements, and last, but not least, we should coax and cajole and by every means in our power get the individual to build better.

The *American Architect and Building News* puts the matter succinctly before us in a recent editorial:

"There is no public ordinance that restricts the sale of comestibles lest a man may kill himself by overeating, for, if he does, it is merely a warning to his neighbors not to do the same thing. The community does not legislate for the benefit of the individual. But there is propriety in legislation intended to prevent and control contagious diseases, which may spread from the unclean or ignorant individual who originates them to the community at large. Just as no legislation aimed at the prevention of contagious diseases is held by the public too grinding and unendurable, so no disease that can affect the public welfare is more contagious than a conflagration, and yet comparatively little effort is made by the public to deal with it preventively.

"Millions are spent yearly in handling the disease after it breaks out, but only hundreds in steps to prevent its outbreak.

"Looked at fairly, it is the community at large that is the culprit, since it 'suffers' fires to take place, when it really has the power to prevent them. It looks calmly on at the expenditure annually of millions—millions that come out of its own pockets—for the maintenance of imperfectly effective fire departments, and yet, if but a half of the money spent in New York City in this way had been

divided among the improvers of real estate so as to cover, in the case of each improvement, the difference in cost between combustible and incombustible building, the greater part of the city would now be *indestructible*. . . . This simple method could be adopted from to-day, and future generations would look with reverence on the men that devised this system and honestly administered the details of its application, . . . the men, it might be added, who would have thus also protected their own property and safeguarded their own interests while looking to the welfare of posterity.

" . . . The theory under which advances in fireproof building have been made hitherto is largely, if not altogether, a mistaken one. It has been the assumption that a real estate improver, as a sane business man, should be able to perceive how much it was to his own ultimate advantage to build an indestructible building, and so save in the long run a large amount in insurance on building and contents. The true theory, we are convinced, is that incombustible buildings must be built. . . . It is really immaterial to the taxpayers whether an individual elects to let his building be destroyed by fire, but it is of very real interest to the public that the property of other people shall not be destroyed at the same time. This once comprehended, it is easy to see that the real responsibility rests on the public and not on the individual. It is for the public then to examine the ways in which it can discharge its duty to itself at least cost to the taxpayer, and here, as in the case of all other contagious diseases, time is the essential. It is desirable to substitute unburnable for burnable buildings with the shortest delay possible, since a conflagration may occur any day, and the process can be better accomplished by coaxing than by compulsion. One persuasive device we pointed out a few weeks ago—the remission of all or the major part of the taxes on new incombustible buildings, until such time as the amount of taxes so remitted shall equal the difference in cost between an incombustible and combustible building of the same size and architectural character. . . . "

Such a remission of taxes, or a sliding scale of minimum tax on good buildings and the maximum on fire traps would be perfectly equitable to all. It would put the burden of paying for maintenance of fire departments upon those who needed the service, and

would mean a lessened load of tax on those who are public-spirited and businesslike enough to build so as not to require such services. It is the one sane municipal solution of the problem, and all right-minded men should join in the effort to bring about this much-needed reform in the system of taxation.

And, lastly, the layman may ask: "What is a fireproof building?" There is much misinformation upon the subject. Crafty advertising has misled hosts of people and even some architects. There are buildings of wood upon which some specially advertised kind of paint has been daubed, and that have forthwith become by some heavenly dispensation "fireproof." Certain plasters are supposed to impart immunity to highly combustible material. Fakes and freaks of all descriptions and various degrees of uselessness have been palmed off upon a too confiding public.

A really fireproof building is one not only constructed of noncombustible materials, but one which cannot be damaged to any appreciable extent by fire; one that is fireproof in its design as well as in construction, and that offers the very greatest protection to its contents. The ideal building is one that rests upon a good foundation or, barring that natural advantage, is rested upon concrete piles and piers. Its outer walls, if in any way exposed to external fire, in a crowded and inflammable district, will not be of stone or granite or marble or of any damageable material, but of well-burned brick with such ornamentation as is desirable of terra cotta. That for external facing at least. If it be desired, concrete may be used for the structural mass of the wall back of the facing, but then it should be also lined internally with a tile furring. The windows, if at all exposed to fire, should have metallic or asbestos sash, and be glazed with wired glass. In very narrow alleys or in specially combustible districts there should be two thicknesses of wired glass. Seventy-three per cent of all the damage done by fire to buildings other than that in which it originates is attributable to improperly constructed windows. More than that, forty-eight per cent of the entire fire loss of the country is traceable to lack of window protection. If a building is to be a tall one, a steel frame is essential, and it should be thoroughly protected from rust with cement well coated over its every part and protected from fire by hollow fireproofing tile.

The floor construction and partitions should be semiporous, hollow fireproofing tile. In lower buildings steel may be eliminated and reinforced concrete used for the structural parts, but then it, too, like the steel, should be protected with hollow fireproofing tile. To leave it exposed to fire, many reputable engineers to the contrary notwithstanding, is utter folly. However strong the material may be and however well made, it is but an artificial stone, and subject to the same disintegration under heat, and the average of it loses fully fifty per cent of its efficiency in 750 degrees of heat. An ordinary fire will develop 1,500 degrees, and brick and terra cotta and fireproofing tile have passed through much higher temperature in their process of manufacture—ideal fireproofing materials.

The finished floor surfaces should be of marble or cement or some other material than wood; the doors and trimmings should be of metal, and the elaboration and decoration should be plaster, or marble, or beautiful painting, but never the wood beams and paneling and wainscoting that we have been accustomed to look upon as the top notch of fine decoration. The elevators and stairways should be absolutely inclosed and with self-closing doors at every story. There is thus secured a virtually separate building in every story. The trend of fire is ever upward; close up that direction and you have your fire controlled in some one unit of space, and even, story by story, make those units as small as possible, with frequent partitions and fire doors. You cannot be sure of preventing fire in some portions of contents of buildings, but you can limit that

fire to very small units of space. Make the main stairway, isolated by fireproof inclosures, debouch directly upon a street. That stairway, the usual mode of access to a building, will then become also its most natural fire escape in case of real danger or panic. Use some intelligence in hanging draperies and laying combustible carpets so that may not be the means of spreading fire. Protect your building from external attack by using wired glass in metal frames in at least all windows exposed to narrow alleys and streets or dangerous neighboring buildings.

All this and the use of one other material in building that has been but little used before—intelligence—and there will have been attained an ideally fireproof building, even though it be in a highly combustible neighborhood. The price of such a building is not prohibitive. Its first cost is a trifle more than that for "ordinary" construction, but the ultimate investment, considering maintenance, insurance, longevity, etc., is a great deal less than that for the most flimsy construction. The nearer we approach this ideal the better it is for us and the community, and, strange as it may seem, and paradoxical, the more of us who build properly in the same neighborhood the fewer extra precautions are necessary. If all in a city had care enough but to build even noncombustibly there would be no occasion for an ideally fireproof construction. But this last condition is, alas, dimly remote, and we have to build superlatively well and pay the price therefor on account of our fathers' follies, our own former follies, and the present follies of our neighbors.

THE PEACE OF QUIET AISLES

By JANE TAAFFE

FELL on my soul the calm of twilight woods,
 The peace of quiet aisles
 Where ancient trees in solemn, cloistered files,
 Muse on dim ages past:—
 Eternity of silence, dreamless, deep!
 Roses of mornings fled!
 Vistas of evenings gray, with roses dead!

When comes for me the call
 At eventide, may folding shadows fall!
 The calm of twilight woods!
 The peace of quiet aisles!

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

BY JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

WE were all on the sunny front veranda. They had burst upon me still early, the three of them (they had been riding since dawn); and now we leaned back in our chairs, clinking with straws the ice in our glasses. The autumnal sun came down on us in pleasant warmth. Before us the ground sloped gently down to the Carmel, its unleaved willows and birches lying like a golden haze in the hollow; then rose again, in long tawny leaps, to a crest clear cut against the turquoise sky.

John Austin, after a while, left his chair and stepped over to my telescope, a modest instrument with which I play at astronomy. He trained it horizontally across the valley and began to move it over the golden slopes. "Can't see it," I said to him. "I've tried it; it's behind a shoulder." I was speaking of his cabin, which lay somewhere over there.

"They've gone berrying," he answered; "I might be able to see them; it would be fun." He spoke of his wife, Lil, and of his little daughter, Gladys.

His eye glued upon the small end, he continued to pass the big end slowly over the landscape, and I knew that the arid slopes, which to us seemed smooth as if lacquered, were springing to his view as an intricacy of copse, mounds, and gulches. After a time we forgot him.

An exclamation recalled us. "Well, I'll be darned," he was saying, with the pleased surprise of a child; "I have them; there they are, in the pine grove!"

He looked through the tube, and we watched him. "That little devil Gladys," he murmured scoldingly; "she always wishes to be carried. There she is, asking her

mother to take her up, and they're at least a mile from home. I hope she won't do it. I've told her the child was altogether too heavy now. Yes, there she goes; she's taken her up. By Jove, the little one looks scared, though. She's clinging to Lil like a little monkey. And Lil—why, Lil seems scared, too. What can—my God, my God!" he suddenly blurted out, his voice rising; "oh, my God!"

With a stamp of feet that was simultaneous we were all up instantly. He left the telescope with a great surging leap toward the mountains, far away. He brought up against the veranda rail, and immediately, of course, the slopes were to him as they were to us: distant, smooth, golden, and inscrutable. He sprang back to the telescope.

And then suddenly both of his hands went to his head, the palms crushing the temples, the fingers clutching the scalp; his head sank into his shoulders, his back humped, his eyes closed to slits, his face flattened, radiating horizontal lines—his whole body shriveled in a posture like that of a Chinaman I had seen when a boy, struck on the cranium by a hoodlum's stone. And in that posture, his hands upon his head, his body collapsed, as it were, his knees rising to his chin as he strode over imaginary obstacles, he went down the steps with a weird and silent rapidity, across the plot of grass, to his horse, mounted, and was off down the trail toward the Carmel. At regular intervals his legs spread out like opening scissors, then, slapping back, shot the spurs into the palpitating flanks of the animal, which, snorting, hurtled down the slope in giant leaps.

For a moment we stood there, paralyzed, then, simultaneously, we thundered down the steps. Young Blair was in the lead; I re-



Drawn by Gerrit A. Bencher.

"He left the telescope with a great surging leap toward the mountains."

member his eyes; they were round as an owl's. But Strong stopped us. "We must see where to go, just where to go," he shouted.

We went back to the telescope; we stood around it in a half circle, and dared not look. Finally it was Strong who had the courage.

"It's a pine grove," he said; "pines standing far apart—almost a clearing."

"Do you see—anything?" asked Blair.

"No," he said; "there's brake knee-high. They may, they may be—lying down."

We determined the place at which the telescope was pointed, mapped out the easiest way to it (it ran along the backbone, at right angles to the road that follows the coast), then got on our horses (I had to saddle mine; another delay) and rode off in Austin's tracks. We tried to be reasonable and save the animals for the climb ahead, but we couldn't go slow, we couldn't.

We abandoned the road, and as we were a third of the way up the smooth spur along which we had decided the best way lay, we saw Austin, far to the left. He had jumped out of the road long before us, and was evidently riding a line drawn straight from the telescope to the point at which it pointed. He was going wild, hurdling stumps, brush, and gullies; across the sun-mellowed distance there came to us the sobbing of his horse.

"He'll never get there that way," said young Blair; "let's call him to us."

But Strong said, "It may be better if we get there first. Let him go."

We kept on, zigzagging our horses up slope after slope at a sagging trot. The difficulties of the climb, the problem of following the path decided upon from below, kept our brains busy; but even then, all of the time, we saw Austin at the telescope. We heard him say, "Why, Gladys looks scared," then "My God, oh, my God!"; we saw his hands go up to his head, his body flatten—and we cruelly roweled our dripping beasts.

At last we came to the grove of pines. And—merciful heavens!—we found them. We stared long, in a circle, there, about them. Then young Blair's nerves gave way. "Let's go, let's go," he screeched; "I want to kill; let us kill, kill, kill!"

And Strong very quietly and very somberly said, "Yes, we must kill. Let's find Austin; he'll tell us."

But when, two hours later, we found Austin, he could tell us nothing. He lay by the side of a big log, his broken-legged horse upon him, and he was dead.

For two weeks, at the head of two hundred men, red-eyed, disheveled, poisoned with green hate, we rode the country. But never did we find what John Austin saw through the telescope, on my porch, that fine golden morning.

DESTINY

By ELIZABETH REID

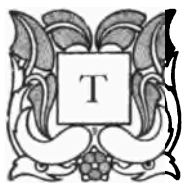
THROUGH life's long toil toward our far destiny
 We pass untouched, although we dream the throng
 Doth crowd us rudely; that the wicked wrong
 Is by the just upheld; that strong Calamity
 Chains fast our souls, and leaves us lone to die
 In dim Oblivion's hollow, where we helpless lie,
 Hoping the end will come full speedily,
 To bring relief from Thought—for that we long.

But sorrow, pain, despair are phantoms all.
 Deep in the eons of the pregnant past
 Our destinies were fixed. The things we see,
 That seem to hold us in their grasping thrall,
 We leave behind; they are but shadows vast
 That drape an empty world. Our souls are free!

MONTAGUE AND CAPULET

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



HERE was nothing the matter with Montague's house. It was, indeed, a smart affair on a street that debouched quite splendidly upon the park, and from its neat areaway to its dormer window was a conventional, desirable, even an exclusive house. But the house of the Capulets—that was on the street! Moreover, it was in the very middle of the street, and immediately in front of the house of Montague. There it stuck, forbidden by formidable injunctions to go either forward or back, and the neighborhood was outraged. Automobiles snorted up to its very door and retreated with the aspect of baffled dragons; sparrows gossiped about it and settled on its old eaves; dogs barked at it, and snapped at the shins of its occupants when, conscious of their chaste hosiery, they descended by means of a ladder from the elevation to which they had been lifted by jackscrews and rollers.

You are to understand, of course, that the houses had not been as those of Montague and Capulet until they were placed, against their will, in this unhappy juxtaposition. Up to that time the house of Montague had been merely that of Mr. Henry Ozanne, bachelor, and his lady mother; and the house of Capulet, now in transit, had been that of the two Misses Gleason, spinsters of a certain age, and of Miss Lucy Gleason, their niece, who was so young that she did not even notice it, but seemed to proceed upon the theory that youth and a springing step, bright hair and expectant eyes were the normal possessions of all men, using the term in its happy generic significance.

Montague was giving a party, not a large, but an important one. Rosaline, otherwise

Miss Laura Lee Tennant, was coming to luncheon. She had but just returned from abroad, and Henry Ozanne had been so keenly interested in this return that he had invited a number of clever people to meet her. They were people who recognized good taste when they saw it, and he expected them to commend his taste in seating Miss Tennant as guest of honor at his mother's table. Pursuant to these festivities, the conservatory had received accessions, the best plate been brought out, and the automobile polished till it glittered in the sun.

The automobile was to play quite a part in the day's ceremonies, for in this Miss Tennant was to be brought fifteen miles from her villa by the lake, along the pleasing drives of the North Shore, to the house by the park. So absorbed was Mr. Ozanne in the anticipations of this excursion that he did not so much as scan a dark object at the south, obstructing the townward view. And besides, at that moment, the cloud was the proverbial size of a man's hand. But when, several hours later, Ozanne returned with Miss Tennant and her mother, the cloud obscured his horizon. In other words, before his very door stood the most absurd, gaunt, smoke-begrimed, down-at-elbows house which had ever looked out upon that pleasing prospect. Moreover, the paraphernalia of the movers extended for half a block in two directions and occupied the entire width of the street. James, in his new uniform, was at the corner of the street, instead of before the door, as had been planned, and, scarlet with chagrin, had to advise his master that it would be necessary to walk the rest of the way.

It might not have been so bad if the weather had held to its promise of the morning; but it was raining drearily. Miss Tennant, in



"Under James's umbrella she picked her way."

pale heliotrope linen, with drifting veils and orchids at her breast, almost too well millinered for human nature's daily use, looked positively pathetic, as, under James's umbrella, she picked her way the length of half the block, while Ozanne looked to her mother.

Moreover, all this was the cause of a serious disarrangement. Henry Ozanne heard the lady of his admiration say to his attentive man, in a tone he hardly would have recognized:

"Hold the umbrella higher." And she paused at the door to expostulate at the situation.

"I can't understand how such an imposition is permitted!" she said, dividing her scorn, it would seem, between her young host and the old house.

Her voice was very shrill so shrill that Ozanne fancied her words must have been overheard by the possessor of a bright head, which was at that moment precipitately withdrawn from a window of the vilified house.

The luncheon was not a success—Miss Tennant saw to that. She had a wit with an edge on the hither and the thither side, and quite brilliantly made each person uncomfortable. Madame Ozanne confessed her

sufferings by an increasing formality toward Miss Tennant and added solicitude toward her other guests; and Henry Ozanne did not ask Miss Tennant into the conservatory to look at his new hydrangeas. When the affair was over, the extra seats in the automobile were filled by guests invited on the spur of the moment, with the result that Miss Tennant's ill humor, at being made one of the common and casual company, increased till it was almost regal.

In consequence of all this, the heart of Henry Ozanne was hot in him. Life, which hitherto had expedited him on the way to the fulfillment of his various aspirations, now insolently had given him a setback. The debris of a dream was piled up in his way, and he found it difficult to go over or around the ruin. He was so bewildered that he hardly understood the nature of his misery, and the best diagnosis of his case that he was able to make was to call life itself a disastrous adventure.

It was well into the evening when he reached home, and he expected to find that the intruding house which had played such an important part in his destiny would be well

out of the way. Such a supposition was safe, considering the celerity with which it had appeared. But behold, it stood before his door on the very spot where he had seen it last! If as a host he had been annoyed, and as a lover sadly enlightened, by this absurd edifice, he was now, as a property owner, justly indignant. He decided to lodge a protest, and having handed over his machine to James, made his way around to the house, where it stood, a source of acute irritation to all common carriers, pleasure seekers, and imperative messengers, who, by means of equine, gasoline, or steam power, wished to pass from the classic neighborhood of Schiller or Goethe streets toward that entrance of the park guarded by St. Gaudens's statue of the saddest and greatest of Americans.

To reach the weather-beaten door of the house it was necessary for the elegant Mr. Ozanne to mount a foolish, immature-looking ladder that reached from the pavement to the pendent porch, which caricatured the hanging gardens of Babylon with its boxes of geraniums and heliotrope, lettuce and cress in process of transplanting.

He was convinced that some very objectionable person would open the door to him, and experienced something akin to a shock when a gentle-faced, feminine creature, spare and neat, confronted him quietly. He was fairly outraged when, having perused the card he had presented to her, she held out one ivory-colored hand with every indication of welcome.

"Well," she said in a neighborly tone, and with the conviction, it was evident, that his visit was a social one, "this is really a coincidence, Mr. Ozanne. I'm beholden to the help in your house for quite a number of neighborly kindnesses. We've been troubling you, off and on, for water all day. I said to my sister that moving wouldn't be a very formidable undertaking if it were not for having one's water supply cut off."

"I should have thought, madam," said the young man with forbidding formality, "that it might have a good many points of discomfort; but I'm sure you know, whether you like or dislike it, that there can be no question about the inconvenience to which the people of this block are being put. We are unable to get up to our doors with any sort of a vehicle. I came to inquire when you intended to move on—for I infer you haven't chosen this for a permanent place of residence."

"No," said the old lady, seating herself smilingly and waving Ozanne to a seat. "We haven't. But we are in a peculiar situation. I'm glad you dropped in, for though my sister and I are our own business managers and feel quite independent, still we know there is a certain value in a man's point of view, and I shall be glad to talk the matter over with you."

"That is hardly nec—" Ozanne began, but Miss Gleason, as she had called herself to him, was off and away, and not to be called back.

"This house has a history," she said, unheeding various indications of impatience on the part of her auditor. "It was built by my father, Captain Gleason, sixty-five years ago."

A look of recognition, quickly suppressed, came into Ozanne's face.

"I was born in this house," continued the old lady mildly and with an air of perfect leisureliness. "And so was my sister Matie. We grew up under this roof; mother died here. Father went down with his boat, the *Superior*, after saving the passengers and all but a few of the crew. You may remember the circumstance?"

Ozanne nodded.

"We originally held a lease of the old Walden property, the piece His Honor the Mayor purchased recently. We planted the trees and the shrubs you will see there in the garden to-day. We lived there until about two years ago, when we were requested to move. The lease had expired and the property was wanted, and, indeed, we realized that the house was—well, a trifle old-fashioned for the neighborhood."

She was scrupulous, Ozanne could see, to use no disrespectful adjective.

"Then we settled on the Greenslet corner, three blocks from here."

"Ah!" said Ozanne, moved to some sort of response. "I thought the house looked familiar. I have often seen it there."

"Most persons," said Miss Gleason, "remember it at the first location. My sister Matie and I have been diverted several times during this last—last hegira—to hear men say as they passed: 'Why, if that isn't our old friend! We remember the house when we were boys!' I may say to you, confidentially, that we have preferred thinking of these remarks to certain others overheard by us, which have been, to say the least, rude—I

might say offensive and not exaggerate in the least."

Ozanne admitted that the license of the word might be allowed.

"As I was saying, for two years we enjoyed

his death his heirs decided to build an apartment house on the property. They advised us to tear down the old house and rent one of their apartments, and even went so far as to offer us one at a reasonable rate. But no



"It was necessary for the elegant Mr. Ozanne to mount a foolish, immature-looking ladder."

the hospitality of Mr. Greenslet, who, owing to an old-time friendship for my father, never accepted a penny from us. He used to say that father was one of the few heroes he had known, and he meant to do him such honor as lay in his power. But he passed on, and after

Gleason ever has lived in an apartment, and sister and I chose to move on. Of course the advantages to be enjoyed in a flat have been pointed out to us again and again—hot water any hour of the day or night, a telephone, heat, electric lights, janitor service, and all.



"'I was born in this house,' continued the old lady mildly."

But my sister and I prefer a bit of ground and our own garden to hot water, for which we have not that insatiable appetite that most persons seem to have, and we enjoy the distinction, if I may say so, Mr. Ozanne, of living under our own roof-tree."

The way had been long and circuitous, but Ozanne felt that the question he had come to ask was about to be answered at last, and held his peace.

"It became necessary then, Mr. Ozanne, to find another resting place for our home. My sister and I visited the offices of many real-estate dealers. We had the greatest difficulty in securing a lease, but at length a man was found who granted us permission to use his land for two years. We started on our way, when, to our complete surprise, an injunction was served by the neighbors, forbidding us to locate at that place. But though disturbed, we were not daunted—it is not the way of the family to be easily daunted. We secured another lot, only to be served with another injunction. Then, a third time we got a location, this time only by the most earnest solicitation, and now we are withheld by a third injunction! Consequently, we have tied up, so to speak, at your wharf, Mr. Ozanne, and we are keenly aware of the inconvenience it

must be causing you. Your side of the case has been presented to us only this afternoon by a representative of the street commissioner. I am, Mr. Ozanne, a woman of affairs, and so is my sister Matie, but, I assure you, the language of the representative of the street commissioner was of a character to make us weep. We did not, I am glad to say, break down utterly in his presence, but when he was gone we—we wept!"

There was, Ozanne feared, a repetition of the tragedy imminent, but the lady steadied herself.

"We feel that we are defending our own," she said tremulously. "No Gleason has been without his own threshold. We hope no Gleason ever will be. Moreover, our dead brother's child has come to live with us and we must keep a fitting home for her. She is an orphan, and until two months ago visited us only at vacation. The presence of such a very accomplished member of the family makes us feel all the more emphatically that we must maintain our dignity. I trust you understand our feelings, sir?"

Ozanne arose.

"Madam," he said, "nothing but an earthquake, it is apparent, can solve the problem. In the meantime, the street is closed."

He was on the point of making his rather frigid farewells, but a voice arrested him. It was so like that of the lady to whom he had been talking that it seemed as if it could emanate from no one but herself, but as it came from a room above them, it was evident that it was the voice of another, presumably the "sister Matie" to whom reference had been made.

"I see nothing amusing in the situation," the voice was saying severely, "and cannot understand how you are able to do so, Lucy. To be frank, the first injunction surprised me, the second annoyed me, and the third astounded me. I feel that we are now in a dilemma, and how we are to escape I know not."

The family love of nice phrases was marked, Ozanne concluded. The answer to all this was, however, a ripple of laughter.

"Dear Aunt Matie," said a voice, "you speak of a dilemma as if it were the bottomless pit! I'll tell you, the house and the injunctions are the two shuddering shapes who met face to face and bade each other stand, that Aldrich tells about. Only the injunctions don't shudder. That's left for us. I'm glad you and Aunt Anne didn't hear some of the remarks hurled at the house this afternoon. Really, I was shocked myself and wouldn't have been surprised to see something dreadful happen to the persons who said the wicked things, but they walked away in perfect health. I confess it made me open my eyes!"

Ozanne saw two feminine forms descending the winding stairs, one almost a replica of Miss Gleason, the other young and lithe, golden-haired, and comely, no doubt; but he could not, somehow, quite discern her face. And he did not wait to risk acquaintance. He had had enough of women to last him for some time. Their inconsequence, their vagueness, their cruelty—meaningless cruelty—would serve him excellently as themes of thought for bitter and solitary reflection, he felt. He was at that stage of misery where misery is dear, and he desired no mitigation of it.

"A pack of fools—women," he decided in the abundance of his disgust. Everything seemed ridiculous—women, men, life, thought, work, ambition, dreams—even death. All was meaningless, futile, grotesque! He went to his bed, and to a broken sleep.

When, the next morning, he came to his breakfast, he was still in an evil mood, but his

mother was one of those persons with a curious oblivion to masculine psychic vicissitudes. She made no reference to the fatal luncheon of the day before, though she was quite aware of all that it had involved in the way of potentiality and disappointment. Instead, she talked of biscuits.

"These," she said, "are remarkably fine biscuits, my son. I'll inform you right now that no biscuits of just this superfine quality have been made in this house for several years."

"No?" said her son indifferently.

"No—emphatically no, my dear. They are the handiwork of one, Miss Anne Gleason, chatelaine of the house-on-the-street. She brought these in this morning as an evidence of appreciation for certain neighborly offices which she says have been performed for her by us. She asked to see me, and I went down. I disclaimed all part in the amenities of which she spoke and told her the maids were to have all the credit, but she made me the quaintest little bow and said that as the mistress was the maids were. She begged, however, that the maids might be given their share of the biscuit."

The young man buttered a biscuit and said nothing. He knew his mother utterly, knew the sympathy underlying her chatter, and wanted the sympathy as little as he did the chatter just at that moment. After the fashion of men, he knew love to be as precious as water in the desert, yet let it waste in the sand. And she, after the fashion of mothers, knowing all he thought and realizing the meaning of his silence, still offered her diversion.

"But I haven't come to the most interesting part of my story, Henry. You have heard me tell, again and again, the story of how your grandfather's life was saved by Captain Gleason, whose boat, the *Superior*, went down thirty-five years ago in Lake Michigan; how the captain saw his passengers all off, and then refused to take his place in the last boat, though there was room, because some of his crew were still on board. When your grandfather spoke of him he used to take off his hat—he had beautiful, reverent old ways, your grandfather had! Well, when Miss Gleason told me her name this morning, I said the only other person of that name I had ever known was Captain Gleason, a great hero, and the poor old thing held out both her hands and with her odd, squinty little eyes raining tears,

said that was her father. So I told her about my father, and we kissed each other—please don't laugh, Harry!"

"I wasn't thinking of it, mother."

"They're of good stock, dear, those absurd, pathetic little things—for there are two of them—one the echo and shadow of the other. And there's a niece who is really exquisite. I tell you, Henry, I like quiet people—I always did—and nowadays I seem never to meet any. I'd be happier, I really think, if I knew some of the old kind. Your father was quiet, you know. He couldn't bear display, and he hated uselessness. I don't know what he would have thought of some of our friends, my boy."

"I know what he would have thought of them, mother. It's what you and I really think of them."

There was a silence, friendlier than the last one. His secret bitterness began to yield a little to her sympathy. Then she spoke softly.

"I'm never going to refer to it again, son, but you'll pardon me this once. I'm selfishly interested, too, you know, in all that happened yesterday. In a way, my fate, as well as yours, was decided. And I must say you've had an escape."

"So have you, mother," he smiled.

"Yes, I always wanted a daughter, Henry, and when I had to go without one, I came to count on the one you would bring me. Don't let her be hard-natured, dear, whatever else she may be!"

"Well, this one—what could you expect? Didn't her father make his fortune in steel rails?"

"But the rails were well tempered, I thought!"

So they let the subject glance by after their own fashion, and understood each other, and comprehended all that went unspoken.

When he went to his office he was able, at least, to except his mother from the scorn he cast upon the other sex—those pallid creatures, reflections of men, false fires, shining with treacherous promise of comfort and warmth! He found a letter awaiting him which made it imperative for him to go at once to Milwaukee, and was well pleased that it was so. It meant a business struggle of the sort he liked. He thanked Heaven there were still men to be fought in the open, whose resistance was firm, and whose opposition was fair.

And then, he reflected, when he returned, that *bête noir*, the old house, would be out of the way. It had seemed to look at him with wise, sad eyes that morning as he came down his steps. Miss Anne Gleason was polishing a window, and looked as if she were taking advantage of the delay in the moving, to clean house. She had nodded vaguely, and he had no choice but to lift his hat, though he hated having been seen and detested having to speak.

But two days away, two busy, definite days, cleared up the evil glamour that had obsessed him. If he was sad, as undeniably he was, he nevertheless had returned to something approaching his native geniality. He looked forward to getting back home, and thought with anticipation of his mother. No one was so wise, no one so keen, no one so quick to understand. They would live together, they two, in that safe bond of household love, and he would put away romantic dreams. That was it—he would never marry! It simplified everything, that decision!

When his train drew into the city he found it shrouded in a wonderful mist, behind which a moon made itself dimly felt. Outlines were blurred and curious. Houses loomed like strange shadows, men were as walking specters. James met his master at the station with the Mercedes, but he was not minded to have even James for company and gave him permission to spend the evening as he pleased. He might, he said, go for a run in the country, and James, who had his own degree of comprehension, said he had thought as much when he brought down the car. But, after all, Ozanne decided to go home, and was relieved, as he turned into his own street, to note that no red lanterns gleamed through the milky obscurity. That meant, of course, that the house, the poor old Gleason house, was gone. It was a satisfaction to have a clear street, at any rate. He drove out toward the center of it in order to make a neat turn into his own drive, and the next second shocked appallingly against something that shuddered and groaned like a Leviathan in pain. The lights in his machine crashed out. He felt himself lifted into the air. In a swift second he said to himself that the end of the foolish little play had come. When he struck, there would, perhaps, be for him nothing but oblivion. He wondered who would tell his mother.



"*'These,' she said, 'are remarkably fine biscuits, my son.'*"

But as he struggled up dizzily, to find himself unhurt, he reached the very antithesis of oblivion, and awakened to a vividness of perception undreamed of by him hitherto. He leaned against his machine and drew in a deep, deep breath of the heavy night air. In the intensity of the moment, he actually felt the throb of his blood through his body. Shrouded in that luminous, engulfing mist as he was, he had a sense of being alone in a rediscovered earth—an Adam in a nebulous Eden.

Yet Eve—or was it Helen—or, best of all, Juliet—shone on him from above! There, in mid air, as it seemed, a girl with a pale and wonderful face looked out of the shining mist, holding high a lamp which wreathed her bright hair with a prismatic halo.

"It is the East," he thought, "and Juliet is the sun."

"What is it?" called a voice, warm and rich, in spite of its distress. "Are you hurt? Is anyone there?"

*(She speaks:
O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to the night being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven—)*

"No, I'm not hurt, I think. I'm quite alive, at any rate—quite unmistakably alive. I don't know how much my machine has suffered."

Not that it mattered! How delicious life was! What a number of things there were to do! How mysterious and enchanting was this mist, drifting about in shining clouds; how poignant that scent of jasmine, coming from he knew not where; how marvelous that face of faces there above him!

"Oh, sir, I'm so thankful it's no worse. The lanterns were hung out to-night, I know. A man has been here every night to attend to them and I saw him come to-night, but the one on this side of the house must have gone out, I think. I knew the whole neighborhood was coming to detest us, but really I never thought the poor old house would endanger anyone's life!"

(Alack, there lies more peril in thy eye—)

"Well, it's a bewitched night! On any other, I might, perhaps, have been killed. To-night I merely smash my lights and knock out my engine. But you—I see



"‘Yes,’ she said, ‘it is the strangest night in all the world.’"

you have not been able to escape from your curse of injunctions. You are still held in duress."

"Oh, yes, sir. To-day has been perfectly bewildering. Policemen and street commission men and park commission men, and attorneys and angry neighbors have been here talking and scolding. But I am talking as if you knew the situation, sir! You spoke as if you did!"

(What man art thou that so bescreened in night—)

"Yes, I am your—tentative neighbor—so to speak. I talked with your aunt the other

evening, and she, I believe, was good enough to call on my mother the next morning. I have seen you now and then, or caught a glimpse of you. I even heard you, I think, quoting Aldrich. You should have saved your quotation for to-night. This is Twilight land, and my car and your house—they are the two shuddering shapes."

Her laugh rippled out on the night and he laughed back at her. She was not so pale now and his dizziness was quite gone.

*(O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the ear of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.)*

"Yes," she said, "it is the strangest night in all the world. Before you came, I was sitting here trying to imagine what I would have lie beyond the mist, if I had my choice. And I thought perhaps I would prefer to have a garden—a garden with high walls."

"Like Juliet's?"

"Maybe. Or else a garden going down to the sea. The lake is a good enough understudy for the sea, don't you think so?"

"I love the lake. You're not afraid of it, are you?"

"Bless its blue heart, no, I'm not afraid. But we have no right to be talking here like this. There should be lights put out, or some one else will be crashing into us."

"They would encounter my machine, first, and I think that still has its rear lights intact. We are quite safe. But, really, you should not be here alone. Your aunts——"

"Poor things, they have gone off to see some more real-estate men. They were brave about all this trouble at first, but now they are nearly distracted. They were both crying to-night when they left. I wanted to go with them, but they were afraid to have the house unoccupied, so they said they would send a friend to stay with me, but she hasn't come."

"I see. Well, with your permission I will stay right here until they come."

"Thank you very much. But, really, you know I am never afraid."

(I would not for the world they saw thee here.)

"I shall make myself comfortable here in the seat of my machine. No one need be aware of my presence, and when they come and I know you are safe, I can slip out."

(I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight.)

"Thank you. I'd better go in, I think." She did not, truth to tell, appear to be irrevocably determined upon that course.

"If you go in, I shall not believe that you were ever here. You look as unsubstantial as a dream—something, I suppose, as the Blessed Damosel would, leaning out of the windows of heaven." He laughed and she echoed him.

*(O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.)*

"I'm nothing of a dream, I assure you. I'm one of the most actual of persons."

"Well, that's something to be thankful for. But, really, do you know, your aunts must be got out of this predicament! In the morning, if they will allow me, I will devote myself to it. I swear I'll find some way out."

(O swear not by the moon——)

"Oh, I know what a terrible nuisance we have been; I know just how you hate us! At first I thought it was a delicious situation. I laughed all the time, and I didn't see why other people weren't laughing, too, but now I know that was because I was a goose. Really, it's most annoying and inconvenient for others and it's distracting to my poor aunts. The man from the street commissioner's office said he had never run up against such a deadlock before in his life. He said he never saw such an old ramshackle of a house in a neighborhood like this, and that it ought to have been burned in the Big Fire, or blown down in the Big Wind—only there wasn't one, unfortunately—or floated away in a Big Flood made especially for the purpose."

"Lucy! LuCY!"

"There are my aunts. Really, the mist is so thick, I don't believe they can find their way! Or perhaps the lights on your machine confuse them. And where's the ladder? Oh, how'll we ever get them up?"

(By and by I come.)

"Tell me, before they come, you accept my services, do you not? You'll let me come to-morrow, early, and talk the situation over?"

"LUcy! LuCY!"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure you can help us out! I want to get away from here and never, never come on this street again, where I know I and my aunts are detested."

(I come anon.)

"No, no, I swear——"

*(Well, do not swear at all,
Or, if you must——)*

"Here, Aunt Anne! This way, please. There's an automobile that ran into the house. The ladder is broken, but——"

"But if you'll come this way, Miss Gleason, and step up—so—in my disabled car, and if your niece will give you her two hands . . . so! then there you are on your own doorstep!"

And now you, Miss Gleason. . . . There, ladies, you are safe at home. Now I shall see to the lights, and in the morning——"

"In the morning, Mr. Ozanne, by four o'clock we shall be on our way," said Miss Anne. "My sister Matie and I have completed our arrangements at last. We shall go some distance from here, and the moving will be expensive, but we have, I am glad to say, found a place where we are likely to be undisturbed for several years. We have seen the movers, and by the time you have arisen, we shall have ceased to offend your sight."

"My dear Miss Gleason——"

"Oh, Mr. Ozanne, I am a wiser woman than I was! I know now what happens to people who get in the way. I am sure I never thought—and sister Matie never thought—there was so much op-probrious language in the world! We have been so railed at that we feel as if we had been beaten. I assure you, our very bodies are sore with the tongue lashings we have received."

"There, there, Aunt Anne dear, don't cry! Go to bed now, dear. And think what you've done—how you've straightened the tangle all out! Why, I think you're perfectly splendid, Aunt Anne—and you, too, Aunt Matie!"

"Yes, you are, really, ladies—quite wonderful! I've been away for the last day or two and had no idea that you were still in difficulties or I should have offered my services."

"It doesn't seem," sobbed Miss Anne, "as if it was your services you had come to offer that night. You've got a lovely mother, Mr. Ozanne, and I hear you're a fine young man, and your manners are good, but you don't sympathize with us! Nobody does!"

And quite broken and self-pitying at last, the hitherto intrepid representative of the house of Gleason retired weeping, while her sister, more gently lachrymose, followed.

Lucy had lighted them to their room, but as she had not said good night to him, Ozanne took it as a token that he was to wait. In any event, he must have waited. He seemed stricken with a sweet paralysis, and incapable of moving from the spot. He knew perfectly well what had happened to him. He knew the mad, fantastic, amazing, supreme hour had come. He was enviably mad, that is to say, quite senselessly in love, and for the first time in his life. By the light of this glowing sun, how feeble were the stellar fires of his recent admiration for Rosaline!

For by that name he rechristened that

scornful lady, Miss Tennant. And this was Juliet—this gay young girl, innocent and trusting and brave, who hung there in the night above him, speaking common words behind which lay a subtle eloquence!

"Mr. Ozanne!"

(Hst! Hst! Romeo!)

"Yes, Miss Gleason!"

"After all, we *might* need you for something to-morrow—since you are so kind as to offer. Of course, if we are to go at four in the morning, I don't quite know where we might be at nine—your usual rising hour, I suppose."

"Not at all. Four is my hour!"

"Good night. I'm sorry as sorry about your machine."

"It can be mended. And, anyway, there are other machines."

"And so, so thankful you were not hurt!"

He wanted to say he was not hurt—merely slain. But he dared not venture.

"There really was nothing to say, you know, except good night," she added. She had no light now, and her voice came down to him cautiously out of the white opacity.

(I have forgot why I did call thee back——)

"Good night! But only till four. I must get my machine out of the way, you know."

"Yes, so you must. Good night, then."

Did he really go? And when did she leave the door? The mist seemed to swirl like phantoms, with drifting garments of samite, weaving a mystic dance. When she went to her room, he seemed still with her. As she slept, she heard his voice. He did not sleep at all. He had a strange sensation of being in a globe of milky crystal, filled with silence and dreams. He knew the hour of his destiny had come. Not a practical thought assailed him. Neither his position, nor his money, nor her obscurity or poverty, nor his family's opposition occurred to him. They were obstacles to be swept away in the torrent of his desire.

Dawn came with wonders of indigo scarfs trailing upon a sky of rose, and all the lake rippled with iridescence. Henry Ozanne sprang from his bed, fit for his day's work.

He knew that as he went down his steps he should see his Juliet at the window.

As for Rosaline—but she was not, it will be remembered, included in the cast.

BINGO

BY LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON



I-N-G-O, Bingo, B-i-n-g-o, Bingo, B-i-n-g-o, Bingo, . . . " The sled grated over the hard crust to the swing of Collins's song. The dogs ran freely, tugging at the traces, straightening these every now and then with a long pull together, their red tongues lolling out for a touch of the keen air, and their eyes bright. Collins wanted to get back to camp as soon as a man might make the distance. But now thin sunlight gilded every unbroken stretch of the snows, marking the trackings behind him, the twigs of brushwood, every little irregularity that would cast a shadow, with a definite sharpness of detail that could only be of the late afternoon just before twilight's pallor. Wherever the thaw of a day ago had warmed the branches, they were set with jewels of ice, gleaming, and now the snow crushed with a crisp, harsh sound, for the air had taken on a bitter cold again.

"Heigh! Heigh! You mutts! Get along . . . " yelled Collins, swinging his whip until the thong of it crackled forth crisp reports over the backs of the dogs, and they straightened the traces, their foot pads ripping the snow beads back into his face. And the sled swung down the frozen slopes with a grating rush.

The leader was a large loose-limbed brown dog. There was never a bit of lag about him. The snatch of song Collins shouted into the air with all the force of his lungs acted as a fresh spur to the leader's action, and the man had known this would be so. "B-i-n-g-o, Bingo, . . . " roared out in different tones, was better than whip-lashing and oaths. A great willing dog, this Bingo. Collins could remember his picking-up. It had happened

when he, Collins, was, so to speak, "soshed." Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Bingo had picked up Collins, since they had found themselves together for the first time one frosty morning, on the floor of a deserted barroom, each decidedly the worse for wear, and the general aspect of the place seeming to express a mute but watchful sympathy. What had happened on the previous night Collins didn't know, and Bingo wouldn't tell; but from that moment they were friends.

The team of dogs possessed by Collins was not one to cause intense admiration. Had it not been for Bingo they would have torn each other to shreds on many an occasion. Nasty-tempered, tricky, and savage, they were not to be trusted. But Bingo had seen his master's battles in his own, and the team, collectively and individually, feared Bingo with a dread beyond that usually accorded the heaviest dog in a bunch of ill-dispositioned fighters. In nature Bingo was not quite of their class, though he was vicious enough; but he was of a willing spirit and there was in him some generosity, added to that keen intelligence which enables a sled dog to live somehow in a country where living is a task. Had it not been for Collins, Bingo would have had often to battle the whole team for his food when they turned against his arrogant authority. To repay this, Bingo made the team work, to its discomfort, and to a dog they hated him for a favorite. When Bingo tried to preserve peace among them, they loathed him for it. But it was when the interests of the man were threatened, and Bingo commenced to fight, that the dread of him brought uppermost their snivels. He was a large, loose-limbed animal, full-muscled, strong of jaw, and while he would fight fiercely for food, he

became a fiend of a dog when it seemed to him that the interests of Collins needed a dog's best effort.

"Get along, Bingo, get along!" yelled Collins, whipping the air until it whistled. There was a place half a mile farther on at which he wished to camp. He had built a wind-break there when he had camped the first night out on the way to Markle's for supplies. Now he was returning, and the next day would see the last leg of the journey. From the camp of this night to their claim, where McNair waited, was a stretch of thirty miles, and, barring accident, Collins counted on reaching the claim the next day. Already he had been delayed a day at Markle's, and he knew McNair was on short rations. There would be a welcome, of course, from the Scot, and, undoubtedly, a choice round of expletives for his lagging. So Collins was eager to get along.

The place reached at last, the traces slipped, Collins caught up his ax and made an onslaught on some nearby birches for fuel. The effort made in cutting a goodly supply of wood for the night cast him into a glow that was pleasant in comparison with the now bitter chill of evening. Already the stars pointed dimly in a pale sky. Collins swung the ax lustily over a tough frost-tempered root, and, nettled by the resistance of it, put a swing into his strokes to make, as he would have expressed his effort, "the blamed old nubbin look sick." It was not a matter of firewood now, nor the supply of birches, for the quantity of stuff was plentiful; but Collins was of a nature to overcome difficulties, and he had taken a particular grouch against that one cold-bound root. His ax swung down and bit into it deeply; then, on a swift stroke, his hand slipped, and the blade glanced from the frozen wood with a peculiar twang, striking into his foot.

With a cry and an oath Collins dropped the ax and hobbled for his camp. He had felt all the force of the blow and knew that it had made a dangerous wound. Once, before he reached the sled, he sank down, catching the aching foot in his hands and starting on again with his fingers dripping blood. There was blood on the snow, a red dragging trail behind him. Collins's face was chalky white and his teeth were set hard, biting against the pain. He knew he must get a turn of something around that leg before the loss of blood sent him fainting, and with trembling hands,

hastily fumbling, he cut a piece of tying from the sled pack. A minute later he had twisted this about his leg, and with the aid of his whip handle had bound it down into the flesh. His hands were covered with blood now, the whip handle was stained with it, and wherever he had moved there were stains of pale red on the white carpet of snow. Even the pack of his sled showed bloody prints where he had cut away the rope. Collins groaned and sank down by his pile of wood, his lips blue and trembling.

"A nice fix, this . . ." he muttered.

So he gave Bingo a swinging biff on the side of the head when that dog came snuffing and licking at his bloody hands, and with many sighs set about building his fire. He wanted little food by now. He felt that he no longer possessed a stomach after making a clumsy bandage for the foot. It proved a deep, nasty-looking wound, and that night Collins only drowsed fitfully. It was a long, long night, and in those few minutes of sleep Collins dreamed queer, aching things.

In the gray ghost-like appearance of the dawn he was about, hobbling, making ready the sled load for the last lap of thirty miles to McNair and the rest he must have. His foot was like a dead thing, save that it ached with a dull, gnawing sensation, and his leg felt as if it had been paralyzed and withered. McNair would have a fine time growling over this misfortune, Collins thought, but then the Scot growled over everything.

Collins threw some food to the dogs, and after they had snarled it down, got his whip busy among them and shortly had the team hooked up. He groaned many times in the accomplishment of this, and he gave a sigh of intense relief when it was completed. Careful driving would get him to the claim some time during the day, and with McNair's treatment he had no fear of the wound. A strong brew of coffee made him feel better, and he even sang a snatch of his favorite "Bingo" in the thought that things might have been far worse.

He had turned his back to the dogs, giving the whip handle an extra twist, when he heard a scuffling sound, as if, frightened, the whole team had flung itself into the traces. With a yell Collins started up, hearing the grating of the sled, and knowing that something had startled the dogs into flight. Already they were in full stride down the trail. Collins ran a few steps as a drunken man before the wounded foot brought him to the ground.

Viciously he tugged at his gun, intending to take a shot at those treacherous brutes, which were now racing madly and only a dark blot on the white-covered trail. A crackling noise of breaking brush in the timber topping the ridge told Collins the reason for this stampede. He saw three or four of a herd of caribou go plunging into the undergrowth, weird, ghostly-looking things in the gray of morning. But he was out of gunshot, even had he been in the mood for hunting, and the fact that he was deserted, with not even a handful of beans nor a blanket, had not yet occurred to Collins.

"Oh! ain't this a hell of a fix!" he muttered. "Wonder when them fool dawgs will bring up? If I only had that Bingo now," and Collins's wrath rendered him speechless.

It was thirty miles to the claim and McNair. However, it was not probable that the dogs would leave the trail, and he had hope of picking up the sled later, if he could make the distance, and he knew that Bingo would not go far without an argument. Even if the dogs chewed themselves loose from the sled, he would be able to find blankets and food—if he could make the distance. The load was securely packed, and he had no fear of its spilling. If the dogs left the trail—but that was hardly possible; it was extremely likely that, after an unchecked, tiring run, they would begin fighting among themselves, when Collins counted on Bingo's strength and natural savagery. If free, the dogs might scatter, or go on to McNair, or return to him, since their only prospect of necessary food lay in the quarters of humanity.

But these possibilities, however definite, did not reduce the distance of thirty miles to the claim and McNair. Discounting the probabilities, it remained for a sandy man to consider covering the whole of it alone and unaided. In his maimed condition, Collins faced a terrible task. He started on bravely; but the hurt soon made itself known by a steadily increasing annoyance, a gnawing aggravation which after the first half hour became agony. He cursed and limped with an alarming regularity before he had covered one mile. And Collins felt himself growing weaker. He stopped to tighten the bandage and the tourniquet. He feared to put too much strain on the rope which held in check his life's blood, for should that break the game was up. It would be the simple matter of bleeding to death. Hobbling as best he could, he covered some small part of the

distance that day. It had grown much colder, or so the air seemed to him. Soon the pallor of the snows and the deep frown of the wooded crests warned him that he ought to prepare for night. He had a stock of matches for which he thanked that Power which had also made fire a bitter necessity. There was little wind, and Collins had hope of being comfortable so far as warmth was concerned. But he would have nothing to eat, and he would probably have to sit up all night, nursing the fire, to avoid freezing to death.

"Nice fix to be in," he muttered more than once. "If I only had that bunch of dawgs, I'd—I'd crucify 'em. It ain't no cinch to be caught with a bum leg. Oh! this is a pleasant afternoon we're havin' by our lonesome."

Later, the fire crackling, and the glow of it warming him a little, he had a smoke.

"Why they didn't take the pipe I don't know," he said to himself. "If I had that bunch of dawgs—but they're in camp by now, an' we'll see McNair to-morrow. This is certainly a joyful home-comin', an' Mac'll be so glad to see me, won't he? He did long for some good grub. Well . . ."

Sometimes in the night he would doze off from sheer weakness and exhaustion. Several times he had watched the stars so long that they suddenly leaped into the distant tree tops, exploding as rockets into fiery rain; when Collins would start feverishly up and begin replenishing his real fire, which meant his very life. The pain of his foot was now such a decided reality that he endured it doggedly; he had ceased cursing; it seemed that he had always carried such an aching limb about with him, so long had he packed it this trip. And he must not let the fire go out. But he should have some sleep, for away stretched the trail over which he must drag himself like a crippled bug, and the way was cold and long and the strength of him was short. Suppose the fire did go out? He took stock of his matches, counting them carefully. He could light another fire if—if he was able. He dared not fall asleep; he could not eat; and he must go on—to-morrow.

The morning found Collins nearly frozen. The fire had died down during his last fitful doze, in which he had dreamed that both his feet were gone and that he had learned to walk on his hands. With numbed fingers he raked and poked at the embers and blew them into a blaze. When he felt the cheering warmth Collins found time to consider how

stiff his leg had become, and swollen, almost to the hip, and he winced every time his weight came upon it. As he started, he did so with the perfect knowledge that on this day he must put forth a heroic effort. He struggled on for an hour of agony, when he sat down to again rebandage the foot. At midday he groaned desperately when he realized from landmarks that he had only covered about one third the distance. He was fairly fighting his way along now, the wound causing intense pain. It felt as if clamped in a terrific vise. He was ravenously hungry. There was on his face the expression of one who looks beyond the veil and into the very eyes of fate. Before him the white stretches glared out, unbroken, cheerless, hopeless. At length he was presented the last fearful condition of a crippled man.

"Guess I've got to crawl," he said, gritting his teeth. And crawl he did, like a broken spider, dragging himself along by sheer determination.

When he rested, the gnawing hunger attacked him, assisted by the cold, which bit into his chilled bones. Once he took out the gun, looking seriously at it, only to grin and shake his head with renewed energy. He judged that he was now about seventeen miles from the ridge, and the camp was on the far side of it. But he was crawling.

"If this was a thoroughfare now," he growled, "some place like Main Street in Seattle, why, there might be a chanct of a fellow gettin' picked up—but there ain't nothin' to it but make camp alone. Smith an' his bunch won't be along here for a week yet. Nice for them to come acrost me, stiffened out. McNair, damn him! Why don't he know that som'thin's gone all backwards? He's got such a thick head, the tongue-twisted, damned fool of a hooting Scotchman, that he'll sit right there on his haunches, waitin', 'till Gabriel blows in his ear—in his ear. . . . Where was I talkin'? Gee! but this is gettin' interesting. Oh! my Gawd, that leg . . . Maybe, maybe . . ." and he fell to speculating on the chances of McNair's traveling backward over the trail. This was most unlikely. Although three days overdue, he had not had accidents before, and he was known to be a careful man. Why should McNair suspect ill fortune this trip? And Collins found himself, after each new spasm of pain, glancing at the gun. His eyes rested

on it for a longer period each time. Then he felt ashamed of himself for this weakness, trying to laugh, and saying aloud for the strength the words might bring him:

"Buck up! We'll crawl in yet, old feller, an' to hell with 'em!"

But the ache of that tightly bound leg went on, a patient, frozen agony. His stomach griped like a thing alive; and the air was bitter cold; and he had come to crawling. He groaned pitifully, knowing that he would soon be helpless; unable, perhaps, even to light a fire.

Suddenly, as if spurred by a pang more intense than any which had preceded it, Collins came to a positive decision. There was a fallen tree on the hillside; over it the snow had banked; and he considered camping there, trusting faithfully to McNair's search. There was the possibility that the dogs had made camp. They knew where to find food. Anyway, McNair would be anxious by this time. He could imagine only two things: one, that Collins had quit him for the grub money—the other, accident. There was every argument against his not quitting McNair for the sake of a little grub stake, since they had a paying claim and one that promised big things. Collins felt sure that the even spirit of the Scotchman would eventually become disturbed, and that McNair would make a start back over the trail. But how soon? Collins groaned again. He could no longer go on; he must stop.

"Gawd! I hope he comes," prayed Collins.

Crawling to the old tree, he tried with cramped hands to start a fire. It was his only hope. He would build a fire and wait—Wait! with grim hunger and cold for partners, to say nothing of the agony he endured. This was the only chance, and he doggedly accepted it. McNair would be anxious, of course, and then—Collins struggled with the twigs. He forced himself to a forage for wood, fighting the pain and swearing to encourage his flagging spirit.

It was when the blaze finally leaped up along the pile that Collins fell over exhausted. A long time he lay outstretched, breathing heavily, and caring little what might happen. Then he heard something running over the snow crusts. He was too weak to get up, but he yelled out with all the strength he had remaining. A short time he lay racked and tortured by the doubtful probabilities. What had it been? An animal?

A wild thing, scenting his weakness? Collins's hand slipped down to his gun and held it ready. The spirit of fight was not quite dead in him, though a moment before he had admitted his defeat amid moans. Then a brown head came up from the other side of the snow-banked tree, a brown eye winked at him sympathetically.

"Bingo," half whispered Collins.

Bingo's first greeting was one of unrestrained joy and satisfaction. He threw up his head and barked loudly; then he cut a few odd capers which were not quite up to his usual form; then he evidenced a little surprise. Seeing that Collins lay quite still, the dog's attitude became one of suspicion. He approached Collins warily, as if he wondered at the man's inability to come to him swearing. The absence of threat and the every indication of kindness were enough to inspire a sled dog with caution and doubt. He had expected blows. Now he suspected some new punishment, for punishment Bingo knew he well deserved. Bingo sniffed. He came nearer in a narrowing series of circles.

Collins saw that one of the dog's legs was gashed, over which hurt the blood had hardened, and that his right ear was slit into a bloody ribbon. Evidently Bingo had protested against the dash of the team, and had been somewhat worsted.

"Nice dog, Bingo . . ." cajoled Collins, who could do no more than crawl toward the suspicious and the only possible friend. Collins tried this, twisted his leg, and made a grimace from pain.

"Nice ol' dog; here now, Bingo . . ."

It was only after some minutes of such parleying and coaxing that the dog allowed himself to be touched by Collins's hand. Even then he regarded the crippled man as something strange and newly discovered. Bingo seemed uneasy. Once he broke away from the caress, and loped off twenty yards or so to squat down diffidently, licking his chops, while the heart of Collins sank until there seemed to be a vacancy in his breast. If the dog should make off!

"Bingo!—Bingo! . . ." Collins plead with the brute, using every entreaty of the voice.

Bingo was hungry, and he had no intention of going off again. With Collins there was the possibility of food. Collins had always found something for him in times past, and Bingo expected the man to live up to this precedent. After a while he came close again,

whining, and squatted down as a watcher by the dead. He expressed something of a pity for Collins by his drooping ears and the cautious, stealthy wonder of his big eyes.

The feeling of despair that had almost destroyed Collins's methods of reasoning now left him, and he began to construct schemes for the notification of McNair. How could he express his plight? He had neither paper nor anything with which to write. He had little time to lose, for the combined hunger, exposure, and fatigue, to say nothing of the serious wound, had sapped his vitality, and Collins felt that it would be but little longer before his strength would ebb entirely. In the place of writing, what could he send? Every bit of clothing he must keep—possibly he might spare a mitten. Collins ripped a strip from his shirt, twisted it, passed it through a hole cut in the back of the mitten, and prepared to tie the message about Bingo's neck. Bingo protested against this, to him, unnecessary adornment, whereupon Collins gave him a drubbing with his fists, and drew the slip so tight that there could be little possibility of Bingo's rubbing the thing loose.

"Off!" he said at last, giving the brute a parting whack, "off with yeh! Git! McNair, yeh mutt, an' may Gawd point yeh the way."

Collins fell back breathing hard from his exertions. He rolled over to the fire a moment later, and replenished it.

Bingo did not understand the instructions given him. Going off a little way, he squatted down again and surveyed the little camp. He made a decided effort to paw off the neck-piece, fairly rolling over and over in the snow, but in this he failed; finally, he came creeping back to the fire, whining. Collins raised himself and drove the dog away with brands. He shouted at him until hoarse. Then he sank back with a sigh of relief, for Bingo had put his tail down and had slouched off. Collins had good reason to hope, now. The dog was headed for the camp; and really there was no other human habitation within miles. He knew that the sled dog would be sure to seek food, and food was only to be obtained where there were men. McNair ought to feel troubled by this time, surely, and the arrival of a single dog with his mitten tied to its neck would certainly cause that canny Scot to do something. What could he do but search, and that only back over the trail? Collins built up his fire,

groaning whenever he joggled the leg, but he had some confidence left in Bingo's aid.

Night came on again, and he dozed fitfully, waking to throw wood on the fire. The constant agony of his swollen leg prevented his falling into the dread sleep of exhaustion.

The new day found him a weakened thing, wan, emaciated, hardly to be likened to a man. His eyes were sunken and had the peculiar wide stare of one just balancing on the edge of reason. His cheeks were drawn tightly over the bones of his face. There was nothing to eat; he could scarcely move for wood, so stiff was he, but he must keep up the fire until—until McNair came. He felt that he would willingly give ten years of happy life to see the gaunt figure of the Scot come out of the thin trees topping the next rise of snow level. He had now been three days without food. The gnawing pain that formerly meant hunger was gone. He was weaker and no longer ravenous; but Collins was conscious of a sinking feeling. He tried to fight off stupor; he tried to decide whether he was freezing or starving to death. He wondered how long a man could support life without food. He had heard of cases proving that one could go days and days, into final madness, but he knew that with cold and pain fighting on the side of hunger, he would not be able to last so long as that. Three days had placed him in this feverish sinking condition; well—anything better than three more, and Collins fingered his gun tremulously, glad of the dire fortune it presented whenever ultimate despair conquered.

But he brought down the gun from his temple, his hand shaking. McNair would surely be along soon. The day was passing as a pale ghost. No sunlight touched the gray expanse before him. His eyes ached from the constant watching. Occasionally he would shout to find how far his voice would carry, and he succeeded in making pitiful noises. The cold had now a piercing, binding effect, and only his iron vitality kept him alive. Why did not McNair come? He began to curse feebly his old comrade for a skulker of the camp, waiting unconcerned while he lay dying; a torrent of vicious thought flooded his brain and used up quite a bit of his energy. He moved closer and closer to the fire, fairly hugging it, his clothes sending little scorched whiffs into his nostrils as they singed; and when he moved he dragged the wounded leg after him as a piece of old dead

wood. It no longer pained him poignantly, but the dull ache of it under the bandage and tourniquet made him sick and faint. There was no doubt in Collins's mind now that he was starving. McNair must come to-day, or he would go mad. And then McNair would come over the hill to be shot at by a madman. It would serve him right, damn him! Collins exhausted himself in desperate thought.

Hours passed and nothing disturbed the snow-clad slopes before him. The thin clump of trees cresting the next rise were so many lank specters watching him die. He imagined that they waved mysteriously toward him at times, that they threatened him, and he cowered down to his only friend, the fire. He shouted at those naked ghouls of the upper ridge, and shook his fist in a palsied way to accompany the strident sounds he made. But they kept their places, lifting as a row of funeral plumes against the dismal curtain of the metallic sky. The white of the snow, the gray of it when the light began to decline, beat in on Collins's brain as a drifting mass of something which would soon engulf him.

Suddenly he quivered, and his vision grew clear for the instant. There—there, moving, was something—a black something, crawling over the snow, crawling toward him. He laughed shrilly, and pointed his finger at it in derision. It was no vision—the thing approached. Collins called feebly aloud, and fired the first of his precious cartridges into the air. A bark answered this, and a dog—Bingo—came up bounding.

"Where's McNair?" demanded Collins, savagely, as if he expected the brute to speak. He stared at the dog wildly.

Bingo's coat was shaggy, and it seemed that he had been a long way through thickets. Blood tinged his mouth. Then Collins cried out like a man in furious pain. He had seen a bedraggled glove swinging from Bingo's neck. The dog had not gone to McNair and the camp at all! The wretch had spent the night hunting in the thickets, and had come back glutted, his mouth slavered blood.

Collins was so overcome by this realization that he must have fainted away. When he again came to consciousness, the light of day had paled into that drear ghastliness which is the last reflection of the snows. Off at some distance squatted a black object, its head perked to one side, regarding him patiently.

McNair had not come. McNair might



Drawn by D. C. Hutcheson.

"With a yell Collins started up."

never come. Collins was weaker, and he was starving, starving. His eyes fixed on the dog vacantly. They had been comrades, but—

"Bingo . . . Bingo . . . " It was a cautious call, enticing, alluring.

The blood tingeing the dog's mouth made Collins shudder. He cautiously raised the gun, and steadied it with both his trembling hands. Then he called to the dog, gently. He must have something to eat. He *would* have something to eat. . . .

Collins was conscious of a crashing sound, a terrific rending detonation. It sent a sharp aching through his head, and he sat quivering, both hands nervously clutching the gun. He stared straight ahead of him fixedly. Then he began to laugh.

As if in answer there came a call from the upper ridge. Shortly another black figure appeared. Collins staggered to his feet as this second black object issued from the fringe of dim trees, and, in the first strength of a despairing madness, stumbled forward, his hands extending the shaking gun; and Collins fired again and again at this newcomer, this lazy McNair, this damned, dirty camp loafer. Suddenly Collins brought up before a dark spot on the white ground. McNair made a wary approach. He found a weeping man crouching beside a dog.

Two months later, when Collins was again in Freestone, he had money in his pockets, for they had sold the claim and it had paid them well. McNair wanted to go home; and after such an experience in the snows, Collins, too, headed for a warmer clime, carrying a decided limp with one of his legs. He waited in Freestone to join a party about to start down toward the river and civilization; for Freestone, though it possessed three dance halls and a double score of saloons, could not yet be classed in that order of progression. They were to make their start the next day. Collins had his stuff packed. He went in search of the society of the place, turning at length into a dance hall.

A mediocre vaudeville was running, the benches crowded with men who lived beyond songs and humanity. Just back from the solitude, Collins applauded loudest of all and demanded an encore. He had money; he wanted to buy something for the singer; but she only smiled at him and went on with a parody, dancing to the lilting refrain. Fifty feet tamped the time to this chorus. Collins,

however, turned white, and jumped to his feet with a protest. Unable to get out of the place quickly, he was forced to listen to another verse of the song, and the refrain rang in his ears as a phantom cry coming over long stretches of gray-white snow—

"B-i-n-g-o, Bingo, B-i-n-g-o, Bingo, B-i-n-g-o,
Bingo . . .
And BINGO was his name . . . "

Collins made a scene of himself by calling the girl down from the stage.

"Here," he said, "I've got plenty of money, an' I don't like that song—I'll give yeh fifty dollars if yeh won't sing it again."

"What's the matter with that song, mister?" yelled a man who had applauded vociferously, standing up to stare over the heads of others.

"He's crazy with the heat," retorted another dressed in furs.

The girl hesitated.

"I'll make it a hundred right down," cried Collins, over the growing noise.

"Go on there, an' sing that song again!" ordered a big, beefy voice, the burly owner making a demonstration through the crowd. "Now you git out!" said the voice to Collins. "You don't appreciate a decent place."

Collins was white and shaking with remorse and rage. He could see too much of a gray expanse, and a thin lacing of funeral trees against a metallic sky, and a black object squatting patiently just beyond a gold-rimmed fire. Collins looked the proprietor over carefully, and with painful emphasis on every word, said:

"If I was goin' to be aroun' here long, I'd kill you . . . "

It was a deliberate threat, cold, measured. He rammed his money down into his pocket, and they considerably made a lane for him to the street. The song followed him as a mental torture. Once, as he went on his way, he jerked his head around quickly to make sure there was no dog, a loose-limbed animal, slinking at his heels. When he came to another place with lights, he went inside and, steadying himself against the bar, called for liquor.

"What's wrong, partner?" asked the boss, seeing Collins's chalky face and trembling lips. Collins shook his head as if he didn't mean to tell.

"Gawd!" he muttered, quaveringly, pouring out the drink.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"He found a weeping man crouching beside a dog."

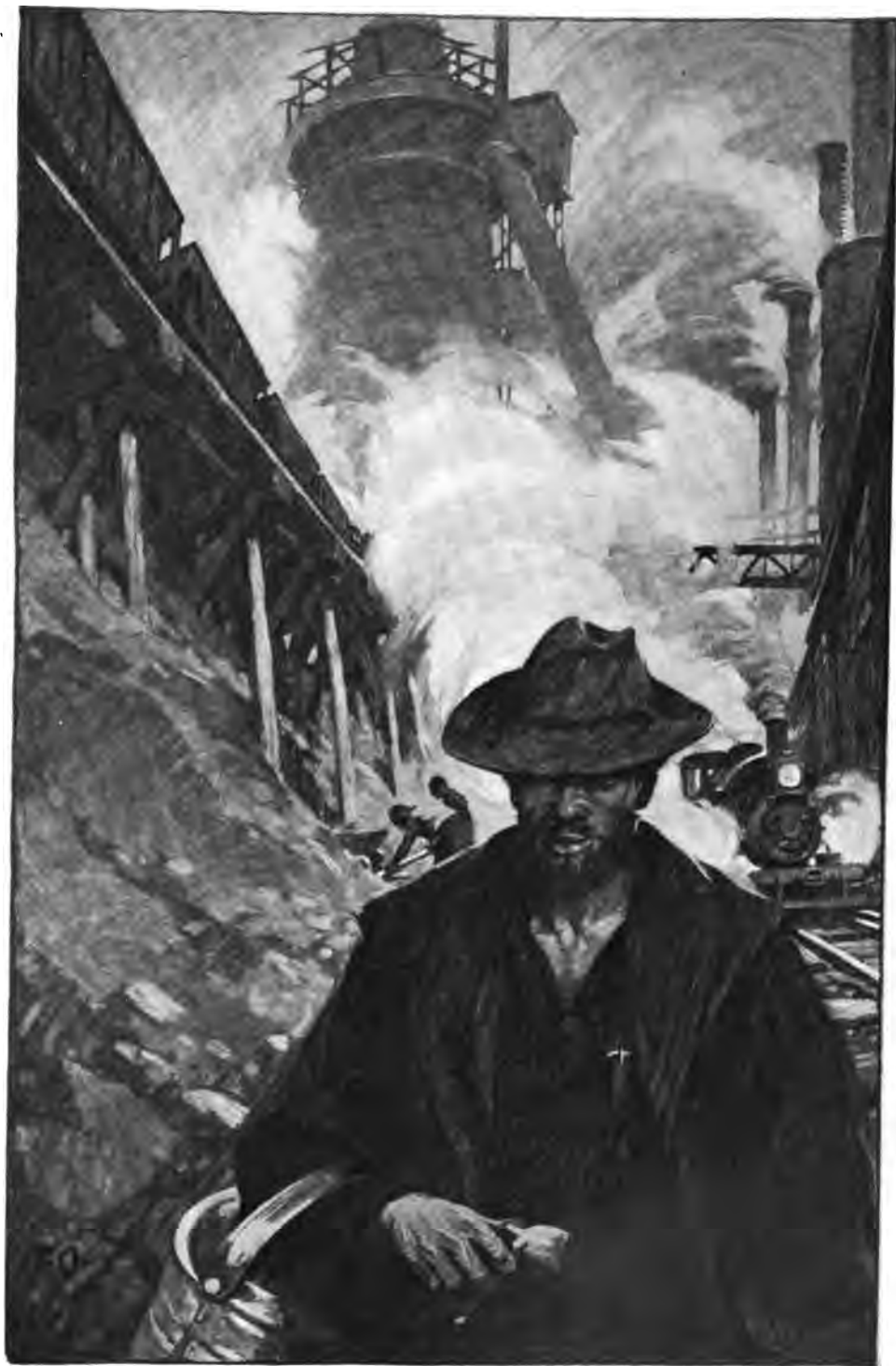


DUMPING THE SLAG LADLE



THE · BLAST · FURNACE

PICTURES · BY · THORNTON · OAKLEY



THE IRON-ORE DUMPER



THE SLAG PIT—LOADING SLAG INTO FREIGHT CARS



HOSING OFF AFTER A CASTING OF MOLTEN IRON



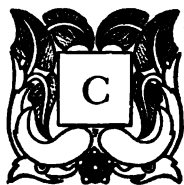
Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

"I pray you salute him."

THE KAISER'S COUSIN OF CLAUSTHAL

BY ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE



ARL started up from the small round table with its yellow painted top and its two empty beer mugs for decoration.

"Oh, I must go out alone and think it all over," he said. "It's no use talking longer until I've had a little time by myself. I'm well fixed there in Goslar, bread and butter and a good bit over, and it's home besides. This is all new and sudden. I can't say yes on an hour's notice. I must go out alone and think it all over. Tell me where I'll find the wood or the *Wiese*?"

His tone was tired, almost petulant, and his hand passed across his forehead with the gesture of one wearied by the sun glare. His companion—a much older man—rose too and spoke kindly.

"The *Wiese* is there, youngling," he said, pointing at the steep pitch that ran from the *Kronen-platz* down under the shadow of the overhanging trees—"straight on in that direction and you'll find plenty of space and solitude and—if you go far enough—woods, too, a fine forest, all being cruelly felled by the forestry law, which is as hard as fate on him who loves the trees. But, boy"—laying his hand kindly on the other's shoulder—"don't take this all too much to heart; don't weigh it with overweight, you know. Clausthal is never Goslar and the Ober-Harz is bleak and windy many months of the year. We, who are born to it, love it, but you who were fledged in the shadow of the Kaiserhaus want something more. I sent for you to-day because you are the child of my wife's cousin and I could not let such a chance pass you by unwitting. It would not have been right that an apprentice should become master of what might be yours while you stayed apprentice yourself an hour's ride away."

The young man turned an appreciative glance upon him.

"I know, I know," he said, "and I am grateful too. Only it has come upon me so suddenly—quite suddenly. And to be forced to decide quickly—I've never been good at that. You must let me get away for a while; let me get off by myself. A couple of hours and I shall have it thought out. You say that's the way to the *Wiese*?"

Alteman nodded. "Yes; you could go the other way and come out on the St. Andreasberg and walk miles in the open, but this way is shorter and one sees enough, and it's pleasanter to my mind, so God speed you."

Carl smiled.

"I go then," he said. "They'll be haying there and I like the smell of the new hay. Good-by till supper time."

Then he smiled again and set off abruptly down the steep byroad, thus avoiding the long, hideous street which crawls its winding way under the heavy burden of that awful and barren monotony which appears to be the heraldic emblazonment of every mining town. He was glad to be able to go another way, for upon his arrival this morning all Clausthal that was not out haying or underground mining had appeared to be leaning on their elbows in their windows with nothing more pressing to do than to exhibit a deep curiosity as to the young stranger. The young stranger, being modest, had found the scrutiny very irksome and was therefore more than rejoiced to escape its repetition.

Ten minutes brought him to the rolling plain which North Germany calls "the *Wiese*" and raises hay upon—crop after crop—all summer long. The *Wiese* to the southeast of Clausthal is very charming, with God's wind blowing out of the pines and carrying with it the breath of all the other sweet natural growths that shelter therein. The

chains of picturesque *Teichs*, which the wonderful engineering problem of the miners' water power has linked along the whole landscape from the Brockton down, gives back the sky and the clouds in a way that seems to open the very earth to heavenly possibilities, and then, beyond the circle of plain and water, are the mountains, dark green, dark purple, light blue, or gray, according as they tower near, or far, or farther yet. Each spot upon the whole wide earth has its own beauties and its own voice for the respondent soul, and on the night of which I write, the *Wiese* had its voice for the young stranger in its midst. He stood still and listened, not knowing that he did so, and his heart opened to a new life that quivered with emptiness, and gasped, and waited, listening too—listening for fulfillment—the fulfillment that every life demands.

The *Teichs*, filled to their limits by the recent rains, were now reflecting a sky reddened with the sunset's tinges, and the dark shadow of the fringing Tannenwald. The avenue of the St. Andreasberg stood out along the southern horizon, dotting its edge with a pattern of regularly spaced trees. To the north was Voigtslust, gleaming white amidst its gardening. Then cow bells, sounding nearer, drew Carl's gaze toward the east, bringing into the picture that vivid touch of life which every picture needs.

It was the cows of Clausthal coming back, a hundred strong, from their distant pasturing on the mountainside. They came slowly, and the trees divided the echo of their bells so that the chimes were like those of some far-distant church. As Carl looked he saw the first gleam of brown among the gray tree trunks, and then another came, and another, until they were all advancing slowly along the crest of the low ridge. Chiming they came, ringing softly, treading softly, walking in a slow, almost stately, procession, following the curve of the great mound of mine *débris*, encircling the reedy shore of the *Teich*, tinkle, tinkle, on, on, a score, five score, as I said before, a hundred strong.

But the young man had suddenly ceased to note their march or its music. His eyes had seen the cowherd that followed them, and having seen him, they could not look away again. The cowherd was an old man in leathern doublet and mountain boots, and carried a stocky whip over his shoulder; but that which startled those who looked upon

him for the first time was that he was the living image of Germany's once-beloved, still-beloved, and ever-to-be-beloved "old Emperor"! The resemblance was startling, astonishing, bewildering, so that the stranger rested spellbound and could only stand motionless and staring until, feeling a slight touch on his arm and a gentle whisper in his ear, "I pray you, salute him," he felt his hand raised as if by magic, and only knew that his fingers stayed there touching the edge of his hat until the cowherd, having returned the salute with unembarrassed dignity, had passed by, and on, and out of sight.

And then, as if released of the spell, Carl whirled on his heel and found himself face to face with the compelling fairy—a feminine fairy; as they all and always are.

She was a girl—almost a little girl—a slender, delicate thing, with the dark skin and eyes and hair which the Roman, coming into Gaul, found settled there and, somehow, never could obliterate altogether. She was most wistfully, sweetly pretty, and her eyes, uplifted, were the deepest and truest into which the young man had ever looked.

It seemed like an utterly improbable dream.

"Why did I salute him?" he asked her.

"We all do," she told him. "You are a stranger and did not understand; therefore I came up behind you and whispered. He is Wilhelm, you see, the old, old Wilhelm; and when he was young he went to the war and fought for the dear Vaterland; and even then he was noticed because he was so like the great—the good—the dear old Kaiser. And then, by Paris one day, a cannon ball passed close beside him and he was not hurt outside—only within his head—and he was in the hospital many months, and in his fever he heard them say how he was like the Kaiser, and when he was well his head was all wrong and he thought he was the Kaiser's cousin, and so he came home, quite unable ever to work again; and no one knew what to do, for one loves the Kaiser, and he was like the Kaiser; and no one could make him work, and he must not starve, so they gave him the cows to command, and they humor him. We all do. We salute him when he passes. I am sure there is no harm, for we salute him because he looks as our dear old Emperor looked."

She spoke earnestly, as if pleading, and her eyes were always upraised and plead also.

"I will salute him hereafter," the young man assured her.

She courtesied, and then she blushed.

"You are not a summer traveler then?" she said timidly, with the pink rushing over her uncovered throat as well. "You have come here to live?"

The decision was made that instant.

"Yes, I have come here to live," he said.

"Ah, then I must tell you further that he is greatly respected. Our hearts are very full for him. It came upon him fighting for the Vaterland, and it is only pitiful that he will not live other than as he lives just because he believes he is of the kingly family. He will not sit in the Gasthof, he will not drink with the rest. He never forgets for a moment that he is the Emperor's cousin. When he has brought the cows back safely, he goes to the post and asks if the letter has come from the Kaiser; and when they say 'no,' he goes very quietly and patiently home to Mother Künstel and eats his black bread and goes to bed." She stopped a moment and then, looking down, she said softly: "I often think if the Kaiser knew he would write the letter. It is so many years now that he has waited—more than twice my life."

There was pause. A purple dusk was falling over the *Wiese*—falling like a purple mist, and shrouding all the hills.

"And your name, dear child?" he asked at last.

"I am Teresa," she said sweetly and simply. "Teresa, the daughter of Christian Steinbrecher, of the *Wilhelm der Grosse* mine. And I am late, too, and I must hasten home."

With the words she turned and ran fleetly from him off down the turfy path.

He followed slowly. The decision was made. Had he not told her that he had come to live there?

He found Alteman at the *Goldener Krone* drinking with two friends.

"I have decided," he told him. "I will take my uncle's shop."

Six months later winter came, the long cold winter, and the *Teichs* were frozen over and the *Wiese* was a barren waste of drifting snow. The mountains were gray and black, the forest all burdened with shadows. Voigtslust was the only bit of gay sparkling life in that half of Clausthal's horizon, and

Clausthal itself was wretchedly steep and slippery and unattractive, the only good thing about it being that none of the inhabitants recognized the fact of its many disadvantages.

It was the day before Christmas and the approach of that holiday was borne witness to by the windows so lavishly decorated with novelties and alluring wares which came from God knows where, since they only appear in the show windows of Clausthal and her sister towns, and in them but once a year. There were cakes and bonbons of marvelous hues, leading one to wonder if layers of brilliant green and deepest red are strictly digestible, and also if bulletlike biscuit may not prove elements of danger even off the battlefield. The children of Clausthal had no views on the subject other than such as were expressed by their eager faces before the windows; and one among them—looking with a longing beyond expression upon a clock that had a jumping cat so adroitly attached to its works that the cat had hopped without one minute's suspense ever since the clock's arrival a fortnight before—cried to a passing maiden:

"Teresa, come and look. Thou *must* see."

The Teresa called to was the same Teresa who had been crossing the *Wiese* the night that Carl decided to make Clausthal his home. She was still childish of face and form, but her eyes were fast nearing womanhood; and when she turned her steps to suit the little one's appeal, her gentle patience was very womanly indeed.

"Seest thou the cat?" asked the child. And Teresa nodded, seeing the cat in all truth, since it formed the bright center of all the lavish display. And then her gaze, wandering here and there among the window's treasures, saw something else too, and looked earnestly at it. The trinket was only a small pin and its value was plainly marked on the card to which it was attached. Two marks was the price, and the pin was a cravat pin and was decorated with the imperial eagle stamped out in shining black upon the shining gold. It was the imperial eagle that caught Teresa's eye; and then after a minute when she went on she found her head and heart were alike busy, for the little pin fitted oddly in among some new and tangling emotions of her simple soul, a soul whose life had begun to thrill and expand this winter,

and whose development had on this very day received a new and sudden impetus.

Presently she remembered her errand and went on to the drug shop, where Carl faced her across the counter with that look and smile which always made it so curiously difficult to remember her errand.

"It is the mother who sends," she said, trying (as she always tried) to look up at him quite naturally and not succeeding (as she never succeeded). "She says you are to say what and I am to bring it. It is for the old, old Wilhelm. They saw him leaning against his window and there was no frost so they knew that there was no fire. And they went to him and found there was no food either, and Thyge carried him to our house; and he lies there in father's bed, in father's warm flannel nightgown, and he cannot breathe. Mother says to send what is best, and to tell me how much he shall drink of it."

Carl turned to his little array of restoratives and began to prepare what was necessary under the circumstances, and as he poured out of the mysterious vials, the sweet voice across the counter took up its tale again.

"It is the letter that he expects all the time now. He talks of it unceasing, every hour. Oh, if the good Kaiser only knew! I know he would write it. It would be no harm to write anything to him, such a poor, old, unhappy man, and the letter—if the Kaiser would only write him a letter—would make him so happy."

"There, there," said Carl, turning quickly and interrupting her, "this will help, I think. Take it to your mother and come after an hour or so and tell me if he is not better."

Teresa took the bottle. Her finger tips touched the young man's as she did so and she colored hotly, and then ran away, leaving him looking after her as young men do sometimes look after pretty, blushing girls.

After dinner she returned and then there were no blushes, only big tears lying thick on her long lashes.

"Oh," she said, panting (perhaps she had run so as to gain an extra minute), "he is better and has eaten some of mother's good broth and all goes well, only it is far, far worse just about the letter. He says he is sure that it will come to-night, and he tells me that I must surely go for it, and that it will surely be there because to-morrow is the Feast of

Jesus and the Kaiser will send it to celebrate." She paused and caught her breath and lifted up her eyes, and Carl's eyes, looking down, seemed to give her courage—or breath—to continue. "I have such a fear of going back and saying it is not there, and I had a thought, and mother says to tell it to you and to remember he is truly so ill that he should be humored, and she thinks no harm of my thought—if you do not?" and she lifted her eyes again.

He took her hand in his.

"Tell me," he said, gently, "tell me all your thought."

"It is that Jakob shall write a letter," she said, quite in a whisper, her breath coming and going with almost painful rapidity. "A letter as if from the Emperor, and that in the letter the Kaiser shall call him his 'cousin' and acknowledge him and make him so very happy now at his end."

Carl looked into her big eyes and measured the depth of their goodness as never before.

"And there is a pin there in Harwig's window," she went on, swiftly, "a pin with the eagle on it; and I thought that we could put that in the letter and say it was the Kaiser's Christmas present to him. The old, old Wilhelm—the dear old Wilhelm—then he could go so happy—to heaven—so rejoiced."

He took her little hand and laid it upon his heart and pressed it hard there.

"Come thou with me and I will buy the pin," he said in a rather husky voice. "Come thou with me. We will do this together. God's blessing shall rest on us for our first doing together."

Her uplifted eyes met his as he called her "thou" for the first time, and both smiled very faintly; then he put on his hat and coat and they went out together.

It was the end of the same short winter day when the two came to the house of Christian Steinbrecher and mounted the steps to the room where the old, old Wilhelm lay in the father's big bed and the father's warm flannel nightgown.

One can easily picture just how he looked, weak and white, but strong in his royal likeness. He was watching for them, and the last of his strength glowed in his sunken eyes. When he saw Teresa enter the door he held out his hands and their eagerness shook as he did so.

"The letter, my child," he cried. "Give

me the letter. It has come—it has come, I know. It has come at last."

And Teresa knelt beside the bed and put the letter in his hands.

He laid it on his bosom and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and those about the bed saw his lips trembling in prayer.

"God bless the Kaiser," the old, old Wilhelm said at last, and then he held the letter out to them.

"Read it to me," he cried, weakly. "Read quickly. I hunger and thirst for the words."

It was a beautiful letter, because the young Jakob was really quite an artist.

The paper had a triple border of the German colors most neatly lined off and an eagle in black in each of the four corners. The writing was done in gold and ran as follows:

MY LORD MY COUSIN OF CLAUSTHAL:

It is only at this late day that my royal Majesty has come to learn of you. On this joyful Christmas I send this pin for you to wear in eternal remembrance of my affection. My royal family join in sincerest greetings.

God bless you,

WILHELM.

That was all and the pin in its small box was laid within.

But the white light that streamed over the old cowherd's face as he listened and looked was a thing so wonderful, albeit so unearthly, that those who stood around the bed were awed to silence and remained mute and motionless until his voice recalled them to themselves.

He was looking at Carl and Teresa and the blond head of the one and the dark loveliness of the other tangled in his mind with the portraits then scattered broadcast through the land of a young betrothed pair, in whose joining all Germany was rejoicing.

"Thou good, young prince," the old man murmured feebly, "to bring the greeting thyself—'twas too much honor." Then he looked kindly from one to the other. "As thy Emperor and father has blessed me so do I bless you both," he said feebly but distinctly. "Joy be thine forever and ever."

Frau Steinbrecher took the little pin and fastened it on his bosom for a decoration.

"Sleep now, Highness," she said softly, and at the appellation a beatific smile overspread the sick man's features and he closed his eyes.

Carl and Teresa went out quietly. She was weeping and he led her down to the big room below and drew her beside him on the sofa.

"He blessed *our* betrothal, Teresa," he said, kissing her tears. "He wished *us* lifelong joy."

She hid her face in his bosom—it seemed so exactly the right place to hide it at that moment.

And, as their new life began in the big room below, the Kaiser's cousin of Clausthal ended his in the warm bed above, surrounded by comfort, his worn soul joyful, serene, and happy at last.

The funeral, two days later, was superb. All Clausthal took part, either directly by marching or indirectly by looking. The choir, wearing their green velvet caps, led the procession singing at the top of their voices, Künstel marching beside them with an open hymn book in his hands so as to keep them up to time and tune. All the women who had ever known old Wilhelm or trusted him with a cow came next, and they were in black and each carried a pine wreath and every one of them cried. The funeral car followed and was a thing impossible to describe or imagine, but most imposing and hung with pine garlands. The men of the town brought up the rear, all wearing their silk hats.

The whole procession and every one who watched it pass were thoroughly penetrated with a sincere although not very definite conviction that Clausthal was laying away a most distinguished person, and who shall say that it was not so. A poor, bewildered brain that lived and died true to what it found its loftiest conception is surely not to be numbered the least among those whom God and His earthly representatives should bless and honor.

So I, too, lay my pine wreath upon the mound that covers the Kaiser's Cousin of Clausthal.

THE PASSING OF THE AGE OF INVENTION

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS



HERE is an optimistic and therefore popular belief that invention is yet in its infancy, that the wonderful mechanical and engineering achievements with which we are familiar are merely the precursors of more marvelous attainments, and most of us hold our progress so cheap that we make the prediction that future generations will smile at our crude devices.

It is also assumed that we are making more rapid progress along such lines than ever before, and we have drilled ourselves not to be surprised at the announcement of any discovery, no matter how startling. "What will they do next?" we complacently ask, and some of us hesitate to buy an automobile for fear that it will be antiquated by an *aéroplane* before we have met the final installment payment. Our children write graduating essays depicting a coming age when the machine shall do all the work, and our socialistic friends see the dawn of a day when the common ownership of the means of production and distribution will make manual labor so scarce that it will be deemed a privilege to be employed. Is there justification for so roseate a view? Is there no limit to the possibilities of the machine? Is it not possible that we have attained the apogee in our inventive flight? These questions are not intended to intimate that the future is not pregnant with great and startling mechanical improvements, but there is logical and valid reason for believing that our grandchildren cannot follow the pace which was set in the closing years of the century recently ended.

Since all eras have a beginning, a climax, a decline, and an end, why shall we not assume that the age of invention is governed by the

same law? For three quarters of a century the machine has dominated everything—war, law, art, music, literature, religion—it has been the stupendous new factor which has accomplished a revolution so vast that only those few whose memories carry them back to the youth of modern invention are capable of obtaining the proper perspective. Those who argue that the coming seventy-five years will witness advancement equal to the period which had its start along in the thirties of the nineteenth century, will be compelled to answer some of the facts which I shall attempt to set forth in this brief essay.

A careful study of the history of mechanical progress convinces me that the inventive age attained the prime of its splendid career in the years inclusive of 1876 and 1896, and that in that wonderful period the world witnessed the conception and practical development of a larger number of valuable devices than any preceding era, also that it is decidedly improbable that any future generation will approach its record. Before our optimistic friends scoff at this rather dismal prediction I will ask them to name some really great invention or discovery which has been announced since 1896. They may name scores of little devices, but if they will look into the facts they will likely find that all of them are based on the superb series of fundamental inventions and discoveries which marked 1876-96.

Suppose that those years were stricken out of mechanical and scientific advancement—what would the world be denied? The telephone, electric lights, both arc and incandescent; gas lights of high intensity and economy, electric railroads, wireless telegraphy, duplex and multiple telegraphy, the typewriter, electric heating, all the innumerable forms of electric bells and signaling, auto-

mobiles, bicycles, motor cycles, motor boats, typesetting machines, the phonograph, high-speed elevators, scientific cold storage and refrigeration, steel buildings which have revolutionized our cities—the list is far from complete, but those who are not properly impressed with this list may reflect that 1876-96 also added such lesser inventions and systems as cable railroads (now discarded), cameras and all sorts of photographic material suitable for popular use, air brakes, safety couplings, safety razors, smoke consumers, pneumatic tubes, electric photography, moving-picture machines, the wonders of modern dentistry, and the bewildering assortment of breakfast foods.

All these and many more were crowded into the twenty-year period I have in mind, and again I ask those who think we are keeping up the pace then set to name a few inventions which deserve to be classed with the thirty which have been enumerated. Would it be advisable to discard the telephone or electric lights for all that has been added to invention since 1896? How many of the recent inventions would it take to offset the electric railway systems of the United States? Since when was there created an industry of the extent of the automobile? When has there been devised two inventions which have given so much pleasure and created so much annoyance as the phonograph and the automatic piano? What inventor in the last ten years has done as much for the business man as did the perfection of the typewriter? Who has contributed to the newspaper owner or publisher an invention as valuable as the typesetting machine? What would happen to the world to-morrow if its storage batteries lost their efficiency? When will some inventor do as much for business architecture as did the genius who designed a building with a steel frame and multiplied the practical height and efficiency of a structure by six or eight?

It will be urged that the principles of such inventions as the telephone, electric light, typewriter, and other epoch-making devices were known in advance of 1876. Admitted, but what of it? We now know the principle of extracting heat and power directly from coal without combustion and the consequent waste, but this fact will not detract from the credit of the man who solves the problem—if it ever is solved. None of the things I have enumerated was in practical operation in 1876, and not until it had passed was an-

nouncement made of the great inventions which have revolutionized civilization, and which have no rivals in current years.

The "American Cyclopædia," issued in 1876, contains no reference to the telephone, but the first annual supplement states that "the invention of transmitting sounds, and even articulate language, by the telegraph, for long distances, opens up new and great possibilities in the art of telegraphy. Mr. E. P. Gray, of Chicago, is undoubtedly the author of the invention, although La Cour, of Copenhagen, had conceived its possibility almost simultaneously. The possibility of telegraphing audible speech, it would seem, was not suspected before it was practically accomplished by Professor Graham Bell, in the early part of 1876."

It was not, however, until February 13, 1877, that Professor Bell startled the world by transmitting messages back and forth between Salem and Boston, and on the 27th of the same month, his rival, Elisha Gray, did even better. The records inform us that "Musical airs were played on an instrument connected with the telephone at Milwaukee, which is about eighty-five miles from Chicago, and clearly heard throughout a considerable hall in the latter place. Professor Gray's apparatus consisted of fifteen boxes on which were stretched musical strings connected with the musical instrument; a stringless violin hung upon a long wire acting as a sound box. A dozen or more tunes played upon an organ in Milwaukee were perfectly audible to the large audience."

Such was the start of the telephone, and if there have been any important improvements made in that device since 1896 the monopoly which controls it has failed to put them into use.

In 1878 Paul Jablochhoff's "electric candle" made a sensation, and in the same year Charles F. Brush, of Cleveland, Ohio, devised a complete system of arc lighting, including a special form of dynamo and lamps arranged in series. The Thomson-Houston system was developed at about the same time, and one of the world's greatest industries and luxuries was born. In 1879 the Edison incandescent lamp was first exhibited in the laboratory in Menlo Park, but it was not until three years later that the first incandescent lighting plant was put into operation. Not one man in a thousand who died before 1880 ever saw an electric light. The secret

of supplying arc and incandescent light from the same wire was solved prior to 1890, and save for slight details there has been little added to the science of electric lighting since 1896.

The application of electrical power to transportation ranks in importance with the invention and development of the steam engine, yet few realize that it was not until 1883 that an electrical car was exhibited in the United States, and it is equally true that no highly important improvements have been announced since 1896. The first electric road of working size was exhibited at the Berlin Exposition in 1879. It had 1,000 feet of track and operated a car capable of carrying twenty passengers. In 1883 the Field-Edison combination installed 1,500 feet of track at the Chicago Railway Exposition, and in the same year an overhead line was designed and constructed by C. J. Van Depoele, of Chicago. Incidentally I helped Mr. Van Depoele wind the armature of the electric motor used in the first car run over regular tracks, and I recall with distinctness that the president of the company was disgusted that the inventor insisted on spending time and money on so crazy an idea as an electric car.

Overhead trolley railways, conduit or slot railways, storage-battery systems, electric locomotives, central station construction and equipment, and many other fundamental inventions and systems were put into practical operation prior to 1896. It was possible and practical at that time to install electricity on every mile of steam railway in the United States, and while details have been added and minor improvements made, it is only fair to state that the giant industry of electric railroads belongs to 1876-96. The average layman cannot tell the car of to-day from that of a decade ago.

How would business be conducted to-day if the typewriter were to be eliminated? While it is true that the first model was placed on the market in 1874, it is also true that it was so crude and imperfect that it attracted more attention from the humorists than it did from business men. In 1877 the invention of the shift key and other devices so improved the typewriter as to assure its general introduction. In the early eighties its use became general in all the departments of the national government, except the Department of State, and it was first used for instructions to diplomatic and consular officers in 1895. Nearly all the

standard makes were introduced prior to 1896, and while it is certain that perfection has not yet been attained, there can be no doubt that the future historian will credit the period of 1876-96 with the invention and development of the typewriter.

It is hardly too much to assert that everything essential to the modern office building, apartment structure, hotel, or pretentious edifice of any class was contributed to civilization in the wonderful epoch named. It was not until 1880 that the first steel building was reared, and Chicago claims and is entitled to the honor. The "Montauk" building reared its twelve stories in Monroe Street in that year, and until taller structures dwarfed its height it was one of the show places of the Western metropolis.

In 1876 the Palmer House, of Chicago, was probably the largest and best-equipped privately owned building in the United States, if not in the world. What would the guest of to-day think of its conveniences? It was badly lighted with flickering gas jets; its elevators were slower than those now used for freight service; there was not a telephone in all of its eight floors—in a word, it lacked the innumerable accessories now demanded. Compare the Palmer House of 1876 with any one of the great buildings erected in Chicago or New York in 1896. Instead of eight stories there were twenty or more, but even more startling were the improvements which were added in rapid succession after steel had replaced solid masonry. From foundation to roof old materials and metals were discarded. In the sixteen years between 1880 and 1896 the building became a complex and wonderful machine. The carpenter and the mason were forced aside by the engineer and the mechanic. The basement was filled with powerful and intricate machinery, engines, dynamos, air compressors, automatic stokers, refrigerators, elevator hoists, switchboards, and the numberless devices now required for the proper administration of a city building. Express elevators, pneumatic tubes, messenger calls, automatic regulation of temperature, absolute fireproofing, prismatic glass for court lighting—to enumerate the details which were added in those few years would be tiresome. The building possible in 1896 was as far removed from that of 1875 as was the latter from the highest development in the time of the War of the Revolution.

The automobile became possible in 1884

with the invention by Gottlieb Daimler of his small high-speed gas engine, followed in 1885 by his invention of a single-cylinder, inclosed-crank, and fly-wheel engine. In 1886 Carl Benz invented his single-horizontal-cylinder, water-jacketed engine, which he applied to a three-wheeled carriage. In 1889 M. Leon Serpollet invented his water-tube boiler, which he applied to a motor vehicle in 1894. About this time electric vehicles began to appear both in France and America. The three forms of automobiles which are now competing for the market are: (1) those using oil, petroleum, gasoline, or naphtha; (2) electric vehicles; (3) vehicles using steam by various methods. The basic problems of these three classes of automobiles had been solved prior to 1896, and the improvements which have been made since that time are not comparable with the results attained by the pioneers of 1884-96. The increased speeds of the present day have been attained through higher power, better roads, and more skillful and daring drivers.

The inventive genius of 1876-96 made possible a railway system of wonderful development, but only a small percentage of the valuable and practical devices perfected have been applied. This statement will be disputed but it cannot be disproved; however, this is not the place to discuss the omissions of the railroads. The first system of block signals was installed on an American road in 1876, and within twenty years from that time there were invented automatic systems which, if applied, would render collisions mechanically impossible. Since 1876 the national government forced the adoption of automatic car couplings. It was not until 1887 that an effective air brake was constructed, and in the same year the first vestibuled train was completed in Chicago. Dining cars and most of the comforts and luxuries of sleeping cars were constructed prior to 1896.

One need not be a prophet to assert with confidence that the future will witness no further development of the steam locomotive—electricity will inevitably supersede steam—and no improvement has been made on the locomotive within the last ten years. In fact, it will puzzle the average reader to name a single railroad improvement which has been added in the last decade, and an argument could be made to prove that there has been an actual retrogression. The startling increase in accidents and in the loss of life; the com-

plete breakdown of important roads in various parts of the country; the recent adoption of slower schedules by passenger trains on Western roads—these and many other conditions and incidents preclude the boast that our railroads are adding much to the sum of the world's mechanical and inventive progress.

The ancestry of the bicycle may be traced back for hundreds of years, but it was not until 1884 that the "Safety," with its low and air-filled rubber tires, made locomotion swift and comfortable. Better bicycles were manufactured in 1896 than can be purchased to-day, and those who think that the motor cycle is of more recent date are in error. It may be that there will be a future period of twenty years which will witness the development of two industries which will do as much for surface transportation as the bicycle and the automobile, and I would like to live in such a time, but do not expect to.

Equally remarkable was the progress of the motor boat from 1876 to 1896, and while constant improvements are being made in engines I do not think that the double decade I am defending need look to its laurels. On the ocean the building of the *Arizona* in 1879 set the pace for the designers of fast liners, and it is doubtful if the progress attained in 1896 will be duplicated in a similar period. Possibly the perfection of the steam turbine may meet the predictions made for it, in which case it will rank as one of the really great inventions which have been announced since 1896.

It was not until 1884 that the typesetting machine was improved to a point where its merits forced themselves on the consideration of printers. Tests were made in a New York newspaper office in 1880 with typesetting machines of a style long since discarded. It was not until ten years later that the printing craft generally admitted the success of the innovation, and it will not be urged that any basic improvement has been made in the last ten years.

Few processes enter more largely into the maintenance of the modern food supply than cold storage and artificial refrigeration, yet there was not a plant of this type in existence in 1876. It was not until 1885 that the application of anhydrous ammonia made it possible to erect vast storage houses in which are kept at varying temperatures for indefinite periods most of the meats and vegetables which enter into general consumption. This process at-

tained practical perfection prior to 1896. The effect of the elimination of this system cannot be imagined, and concurrent with it has been the introduction of ice-making machinery and artificial refrigeration into most of the tropical sections of the globe, an innovation which has revolutionized life in such sections.

The manufacture of water gas dates from 1876, and the first practical devices for the smokeless burning of bituminous coal were applied in the same year. The following year witnessed the successful introduction of pneumatic tubes, and early in 1877 the first photograph was taken by electric light. Edison exhibited the first phonograph in 1877, and in 1893 he astounded the world with his kinetoscope, or moving-picture machine. I shall not dwell on the five inventions above named, but those who think that we are keeping up with the pace set in 1876-96 will have difficulty in naming five recent ones which will compare favorably with them.

When asked to specify some notable invention which has been announced since 1896 the average person names wireless telegraphy. The claim cannot be allowed. It was in 1888 that Heinrich Hertz demonstrated that electric waves follow exactly the same laws as light waves, and he showed how to produce these waves by purely physical means as well as how to detect and measure them. In 1890 Edward Branley constructed his radio-conductor, a marvelously sensitive detector of electric radiations, and in 1895 Professor Popoff connected one of the radio-conductor terminals to an aerial wire and the opposite terminal to the earth; a relay, electric bell, and a battery completing the apparatus. Marconi, in 1896, produced the first wireless telegraph capable of propagating and indicating electric waves over long distances. This he did by improving on the methods of the men who had preceded him, but the success of wireless telegraphy was assured in 1896.

The stupendous progress made in the twenty years championed in this article may be summed up in this statement: The Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876 displayed to advantage the world's me-

chanical progress up to that time, yet it is the simple truth that hardly a device or a machine survived until 1896. The World's Fair held in Chicago in 1893 set a standard so high that no exposition since has rivaled it, and the inventive advancement made since that time has been so slight that only experts could indicate the betterments over 1896, were a comprehensive exposition held to-day.

The fact is that we have solved the secrets of mechanics. Any capable mechanical engineer can design the devices or the system with which to produce anything or to do anything within reason. It is purely a matter of cost and practicability. The young aspirant for inventive fame who wanders through hundreds of miles of factories, filled with machinery so intricate and perfect that it seems gifted with more than human intelligence, has a right to feel as the late Ben King felt when he wrote this verse from "Jane Jones":

Jane Jones said that Columbus was out at the knees

When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards an' Italians, too,

An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella just listened to him,
An' pawned all her jewels of worth,
An' bought him the *Santa Maria* an' said:

"Go hunt up the rest of the earth!"

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—

I dunno!

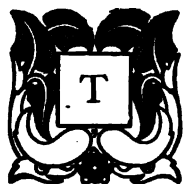
O' course that may be, but then you must allow
They ain't no land to discover just now!

In making the statement that the machine has been so perfected and so generally introduced that the wonderful and clearly defined era in which it was developed is now drawing to a close, I do not desire to be understood as predicting that the door is closing on natural discoveries and processes. The great secrets of Nature and the mastery of many of her forces is still a sealed book to man, but the machine, as it exists to-day, challenges future generations to approach the marvelous work which was accomplished by the myriads of inventors who were inspired in the years included in the double decade of 1876-96.

THE NICK OF TIME

BY JAMES BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY



HE window of room No. 25 in the Hollenden Hotel looked out upon a yawning excavation presided over by a large steam crane. It had been raining all day. Everything glistened wetly. The cement bases for the big steel uprights were covered with mathematically square patches of water that mirrored the glare from the sky sign across the way. The reflections of the street lights zigzagged over the asphalt and the sidewalks.

Room 25 was large, bare, and cheerless; just now it was empty. On the center table stood a small traveling bag, a luxurious bag, very new, and plainly a man's possession. On the bureau was spread out a handsome leather case of toilet articles. On the floor in the corner was a hatbox. The window was open a little at the bottom, and the lace curtains, damp from the outside air, flapped suddenly, with a wave of welcome, as the door from the hallway opened.

A man in a long, light overcoat came in quickly, closing the door behind him and tossing the key with a jangle on the table beside the bag. He was a good-looking man of about six-and-thirty, smooth shaven, with a slight patch of gray on his temples. As he threw the light overcoat on the bed, his figure was that of an athlete slightly gone to seed. He stepped to the window and looked out at the uncheerful view, then he turned up the electric light beside the bureau, and without moving from where he stood, glanced about him. No. 25 was on the second floor, and a ladder from the fire escape ran past the window. The boom of the big crane almost thrust itself across the ladder into the room. Suddenly the man unbuttoned his coat and

took from his breast pocket a large fat wallet. It was filled with crisp Bank of England notes, some American bills, a few letters, and a ticket calling for a passage (first cabin and a whole stateroom) on the big White Star liner that sailed the next morning. The young-old man placed the wallet on the edge of the bureau and crossed to the telephone.

"Please send up some writing paper, ink, and envelopes; Mr. Garland, Room 25. Right away—and— Hold on there—wait a minute! A Scotch and soda— Got that?"

He hung up the instrument, and picking up the overcoat drew forth an evening paper. Putting the bag on the floor, he seated himself at the table under the center light and spread the paper out before him. He sought the list of stock quotations unerringly. He followed it down with his finger, stopping now and then, making a line in the paper with his nail. Then he struck the table with his fist, cursed softly, and turned to the front page. Something caught his eye, the first thing, and he smoothed the paper out, bending over it shortsightedly. As he read he dropped his hands between his knees and strained them there together. The heading was as follows:

FAILURE UP STATE BEMINGTON BANK SUSPENDS

This financial institution, one of the largest in the center of the State, closed its doors to-day. It long had been rumored that things were not right, and the run that started yesterday precipitated the matter. Mr. William Harkness, the president, cannot be found. It is stated by his friends that he has gone to New York to make some arrangements for tiding the trouble over, but there are several strange circumstances surrounding his disappearance. None of the directors seems to have any exact knowledge of his whereabouts. Should this be a bad failure, it will involve many of the best-known names here

and cause loss to many thousands of small depositors. All day a large crowd has surrounded the doors. An announcement is expected before noon. The directors are holding a meeting.

When Mr. Garland looked up from reading the short paragraph his face was ashen, his lips moved stiffly. He lowered his head upon the table, rocking it back and forth.

The knock on the door startled him. He jumped to his feet and turned the paper over. "Come in!" he said nervously.

It was only the boy with the writing materials. He placed them on the table. Mr. Garland followed him to the door.

"Bring me up the latest edition, *The Telegram*," he said, "and say— Boy, where's that whisky and soda?"

"It's coming now, I guess, sir— We're not allowed—" As he spoke a waiter entered bearing a tinkling tray.

Mr. Garland did not generally tip liberally, but this time he hardly looked at the change. Walking to the table, he poured himself out a drink and downed it in four large gulps. Then he started toward the telephone, stopped halfway, and came back to the table again, turning the paper over cautiously as if he was afraid of being seen. He heard some voices out in the hall now, and crossed to the locked door, standing there. The boy with the paper was startled by the suddenness with which the door was opened.

"Is your name 'Garland,' sir?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; what is it?"

"Did you order a carriage for half past nine?"

"I did." Somehow Mr. Garland glared at the boy defiantly.

"Well, the head porter's kinder got your baggage mixed. We've got some new men on and they was no name on it, nor nothin'. You better come down and pick it out."

"Why, damn their stupid heads, they only took it out of here a few minutes ago, three trunks and a large traveling case—all new."

"Well, just the same, I guess you better come down."

"All right," said Mr. Garland, "I'll be down right away."

No well-regulated man ever moves inside a hotel without his hat; the halls and the corridors are the same as out of doors. So Mr. Garland picked his up from the chair, where he had placed it on first entering, gathered up his key, and left the room.

Now he was gone some minutes. And while he was away something happened!

From between the lace curtains a hand and arm suddenly stretched into the room! As it was comparatively dark outside and glaring within, the arm had a disjointed appearance like some spiritualistic manifestation. The hand—a grimy hand—reached toward the bureau. The fingers, stretching to their utmost limit—covetous, desiring fingers—were foiled in their desire, for they were a good two inches short of Mr. Garland's fat wallet. The hand closed in a gesture of disappointment and was withdrawn. Immediately the curtains were parted by a head and face, a stubby-bearded face, and on the head a soft, gray hat—the kind that college boys affect. It was rather comical; the man looked like one of those individuals who dodge baseballs at a fair; his expression was that of one who did not know whether he would have to dodge or not. As he surveyed the room he grinned.

From outside on the street, all at once, there sounded the shrilling of a whistle—two long blasts. Without more ado, the man crawled in under the open window as a boy in an obstacle race goes through a barrel, dragging his legs after him.

Still crouching on the floor, his hand reached the wallet this time, and his thumb and forefinger searched it deftly, bringing forth the roll of English bank notes, at which he cursed, and the smaller one of American greenbacks, at which his face lit up. He just glanced to see that the rest of the contents were letters and private papers without reading them, and then he did a strange thing, for he carefully replaced the wallet, and, still crawling, reached the door.

Footsteps coming! He paused. Voices now! A man's voice. "All right! Put those on. Tell the carriage to wait."

The interloper cast a hurried look over his shoulder. Just as the key scraped he made an agile, kangaroo-like leap over the carpet toward the closet. As he shut himself in, he wondered if he had been quick enough, for the room door must have opened just as he had softly closed the other. He stood there in the darkness, holding his breath, his fists clinched. But he would have made no fight. He was too frightened, too full of fear for that. Then he was weak, too. It had been all that he could do to work his way up the boom and haul himself to the fire escape, and

he had been a sailor once, a foretopman at that. But they fed foretopmen. He hadn't fed himself, it seemed to him, for days.

Mr. Garland gave a start of relief when he saw the wallet was in the place where he had left it. He put it in his pocket and buttoned his coat all down the front. "Damn careless," said he. And then he sat down at the table, picked up a pen, and drew the paper toward him.

It was not warm; but all at once Mr. Garland broke out into a heavy perspiration, principally across his brow and the backs of his hands. He dipped the pen in the ink and began, "My dearest Madge:" No, that would not do. He tore the paper into little bits, though it only contained three words, and commenced again, "My darling wife:" No, no; if he had to write what was to follow, he could not begin thus! It was unmanly. So the third time he attempted it, with no prefatory endearment, "Madge: I am—" And there he stopped. Now he lowered his head to the table edge again. "God! God!" he groaned. There was a drop left in the whisky glass. He swallowed it, and then without writing a word he repeated to himself the lines he might have written, repeated them half aloud, dwelling on them slowly:

"I am an absconder, a thief, not worthy of your thought or notice. I have been untrue, unfaithful, rotten, weak, worthless. I am not worth powder! Not worth forgiving—not entitled to live—That's what I am, that's what I am!" (He had thought of powder as one way out of it, but he had not the courage.) There was something, to tell the truth, that tempted him to live—the other woman waiting for him over there in London—the other woman! Yes, curses on him; he had been rotten there, too, but she would help him. She was that kind—she wouldn't care as long as he had money! He had turned to her in the hour of his downfall as the only refuge left, as a man pursued and outlawed might seek safety with a tribe of a different skin than his, abandoning his own forever, by the very act of seeking safety.

The fellow in the closet drew a shuddering breath. He had heard a mumbling voice! Perhaps there were two out there! He had not made out the words and had not caught the drift of Mr. Garland's bitter apostrophe. He felt round him in the darkness with his arm. There was no clothing hanging on the hooks. Probably they would not search the

closet. But—he bit his lips till his teeth almost met—what if they did!

The telephone on the wall of No. 25 rang peremptorily. Mr. Garland jumped to his feet. Why the devil should they be calling him? He had paid his bill and settled everything. No one knew him there, and the shaving of his mustache had changed him, although going without his glasses pained his eyes. But the bell rang again.

He took down the receiver.

"What is it?" He hesitated. "This is Mr.—" He hesitated again. "Mr. Garland; yes, Room 25. What do you want? No. No, certainly not—I've been here all the time." He glanced round the room. "There's no one here but myself. Couldn't have been this room. They must be mistaken. There's nothing missing." He felt now for the wallet in his breast pocket and tried to laugh. "No, I assure you, everything is all right. Mistake."

He hung up the instrument.

The man in the closet had heard now! His knees knocked together and his teeth chattered in the darkness, so that he put one grimy hand to his chin and held it.

Mr. Garland was pacing the floor, his moist hands slapping together behind his back. He stopped for an instant near the closet door and then leaned against it. Insensibly, his fingers had clasped the knob.

What was that? A chill ran down his spine. He had felt the knob turn!

Now Mr. Garland, despite his other failings, was no physical coward. He pulled the door open suddenly.

Without a sound or a cry, a figure leaped upon him and caught him by the throat. He tripped and fell backward upon the bed. A glaring, stubby-bearded face looked down into his, as his own strong fingers grabbed the wiry wrists! Then the face grew blank.

"Bill Harkness!"

The grasp relaxed. Mr. Garland, still holding the wrists, swung himself to his feet.

"Call my God! Cal Lambert!"

"Hush, Bill; for Christ's sake, don't give me up! I didn't know it was you—your room. Don't look at me like that—it's I!"

"How did you get in here?" Mr. Garland's look of horror left him slowly; his voice was calm and steady. But his fingers, as he adjusted his rumpled necktie, trembled. The other pointed to the window.

"So you are not dead, are you? Some-

times I thought as much." Still, Mr. Garland's voice was calm. His hands, however, once more had gone behind him and he teetered on his toes, his knees quivering.

"No; not dead, though I wanted you and her to think I was! It was the best way."

"Stand back a little! they'll see you from the window." Mr. Garland crossed, closed it, and pulled down the blind. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Here — there — everywhere — Texas — Mexico. I came from Honduras last—four months ago. I have been in hell."

"In prison?"

"No, never that. So help me God, Bill! Never that! I know you wouldn't be surprised to hear it, but I've kept out of that, and never stole before in all my life. I've drunk and gambled, crooked and wasted, sailed it—tramped it—and lost—always lost—but I never stole until now. God knows I never stole before."

"Indeed! And what have you stolen now?"

"This."

The man reached down into his pocket and pulled out the roll of English bank notes from one and the roll of greenbacks from the other. Mr. Garland's face grew pale, his hands sought his breast pocket, and he unbuttoned his coat slowly.

"You didn't take anything else?" He opened the wallet.

"No, damn you, I haven't taken *that* yet. There it is!"

His visitor appeared slightly irritated.

"Sit down, Cal!" said Mr. Garland. "Don't you think you had better have a drink?"

The reply was made with a shiver.

"Drink! That's been the most of the trouble, Bill. I don't drink any more." He caught the look on the other's face and went on, "Oh, no, I haven't sworn off; I never dared do that—I'd keep it! I just get drunk—that's all." Still his eyes wandered to the empty glass and the half-filled bottle of soda on the table. Mr. Garland rose.

"Well, just now," he began—and then he stopped. There had come a sharp rapping at the door! Lambert rose from the chair. In two noiseless strides he was at the closet. Mr. Garland stopped him with a shake of the head. "Just step in," he whispered. "Don't close it!" The knock sounded again. He swung the entrance to the hall wide open, standing there with his newspaper in his hand. "Well?" he said blandly.

It was a blue-shirted porter, and alongside of him a short man with a stubby iron-gray mustache.

"We weren't sure it was you," began the latter. "This is Mr. Garland, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see, Mr. Garland, it's this way: An officer over there on the corner is sure he saw a feller climb on the fire escape here and come in this window. Got in from the derrick."

"Is the officer a man of steady habits?" asked Mr. Garland, smiling. "They just called me up from the office and I took a look round. Hardly necessary. I was here all the time. There is no one under the bed, or in the closet, or in the bureau drawers. Maybe he made a mistake in the window, or maybe—" He smiled again. "'The policeman's lot is not a happy one'—and—it's a rainy night—?"

"I guess there's no use lookin' here, Mike, but they're searchin' the hotel carefully." With that the short man stepped into the room and pulled aside the lace curtains and the blind. "Guess they got word to Lantry; there are three or four cops out there in the street. And here's a fellow below goin' in through the buildin' lot with a lantern." If the short man had taken two paces to the left and then turned he would have seen directly into the closet, where the stranger stood against the wall, in an attitude of crucifixion, but he didn't. "I guess that'll be about all," he said.

"Right-O," said Mr. Garland. "Oh, by the way"—this to the porter—"I've got a carriage waiting down there with my things on it. Just tell him to sit tight till I come down. I find my train" (wasn't it strange that Mr. Garland said "train" under the circumstances?) "doesn't go for an hour and a half. Made a mistake in the time table."

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the short man.

"Boston."

"Then you've got a good two hours. S'pose you'll take the eleven o'clock?"

Mr. Garland looked at his watch. "You're right," he said. "I've got some letters to finish, but I'll be down in a little while— I say!" he shouted down the hall after the retreating figures, "I'm engaging that carriage by the hour. Have the driver understand that."

"That'll be all right, sir. Good night. We won't disturb you any more."

Mr. Garland closed the door. "Come on out," he whispered to the man in the closet.

He threw the latest edition on the table. The trembling figure once more entered and sank down in the armchair.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"I was just thinking."

"Bill, you did that awful well! My Lord! the way you bluffed 'em. But you were always great at that, weren't you?"

"Ssh," replied Mr. Garland. "We've got to talk low." He jerked his finger over his shoulder toward the hall. "Now, a few questions."

"All right! I'll open up." The whisper was hoarse but clear. "And then I'll ask some on my own account."

"Good! My turn first. How was it we came to hear of your death? You mustn't forget that you're buried up at Bemington with a nice headstone. I s'pose you can explain it."

"Certainly, just in a few words. That was three years ago. I was in trouble here in New York; some kind of wire-tapping gang I had gotten in with, and I was rooming with a man about my size. Looked like me a little. I still had some good clothes left over—good clothes wear long. This fellow used to wear them at times. Well, he went out and got run over by a trolley, and all jammed up out of semblance. I don't know how it happened; but they found my name on the inside pocket. You know where Featherston always puts the little tag. I was down on Long Island and didn't hear of it for a time, and then I came back and read about it in the papers, read of how you came down here, having seen the name; and then there was all that slush about 'saved from the Potter's Field,' 'young society man's untimely end,' and so forth, and it seemed so respectable a eulogy, and such a good going out, when I might be bound for a worse one, that I thought I'd let it go at that. I just took his name—I don't know whether it was his or not—and that's the last you were ever to hear from me. So I cleared out of the country."

"And what's happening now?"

"Oh, trouble again, of course. My own damn fault. I got to drinking down in Water Street and got into some kind of a row with a square-head Swede. You know how 'tis when I drink hard! He came at me with a knife, and I hit him with a bottle. But that

wouldn't amount to much. But when the cop came in—he was a new cop, young fellow and didn't look very strong—he began to rough-house it a bit and wanted to lug—jest to show off, I s'pose. I never stood for lugging! So I took my chances. We had a sort of a clinch and I got his night stick away—pounded him up. First accounts they didn't think he'd pull through. He's better; but it'll go hard if they get me. I couldn't go near any of my old places and I didn't have any money; but I never stole, Bill, I never did. I've been arrested! Once for fighting, once for running a handbook, and once for a blind jag. Fined and let go. I've preyed on people who were trying to prey on me and on everybody else. I've worked too, hard at times, and I've touted, tended bar, dealt the box, and rolled the ball. Just a few minutes ago I was walkin' along the street. Oh, I've begged, yes, I've begged, but only once or twice."

"Well, come back! come back! You're wandering. How about to-night?"

"Well, as I just got below here"—the speaker was growing hoarser and cleared his throat several times—"I saw a policeman on the corner who'd know me! So I just stepped back on the edge of the new building. And then I looked up and I saw a man standing right in that window, counting out a lot of money. Then I saw him lay the pocketbook down on the edge of the bureau and in a minute put on his hat and go out. 'Well,' I says to myself, 'jest! this is a cinch.' Excuse me for talking tough. I got in the habit of it; maybe it came natural. Well, I thought I saw the cop starting off—there was the derrick boom—I haven't served before the mast for nothing—and the rest you know—And now it's up to you."

There was no reply. Mr. Garland examined his well-kept finger nails very closely, and the speaker continued:

"I heard them call you 'Garland' just now and you said that was your name. What does it mean, Bill?"

There was no hesitation in the reply. How often he had called upon the sudden resources of his quick mind in such emergencies, when fate hinged on a word or look!

"A little matter of business," he said. "I'm down here on the track of a man that is wanted, and I mustn't appear in the case; yet I know most about it. I am directing matters myself. I guess I'll be able to manage."

"What is it? Some crooked business you're on to?"

"Yes; but just in a business way—misuse of credits."

"Well, you'll never let up on him until you get him—I know that, Bill! You are hard as nails. You never had in your life a bit of sympathy with a man who was tempted and was weak and didn't have the strength."

"What?" Mr. Garland flared up a little, his eyes flashed. The man opposite him seemed to grow reckless, as if the recollection of some past bitterness had overcome his sense of his position.

"Yes, that was always your reputation; sure it was!—and you always fought that way: lead a man to disclose his weaknesses and then play upon them—use them for his own defeat. You're thinkin' of yourself now, not of me—I know you. You were always so damn upright and conscientious and such a hidebound, business chunk of iron and ice, that you never had mercy—never!"

"Hush, Cal! Keep your voice down."

"Oh, to the devil with my voice! I'm going to talk. Let 'em come in! I'm on to you now. If it wasn't that you were afraid of having to give your real name here, or afraid of something anyhow, you'd have chucked me out! Yes, you'd have chucked me out! You could do it—I knew that, as soon as you caught hold of my wrist. You're well fed, and strong and upright, and well to do and happy, and I'm beaten down and out, and dead—yes, by God! I'm *dead*! It's in black and white, carved in a stone, but—" He was growing hysterical and his head had fallen into his hands, his shoulders were shaking—great, long sobs from the pit of his stomach had begun to rack him.

"Hush, hush! Cal!" soothed Garland. "Quiet, old chap! be quiet, now!" He dove one hand into the bag that was still open and drew forth a little vial. He did it cleverly, for his other hand had never left his visitor's shoulder. He poured a little of the powder into the glass and turned in the rest of the soda water. "Here, take this!" he said. "It'll do you good."

The man obeyed and handed back the glass, wiping his mouth on his sleeve. "But you know I'm right," he said. "You know it, Bill Harkness. Oh! you were smooth enough at college when I had most of the money; and there's just the mistake! I was brought up with it! I had it all—servants and nurses

and little fur tippets and ponies, and then a big allowance, and when I got out at the end of the four years with a degree, a good batting average, and a taste for luxury, my father shut me off like that—! No, no! I must 'live within what I made'—I must 'cut my coat according to my cloth,' but I'd had good training for that, hadn't I? Oh, the long, dreary bluff. The time had gone by when a man could make money the way he had—I got in debt! Then I made the mistake of going to friends—it doesn't do for the son of a rich man to go to friends—he's damned! I was afraid to go to him—he'd made all clear on that point—and so it began. There were plenty of times when if I'd cleaned the slate I would have started right again—right, do you hear me? Right!—and lived up to it. If mother had been alive! He wouldn't listen to me. I never could get ahead. Why if he only——"

"Hell, man, I'm not your father, and he's dead and gone."

"No; but you married my sister—the best and dearest that ever lived! And you were as hard as he was. You were a success—I a damn failure! You helped keep his mind against me, and you were left trustee, with that cursed clause in the will. Oh, yes, I know! I know! Your sense of justice! your sense of responsibility! If I didn't 'reform' and all that within a certain time and make good, I'd get nothing! *And I got nothing!* I fought you in the courts and, damn you, you beat me. You've always beaten everybody, because you're so cold and just and right and honest. Did ye think I'd take the pittance you held out and agree never to come within the State again? No, by God! I'd some pride!"

Mr. Garland's eye had drifted to the late edition. Somehow he felt that he was losing ground, and yet he dared not interrupt.

Staring him in the face from the pink paper was his own name—"WILLIAM HARKNESS AN ABSCONDER." "RUIN OF THE BEMINGTON BANK." He turned the paper over and played with it. His cheeks never blanched. "Cal," said he, "this is all beside the case— Maybe I was hard. I want to help you now."

"Yes, help me now, when it's too late. I'm like a dead body washed out from the past into your sight again. You want to bury me once more. Talk! Come on! How will you do it?"

"I want to tell you in the first place that I am sorry I was hard on you."



"I am an absconder, a thief."

"Humph! ha, ha!" the other laughed. "That's good! that's capital! When *she* was sorry for me you wouldn't listen to her, and she'd have forgiven me and helped me, because that's the kind she is. She'd forgive anybody she loved, and help 'em too, and stick to 'em, and stand by them with her kind, loving heart and sympathy, and she'd have stuck by me! But you wouldn't let her! You stopped her, headed her off, held back that hand that she stretched out. Come now; have done with this! It's all a damn farce! Give me up! I swear I won't bother you or her. They'll never find my name. I'm dead! Go on, be prosperous and happy! honest and upright! And if you

still hold her love, *don't lose it!* For if you didn't treat her right—" He paused. "*I am the one man who can come back.* I'll walk out now. They'll get me somewhere's probably. You'll miss your train. It's ten o'clock."

William Harkness rose and reached the door before him. "You must stay," he said. "You must stay! I've got to talk with you. I want to help you."

"No, no, let me go! I haven't taken anything. The window was open. It was not 'breaking and entering.' It'll only be three months or so. Let me go!" Suddenly he stopped and stepped back. "No, no, I forgot," he groaned. "The man I hit! Supposing—?" He collapsed weakly, and all

his seeming strength appeared to leave him. "Save me, Bill," he gasped hastily. "For God's sake, save me. What shall I do?"

"Sit down again," said Harkness. "There now, don't go to pieces. Will you swear to do what I tell you? Swear?"

He had no socks, but Mr. Harkness made no comment. The other had surrendered his will. That was the way he affected men. The water was running in the tub. "You were always a quick dresser," he said. "Here now! In with you, quick! And here are



"I just took his name . . . that's the last you were ever to hear from me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Will you swear?"

"I'll give you my word of honor. It's badly tarnished; but it will hold. It's good."

There was a pause. Their eyes met.

"Do what I tell you then. Take off that coat!—that shirt now! There, those shoes!"

my shaving things, my safety razor. You can't cut yourself, at least not badly. Get to work."

The speaker seemed to take things jocosely now, as if it was all a great lark, a passing joke. "You've just half an hour," he continued. "Lord, man, you're out of shape.

It won't take twenty minutes. Shut up! I'm doing the talking. There's the soap behind you."

He laid out underclothing neatly on the bed, as if he had been a valet, making a strange sound, half humming, half whistling, as he did so.

It was remarkable, the metamorphosis. As the stubby bristles disappeared from Mr. Lambert's chin, his face emerged, as it were, from behind a mask! It was not a bad-looking face, and on it was that indescribable look that is never lost—the look about which essays have been written and quarrels fought—"the gentleman look." It was a face of one who came naturally by the inherited knowledge of the unwritten rules, and who would never lose it—no; no matter how often he might transgress the ones inscribed.

"Now, what?" said he.

He stood there in the silk undergarments. Harkness looked at him. Slowly he took off his own coat and waistcoat. He pointed to the new shirt and soft white necktie. "Put those on. Lucky we're about of a size all round—these shoes." He kicked off his own low patent leathers. "Now," said he, "hurry, you ass. Let me tell you this: you were just in the nick of time."

"But you—" began the other in remonstrance.

"You swore to do what I would tell you, at least you gave your boasted word. Go ahead! never mind me."

A few minutes later Mr. Cal Lambert, alias Mumford, alias Grosnight, alias Brown, stood attired, fully dressed from top to toe, and wearing over the neat-fitting suit of blue the long light overcoat.

Mr. Harkness was hardly presentable in his appearance. But somehow he did not seem to have lost his sense of humor. It had often been said that no one could read his face, that no one could tell his mind. They said so at the poker table, in the old days, and his colleagues had remarked it in business. To Lambert now he was more inscrutable than ever. He opened the hatbox and took out a new derby. He picked up the wallet and the money.

"Listen, and ask no questions," said he, coming close and fumbling in his pocket;

"fulfill your bargain. Take these keys. On the carriage that is waiting there are trunks. Good clothes in them. Everything you want and more. And here are a thousand pounds. A thousand pounds! That ought to go a little ways, and one hundred dollars in cash. No, I'll keep fifty dollars of that; and here—steady now; show your sand!—is a ticket calling for a passage on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. Take that and don't lose it. It's made out to Charles Fowler, as you see. Your name's Charles Fowler now. He was a friend of mine who was going, but couldn't leave. Drive to the Grand Central Station. Check those trunks for an hour or so. Go get something to eat at Del's. It's just a step. Get back to the station. Order another carriage and drive to the steamer. Put on that hat. It's your fresh start, my boy. It's your fresh start. In six months write and let us hear. If I were you I'd go to some English colony. Begin all over. Be honest if you can. If ever I said a true word, I say it now. It is the only thing on God's earth that pays."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I am going back," he said, "to break—" he paused; "to break this news to Madge. Now, down the hall with you; first turn to the left and down the stairs. Don't take the lift. Turn up that collar! There you are! Once on the street, ask for 'Mr. Garland's carriage.' 'Garland,' remember. Then away! and good luck to you, Cal. Not a word, not a single word. Oh, brace up, man—brace up!"

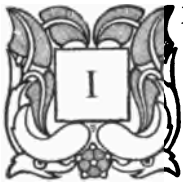
They shook hands at the door.

The footsteps diminished. Mr. "Garland" waited, sitting there half dressed, for fully twenty minutes. Then he put on the frayed, worn garments that his visitor had discarded and threw himself on the bed. He did not sleep, although he neither tossed nor muttered, lying quiet. When the dawn came he watched the light grow. Soon he heard the scrub-woman in the hall. The *Celtic* would be far down the bay by this time,—he rose, stepped to the telephone and spoke clearly. "This is Room 25. Send up the house detective. There's some one here who wants to speak to him. Yes, thanks."

He sat in the chair again and waited. No one could have read his face.

THE TIE

BY HUGH JOHNSON



IN the Colonel's office the blinds were drawn save one, the wood fire was half white embers, and the room was stuffy and dark. In the gloomiest corner of all, where the great polished desk was dimly outlined in the shadows, sat the leonine old man himself, his weakening gray eyes strained out across the drill ground where a squadron of his cavalry was maneuvering in the white glare of a Texas sun on naked Texas limestone. The motive and the song of the rapidly shifting picture was youth, triumphant and resistless. The Colonel saw the first loose line of skirmishers sweep across the plain, halt and scamper to the flanks of the solid column in rear that raced along at an ever-increasing gait; he heard the crackling r-r-i-p of their simulated fire,

"Thus would we do to flesh and to bone,
Turcoman, Uhlan, cuirass or dragoon,
Thus— Thus— Thus——"

with the little toy-like mountain howitzer fairly booming the "thus-thus-thus" accompaniment of the regimental song, and when the staccato notes of the delayed "charge" finally tinkled across the plain, he drew in his breath sharply and half rose from his chair as troop after troop rushed forward in perfect line, charging *en echelon*.

The horses were wild, eyes bloodshot, nostrils red, but the men who rode them still loosened rein, stood in their stirrups and yelled like the demoniac horsemen of Attila. Their cheeks were flushed with the adolescence of twenty; and as the gait grew furious, boot to boot and shoulder to shoulder, they too became crazed with the primal fervor of swift, irresistible motion. The flapping pennants of the guidons and the flying manes blew in their faces, and through the dust

cloud from their horses' feet their sabers flashed glints of the sun to the Colonel's eyes and his own blood quickened with theirs; but as they wheeled into column and broke to right and left at the end of the course, he drooped back in his chair, his eyes gazing dumbly at the rows of photographs above the bronze mortars of Chapultepec.

There were they—the men who had been young with him—in all their quaint bravery, baldric, tunic, and dolman, and out on the plain were the men who were young when he was old—so old. It was they—they and their youth—who were slowly forcing him from the service that he loved; and he almost hated them—their youth. They were always respectful—even admiring; but between him and them there was no one thing in common. Even his majors were young majors, and in a garrison of a thousand souls he was pitifully alone. He remembered the hill and the general on his immortal white horse and every face that looked down on him from the wall. The youngsters might laugh, but it was all very real to the Colonel; and he was sure that he hated them and their youth.

He arose and crossed over to the mess as they came in all aglow from drill. The boisterous excitement of the charge was still with them, their spurs dragged with the bravado that young spur-wearers know, their sabers clanked with every movement, and they talked of "I" troop's error or "C" troop's mistake in loud, boyish voices; but as the Colonel passed into the billiard room every voice quieted, hats came off, and chairs rasped across the floor as their occupants got to their feet, all laughing ceased. He was not of them and they could not have said so plainer in words; his very presence was a discomfort to them, and he scowled from under his hat brim and guttured unintelligibly. He walked angrily into the steward's room

and the door crashed behind him; he stalked along the gravel path to headquarters and sank again into the big leather chair beneath the rows of photographs on the wall, glooming. Once he raised his eyes to the brave faces; his own drooped forward on his hands and rested there long. Perhaps he drowsed a little.

This was why the Adjutant, who sat in the Colonel's outer office and acted as a buffer between him and his regiment, shook his head to subalterns, and even to a youngish major, who stood ready to tap at the Colonel's door.

"Better *cuidado*," he warned. "The old man's all liver to-day," and the subalterns and the youngish major tiptoed away thankfully, having intimate knowledge of the bitter tongue of the choleric old man.

"Lord pity that new youngster from the Point if he joins to-day, two days over his leave," breathed the youngish major safe in the mess window seat; and "O Lord!" echoed the subalterns.

"He's coming all right," volunteered the Quartermaster, whose business it is to know everything in a garrison. "Here's his telegram from Perdido station. The Daugherty's been gone to meet him for over two hours."

"Poor kid!" patronized the subalterns from the prestige of their two years' service.

The Daugherty clanked into Fort Perdido in the late afternoon, the four mules, the boot, everything, white with alkali dust. It drew up with a creaking of brakes before the Adjutant's quarters and a very straight, very slender, brown-eyed boy climbed out of its depths as the teamster tumbled a long military trunk from the boot and threw a chamois-covered saber on the walk. The boy, whose cheeks glowed through their coating of dust like the bloom of a dead ripe peach through its fuzz, stood by his suit case and gazed about him in bewilderment; then, as the subalterns flocked out to greet him who was to be one of them, he stiffened cadet-wise to attention and saluted very ceremoniously like an officer of the day at guard mount, all of which was woefully incongruous from a military viewpoint. The youngish major watched it all from the club window.

"Like that," he sighed. "And two days overdue. Poor, poor kid!"

The subalterns took the slender boy under tutelage at once. They hurried him to the bachelor quarters; and, while their brown

muchachos drew his bath and laid out his linen and fitted the bronze buttons into his painfully new khaki, they warned and coached him and commiserated with him. When he was arrayed as to uniform and girded and spurred, they walked with him to the headquarters veranda and watched him enter the low, dark doorway, while their hearts beat in sympathy with him; he was such a clean-cut, wholesome boy. One of them went as far with him as the Adjutant's desk, unconsciously tiptoeing in dread of the painful shriek of his companion's new boots. The subalterns' faces were framed white in the window, and the Adjutant and the men outside held their breath as the new boots creaked in the strained silence straight up to the dreaded door.

A dropping pin would have sounded clearly and the boy's firm tap, tap, tap shattered the stillness and echoed in the bare room. The silence closed in again for five anxious seconds, a bass growl rumbled from the shadows, and the boy was in the presence.

Perhaps the Colonel drowsed a little. He often did in these latter days beneath the kindly faces on the wall that smiled and grew dim as seen through something in his eyes. Perhaps he did, for surely this was the Nashville pike that thrummed like a tocsin beneath his horses' feet; and surely this was his own troop that clattered along behind him in route order; this was his own dark hair that drooped below his ears and framed his bronzed young face. Oh, yes; he knew now perfectly, and he had been daring to dream in his saddle when his "point" might jump a Johnny patrol at any moment. He raised his arms, his trumpeter sounded "Halt"; and with his hands in his horse's glossy mane he sat erect in the saddle, looking straight at the glow of the big red sun as it sank below the purple hills of Tennessee.

Far to the north he saw one puny little spire that stood like a sentinel above the green; and, incongruously enough, marked the line of Confederate outposts that stretched across the valley in a chain of bristling, venomous points, behind which their sluggish army lay sprawled over three counties. It was through the slightest flaw in this chain that, reckless, careless, he and his reckless, laughing troopers had slipped silently in the night by an interpretation of carefully worded orders that was as daring as it was original.

To a point on the southward rim where the dark convolutions of heavy woods marked the course of the river to a low gap in the hills, was but a sweep of his eye, and in that direction lay Franklin and the Confederate rendezvous of prisoners who would wake joyously to the sound of his trumpets and the roar of his small field pieces in the early dawn.

Just now the horses were jaded and the deep-sunken eyes of the men told of an overwhelming fatigue. A messenger from the point came back at a gallop. The trumpet sang "Forward," and presently the troop wheeled into line before a great, red-roofed house with snowy pillars and a little fringe of cabins straggling to the rear.

Startled, white faces appeared at the windows and a sergeant's patrol that had lain concealed for an hour past in a ravaged cornfield watching the great white doors, now assaulted them with loud knocking. The sergeant had learned the trick of speaking gently with his battered campaign hat in one hand and the butt of a huge revolver, held well behind his back, in the other. There was a parley at the door, but the dusty troopers braved scorn and withering remarks, and tramped rudely across the polished floors. The faces disappeared from the windows and sometimes the sound of protesting voices came down to the men who lounged wearily in their saddles below; but at last the reconnoitering patrol clattered across the broad stairs and out on the veranda, leaving sentries at every door.

The sergeant's eyes fairly danced as he reported, for behind him trooped prisoners—six, eight, a dozen of them. They walked into the twilight, hatless and abashed. The faces appeared in the windows again and some of the captured cast furtive glances backward, and the effect on their demeanor was noticeable. They were brave figures, all in gray and gold, garnished and scrupulously clean; but now some held themselves stiff with flagrant pride, some sneered in scorn, and some bowed their heads as if in shame and resignation. Two were studiously nonchalant as though it were a matter of the minutest moment that twelve young officers of the chivalrous South had fallen prisoners to a single troop of hated Yankee horse.

The sergeant lined them up and reported solemnly, "Guess they was fixin' for some kind 'v a dance 'r uther, sir. - All come down

the Franklin pike together half a hour ago. Horses in the stables, sir."

His eye took in every feature of each individual pose gravely as the sergeant saluted; he passed his hand across his mouth; he pulled his hat brim low and raised his eyes, but they fell on the faces at the window, and it was all to no purpose. He burst into his hearty, contagious laugh without further attempt at constraint. That laugh alone would have won even a personal foe, and these youngsters were enemies by Act of Congress. They looked at him in surprise and then at each other, which they had neglected to do before. The innate American sense was too much. They laughed like boys out of school.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, with the mirth still in his voice. "I jus' *couldn't* help it. You all looked so 'delsartic,' as you might say, 'scorn' and 'resignation,' and all that, and I'm really sorry to break up your fun or inconvenience you at all"; and then impulsively, "I'm Lieutenant Morgan, Second Regulars." He held out his hand to a tall youth near him. "I've seen you so often on patrol, I really ought to know you." And thus down the line, disarming his foes, for in the armed intimacy of the Civil War the outposts drank coffee and other things together between skirmishes.

When the troop was made comfortable they discussed past actions as men talk over hands at cards; and when he came back from inspecting the outpost, they met him with a proposal.

"We've been talking it over with the Radicals," asserted the tall youth with a vague nod toward the upper regions of the house, "and while they're harder to convince than we were, we'll give our paroles, say till midnight; and if you're not too tired and if you will honor us—we—this need not stop the dance." And seeing a moment's hesitancy he added: "It's only fair to say that we're all right with you. There aren't any more coming and we're not likely to be molested."

It was a night that remained clear in his memory when some small skirmishes were completely forgotten. Always he could close his eyes and see the polished floors, the low, white-cased doors, and the sparkling candelabra above the laughing groups in gray and white. Always he remembered the brave finery of home-made gray uniforms and the gleam of bare white shoulders. The faces that, seen on that night only, remained vague

and indistinct, served to accentuate the vivid clearness of one memory—the face of a girl. Brown eyes—such eyes as only Tennessee knows—that danced beneath a snare of curls, a low white brow, a mouth that seemed always just on the point of deepening the dimple that danced its attendance to a smile—a face that glowed with sweetness, and good, wholesome sense. His clear eyes first met hers when the boy of the patrols presented him to his hostess, and he saw in them the struggle of feminine prejudice with a mind too broad for prejudice; and also he saw that natural friendliness which his fresh young face was prone to inspire, whose outward manifestations he had grown to expect.

"Please don't remember it for just this one evening," he pleaded, instantly. "I can't help it, you know, any more than you can help being what *you* are," and his mobile face told quite frankly what he conceived that to be. "Anyway, to-morrow I'll be a long, long way from here, and perhaps you'll never see me again; so it isn't worth while disliking me." Even the regret in his voice was contagious, and he saw the prejudice die fighting.

He led her away as the violins struck up plaintively and the eyes that followed them lingered and grew admiring, to end with that patronizing fondness that an incipient romance inspires always. He was a graceful, certain dancer, with whom dancing was a gift, not an accomplishment. The girl felt the thrill of his vibrant, confident strength with the contact of his hand and relaxed into her own native grace, with never a thought to the uneasiness of first dances with strangers.

The musicians did *not* omit entire bars and movements of the waltz, but they stood looking at each other with surprised eyes when it was finished, for it had seemed a period of rest and all too short. Perhaps it *was* an obsession, if propriety were to be considered; perhaps it was rank favoritism to an avowed and unrepentant foe; but with the next awakening of the music she found herself once more in the arms of this unusual youth, who seemed to take the things that he required with no one's approval, and who had ridden all unbidden and unheralded into her life through a thousand unheeded dangers and a cordon of armed men, and who withal remained at perfect ease with strangers, captives, and enemies. The patronizing glances became overt smiles, and admiration was expressed without reserve. He seemed so thor-

oughly to enjoy their unusual hospitality as to place a premium upon it and to cause its donors to glow with satisfaction.

"You know," he confided to a group of rebels in gray and white, "much as I like you, I simply wouldn't have you around as prisoners. I can't afford an argument with your cavalry now; so if you'll give me two hours' start you're welcome to chase me over half of Tennessee, if you like me so well. If you'll promise to requisition this house for a prison for captured cavalry officers—not too many—I'll surrender right now," and they had laughingly promised to work for that end.

There was a single moment that threatened to pass with the slightest discord, and that was when the thoughtless musicians struck up the "Bonnie Blue Flag"; the men drew in their breaths mightily, remembered, and stood uncomfortably in red-faced confusion; but with the presence of mind of the tactful, he averted the contretemps by singing it himself. They liked him better from that moment.

They had begun to regret the evening before it passed and its latter half was shadowed by a knowledge of its ending. The last waltz with her was his and the intermission was longer than the rest, for one of the darky fiddlers had been called away. He had spoken only little kindnesses with all his attention, but he was unable to keep a note of sadness from his voice when he came to her.

"I don't know where I shall be this time to-morrow," he said with a shyness that excused it, "but I know of whom I shall be thinking."

There was something in the clean-cut face of this wholesome boy with which insincerity or mawkish sentimentality would have jarred harshly; a little perhaps there was in his coming, a little of the romance that thrills through the tale of Lochinvar, that would have served to extenuate if not to excuse what he wished to say and dared not in the face of his avowed disapproval of the love that owns itself hastily and his natural shrinking from such cheapness. And with all this he dreaded this last waltz, and the thing that he felt, thrilled on a tongue that remained stubbornly immobile, flared in eyes that could not speak, and drove all other words from his mouth until he hated himself for his awkward dumbness and wished to cry out what had become an anguish, in three short words. That which it was that had synchronized

their heart beats reached apogee in the last few moments of the evening. It was his relief from his galling dumbness and the consummation of his splendid daring that scorned to sully itself with mere words or vulgar presumption.

They had walked the length of the room together and stood in silence in the cool air from an open window near the screen of green boughs that hid the musicians. A violin and bow lay on the vacant chair of the fiddler who had not yet returned; and in his embarrassed discomfort he picked them up, noiselessly caressing the strings, his gaze lost in the shadows outside. The thought that was in his mind which excluded the dancers, the lights, and all things else, perhaps impelled him, for a strain that had not then been played into the commonplace strayed vaguely across his mind, attracted by its accompanying words which voiced his thought. It remembered itself to him sweetly, and finally translated itself into an impulse, for he fitted the instrument beneath his chin, raised his head and with his clear gray eyes looking straight into her brown ones, he played that air with all the matchless Irish tenderness of pathos that Balfe breathed into "Then you'll remember me" at its inception, and through the instant stillness the perfect tones thrilled out and read his heart to them through tone and word and thought, but most of all to her whose thought was his already, for it came as an avowal and a promise of his pure, natural knighthood.

The silence outlived the last, long, quavering note, but with the incongruity of dreams the Colonel was far away from the Franklin pike, though journeying thereward, on a trip that he had long promised himself after Apomattox. No troop clanged behind him now, and only the rise and fall of a glossy bay shoulder met his eye as he rested on his pommel and dreamed his dream. Again he drew rein at a house near Nashville, for his destination was miles beyond; and though the spires of the city showed blue-tinged in the twilit distance, the night was rolling in from the valleys and the road was strange. Soon he was asking a cheery young man for a night's hospitality and superintending the stabling of his horse.

This portion of the Colonel's dream was apt to be intermittent, with no ordered sequence of events worth mentioning, for now he stood with his back to an open fire and his

hostess was on the stairs. There was a rustle of skirts in the hall and he had advanced a step toward the door and now stood with hand half raised, staring dumbly into the pained face of a woman with brown eyes; and in that surge of emotion, forgetting the blanch of his own face or the wonder of his host's.

The bountiful supper was a torture and the endless winter evening, with the host rattling brainlessly of fields and stock and events, satisfied with abstract monosyllabic answers, was unbearable. A hundred times that sleepless, miserable night he checked an impulse to steal down the stairs and ride away with his misery, uncheered. He walked down in the first wan light of morning, but the man was there to meet him, goading his mind to frenzy with well-intended banalities. To go without breakfast was unheard of in the South? Would he thus injure the self-pride of his willing host? He must sit quietly while everything was done to speed him on his way. The host himself would—must—see to the saddling of his horse, and he was almost forced into a chair.

If only he had been spared that moment before the last, and yet, if he had missed it! when he stood facing that accusation that had been repeated with her heart throbs and that at last took words and fell upon him blameless, with a quaver more bitter than sobs, a bitterness that had remained with him until now, leavening his life and changing every attribute of youth.

"Why didn't you come? Oh, why *didn't* you come?" said the woman, whose lot it was to wait for his coming always.

And the man, her husband, stood aghast as his guest rode on his frantic mission straight away from Nashville with never a glance in that direction or a word of farewell.

For the guest heard only the tread of his horse's feet on the frost-hardened road that intoned a question on his anguish-numbed mind, over and over again, and it grew loud and receded and grew loud and became a tapping on his office door; and he raised his head and looked straight into those brown eyes and that face and heard a fresh young voice saying:

"Lieutenant — reports for duty," and he was on his feet, quickly grasping the lad by the arm.

"What is your name, boy, your *name*?"

And the bitterness was gone away forever.



HIS PIPE

By OMBRE THAMES

ASHES and dust and vacant bone,
Poor white laddie. And we—alone.
Here's to thee, dead Fire!
His breath was the flame in thine ebon bowl.
Ah, Ghost that was flame of my heart and soul!
Thou and I, we were all his own—
Here's to thee, black Brier!



LOW TIDE, BAY OF FUNDY
Stephen Parrish

THE ETCHERS OF AMERICA

By LOUIS A. HOLMAN

THE unsympathetic layman classes the history of etching in America with that of the bicycle and the Panama hat. Occupying a different field, the art of etching sought to accomplish more, and perhaps it did; but it was throttled just as truly by its own popularity, and it was flung aside with as little thought as was a last year's wheel, or a shapeless old hat.

The dawn of that fatal popularity was surely coming when in 1878 the *Art Journal* triumphantly told its readers that "Most persons of education know an etching when they see it," and further rejoices that many can distinguish between an etching and a pen drawing. But it weeps over the fact that only a fortunate few "can explain the difference be-

tween an etching by Whistler and a woodcut by Birket Foster." A woodcut by Birket Foster! Five years later not only had the dawn come, but high noon. Everybody knew an etching at half a glance, and everybody wanted several. Had not Mr. Hamerton taught the great public that etchings were much more artistic than photographs? Then, cried the public, let us have etchings!

To our shame be it said that the public got what it lusted for, and more. For years we got etchings as the Israelites in the wilderness got quail, even until they were loathsome to us, and we fervently wished that we had not murmured for them. Then—that was some years ago—the night of ignorance and indifference settled down swiftly, and to-day many persons of education do *not* know an etching when they see it.

Watchmen cry that another day draws

near—that even now there are signs of a revival of etching in America. If this be true, Heaven save it from its friends, that the beautiful art may be allowed to develop naturally

brother artist. Let us imagine a central light, properly shaded, above a table upon which are the simple appliances of etching. . . . The artists formed an impatient circle and



BELOW CHESTNUT STREET BRIDGE

Joseph Pennell

and the tragedy of the eighties be not repeated!

"One winter evening in 1877," to quote from the account written by James D. Smillie in 1882, "about twenty interested artists had gathered by invitation in the studio of a

hurried through the forms of an organization, anxious for the commencement of the real work of the evening. Copperplates were displayed; grounds were laid, that is, delicate coatings of resinous wax were spread upon the plates; etchings were made, that is, de-



TOWER OF CORTEZ, MEXICO

Thomas Moran

signs were scratched with fine points of needles through such grounds upon the copper; trays of mordant bubbled, that is, the acid corroded the metal exposed by the scratched lines, the surface elsewhere being protected from such action by the wax ground, to the discomfort of noses, the eager wearers of which were crowding and craning to see the work in progress. This process being completed, in cleansing the wax grounds and varnish from the plates, the fumes of turpentine succeeded those of acid. Then an elegant brother, who had dined out early in the evening, laid aside his broadcloth . . . and became for the time an enthusiastic

printer. The smear of thick, pasty ink was deftly rubbed into the lines just corroded, and as deftly cleansed from the polished surface; the dampened sheet of thin, silky Japanese paper was spread upon the gently warmed plate; the heavy steel roller of the printing press, with its triple facing of thick, soft blanket, was slowly rolled over it, and in another moment, finding scant room in the pressing crowd, the firstborn of the New York Etching Club was being tenderly passed from hand to hand."

Etching in America, as we understand the phrase, began on that evening when those "twenty interested artists" founded the New



MARKET SLIP, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Charles A. Platt

York Etching Club, which has been the strongest influence in the development of the art on this continent. Of course there had been plates etched here before that time, but they were isolated cases and had little bearing on the great movement inaugurated in 1877.

The earliest known pure etching made in America was a small oval portrait of Washington, done by Joseph Wright in 1790. Washington had refused him sittings; Wright promptly hired a seat near the canopied pew of the President in St. Paul's Church, New York, and in three services got by stealth the sittings he wanted. And there is no one who

has seen the little portrait but feels that the end fully justified the means.

Alexander Lawson and Francis Kearny experimented with etching toward the end of the eighteenth century. About this time, too, E. G. Gridley and others combined etching with engraving, as did also William Dunlap, the first historian of American art, in a miserable little plate which he produced a quarter century later. A. L. Dick, too, etched some of Darley's drawings. But by far the best native work thus far appeared first in 1829, when D. C. Johnston, the "American Cruikshank," started a yearly collection of humorous drawings, entitled "Scraps."



NEAR THE COAST

R. Swain Gifford

The Civil War brought out two etchers of ability, fortunately holding different political views. Edwin Forbes's "Life Studies of the Great Army" lack artistically, but they abound in human interest, for they picture the everyday life of the soldier, the tragic incidents and the commonplace, the humorous, and the pathetic. As a complete, graphic record of those memorable years, they will always have a certain historical value, their worth being attested by the purchase of a set of proofs for the War Department by General Sherman. Not thus honored, although of much greater artistic value, were the twenty-nine Confederate etchings. Very few impressions of these are extant, having been intended for private distribution only; the copperplates, sent to England for safe-keeping, were ruined through neglect. I find one of them signed with the initials: F. T. M.—A. J. V. The latter was the etcher of all, and, I think, the draughtsman of the other twenty-eight. He was Dr. A. J. Volck, of Baltimore, once head of the first art academy in the South. The drawing is chiefly conventional outline, somewhat like Flaxman's, done with considerable power. Some of them

are political cartoons, which introduce easily recognizable antislavery leaders.

In 1866 the first collection of modern etchings seen in America was exhibited in New York by M. Cadart, of Paris, for the French had been using the needle while we used the sword. It aroused some interest, and a branch of the French Etching Club was established. But we were not yet ready for the gentle arts of peace. Few of our etchers were influenced by it, George Snell, the Boston architect, whose fine "Lillebonne" was, I think, the first etching by an American published abroad, being the strongest of the group.

For the next decade the art made little showing. Several steel engravers, notably H. B. Hall, made some portraits, which were "forwarded" (that is, assisted) by use of aquafortis; E. J. Kuntze illustrated a fairy book with some weak plates, and Charles C. Perkins made some careful, lifeless ones for his books on Italian sculpture.

But one strong, silent force was working surely toward the desired end. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Etchings and Etchers," destined to be a tremendous factor in the revival

of etching the world over, appeared in 1868. This was a dozen years after France had awakened and when England was just getting her eyes open, and before the art had gained any hold on the people of Europe or the artists of America. Here and there in our country were men whose artistic souls were touched by the book, so that when, in 1877, James D. Smillie, a bank-note engraver, and Leroy M. Yale, a medical doctor, made a move toward the formation of the New York Etching Club, they found several already interested. This club with its monthly meetings and yearly exhibition became at once the acknowledged center of etching for America. Its exhibitions, beginning in 1878, attracted attention throughout America and Europe, and became thoroughly international in character.

Fired by the example of New York, other cities formed etching clubs: Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Toronto, but none of them, save the first, long survived their early enthusiasm. Officially at least the New York club is still alive.

The *American Art Review*, although living only two years (1880-1881), was a mighty influence in introducing the art of etching to the American public, and its good editor, Mr. Koehler, was the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of all our etchers, old and young.

The great forces which nourished the growth of etching in its new soil, then, were Hamerton's book, Koehler's *Review*, and the New York Etching Club. To these we must add such exhibitions of masterpieces as that held in Boston in 1879, and the influence of J. McNeill Whistler and that of his gifted brother-in-law, Dr. Seymour Haden, England's two greatest etchers. The inspiration of a visit from Haden had a wholesome effect, and exhibitions of the work of these two men set the standard high.

It is not through a slip of the pen that Whistler is here classed with English artists. We make ourselves ridiculous in claiming as an "American" a man who after fifteen years of childhood and youth shook the dust of his native land from his feet forever, content to live at her very door for over half a century



OLD CEDARS ON THE COAST OF MAINE

James D. Smillie

without once knocking; who indeed emphatically denied in court that he had been born in America; who exhibited in the British sections of great exhibitions; who learned his art in Europe and who never produced a picture

etched before the "Master's," gave rise to the famous "penny Whistlers" battle; Bacher, whose European plates are well known; Gerome Ferris, inheritor of the Ferris and the Moran talent for etching; Mitchell, the



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL IN AN OLD CHAIR

W. H. W. Bicknell

within the borders of the United States. In common justice, we must consider Whistler outside the scope of this article, as are also those others who like him saw nothing beautiful on this side the Atlantic and gayly flew to the other: Duveneck, whose Venetian plates,

founder of *Life*, whose etched work is chiefly Parisian; Rosenberg, Chapman, Stecher, Freer, and many others.

When we find upon calling the roll of American etchers, that over four hundred craftsmen come into line, the reason for elimination

is clear. We wish more particularly here to speak of the good men and true who have found their motives on this continent, and have forced us to see the beauties of the homeland.

In this four hundred we find about sixty women. America can claim more women etchers than any other country, some very talented, others "with needles that fetter the hand."

The first American woman etcher in point of time was Miss Colé, sister of Thomas Cole; the first in point of merit and well-deserved fame was Mrs. Thomas Moran. Her plates, exhibited in America and abroad, are signed M. Nimmo Moran, under which name, supposed to be a man's, she was elected an "original fellow" of the Society of Painter-Etchers of London. Etched directly from nature, chiefly on Long Island, her plates show a firm, decisive handling, directness, and an originality not usually found in the work of a woman. The plates of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Emily Moran, by contrast, have a delicate and timid beauty, in keeping with the nature of one who shrank from the publicity her work brought her. Another who produced original and spirited landscape etchings was Ellen D. Hale, whose California plates are exceptionally beautiful. Anna Lee Merritt, who for years divided her time between London and Philadelphia, won for herself an enviable reputation in two continents, by such portraits as her Agassiz, Lowell, and Sir Gilbert Scott. Few have equaled Mrs. Merritt in the quality of her etched portraits. Stephen A. Schoff and Sidney L. Smith have done good but more conventional work of this class. Among W. H. W. Bicknell's strong portraits I particularly remember one of a charming young girl seated in an old chair, which is more freely handled than Mrs. Merritt's, and not over-worked, as some of hers certainly are.

It is interesting that while New York was the great center of the craft for America, the women etchers clustered about Philadelphia. This was due to two easily accessible collections of good prints, and to the residence there of such master etchers as Stephen Parrish, Peter Moran, Joseph Pennell, and Stephen Ferris. The last was for a generation an instructor in the School of Design for Women, and was the Founder of the Philadelphia Society of Etchers. Mr. Ferris, known chiefly as one of our best reproductive etchers, has done original work also, from the

days when he cut his plates from an old copper boiler, to 1906 when, at the age of seventy-one, he completed two portraits.

"American Etchers," a book, as I remember it, from which the publisher was proud to omit his name, appeared in 1885. Among the illustrations is a badly drawn, zealously bitten etching, bravely signed in youthful confidence, "C. A. Platt, 1882." It is conspicuously the poorest thing in the book. In *The Etcher* (English), Platt's "Rockport" (1881) had already appeared, and any attention it received here was due, I judge, to the startling note which accompanied it: "Rockport . . . on the coast of Maine, is chiefly inhabited by fishermen. New England was colonized in 1620 by English fishermen, who selected it for its peculiar fitness for the prosecution of their labor." Not long after these two plates appeared, Mr. Frederick Keppel showed a proof of Platt's "Market Slip, St. John, N. B.," to a company of connoisseurs in Berlin. When he had convinced them that the etching came from America, a Milanese among the number exclaimed, "Je savais qu'on trouve en Amérique le porc et le pétrole; mais je ne savais pas qu'Amérique produisait les œuvres d'art comme ceci." It was this same plate which Sir Seymour Haden once declared the finest etching ever done in America. He must have been a prophet indeed who could have predicted the "Market Slip" from either of Mr. Platt's plates. Just out of his teens, young Platt began etching under the good influence of Stephen Parrish. He had ability and courage, and he sketched and etched and exhibited with energy. Before he was thirty, he had produced plates which have never been excelled in America—"The Market Slip," "At Hartford," "The Two Sloops," for example. Simple, strong, and stimulating, Mr. Platt's plates, more than those of any other American, show the true etcher's touch.

Stephen Parrish is another to whom the future historian of American art must accord a high place. Mr. Hamerton speaks of Mr. Parrish in 1882 as "one of the most sincere and straightforward of living etchers," whose "plates show no fatigue, but always honesty of purpose," and, finally, "an American who loves American lands and shores." It might further have been said, the most beloved of all American etchers. Platt and Pennell and Colman did considerable work abroad; Parrish almost none. With gratitude be it said

that he etched the Atlantic shore from St. John, N. B., to Key West, and the inland water ways of all New England and New York, producing a series of plates well received in our day, and for which our children's children will rise up and call him blessed. Parrish's "Low Tide," a wonderfully strong and beautiful plate, generally considered his masterpiece, was purchased in 1882 for the Imperial Collection at Vienna.

A few years older than Mr. Platt, a dozen years the junior of Mr. Parrish, Joseph Pennell began etching at the same time. Perhaps no other American etcher enjoys such a world-wide reputation, for he has worked in almost every country in Europe. London has been his home for many years; indeed, so long that he is by many considered an Englishman. We remember with pleasure that it was in America that Mr. Pennell made his reputation as an etcher, and that his latest plates are of New York skyscrapers. In 1881 his name and Mr. Platt's were new in the artistic world; two years later both were doing masterly things; in five years both were famous. Mr. Platt is now devoting all his time to architecture; Mr. Pennell is still etching. In the Paris Exposition of 1900 he was awarded the only gold medal given for etching in the American section. Mr. Howells has said that he is simply irresistible as an etcher, and the *Art Journal* (1900) asserts that such amazing industry "could belong to an American only."

Two other important men who, like Platt, Parrish, and Pennell, used generally "long-shore" motives, were R. Swain Gifford, of New England, and Henry Farrer, of Old England. Mr. Farrer etched harbor scenes, chiefly of New York, and also fine old trees at twilight. Painfully elaborate at first, his later work was freer, and it was always popular. "The Tow," "On the Hillside," and "Evening near a Fishing Village" show him at his best, and these are plates to be proud of.

Thomas Moran, who came to us from England, back in the forties, sometimes etched marines, although he is essentially a landscape man. He discovered the artistic possibilities of our great Southwest, and immortalized it with brush and point. Trained to wood engraving, his hand made no false moves when guiding the etcher's needle; a line of abundant grace and freedom resulted. There is a delightful romantic quality in many of his plates.

Kruseman van Elten, another of our foreign born artists, etched quiet water courses, with well-massed trees and delightful skies. Although his motives are much alike, they never fail to strike the right note, and they have won their author many medals.

In being sketchy and suggestive, the work of Samuel Colman differs widely from that of Moran or van Elten. While his etchings were never popular, they appeal strongly to the intellectual, the imaginative, the poetic. Although his line is too well considered to be absolutely free, Mr. Colman's plates show etching as the artist's art,—individual and autographic in a high degree and bearing evidence that the work was a delight to his soul.

Hill, Bellows, Falconer, Garrett, Yale, Miller, Kimball, Vanderhoof, Woodbury, Beal, Minor, Rost, and Stetson are some of the more important landscape men of whom I should like to speak, did not lack of space forbid. There is, however, one for whom space must be reserved, one who before etching became popular had "hitched his wagon to a star," and who, throughout the long years since,—years of noble triumph, and galling degradation of the art he loves,—has never lost hold. This man is James D. Smillie, one of the most gifted etchers America has produced. He made an etching before he was eight years old, and to-day, at seventy-five, he is hopefully, earnestly, and gratuitously instructing any students of the National Academy who evince an interest in the art. Besides the regular method of etching, Mr. Smillie has used aquatint, soft ground, mezzotint, and dry-point. Although the greater part of his original work is landscape, he has also done figures, portraits, animals, and still life. Critics have called his line mechanical and engraver-like; indeed, he himself says that he was hampered by the traditions of his old profession. As a matter of fact his line is usually a thing of life, of force, and of beauty. He was not afraid of biting parts of his plates deeply, hence his color is rich and satisfying. His "Old Cedars on the Coast of Maine" is one of the masterpieces of American etching. Tremendously bold, yet not in the least harsh, its rendering, especially in the quality of line, silences all criticism: one can find hours of enjoyment studying the details of forms, without losing sight of the beauty of the whole. There is wind here that is making things move, and there are sunshine and shadow that battle for

supremacy. In 1882 F. de Schennis, a Swiss etcher of some repute, admired this plate so much that he copied it, omitting only the etcher's name, and issued it, reversed, bearing his own signature.

The human figure has not been much used in the motives of our etchers; men like Blum, Chase, Brennan, McCutcheon, Dielman, Shir-law, Lippincott, and Ehninger have turned aside from their regular work to show us that they could etch the human figure, and do it well, but there they are content to let the matter rest. Ignaz M. Gaugengigl's etchings are often based on his paintings, but he has also done many original plates,—indeed, is still doing them. They are etched in a spirited, even joyous manner. His figures are strikingly individual both in subject and pose.

It is rather difficult to classify the etched work of F. S. Church, composed as it is of ideal, semiclassically draped figures, usually accompanied by some animals, and carrying such titles as "The Lion in Love," "A Pa-thetic Ballad," "The Witch's Daughter." They are never well drawn, but they are delightfully naïve, very original, and poetic in spirit.

American etchers avoid animals quite as much as they do the human figure. Charles Volkmar, a pupil of Barye, one of the few who have done anything with animals, made the strange choice of ducks as his specialty. His "Family of Quacks," "Far from the Mad-ding Crowd," "Family Reunion," etc., have been well received by the press and the public, and have been awarded several medals. The high reputation of J. A. S. Monks's

sheep is well known and has been honestly earned.

The most versatile American etcher of animals is Peter Moran, sometime lithographer, engraver, scene painter, actor, etcher for thirty-two years,—artist always, who is equally fond of all the domestic animals. His plates have enough pictorial quality to interest the public, yet to give this they are not sacrificed artistically. Never artificial or thin, there is a satisfying completeness about them; his figures have another side, and there are things behind and beyond. He has also made plates in mezzotint and dry-point, but his small line etchings, which show great mastery of line and mass, are enough on which to build a high reputation.

At the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 Peter Moran was the only American etcher represented. He sent fourteen plates. At the Exhibition of Women Etchers of America (New York, 1888), which registered high tide in the affairs of etching this side the Atlantic, there were 500 plates. The last New York Etching Club Exhibition (1893) had 149 plates, a slight increase over the previous year. At one of the recent expositions,—I think it was the Pan-American at Buffalo,—the committee's appeal for etchings met with no response whatever. This marks the low tide. At the American Water Color Society's 1906 Exhibition, one gallery was hung with over a hundred recent etchings, which made a good and encouraging show, eleven of the exhibitors being new men. Mr. Smillie's pupils are doing some good work at the National Academy. Perhaps the tide has turned.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

By ALICIA VAN BUREN

LAST night into this quiet room you came
 And stood beside my couch, and called my name;
 And then my heart, which for one moment thrilled
 With old-time joy, once more, alas! was filled
 With pain, for as I stretched my hand to where
 You stood, I woke and found you were not there.

But some day, dearest, some day when I take
 The last earth-sleep, you'll greet me as I wake,
 And press my lips, and, holding fast my hand,
 Will safely lead me to your own far land.

UNCLE SAM, OWNING AND OPERATING

BY HAROLD BOLCE

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL COLLINS



WHenever an advocate speaks, or a political platform resolves either for or against an extension of the national functions into government ownership of public utilities, a certain few of these utilities come to mind as the probable object of first attention. Certainly government ownership of railways, telegraphs, and telephones, and the operation of savings banks by the Post Office Department, would appear early in the list to be discussed. Every session of Congress sees one or more of these proposed, and doomed to oblivion.

All projects that are supposed to savor of socialism have been denounced by the mighty in the seats of authority, defeated in Congress, and spurned from political platforms. It is, therefore, a startling revelation that while practical men have been decrying government ownership as something impossible in this Republic, unless we chose to change the whole spirit and character of the government, the federal hand has reached out and has either purchased or established, and is operating transportation lines, telegraph, telephone, and cable systems, postal savings banks, cold-storage establishments, and many other utilities of a public character.

The government has gone quietly and persistently ahead and is now accomplishing effectively and with profit the things which millions of citizens have opposed as impracticable and a menace to individualism. Government ownership has not ushered in Arcady. But the railway fares, freight charges, steamship rates, telegraph, telephone, and cable tolls, cold storage, and other prices fixed by federal control have

been in a number of instances cut down from the schedule established by trusts.

Regardless of economic theories upon this subject, the facts are that Uncle Sam's ownership and operation of business have already assumed wide scope and undeniable significance.

UNCLE SAM'S TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SYSTEM

The United States Government now owns and operates one of the longest and most intricate commercial cable and telegraph systems in the world. This undertaking is the Washington-Alaska cable and telegraph system, uniting the cities of the United States and the world in general with the towns and cities of the Alaskan coast, the Yukon valley, and the region around Bering Straits.

A study of this colossal and successful project should satisfy the most skeptical that Uncle Sam has the capacity to construct and the ability to direct government telegraph lines. The government cables kept busy by the commercial interests between our cities and the communities in the remote regions of the Arctic would reach from Newfoundland to the Irish coast; the land lines would stretch from the national capital to New Mexico. Here is a government-owned and operated system of communication under the very Republic within which critics eloquently insist that federal ownership and control of public utilities is a chimerical policy which no friend of the nation can espouse.

It is frequently urged that one insurmountable obstacle against successful federal proprietorship and administration of such undertakings is that the red tape and inertia of the government would prevent federal

management from taking advantage of opportunity, and that the real service which the public demands can be supplied only by individuals and companies prompted to enterprise by the promise of profit.

As a matter of record, Uncle Sam's great cable and telegraph system has its northern ramifications through a wilderness, wild and trackless, over which many conservative engineers and men of business declared it would be impossible successfully to construct and operate a modern system of communication. Of the land lines in this system, 1,422 miles were built and are in successful operation in sections devoid of roads or trails.

For many years the laying down of long submarine cables had been intrusted to British experience, backed by the capital of that land. The cable operators of England were supposed to be the best, the cable machinery of that country peculiarly advanced, and the whole industry the result of more than a generation of virtual British monopoly.

It is significant of the scientific progress possible under federal management, that Uncle Sam's new style of ocean cable now in operation between Sitka and Seattle, a distance of 1,070 miles, and resting on the bed of the sea from one thousand to seventeen hundred fathoms deep, proved to be not only cheaper in cost of construction than any of the commercial cables devised for private companies, but to have a transmitting power greater by twenty-five per cent than the gutta-percha cables reaching under the Atlantic between Europe and the Western Hemisphere. The cable was manufactured in New Jersey, and had to be transported on a cable ship 12,000 miles around Cape Horn

before Uncle Sam, as promoter, began to pay the coil into the Pacific.

Despite the unpropitious physical conditions, there has been but one interruption of the Seattle-Sitka section of 1,072 miles, and but one in the Sitka-Valdez cable of more than 600 miles. The first was caused by a dragging anchor in the bay near Port

Lawton, and the injury to the Valdez cable was caused by a humplacked whale that got tangled in the coil and killed itself in efforts to escape.

Under Norton Sound the cable was ground away by icebergs, nor could the line be permanently maintained. Theoretically under the ponderousness of government ownership, a project defeated by the eternal crunching of polar ice would have been abandoned. Instead, federal enterprise erected wireless towers on the opposite shores of

Norton Sound, 107 miles apart, and to-day the cable, the wireless section, and the land lines are operated as a harmonious whole.

Uncle Sam takes pride in reporting that his has been the only long wireless system in the world operated as part of a telegraph system, engaged in commercial business. More than a million words per annum are sent across that sea in the far north, and are then transmitted to cable and telegraph lines connected with various parts of the world. The success of the United States as the owner and operator of a great telegraph system is attested by the fact that although thousands of the messages are couched in commercial codes, the wireless section has not a single error charged against its record.

An argument constantly reiterated is that genius serving the government is not kindled into great usefulness. The resourcefulness



"President and general manager."

of official operators has been conspicuously displayed in making our wireless system in the region of the Arctic immune from electrical storms and all conditions of weather and ice. A sergeant serving as operator has perfected a new device increasing the sending capacity by wireless from fifteen to thirty words a minute. It is obvious that private corporations have not succeeded in monopolizing the mechanical genius in the United States.

Many instances have been cited to prove that the American government cannot construct a plant for a great enterprise as economically as a private company can. The cost of constructing the 2,347 miles of Uncle Sam's submarine cable was \$1,144,907. In the United States to-day a similar enterprise by a private corporation would involve an expenditure twenty per cent greater than the government's outlay in constructing the line under the Pacific to our far territory in the Northwest.

The great federal system making the commerce of the commonwealth and Alaska one, has been in operation for three years, and the statement of the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army is that Uncle Sam's cable is "commercially worth more to-day than it has cost the United States."

There is not throughout the world a more complete vindication of the feasibility of federal ownership. In every detail the colossal project has been engineered by the government. The system was constructed under the supervision of officers of the army and in the main the labor was performed by soldiers.

In the statement of the cost of Uncle Sam's big commercial enterprise the sums expended for the transportation, subsistence, clothing, and pay of the

members of the army engaged were included, and even on this basis it is found that the federal economy in building the line is a model worthy of study by competing companies.

The results of the government's system have been witnessed by a marked increase in the industries of Alaska and in the commerce between that territory and the United States. Every month tolls amounting to \$10,000 are paid by commercial firms for messages forwarded by the government between Seattle and Alaska. The government's total revenue in the year from commercial interests using the federal wires is about \$200,000, and is rapidly being augmented. Uncle Sam publishes his telegraph and cable rates and enterprisingly calls attention to the fact that his tariff for cables is below the rates charged by cable lines in other parts of the world, and that the telegraph rates on land are four fifths lower than those charged by competing commercial telegraph and telephone systems in Alaska.

A very paternal feature of the government's embarkation in the telegraph and cable business is the publication of press bulletins, containing the cabled news from all parts of the world. All the day's important happenings of the globe now reach Alaska and, transmitted part way by wireless, are discussed in the streets of Nome by 6 P.M.

UNCLE SAM'S STEAMSHIP LINE

If anyone is still unconvinced that Uncle Sam can make a success of federal management of every-day affairs it is but necessary to make a pilgrimage to 22 State Street, New York City, and visit the offices of an ocean steamship line owned and operated by the United States Government.



"Laying the cable in the Pacific."

This line, between New York City and Panama, connects there with a railway, a busy and successful one, running from sea to sea, and likewise owned and operated by the government. The New York offices of Uncle Sam's steamship company are conducted in a thoroughly up-to-date manner.

The government issues folders, maps, circulars containing dates of sailings, alluring descriptions of the ports touched by the government steamers, and in every way manifests a desire to increase passenger and freight traffic. There is no laxity and no impairment of efficiency. There has been no appointment of political incompetents.

The pier of Uncle Sam's Panama Railroad Steamship Line is at the foot of West Twenty-seventh Street, New York. The government has five passenger steamships fitted with electric light and wireless telegraphy.

There has been some alarm, more or less humorously expressed, that under the government operation of modern enterprises some of the conveniences, luxuries, and, at least, indulgences, would be cut out. Uncle Sam, among the advertised attractions of his steamships, announces that "wines, spirits, etc., of the best quality are provided on board at moderate prices." And in one of the steamship posters there is presented a picturesque street scene in Panama, the foreground made pleasing with a señorita in native dress, the drawing from the pen of a leading artist. It is clear that advertising has lost none of its piquancy under the direction of Uncle Sam.

In acquiring ownership of this steamship line, which is one of the assets of the Panama Railroad, the government, guided by the business standards of the day, retained in the steamship's employ every employee and

officer who had displayed efficiency in his work. But a new impetus was given to the operation of the line. In 1904 the freight earnings of the steamship system were \$788,082. In 1905 they rose to \$1,032,639. In 1906 Uncle Sam's steamship line was peculiarly burdened by being compelled to carry passengers and freight at lower rates fixed by executive order. Notwithstanding this, the total earnings of the federal steamship line were \$1,347,012.

In other words, under Uncle Sam's ownership and operation the steamship line between New York and Panama has earned more than it ever did under private ownership! And I was assured by the officials in Uncle Sam's

steamship offices in New York that the completed records of the earnings in 1907 will eclipse the balance sheet of all previous years.

Uncle Sam, having thus successfully conducted a line of steamers down the Atlantic and through the Caribbean, might surely be capable of operating federal lines connecting our Atlantic coast with Europe, and the ports of the Pacific with Yokohama, Hongkong, Sydney, and Singapore.

UNCLE SAM A RAILROAD OWNER

A formidable literature has been developed against government ownership of railways. In defiance of all advice Uncle Sam has made an interesting and successful beginning in his ownership and operation of the Panama Railroad, running from Colon on the Atlantic side to Panama on the Pacific.

Before the United States Government undertook the management of this property the importance of transisthmian railways as commercial possibilities had been overlooked. On the Panama Railroad the service was



"The ability to direct telegraph lines."



"There are federal meat markets."

antiquated and totally unsuited to the volume of business awaiting enterprise to bring the line up to date. There was not one adequate station and with but two telegraph operators between terminals, a train order sent over the wires consumed twenty-four hours in reaching its destination! The facilities at the ocean terminals were a farce, and at the time the United States acquired ownership of the road, great quantities of merchandise were piled up at both ends of the line.

Uncle Sam has transformed the Panama Railroad. The yards and docks and warehouses constructed, and the mechanical instruments of loading and unloading introduced, have reduced the cost of handling consignments to a rate lower than is charged by any transportation company in any port of the world, while the rate of speed in transferring cargoes from steamships to the railway is not exceeded in any country.

In addition to handling the incredible volume of traffic growing out of the government's construction of the Canal, Uncle Sam's Panama Railroad is now delivering merchandise in such quantities and so expedi-

tiously at Panama that the private steamship lines on the Pacific are unable to carry it away. Clearly, government ownership of this transportation system has inflicted no paralysis upon commerce.

The total earnings of the American Government's sea-to-sea railroad at Panama in 1906 reveal an increase of \$311,990, or 13.81 per cent over the previous year. Every member of the Board of Directors of the Panama Railroad Company and the steamship line are employees of the United States Government. Their salary is fixed, and they do not profit from the increased earnings of the company. According to all our economic fears, such a condition should result in administrative laxity. On the contrary, the vigor of enterprise displayed in the management of both these transportation systems is an object lesson to the direction of private lines throughout the United States and of the steamship systems that touch our ports.

UNCLE SAM'S SAVINGS BANK

Congress has defeated repeated efforts to establish in the nation a postal savings bank system. But, while the "safe and sane" have thus imagined they have averted a movement toward socialism, and while financiers have been vigorously denying the possible workings of such a chain of federal banks, the United States Government has introduced in the Philippines an innovation which converts every post office in the archipelago into a savings bank.

The Philippine Commission in reviewing this American departure in government ownership calls it "one of the most important pieces of legislation ever enacted by the United States."

This was done even while the government was abolishing the very excellent postal savings bank system of Hawaii which existed when we annexed that island republic.

Uncle Sam in his new daring and economic insight has not only established these postal savings banks but has issued an essay for circulation among the Filipino people, admonishing them to cultivate habits of thrift and to deposit their savings in these government banks. Emphasis is placed upon the fact that there is absolutely no danger of loss, as sometimes there is when private banks close their doors.

On all deposits, interest at the rate of two and one half per cent is paid. Here is a paragraph from Uncle Sam's bank bulletin:

Saving is one of the basic principles of our civilization. Without saving something for the morrow, no race of people would ever have risen out of their primitive savagery. . . . Recognizing that the two most essential elements making toward the progress of the people are labor and saving, and that the former avails little without the latter, the government has provided for the establishment of postal savings banks. . . . The service of these banks is free to all.

There is much in the opening statement in this prospectus of the banks recently established by government order which shows that Uncle Sam, far more than the conservatives in Congress imagine, has been devoting himself to political economy.

The advertisement tells of the powers of capital and proceeds to give definite instructions regarding the method of making deposits in the postal savings banks.

In the first place, the government guarantees to return all money with interest when the deposits are needed. The Post Office Department issues postal savings bank stamps in various denominations. Every postal savings bank in the Philippine Islands sells the stamps. The depositor purchases these stamps and pastes them on cards supplied without charge.

The blanks are so arranged that, when filled, the card is worth one peso. Unused and uncanceled savings stamps are redeemable in postage stamps. Any person six years of age, resident in the archipelago, may open an account, and anyone at the head of a family or over twenty-three years of age can make deposits in the name of a minor or anyone else. Special provisions enable benevolent and provident organizations to make deposits.

The postal savings banks are divided into first, second, and third class, the first receiving deposits to any amount, the second limiting deposits at one time. The third-class savings banks receive deposits only through postal savings bank stamp cards. Deposits made at one postal savings bank can be withdrawn from any other government bank in the Philippine Islands.

Proper safeguards are placed around the system, and provision against reckless withdrawals and disturbance of confidence has been made. In April, 1907, the United States gave the Philippine Commission new

authority in investing the savings of the people so that this money may return to circulation and benefit the public.

GOVERNMENT-OWNED PACKING HOUSES

The federal government has had in the Philippines a free field for the inauguration of experiments in government ownership. There, as in Porto Rico, Alaska, Hawaii, and other territorial possessions, the mere catalogue of business undertakings under the administration of the government would fill pages of a magazine. The truth is that, while we in this country are still discussing the possibility of these things, they are being done in our remoter possessions.

Included in these important departures are federal slaughter houses and cold-storage plants. And Uncle Sam is actually engaged in delivering meat from the official abattoirs to the various markets. Thirteen of the cities of the Philippines increased their revenues from slaughter houses conducted according to Uncle Sam's up-to-date ideas in sanitation. The government's cold-storage industry in Manila is an economic revelation. Space in it is leased at reasonable rates to the people.



"Uncle Sam went out in the saddle."

The revenues grew from 839.76 pesos in 1904 to 36,925.83 pesos in 1905, making a gain of more than 36,000 pesos.

"Meanwhile," says the Secretary of Finance and Justice, "the public has been largely benefited because the only cold-storage plant in the business, aside from the government's, was heretofore able to maintain a monopoly in the price of meats, imported fruits and vegetables.

"Other business establishments have now engaged in competition, making use of the government cold-storage space, and the prices of those essentials to wholesome living are now about three fifths of what they were one year ago."

He says that while one private establishment has lost a portion of its profits, "the great consuming public has been very largely benefited."

There has also been a marked increase in the sales of ice, the people spending for the government's supply 40,486.52 pesos more than in the previous year. The rates were the same as those charged by the private plants, but there was an assurance of purity in the federal ice that has made it extremely popular. Tropical thirst has also been slaked by great quantities of distilled water obtained from the government's retorts. The net earnings from Uncle Sam's ice works in 1906 in the city of Manila paid for the entire cost of the plant.

If under the tropic heat of our Asiatic islands Uncle Sam with great success conducts cold-storage plants, bringing down the price of meats and vegetables consumed by the public, it is a reasonable assumption that federal ownership and administration could be extended along similar lines over a continent living in the temperate zone, in whose hundreds of rivers and lakes Nature in winter piles up prodigal quantities of ice.

TELEGRAPHS IN THE TROPICS

Uncle Sam has demonstrated his ability to triumph over Arctic conditions in establishing telegraph communication for commerce. Equally significant has been the federal success in constructing cable and telegraph lines in the tropics.

One section of the government telegraph in the Philippines, running from Tukuran to Lintogoup, although but twenty miles long,

was constructed through a piece of country so difficult to travel that every pioneer lineman who made the round had to be carried to a hospital. Great difficulties were overcome in laying the federal cables, for chafing over the coral reefs cut the strands. Fierce tropical lightnings injured the cable boxes, and in one instance sharks ate the insulation from the wires.

Conquering all obstacles, Uncle Sam now operates 6,322 miles of land lines in the archipelago and 1,437 miles of cable. In addition the United States Signal Corps operates twenty-four telephone systems in

the islands, containing 481 telephones and 378 miles of line. All these facilities are open to the people.

The rate for telegrams throughout the Archipelago is three cents a word. This is irrespective of distance, so that the inhabitant most remote from the center of civilization pays no more to communicate with the capital than does a man in the suburbs, exactly as is the case with mail and the postage rate in the United States.

The postal system has been made greatly to serve in the sending of telegrams, for payment is now made in postage stamps attached to



"The sale took place at auction."

the telegraph blank. The report comes from all parts of the island that the stamp system for sending telegrams is proving highly satisfactory. The total receipts for 1906 exceeded those of the previous year by nearly \$30,000.

From Zamboanga to Jolo, a distance of 107 miles, the rush of ocean currents over the coral beds made the maintenance of a cable impossible without constant repairs, which the cable ship was compelled to make. In the latter part of 1905, therefore, Uncle Sam substituted a wireless plant. And while the towers were being built, the government anticipated the expansion of business they would produce, and built connecting telegraph and telephone lines radiating to many towns.

No one and no condition on the American continent could interpose anything like the difficulties the government had to surmount in establishing telegraph, telephone, and cable lines in the Philippines satisfactory to the increasing commerce of the islands.

With savings banks, telephone, telegraph and cable systems, all under postal authority, the test is a comprehensive one.

THE FEDERAL WATERING PLACE

As a preliminary to establishing a government Carlsbad, Uncle Sam went out in the saddle to the mountains of Benguet, in the Philippines, and, finding a suitable area where the neighboring waters were abundant, staked out a township, and then began to advertise the lots. It was announced that the sale would take place at public auction.

It was provided in a most paternal way that all the money raised at this federal sale of real estate should go into a fund to be expended in improving and beautifying the resort.

The prospectus dwelt glowingly upon the salubrious climate of the location, where the temperature is as low at times as 41 degrees Fahrenheit, and where the highest mean monthly temperature is 74. And this place, Baguio, has now become to the Philippines what Simla is to India.

As a press agent, Uncle Sam does not have to study the legends on our dead walls, and he can write effective "ads" without going to real estate offices for instruction.

The American Government's spa has developed into a most attractive place of refuge from the tropic torments of the valleys and the coasts. The fact that a greater number of citizens go there every year from the torrid lowlands indicates that the federal power knows how to appeal to the public.

Rooms in the government's mountain sanita-

rium have been so arranged that patrons can sleep in the fresh air. Pure mountain water is pumped into a 3,000-gallon tank, constructed on the top of a tower on the hillside above the buildings, and piped to all the rooms in the establishment, and to the federal cottages, which dot the government's park.

Official engineers surveyed and public capital financed the Benguet road, and members of Philippine society are now informed by the government that they can leave Manila on the morning train and, alighting at Twin Peaks, travel in a *carromata*



"Uncle Sam's spa was opened in 1902."

along a national boulevard that runs through beautiful scenery to the watering place at Baguio. The official advertisement of this alluring place is enough to make almost anyone abandon his employments and flee to the delectable mountain.

Undeniably Uncle Sam has succeeded in making health beckon to the people, and it is not strange that the government, backing up its prospectus with all the latest conveniences of a sanitarium and resort, has been able constantly to multiply the number of its patrons.

Uncle Sam's spa was opened in 1902. From February to June of that year there were thirty-eight guests. In 1903 there were 130. In 1904 there were 204, and in 1905 the number rose to 667.

The Philippines have proved a trying-out ground for numberless additional government activities which we, on our conservative continent, have imagined to be beyond the ability of federal resourcefulness. In those islands there are tenants on government farms, and in Manila government tenements are rented to workingmen. In Manila the government publishes a newspaper in which every utterance is inspired. In that city it has also a popular monthly scientific magazine. The publication boasts paid subscribers in all parts of the globe, and is using all the arts of advertising to increase its circulation and popularity. In many of the islands of the archipelago the government has established trading stores. Ambulating libraries circulate through the islands, with Uncle Sam as librarian, and there are government sawmills in the Philippines.

UNCLE SAM IN PORTO RICO

The government is operating telegraph and telephone lines in Porto Rico, and the use of this system by business interests has proved from the start so profitable an investment that Uncle Sam a few months ago ordered that the price of telegrams be reduced. The smallest towns in the most remote part of the island have been connected by the telephone with telegraph stations, and the government receives messages over the 'phones and transmits them by telegraph at low rates.

A long-distance telephone service between San Juan and Ponce and intermediate towns, which was long needed by mercantile interests, promises to be of great benefit to the island and a valuable source of revenue to Uncle Sam.

In March, 1906, under authority of the United States the insular government of Porto Rico issued \$1,000,000 worth of bonds to construct wagon roads throughout the island. The money is being devoted to the construction of uncompleted portions of a system of roads which now crisscross the whole country and are exerting a wonderful influence upon its agricultural prosperity. Uncle Sam now owns and maintains 805 kilometers of highway in Porto Rico.

The new spirit of government efficiency has been displayed in the construction of these public roads. Private firms were charging \$8 per cubic meter for masonry work. The government engineers introduced a dry masonry which they are able to install at \$2 per cubic meter. The private estimate for building twenty-one kilometers on the Jayuya-Alto de la Bandera road was \$165,075. Putting in the same width and depth of macadam, Uncle Sam found that he could do the work for \$50,000. The cost is still further reduced in some instances through the coöperation of farmers who furnish free transportation of materials and without charge place carts at the disposal of the government road builders.

To the list that has been indicated in the foregoing pages, scores of other citations might be added, even to a wearisome length. Free seed distribution, weather reports, maintenance of national parks and reserves where scenic beauty or hot springs entice the tourist, free hospitals and sanitariums for soldiers, sailors, lepers and other afflicted ones, and a host of other manifestations of paternalism, might be fairly included. But it is not paternalism that is the present subject. It is rather a study of the fact that we have already assumed many of the important economic functions in transportation, banking, and telegraph, and those larger activities that every year are a subject of discussion, proposal, and attempted legislation.

THE LOVE OF NOR-SEMBAH AND HAKIF BEY

By DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



ROSES and lilacs in great quantities were sent in, by numerous households of the vicinity, to Selim Pasha's harem. The old family brocades were thrown over the chairs. Silk rugs were gracing the balustrades and banisters. Big branches of leaves decorated the walls of the vestibule, while pots of gay flowers placed on either side of the staircase added to the general festive appearance of the house. Also, all the members of the household, from the Validé to the most insignificant slave, were dressed in gala costume. For Hakif Bey, the oldest son of the family, was arriving with his young wife and child.

Immediately after the midday meal, and in spite of the heat, while Selim Pasha's other two wives and I, with their slaves, were drinking cooling drinks, dressed in the thinnest of garments, the Validé and Djimlah and several of their slaves took their seats in the large springless carriage, made comfortable with soft cushions, and went to meet the expected members of the family.

A few hours later the young wife was brought to the house—not in the springless wagon, nor yet in a brougham, but in a sedan chair. The surprise I felt at this was greatly increased by the sight of the young man whom I rightly took to be her husband, walking in the heat by the side of her chair, bare-headed, his fez in his hand, almost as if he were following the dead. I had known that the young wife was ill, but the festive air of the household had deceived me, even though I knew the Turkish custom of putting on their gayest attire at the death of their dear ones. Yet on the countenance of this fezless youth there could be no dissimulation of his sorrow.

Though we were all quite anxious to see the young wife, whose beauty was renowned, we had to be content with the announcement that she would see some of us on the morrow.

That evening when I went into Djimlah's apartment, I found her nursing the young baby of Nor-Sembah Hanum, and heard her murmuring these words: "You poor little fading blossom, you dear bedraggled lamb, they even forget you, do they? I will be mother to you, little blossom of Allah."

I sat quietly waiting till the slave should come to take away the baby, after it should be fed, knowing the superstition Turkish women have about being distracted when they are performing this duty of motherhood.

"Djimlah," I asked, when she was at liberty to talk to me, "why were you nursing that baby? Is the mother very ill indeed?"

"Ill!" Djimlah cried; "she is dying. He is killing her."

"Who is killing her?" I asked.

Djimlah's big blue eyes looked at me in surprise and wonder. "Did not the Validé tell you?"

"No."

"Then I must tell you everything from the beginning so that you may understand it right. Hakif Bey—that is the Validé's son—met Nor-Sembah when she was visiting the Validé, who is a distant relative of her mother's. At that time, although she was fourteen and had already taken tchit-charf, which made her a woman, she was so frail and child-like that one was apt to regard her as not grown up. Besides, Hakif Bey had always been absolutely indifferent to women, and no one thought any harm could happen if he came into his mother's apartments, as he had always been in the habit of doing. He was devoted to the Validé, and his greatest pleas-

ure was to spend an hour reading to her or talking with her. In these meetings he met Nor-Sembah and fell so violently in love with her that the Validé had to keep the child day and night by her side for fear of his stealing her and making her his own. It was a very difficult task, since Nor-Sembah was also in love with Hakif and quite hard to manage."

"But why didn't they marry?" I asked. "Was Hakif too young?"

"No, indeed; he was seventeen. The objection was Nor-Sembah's delicate health. She had inherited weak lungs from her family, and her mother and the Validé did not think it wise to let her marry so young. They managed to send Hakif away to Asia Minor in an important position—for Hakif is very clever and very learned—and promised him that at the end of a year he could have his bride. I think what kept him quiet for the year was not so much that his position demanded all his attention—though he acquitted himself brilliantly and the Sultan praised him very much—as the feverish preparations he made to have a home for his bride. He had a lovely mansion built, with a bath house as pretty as that of his mother's. He not only furnished the house, but sent to Circassia and bought beautiful slaves and dancing girls. Being the first son, Selim Pasha gave him a handsome allowance, besides what he made as governor. So fervently did he work that at the end of the year everything was ready. Meanwhile the Validé and Nor-Sembah's mother did all they could to make the girl strong. But she was always the same, and the doctor said that, in addition to her illness, the child was lovesick; so when, at the end of the year, Hakif was here claiming her, they married them. You ought to have seen him when he arrived. He was like a hungry wolf. They could hardly keep him out of the haremlik.

"Many months passed after they married and went to Asia Minor, but not a word was heard from them; and finally Selim Pasha himself went there to find out what was happening. When he came back, he said—though he does not give his opinions often—that 'the children were loving each other too much to think of Allah or parents.' You know, yavroum, it is not right that mortals should love so fiercely. Evil spirits get jealous and cast the evil eye." Thus said Djimlah, educated in Western literature, yet in her heart as Eastern as any. "If he had loved her less she might have found strength in his

love, instead of death. When word came that Nor-Sembah was blessed with Allah's greetings and was about to be a mother, there were tears and cries in two households; for the doctor had said that a child would mean death to the frail mother. Nor-Sembah's father was wild, because she was his only daughter, and he loved her as one loves the blood of one's veins. He stormed and raged and insisted that Nor-Sembah be brought right back to him. But that was impossible, since Nor-Sembah could not be moved; and besides, for nothing in the world would Hakif allow anyone to be near her except himself. Zafar Pasha—that is her father—took the doctors that Hakif had sent to Constantinople for, and went with them to Asia, and insisted that after the child was born she should be brought here.

"Young people are crazy!" Djimlah, of twenty-four years' experience, interrupted her story to exclaim with scornful emphasis. "Do you know that both Nor-Sembah and Hakif grudge every minute they give to anyone except each other? She does not even look at her child. One would say that the glorious sun rises and sets in Hakif Bey."

"But would it not have been better for the girl to have stayed at home, since she had good medical treatment?" I asked.

"It might, if they could have been trusted," Djimlah answered; "but they were brought here because they are going to be separated."

"What?" I almost screamed.

"Yes," Djimlah said quietly, "they are going to separate them, and I am going to take care of the child and nurse it with my little one."

"To separate them simply because they love each other," I repeated, horrified; "why, it is inhuman!"

For the first time during my sojourn in the harems I had to face Oriental barbarism. I almost hated them, and the laws that gave to parents such power over their children.

"It may seem inhuman to you, but it is the only human thing to do, under the circumstances," Djimlah went on, unruffled. "When a man does not know how to love his wife, then the parents have to come in and teach him. Anyway, Nor-Sembah was born to be a fairy, a lily, not a wife. She is a woman's breath, not a real woman. Allah, one spring day, must have made a beautiful dream, and out of that vision must have come Nor-Sembah; but she was never created for the earth.

She is so wonderful that you want to pray before her. Wait till you see her, you who worship beauty, and who think that Aishé Hanum and I are beautiful."

"But, Djimlah, dear, will he consent to the separation?"

"He will have to. They are going to make him marry a widow slave of about thirty-five. Word has been sent out already to the various harems, and by to-morrow pretty slaves will be coming in."

"But it might kill Nor-Sembah to have him take another wife, since she, too, is so much in love with him."

"No, indeed, because she knows that it is only a temporary marriage. At the end of a year Hakif will be separated from the slave, giving her a large sum of money, and then he will again be given back his wife—stronger by that time, let us hope. That is why they give him a woman of about thirty-five, so that there will be no children to make the marriage binding."

"And will he consent to this most Oriental of arrangements?" I could not help asking.

"He will have to," was the decisive reply. "Everything is arranged. He will either have to do this, or his marriage will be annulled. The old people have seen to everything."

I was so much disgusted that I could hardly keep from telling Djimlah what I thought of the whole arrangement.

"Don't be a sentimental fool, little blossom," she adjured me, evidently reading my thoughts. "What the old people want to do is to save her and him, if they can. Besides, he must learn to love his wife for her—not for himself alone, as he is doing now."

That night I had the most distressing nightmares. Now I dreamed that I was Nor-Sembah, and again that I was the slave, and sometimes I was both in one. I never welcomed the daylight with more pleasure than I did the next morning. At the same time I felt for the first time in my relations with the Turks that I was glad not to be one of them.

I was very impatient to see the girl about whose happiness I was so much concerned. After I had had my bath and breakfast, Kondjé told me in a semi-whisper that the Validé invited me to go to her sitting room.

"Is Hanum Nor-Sembah there?" I asked.

Kondjé put her brownish hands to her breast and exclaimed: "Oh! honored hanum, how you will love her! you, who, like us, love beautiful people so much." She opened her

eyes wide, as if to accentuate what she was going to say next, and extended her hands upwards as she did when in prayer. "She is a white jasmine! She is the morning dew on the roses! She is Allah's own prayer!" Kondjé was really so moved at the thought of Nor-Sembah's beauty that she was trembling.

I went down to the garden and carefully chose the prettiest rose I could find, and with my little offering went into the sitting room.

The Validé rose from her seat near the girl and came over to greet me. First she presented me to the girl's mother, then to the girl herself, lying on her couch, and then to Hakif Bey, who was sitting by the side of his wife, holding her hand.

I went to the couch, took one of the young woman's hands, and kissed it, giving her my rose. She smiled at me, without saying a word. I took a seat near her, and do what I could, it was impossible for me not to stare at her. Djimlah had said the truth, the child seemed to be of divine origin. Her beauty was quite unearthly. I could see how one could become mad for love of her, though she was not really a woman even now, being undeveloped, like a child. Standing up she would probably have been taller than the average, but lying on her couch she looked so fairy-like, so frail! Her skin was so transparent that her veins showed in fine blue lines. Her eyes were very large and almond-shaped, and shaded by jet black lashes. Her nose and mouth were of pure Greek modeling—indeed, there was not one flaw to be found in her appearance. She was dressed in a soft brocade of cream color, embroidered in pale blue flowers. Though I knew that she was quite ill there was nothing of the sick person about her. Her gown was cut low at the neck in V-form, displaying her delicate throat, which was like the stem of a flower, as the Validé put it. Her wavy, blue-black hair, in two long braids, lay on her breast.

The longer I looked at her the more I realized that what really made her so beautiful was neither her wonderful skin, nor the exquisite modeling of her face, but a flower-like candor, and an indescribable purity that emanated from her whole personality.

It has always been a mystery to me that the Turks, who can produce such types of purity as we can hardly conceive of in our Western civilization, should be supposed by us to be

voluptuous and sensual. Quite often in looking at certain children of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races, I find myself wondering what kind of love could have given them birth, so animal-like are they in expression and deportment. With the ordinary Turkish child it is quite different. Often on meeting a group of them, and especially of little girls, I have stopped and watched them with pleasure, because they looked so pure, so simple, above all so childlike.

One day when I was wondering on this subject, I asked the Validé, with whom I happened to be, whether the children reflected the fathers or the mothers more.

"A child is neither its father nor its mother," she answered me. "Children are either the products of the highest type of love—a divine conception almost—or of an intellectual love almost as high; or else they are mere animal creations, or, lower yet, the results of evil and voluptuous desires."

The Latin races will talk of the sexual relation of men and women in a way to take from it all sanctity, all poetry, all romance. The Anglo-Saxons seldom touch on the subject, for it is something not to be mentioned. The high-minded Oriental, differing from both, will speak of it freely, either with reverence, as one does of religion, or with poetic feeling, as one does of the coming of the spring or the babbling of the brook. It is to him either big and overwhelming, as one's faith toward one's God, or lighter, but very exquisite.

The Validé, that day, while we sat amid the pine trees, spoke about human love with a mysticism and reverence as if she were in the presence of the great Allah in whom she believed so fervently. Whether her ideas were taken from some Eastern book or belief of which I had never heard, or whether they were her own, I do not know.

"When two human beings come together, yavroum, some motive brings them together. Generally the motive is love; but love, like every other thing in life, has its degrees. The highest of all is the unconscious offering of one's heart not to the man or the woman as an individual, but to the man or woman as the earthly incarnation of the deity of love. This is the highest love, and the children that spring from that love must be perfect. This must have been the way we were first created, and the mortal sin which our ancestors committed, I believe, was when they forgot this

conception of love and degraded what was once a divine conception into a mere physical relation. However, I believe that we still retain the divine spark within us, and that it may be rekindled, and that the children born from such a love are our perfect human beings. Such a birth must have had our prophet, and your prophet, and all the prophets that have lived in the history of the world.

"But the majority of people marry from motives other than the highest love. If these motives be social or mercenary, the children born from such unions are the indifferent human beings one sees. There are motives even baser, and from these we have the moral and physical cripples. Perhaps this thought may have been in the minds of the ancient Greeks when they condemned the physically crippled children to death. The moral cripples they could not know till they grew up."

This conversation with the Validé came back to me as I was looking in speechless admiration at the exquisite beauty of Nor-Sembah. From my reverie the sick girl's voice awakened me. It was the voice one might have expected from such a perfect creature.

"The Validé tells me that if I ask you, you will read me a little of the French poetry."

From under her pillow she drew a volume of Victor Hugo's "*Feuilles d'Automne*," and thus, thanks to French poetry, I saw a little more of the girl than I otherwise should. While I was reading to her, the young husband sat watching his wife. It might have been my imagination, but I had the feeling that the intensity of his gaze tired her, that had he gone out she would have rested better.

The next day I went to read to Nor-Sembah again, as I had promised. In the sitting room, on this day, there were the two fathers, in addition to the two mothers and the young husband. I started to leave the room, when I saw them all there, but the Validé and the young wife asked me to stay, and though, afterwards, I would have given a good deal not to have been there, it was my fate to be present at the only disagreeable scene I witnessed during my stay among the harems, and one which seemed to me quite at variance with their great ideas of love.

A buxom, good-looking slave came into the room, magnificently dressed, and offered us some sweets from a tray she was carrying. With the exception of Hakif Bey we all took

some, and Nor-Sembah raised her head a little and followed with her eyes the movements of the slave. Hakif Bey not only did not take any sweets, but while the slave was in the room, kept his eyes fixed on the garden. Nor did he turn his head once, while slave after slave came into the room on various pretexts. At last, when all had come and gone, like dress models in a Parisian shop, Selim Pasha came up to his son and taking his chin in his hand looked into his eyes.

"As you like, my son, as you like," he said. "If you do not choose for yourself, we shall be compelled to choose for you. As you like, I say again."

Hakif Bey's face was dark with resentment. "Why do you expect me to want another wife, when my heart is filled with one only? I shall do what you want me to: I shall go away—but let me at least go alone. Why must I have another woman?"

"Because her womanly sympathy may make the year of waiting easier for you," the older man said very kindly indeed. "There is no need, my boy, for your ever seeing her. But the human heart is weak and craves for sympathy. We want to provide against that."

Hakif Bey was about to reply angrily. One could see that from his face, and from the way he drew his head away from his father's hand. But here Nor-Sembah interfered. With a quick movement she laid her head on his shoulder and took one of his hands in hers, while with the other she grasped the older man's robe.

"Father," she implored, "let little Nor-Sembah choose for her lord. It will make her so very happy to find him a good woman who will be near him while she is getting stronger. I will take some days about it, and I will make sure that it is a good woman—but I will do it, father; trust little Nor-Sembah!"

She smiled so sweetly and so bravely that I knew her cause was won. The older man kissed her and left the room.

That afternoon I went with the Validé to a shrine where she was going to pray. With us was only one other slave besides the eunuch. After the prayer was over we went to a little brook to have our luncheon, while the horses were resting. After luncheon the slave lay down under a big tree and went to sleep, and the eunuch drew off a little way, yet keeping us under his protecting eye. The Validé and

I took off our shoes and stockings and put our feet in the brook, and then took our work from our bags and began to sew. Thus do the Turkish women often sit for hours at a time.

"What do you think of my boy, Hakif Bey?" she asked, after she had taken a few stitches on her embroidery.

"I think he is a splendid fellow," I answered sincerely.

"Does he look to you as if he could stand his earthly sorrow like a man?"

"Do you mean the cruel separation you are all preparing for him?" I asked, hotly.

"There! there! little one, don't get excited. We are doing our best."

"Suppose," I cried, indignantly, "suppose the girl dies while he is away—what then?"

The Validé laid her work down in her lap, clasped her hands together, and said, ever so quietly: "Nor-Sembah is going to die, little one; the great doctor said so two days ago."

I was choking. "You mean to say that, knowing this, you are trying to send him away with another wife, and not let them be together during her last hours?"

"Though the great doctor said she was going to die, we still cling to the hope of saving her. Sometimes even great doctors can be mistaken. There is *gusel vereni* in the family, and hers developed three years ago. She was so happy when she first married that for a time the disease seemed to be checked. But the *gusel vereni* came back to her worse than before."

Gusel vereni is a disease that I have only heard of among the Turks. It is akin to our consumption, except that the patient loses nothing of her looks, and quite often seems to grow more beautiful as the end approaches, whence the name, which means "beautiful decline."

Notwithstanding the Validé's reasoning, I still pleaded with her. "Do not send him away, Validé; it might kill him, too."

"But we want to send him away to save him. If he stays here and she dies, he will kill himself. If he goes away, she might get well; and if she does not, we will not tell him for a year. We will take his child to him, and he may learn to love it, and for its sake care for life a little."

"But it is so cruel for her," I still persisted.

"No, no, yavroum, she does not suffer. She is earnestly looking for a good woman. She never thinks for an instant that she is

going to die. If the end comes, she will not even know it; for it comes very beautifully and quietly, almost always when the patient is asleep. All her family died like this. She has been very happy since her marriage, and all her life has been a sweet-scented spring."

When the day came for me to leave the harem, I was sorry. I wanted to stay and see the outcome of that little tragedy. I only knew Nor-Sembah slightly, but sometimes I wondered whether she had not assumed the task of finding a wife for her husband only in order to gain time; or whether it was with the idea that little by little he would get accustomed to the thought and choose one for himself. At any rate, when I left the household to go to Russia, a week or ten days later, the question was not yet settled, although she had seen a number of slaves and had had short talks with them.

My journey to Russia was very absorbing. I saw many strange scenes and met many interesting people; yet the Turkish lovers were constantly in my mind. Neither did I forget them on my return to Constantinople in the rush of getting off for America. I wrote a note to the Validé, and sent it by a messenger, who was to wait for an answer. The answer came from Aishé Hanum, the third wife of Selim Pasha, who told me that both the Validé and Djimlah were in the Stamboul home, where I could go to see them.

I broke a day's engagement, and set out for Stamboul. When I reached the house, the Validé's eunuch opened the door for me and ushered me in. I found the Validé in her room, but what a difference there was in her countenance! As soon as I saw her I knew that the girl was dead. I threw my arms around her and began to cry.

"Don't! don't, my child! Don't go against

Allah's wishes. Maybe they are happier than we know. Kismet!"

"They!" I cried.

"Sit down there, and I will tell you." In a voice which was dry from pain, and absolutely colorless, the Validé told me the end of the lovers.

"She only lived two weeks, after you went away. Allah took her to him very gently, and Hakif was at her side. He was very quiet and dutiful. He went about the place and chose a grave for her. She was fond of the sea and the pine trees, and he bought a piece of land with pines overlooking the Bosphorus. There they put her to sleep, and Hakif came quietly home. That night it rained hard and there was a summer storm. Hakif, in the middle of that stormy dark night and while everyone was in his own room, perhaps thought of the lonely little grave at the foot of the pine trees overlooking the Bosphorus. Perhaps her spirit came for him and called him to her. He saddled his horse himself, and went to sit with his wife in her new home.

"Early in the morning the gardener found the horse, without rider, outside his door. We hunted for Hakif everywhere. Then his father and I went to the little grave by the sea. There, lying on her grave, was Hakif, quite, quite dead."

"He killed himself?" I whispered.

"No! no! yavroum. The doctor said that after he was drenched by the rain, he probably fell asleep on the grave, and a chill killed him—but I know. Allah, in his supreme clemency, took him to his heart, and gave him back his bride, now cured from all earthly ills. And now by the foot of the pines, overlooking the Bosphorus, there is no longer a solitary little grave; for there is another that keeps it company."

THE TREE OF HOPE

By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

I PLANT a seed of Hope, and ere the tread
Of nimble-footed Day has run the hours,
The seed has grown a tree that woos the skies,
Its verdant branches starred with golden flowers.

THE ABSOLUTION OF JOHN SMITH

BY W. L. ALDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LEONARD



EVERYONE called him "John Smith" although he was a pure Greek, with a six-syllabled name of more than usual intricacy, and a beard two days old. It is one of the mysteries of Cairo, of which city John Smith had long been a resident, that no one ever sees a Greek of the local colony without a beard of precisely two days' growth. A German scientific person once devoted an entire day to the effort to explain this mystery, and finally announced the theory that the Cairene Greeks have divided themselves into two equal divisions; that the members of these two divisions shave on alternate days, and then keep themselves secluded until their beards have attained two days' growth. This theory would be entirely satisfactory had it any foundation in truth. But then the same may be said of many excellent theories.

John Smith kept a combined drinking and gambling saloon in the particularly infamous street which leads from the Hotel Bristol to the neighborhood of the steamship and tourist company offices. In order to allure the British "Tommy" he placed over his door the legend "JOHN SMITH'S SOCIAL HOME." This naturally led people to call him John Smith, and with the exception of a few intimate friends, and the Greek consul, no one credited him with the possession of any other name. He had lived in various countries and spoke most of the languages that are heard along the Mediterranean with fearless fluency. He was of a cheerful and genial disposition, except when his temper was aroused, and he considered that robbery with violence was foolish when it could be accomplished peaceably and without attracting the attention of the police. His saloon was bright with electric light, and the beverages that he sold were

potent and deadly. In an inner room two confederates manipulated a roulette table with a ball that seemed possessed of an intelligence almost human in its selection of numbers adverse to the interests of players. When a customer had been sufficiently filled with alcoholic courage in the outer saloon, John Smith introduced him to the roulette room with, it is needless to say, results beneficial to Smith's flourishing exchequer.

The orderly character of Smith's saloon was exceptional. It was seldom that disturbances occurred either in the drinking or the gambling departments, and when they did occur, Smith seldom resorted to any stronger measure than that of stunning the disturber with a club. But one night a young German, who had lost heavily at roulette, and realized that he had been robbed, swept up the money that was on the table, knocked down the croupier with a chair, and then, brandishing the remains of the chair over his head, called upon Smith and his other assistant to come and be killed. Persuasion was lost on the infuriated German, and a battle ensued in the course of which John Smith, greatly to his subsequent regret, felt constrained to stab the German in the throat.

When it was certain that the breath had forever left the body of the German, Smith perceived that his career in Cairo was at an end. He had on several occasions been tried before the Greek consul for alleged offenses, but owing to the devoted and skillful perjuries committed by his friends, he had escaped serious punishment. But he knew that the consul believed him to be all that his worst enemies alleged, and that if he were tried for killing the German, his chances of escape would be small. Smith was a man of prompt decision and action. With the help of his assistants he carried the body of the German into a neighboring alley, and left it at the



"He carried the body of the German into a neighboring alley."

door of a rival saloon-keeper, of whose methods Smith heartily disapproved. Then having disinterred his money from a hiding place that he justly regarded as safer than the Greek bank, he took the early morning train for Port Said, where he found a steamer for Zanzibar, which soon carried him beyond the jurisdiction of the Egyptian Government. At Zanzibar he bought rum, tobacco, beads, calico, and other necessities of savage life,

and presently found his way to Uganda, where he selected a large village on the border of Unyoro and opened a store which was soon doing a brisk business with the natives.

Soon after Smith's arrival at the village another white man made his appearance. He was the Rev. Mr. Thomas, a young American missionary, filled with enthusiasm for the conversion of the natives and with dismay at the presence of the Greek trader,



“Won't you come inside my hut?”

whose trade rum kept the greater part of the villagers in a more or less advanced state of intoxication. Mr. Thomas had fancied that he would have nothing to contend with in the Uganda village except his ignorance of the language—an ignorance which he expected soon to overcome by diligent study. Then he would preach to the natives and make converts daily, who would love and revere him, and form a happy community of devout

disciples, properly clothed in the cast-off garments of America, and addicted to the expression of pious sentiments in broken English. But the presence of John Smith and his trade rum bade fair to blight the mission at its very start. Even if the Greek did not prove to be an active opponent of the missionary, his influence must be to the last degree demoralizing. Mr. Thomas foresaw that in all probability for every convert he might

make Smith would make at least two drunkards, and despair began to take the place of the enthusiasm with which Mr. Thomas had entered upon his missionary work.

The day after the missionary's arrival John Smith called on him and introduced himself as a fellow white man and Christian. "Very glad to see you," said Smith, warmly shaking the missionary's hand. "Me and you are pals. I help you in your trade, and you help me in mine. When these niggers trouble you just you tell me, and I'll attend to them q. p. d. as you Americans say."

"Thank you," said Mr. Thomas feebly. "Won't you come inside my hut? You will find it cooler there than it is here."

The two men entered the small dark hut

which the native women had built in a single day for the reception of the missionary. Outside the insects droned in the sun. The waving leaves of the palm trees threw flickering shadows on the floor of the hut. There were mats on the floor on which the men seated themselves; and when the Greek had relighted a cigarette Mr. Thomas said: "You tell me that you are a Christian. I am glad to know it. May I ask if you are a Protestant?"

"No," replied the Greek; "I'm Roman Catholic. Of course I was orthodox when I lived in Greece, but I changed my religion in Malta because it was good for business. Afterwards the English priest wanted me to take his religion, but it is foolish to change



"Do you then refuse to absolve me?"

religion too often. I don't change mine again till I go back to Greece; damfido."

"Don't swear, I beg," entreated the missionary.

"Swear!" exclaimed Smith. "I never swear unless I am angry, or what you call jolly, or something. You swear all the time, and then some day when you ought to swear good and strong it don't help you a bit. Besides I'm religious man, and not like these silly niggers."

"I hear that you sell rum to these poor natives," said Mr. Thomas. "Does not your conscience tell you that you are doing wrong?"

"But it is not bad rum," urged the Greek. "It is very best quality trade rum, and it doesn't kill like the German trade rum. Some men would sell anything to the niggers, but I'm honest man and my rum don't kill them."

"It makes beasts of them, and ruins them body and soul!" cried the missionary. "How can I do these poor wretches any good while you poison them, and make them a curse to themselves and their families?"

"But their families are just the same," protested Smith. "The women drink just as much as the men, and it will make you laugh to see the little boys and girls drunk. They are all very happy, and that will make them listen to you. If they were all sober they wouldn't like your religion. But I won't let them treat you rude, damfido."

The missionary sighed. It was evidently useless to appeal to John Smith's conscience, for he had none. He could not be made to understand that he was a stumbling block in the way of what he called the missionary's "trade," and, moreover, there was no reason to suppose that even had he understood

clearly the wickedness of his dealings with the natives he would, for a moment, have thought of giving up his lucrative business. What made the position still more painful was the fact that John Smith wanted to be friendly with the missionary, and the latter could hardly give the cold shoulder to a sinner who wished to be a friend, and was, besides, the only other white man in that savage region. Mr. Thomas changed the subject, and after asking Smith a few questions concerning the climate and the natives, excused himself from further conversation for the reason that he was really suffering from a headache.

The missionary had cherished a vague idea that almost immediately after his arrival in

Uganda he would assemble a congregation and begin his missionary work. But he found that he could do nothing until he had learned the language, and that the task was one of tremendous difficulty. During the greater part of the day he worked resolutely at the grammar and vocabulary of the Uganda dialect, but he made slow progress. His



"And knew that he had received what was almost certainly a fatal bite."



"Absolve te."

intercourse with the natives was confined almost exclusively to benevolent smiles and gestures that failed to convey any idea to the native mind, except that the missionary was manifesting drunkenness in a rather unusual way. He did not find the climate unpleasant, but the swarms of insects irritated him, and his constitutional fear of serpents kept him in constant dread of stepping on a deadly snake whenever he ventured out of his hut.

He said to himself that of course the day would come when he would be able to preach and teach, but in the meantime the Greek was bringing the entire village into a state of chronic drunkenness. Often as he sat in his hut and listened to the rustle of the wind in the palm trees, the distant whine of the hyena, the soft patter of bare feet on the hard earth, or the foolish laughter of drunken negroes, he asked himself if he had not made a grave mistake in coming to Africa, and if he could not have been far more useful at home. He once ventured to make this suggestion in the presence of John Smith, who now came to see him regularly every evening. "Now you speak sense!" replied Smith. "Why you want to preach to the niggers? They are only black beasts, and you don't make them white

by preaching. You come with me and be my partner. I like you, and we go to some bigger village where we double our trade, and make very much money."

Mr. Thomas had given up all attempt to bring the trader to a true knowledge of the nefarious nature of his occupation. There was nothing in the Greek's moral nature to which he could appeal. But although he knew him to be an utterly conscienceless scoundrel, he gradually grew to take a certain amount of pleasure in the man's society, and even to have an unmistakable liking for him. Smith was always cheerful and at times even affectionate. Occasionally he brought the missionary presents of coffee and sugar. Once he brought him several tins of meats, so obviously unwholesome that Mr. Thomas felt remorseful when he secretly risked the lives of the native dogs by giving them surreptitious mouthfuls of "prime tinned beef" and "delicious turtle soup." He could not return these favors except by offering Smith tracts printed in English, which Smith accepted with fervent gratitude, and read from beginning to end. Once Mr. Thomas asked him if he had really read a tract depicting the pains of future punishment. "Oh, yes!" re-

plied Smith. "I read him. I like him very much. It would be great fun to see some men I know down in Cairo burning up in that fire. I would go all the way to hell and back just to see the fun." Whereupon Mr. Thomas decided that tracts were not precisely adapted to the spiritual condition of John Smith.

In the eighth month of Mr. Thomas's residence in Uganda, when he had made sufficient progress in the language to ask a few questions of the natives, and to fail to comprehend in the smallest degree their answers, the plague made its appearance, having been brought from Khartoum by a fugitive dervish. In consequence of the unsanitary conditions in which the natives lived it made rapid progress, and its fatality was unusually great. Mr. Thomas visited the sick with courageous devotion. The medical book which formed part of his little library did not so much as mention plague, and the missionary, having no idea of the proper remedies for the disease, gave his patients quinine and antipyrine, accompanied with earnest prayer. The remedies, however, were not successful, and fully eighty per cent of those who were attacked with the disease died. Gradually the epidemic waned from lack of material on which to feed, and Mr. Thomas's spirits were beginning to rise when he himself was struck down by the disease.

The news was brought to the Greek, who hurried to the missionary's house armed with a bottle of brandy. "Don't you be scared one little dam lot," he said cheerfully as he stood over the sick man with the bottle under his arm and a tumbler two thirds full of brandy in his hand. "White men don't die of plague. You drink this and swear you won't die and you'll be all right. It's real brandy, not like what I sell. Drink it down and say just as loud and strong as you can, 'I won't die, damfido!' and I give you my sacredest wordonner you'll get well."

"But I can't use such words," the missionary said feebly.

"You do what I say," reiterated the Greek, "else I swear the roof off this hut."

Perhaps Mr. Thomas was not quite in his right mind. At any rate, the determination of the Greek dominated him. He drank the brandy and repeated the formula, "I won't die. Damfido!" and then sank back on the pillow, and was presently wholly overcome by the unaccustomed dose of brandy that he had taken.

"Now you go to sleep," said Smith, "and when you wake up the plague will be gone. I'll sit here and smoke. If a nigger wants rum this afternoon he'll have to wait. I take care of fellow Christian."

When Mr. Thomas awoke he was manifestly better. The Greek nursed him with tireless care until he was well enough to leave his bed. Then, delighted with his success as a physician, and with the fact that his friend was out of danger, he kissed him on both cheeks, and swore a joyous and complicated strain in his native language. Mr. Thomas was profoundly impressed with the care which the Greek had taken of him, and very nearly yielded to the temptation to return Smith's kiss. But he contented himself with saying that he would never forget his friend's kindness, and that henceforth he would do anything for him that an honest man might do. "That's all right," responded John Smith. "You the bulliest boy I know. I told you when you come here we'd be pals, and you see I was right."

But there was a shadow which darkened Mr. Thomas's days. It was the memory of the wicked words he had spoken at the dictation of the Greek. He could excuse himself for having drunk an excessive quantity of brandy on the plea that he had taken it medicinally, but he could not convince himself that he was guiltless in the matter of the profane language that he had used. He had done wrong and had disgraced his sacred profession. Nothing but public confession and repentance could expiate his fault.

He told John Smith that he had sinned, and that the Greek must act as interpreter while the sin was openly confessed in the presence of the villagers. Smith laughed and told him that the natives would not in the least understand such a confession. "But now," continued the Greek, "you are talking about confession, and I'm going to confess to you. There are ten years since I went to confession, and in ten years in Cairo you must commit a lot of sins. Everybody does. I confess to you now, and you absolve me. After that I confess every month so as not to have too much scored up against me."

"But I cannot absolve you," replied the missionary. "I am not a priest; and even if I were, no priest can forgive sins. You should confess to God and ask His forgiveness."

"But He wouldn't say '*Absolvo te,*' and

how would I know that my confession had done any good? No! you must confess me. You are priest, and it is your trade to hear confessions."

"I tell you," reiterated Mr. Thomas, "I am not a priest. I am a minister of the Gospel."

"That's all right," returned the Greek. "Priest or minister all the same thing. You good enough priest for me. Now I confess. You listen and you'll be amused."

And kneeling down by the missionary John Smith began his confession. He was perfectly honest in the matter. Such sins as he could remember among the quantity that had been committed during the previous ten years, he confessed to the dazed missionary. Among them was the murder of the German at Cairo; but that was by no means the worst of the long list of violations of every law of the decalogue. Mr. Thomas was at first inclined to believe that the man was playing with him, but he soon saw that he was in grim earnest, and he could not doubt the truth, horrible as it was, of his confession.

"And now, father!" concluded the Greek, "absolve me, and I shall be a new man."

"Are all these terrible things that you have told me really true?" asked the missionary.

"Oh, yes!" replied Smith. "What for should I accuse myself of things that I never did? You see now that I need very dam much to be absolved."

"I told you," said Mr. Thomas, "that I have no power to absolve you. No man can absolve another. You must look to God alone for pardon."

"Do you then refuse to absolve me?" demanded the Greek, rising to his feet.

"Of course I do," replied the missionary. "Oh! my poor benighted friend——"

"Enough!" cried the Greek. "You are not my friend. I confess everything, and then you refuse to help me. I want no such friend. You are more wicked than I am, for you have made me confess just like a policeman, and then who knows what you do with my confession? I have no more bother with you. Good-by."

The Greek strode away with a glitter in his eyes that, if it had been seen by any of his old Cairene acquaintances, would have made them reluctant to insure Mr. Thomas's life. But John Smith attempted no violence. He simply ignored the existence of the missionary; and when the latter twice called on him,

anxious to renew their acquaintance, he refused to see him.

In the tenth month of his sojourn in Uganda Mr. Thomas preached his first sermon. His command of the language was as yet imperfect, but he managed to express himself in a way that he believed to be intelligible. At any rate his little congregation listened courteously. When the service was over, Mr. Thomas, much pleased with himself, walked a little way from the village to meditate on the successful beginning of his work as a teacher. He took a narrow path that led into the thick bush. On either hand the lush tropical vegetation reached in a dense impenetrable mass higher than his head, while above, the spreading branches of the trees shut out the sun. Rapt in thought Mr. Thomas took little heed to his footsteps, and it was not until a sharp pain shot through the calf of his leg that he noticed an immense adder moving sluggishly from the path, and knew that he had received what was almost certainly a fatal bite.

He ran at the top of his speed to the Greek's house, and, bursting in at the door, cried: "I have been bitten by a puff adder! What shall I do? Is there any chance for me?"

Smith was in the act of shaving; and, startled by the presence and words of the missionary, he slightly cut his lip. He stood for an instant looking at the missionary, and wiping the soap and blood from his chin. Then he said: "Lie down on that bed and do what I say. I'll pull you through like what I did with the plague. You trust John Smith."

Taking his penknife, which possibly was rendered partially antiseptic by the tobacco stains with which it was covered, the Greek deeply scored the place where the mark of the snake's fangs were visible. Then, dropping on his knees, he applied his mouth to the wound.

"You must not do that!" cried the missionary. "You will sacrifice your life as well as mine."

"You lie still and I will take all the poison out of your leg," replied Smith. "When you take snake poison in your mouth it don't hurt unless it gets into the blood. You mind me. I won't let you die."

Mr. Thomas obeyed. The Greek persevered in his task for many minutes, and then announced that his patient was no longer in danger. "You feel pretty dam bad for a

good while," he said, "but you don't die. Without John Smith you would have been dead in two hours, but you think him bad man."

"I think you have many noble traits, and I beg you to give me back your friendship," cried the missionary. "You have done for me what no other man would have done."

"Not if he had cut his lip," answered the Greek with a smile. "If the poison has got into that cut John Smith will trade no more, and the niggers will have to be sober."

Already the Greek's face had taken on a strange color. In another half hour he was suffering acutely, but he was still cheerful and fearless.

"Now you absolve me," he said as death

drew close to him. "That will make me feel good, and it is such a little thing, you know."

"*Absolve te!*" said the missionary solemnly. "I say it to comfort you, my friend, but I have no power."

"That's all right," replied the Greek. "You my dear friend again, and I think you first-class priest. Say some masses for me after I'm gone, but I think I shall not have to stop long time in purgatory. *Damfido.*"

He died with perfect serenity, certain that the great majority of his sins, including the murder of the German, had been wiped out by the Methodist missionary; and the latter prayed by the bedside of the dead man for forgiveness, because he had used the blasphemous formula, "*Absolve te.*"

THE EXILE

By FREDERICK TRUESDELL

WHAT care I for the lees of life
When I have drunk the wine?
How should I take the grass to wife,
When Sweet Red Rose is mine?

Or, having danced the saraband
Within the palace gate,
And bent above the young queen's hand
In stolen tête-à-tête,

How should I stoop to meaner joy,
Carousing at the Inn—
A bar maid for my vulgar toy,
A heartache for my sin?

Nay—standing at the palace gate,
As any beggar might,
I'll sing my love song as I wait
Into the lonely night.

Perchance an echo of my voice
May find its way within,
And help her to some queenly choice
Where else a doubt had been.

While in some lull of music there,
A memory may rise
Of kisses on her royal hair,
And Love's lost Paradise.

THE SUFFRAGISTS' UPRISING

BY BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE



At the present time the woman's suffrage movement approaches the spectacular. That woman is, politically speaking, no longer an "outlander by predestination"—to borrow the picturesque phrase used recently by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister, before the House of Lords—may be appreciated by one sweeping glance over the world. With Finnish women—nineteen of them—proudly sitting in their national parliament; with English "suffragettes" complacently going to jail in defense of their cause; with equal suffrage flourishing in four American states, as well as in New Zealand, federated Australia, Finland, the Isle of Man, and, with slight restriction, in Norway; with lesser degrees of enfranchisement in nearly every civilized country, whose fair half-citizens have cultivated the courage, like Oliver Twist, to shout for "more"—well, the suffragists' world do move.

Curiously enough, the average American entertains a vague notion that women dabble in politics in the indefinite "out West." That the fair sex of Wyoming have voted for President of the United States for thirty-eight years seems, to the unenlightened, like a gentle prevarication. And Wyoming, it may be said in passing, has fewer unmarried women and fewer divorces than any other state in the Union, so that dropping a piece of paper in the ballot box every little while does not seem to have interfered with that "divinely appointed path" of matrimony, so devoutly discoursed upon by opponents. Three states—Colorado, Utah, and Idaho—have since raised their women to full stature of citizenship; while in no less than twenty-four other states they have one of four forms of the franchise. Suffrage sentiment, moreover,

seems to be growing amazingly, because people have arrived at a realizing sense that, inasmuch as the Lord has seen fit to put men and women in the same human family, and precisely because they are different in make-up, the problems of state can better be solved by a political partnership of the sexes.

This progress is the more startling when one considers that all women scarcely half a century ago were politically classed with idiots, lunatics, illiterates, and criminals. The vituperation heaped upon the heads of those who first dared to declaim publicly that they preferred to be shifted from their so-called "superior" position to that of "equal" is a matter of odoriferous history, according to the poetic outburst of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, beginning:

When the woman suffrage argument first stood
upon its legs,
They answered it with cabbages, they answered it
with eggs.

They were strictly bad eggs, too; though Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt reminds her suffrage sisters that, at a later day, when the saintly Lucy Stone was similarly mobbed, they were "not bad eggs, as earlier speakers had had, thus showing a delicate improvement in popular sentiment." The woman who bore the brunt of this wholesale contumely was Miss Susan B. Anthony, as shown by this single excerpt from the *Grand Rapids Times* of 1879, printed under the caption of "Spinster Susan's Suffrage Show": "A 'miss' of uncertain number of years, more or less brains, a slimy figure, nutcracker face, and store teeth, goes raiding about the country attempting to teach mothers and wives their duty." And this was the brutal caricature of the "grand old woman" lately laid to rest with a world's benediction!

Though the social anachronism called the

day to discourage, it is the changed attitude of men—men, the lawmakers—that is, on the other hand, most assuring. The foremost men of our time openly declare for suffrage, following such outspoken precursors of this unpopular cause as Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, Phillips Brooks, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The National Federation of Labor recently voted its support with but one dissenting voice; the National Grange favored it unanimously. The state legislatures are increasingly complimentary in their vote when the question comes up for consideration. Magazines and newspapers, one by one, are substituting conciliatory editorials for, in place of the caustic cartoon against, the woman suffragist who, like Dr. Mary Walker, used to be styled "a self-made man." If the average man to-day is opposed in his heart to the movement he is a bit ashamed to say so. He seems impressed with the declaration that "the greatest discovery of the twentieth century is woman"—woman, with an independent spinal column, and brains enough to do a little thinking on her own account. According to a story told by Dorothy Dix before a recent suffrage convention, she possessed a monkey which long inspired her old black mammy with a mixture of curiosity and animosity; and one day, after closely studying the wise little creature with a face like her own, she turned suddenly to her mistress, exclaiming: "Mis' Do'thy, I hates to say it, but fo' Gord, dat monkey is kin to we all culled folks." So the dawning consciousness among men that woman is their equal in capability has, at last, struggled into a conviction.

Among women themselves, undoubtedly the greatest factor in further enfranchisement is the working woman. To her the ballot is bread. The astonishing statement of the last census that out of 23,485,559 women in the United States over sixteen years of age, 4,833,630 are breadwinners, suggests the increasing industrial competition with men, which can never savor of the "square deal" unless safeguarded by the ballot. In England, where the "suffragettes" have made their demands in most revolutionary spirit, eighty-two per cent of its women are workers, and, actually, average only 7s. 6d. in wages as against 20s. paid to men. Opposed to the cry of the woman who toils is the antisuffragist. Usually she belongs to the idle rich and has

William T. Stead, the English journalist, recently related a story about his visit to the King of Denmark which illustrates the egotistic viewpoint of the "anti." The king expressed himself as favoring woman's suffrage, whereupon the queen demurred. "But, my dear, you have everything the suffragists are fighting for," replied the king reprovingly.

Whatever opposition there may be, woman's suffrage is spreading amazingly over the whole world. Undoubtedly Finland affords the most spectacular sight—Finland, with its nineteen women sitting in the national Parliament. When the last session was opened by the governor-general, the brilliant Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg was accorded the honor of responding on behalf of the Assembly. Her fair colleagues on this auspicious occasion represented every walk of life from an editor to a seamstress. In one instance the feminine member of Parliament shared the distinction with her husband who, through a lucky turn in politics, was likewise elected. It is certainly creditable to the women of Finland that, no sooner had the Czar signed the bill for universal suffrage than they established schools for voters, where peasants, as well as their sisters of the more intellectual class, were instructed in their duties as newly made citizens. Forty women animatedly entered the parliamentary race, nine of the nineteen winners being Socialists. Such was the enthusiasm that, on election day, wrinkled old women were drawn on sledges to the polling places by little children, eager to have part, for the first time in the world's history, in choosing the women who could write the coveted M.P. after their names.

However extraordinary may seem the public demonstration of the "suffragettes" in England—the street parades with titled women in velvet marching beside the modest working girl, the insistent entrances into the sacred precincts of Parliament only to be rudely arrested and sent to jail, the jubilant dinners for the fair transgressors after release from imprisonment—it must be admitted this uprising has done more, in an educational way, for the cause in England, than the preceding half century of ladylike arguments which have been persistently ignored. The same sort of spirit animated the "Boston tea-party," and Americans are proud of it. Probably women have never before, single-handed

and alone, conducted such a first-class revolution. The members of Parliament protected themselves with 1,000 policemen who, on one occasion, arrested over seventy women. Some of them were confined in cells overrun with vermin. It required a stanch spirit—not mere sentiment—to stand this; and the attitude of the suffrage insurrectionists resulted not only in their much-despised bill being read before the House of Lords, but in the chivalrous declaration from the Prime Minister that he would support it “with much pleasure.”

There are two classes of these fair agitators in England, it must be explained—women who paraded the streets, carrying banners, but opposed the militant methods of “suffragettes,” who stormed Parliament and nearly mobbed the poor Prime Minister in his home. During one of these demonstrations one John S. Broome claimed he was ruthlessly attacked by an infuriated suffragette, but being himself arrested, has since embodied his embitterment in an organization of his masculine sympathizers called “The Society for Keeping Woman in Her Proper Sphere.” Both sides represent some of the foremost families of England—as Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, daughter of Richard Cobden; Mrs. Garrett Fawcett, widow of the ex-Postmaster General; Lady Frances Balfour, sister of the ex-Premier, and Miss Panhurst, daughter of a distinguished physician, who is accredited by the American writer on suffrage, Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, as having made a remarkable speech from the tail end of a cart in Hyde Park.

In 1909 America is to have a lively object lesson in the world-wide spread of woman's suffrage. For the first time on this side of the Atlantic, the quinquennial convention of the International Suffrage Alliance will meet in New York under the American president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. At least eleven countries—eleven, mind you—will report that they give women equal suffrage, every suffrage except parliamentary, or municipal suffrage. It may be recapitulated that full suffrage thrives in New Zealand, federated Australia, Finland, and the Isle of Man. Norway, not to be outdone by her neighbor, Finland, lately bestowed parliamentary suffrage on a low taxpaying basis, thus qualifying practically every woman. Every suffrage except parliamentary, moreover, obtains in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and to

unmarried women in Sweden. School or municipal suffrage, or both, prevails throughout the provinces of Canada. The latter, it may be mentioned, granted municipal suffrage forty-five years ago. Municipal suffrage for unmarried women exists in Iceland. In Russia women householders elect members of the local council. In Italy and France women vote for and are eligible to sit upon the Tribunal of Commerce. In several German, Austrian, and Hungarian states an infinitesimal franchise is allotted the fair sex. To add cosmopolitan coloring comes the glad tidings of municipal suffrage from Natal, Africa; likewise from Bombay, India.

The half-enfranchised sisters are industriously clamoring for a bigger ballot. Under the auspices of nine women, societies in Paris have been issuing big posters beginning, “Women must have votes for the taxes they pay and the laws they obey.” In Sweden the mammoth petition of 142,168 women has resulted in no less than six suffrage bills being introduced into Parliament. In Denmark, where the fair sex have not one fragment of the franchise, the government has presented to Parliament a municipal bill. Bohemian women, 2,400 of them, have signed a petition to Parliament, urging universal suffrage, irrespective of sex. In Holland the committee on revision of constitution reports in favor of giving women representation, thus making them eligible to Parliament. In the late Russian Douma feminine suffrage was a thrifty issue. In short, the only women who have not raised their voices for political freedom are the Hottentots and the Fiji Islanders, or their semibarbarous sisters in the submerged corners of the earth.

However disheartened the more ardent suffragists may be over what seems a stagnant condition in America, inasmuch as full suffrage has been granted by no state since Idaho gained it in 1896—to say nothing of the brilliant successes abroad, by way of contrast—there is, on the contrary, every cause for congratulation. The women of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho are proving at the polls the stuff of which good citizens are made. Kansas, with both municipal and school suffrage, has elected many a “lady mayor,” notwithstanding the rather dubious example of the woman who became mayor and mother on the same eventful day. In varying degree school suffrage is exercised in Arizona, Oregon, Washington, North Dakota,

South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. Likewise, in differing form, both school and taxpaying suffrage maintains in New York, Delaware, and Montana. Women in Louisiana and Iowa have taxpaying franchise, confined in the latter state to issuance of bonds. Besides, they have in Mississippi a scrap of a vote relating to live stock running at large and country schools; in Minnesota a share in choosing the public library boards, and in Arkansas a wee small voice, politically speaking, in certain liquor-selling ordinances.

Aside from actual legislation, another encouraging sign of these feminine times is the spread of suffrage sentiment. Take the women themselves. The women's clubs—the General Federation of Women's Clubs alone aggregates 800,000 members—have, through civic work, so served as training schools for citizenship, that it only remains for somebody to press the political button and, presto! women will be full-fledged voters, wondering why they were ever indifferent to the idea. The subject, once religiously tabooed at every clubwoman's convention, creeps prominently onto the programme, without inciting controversy. The votes of the masculine legislator, on the other side, show his conversion is almost complete. Equal suffrage was defeated in California in 1896 by only two counties, and, the past year, four or five political parties in that state inserted suffrage planks. In 1897 it was lost in South Dakota by the tantalizing number of 3,285 votes; in Oregon in 1900, by 2,137, though later, when the boddling element put up the fight of their lives, this count was increased. This year municipal suffrage for women was defeated in the Chicago Charter Convention by a tie vote; in Nebraska, by 47 to 46 in the House, with a tie in the Senate. A change of seven ballots would have carried a suffrage bill in Oklahoma; likewise in the House of South Dakota, after having passed the Senate. In Vermont, three votes in the Senate would have won the day, the House having decided favorably by 130 to 25. The Senate of Indiana stood 22 yeas to 24 nays. In Minnesota the measure scored a majority, though not a constitutional majority. Unquestionably, the signs proclaim that the sequel to the situation in America will be the

coming of universal suffrage with one big swoop one of these days.

Full suffrage was once granted the women of Washington and withdrawn because, alas! they immediately put up a fine fight at the polls against the gamblers and saloon keepers. It was precisely this element that defeated the thrice-fought campaign for feminine enfranchisement in Oregon. That women have cast their votes on the moral side of political issues has been proved again and again in those four Western states which quite give them a chance to show their colors. Indeed, the *North American Review* has recently espoused a persistent campaign for universal suffrage on the ground, not of inherent right, but of policy, because women, being morally superior to man, would elevate the debased standard of politics to-day. It impresses Mr. Dooley the same way, who philosophizes thus: "If Molly Donahue wint to vote in a livery stable, th' first thing she'd do wud be to get a broom, sweep up th' floors, open th' windows, disinfect th' booths, take th' harness fr'm th' walls, an' hang up a pitcher iv Niagary be moonlight, chase out th' watchers an' polis, remove th' seegars, make the judges get a shave, an' p'raps invalydate th' illiction." Woman's broom in municipal housekeeping would, for a fact, be a terror to the political boddler.

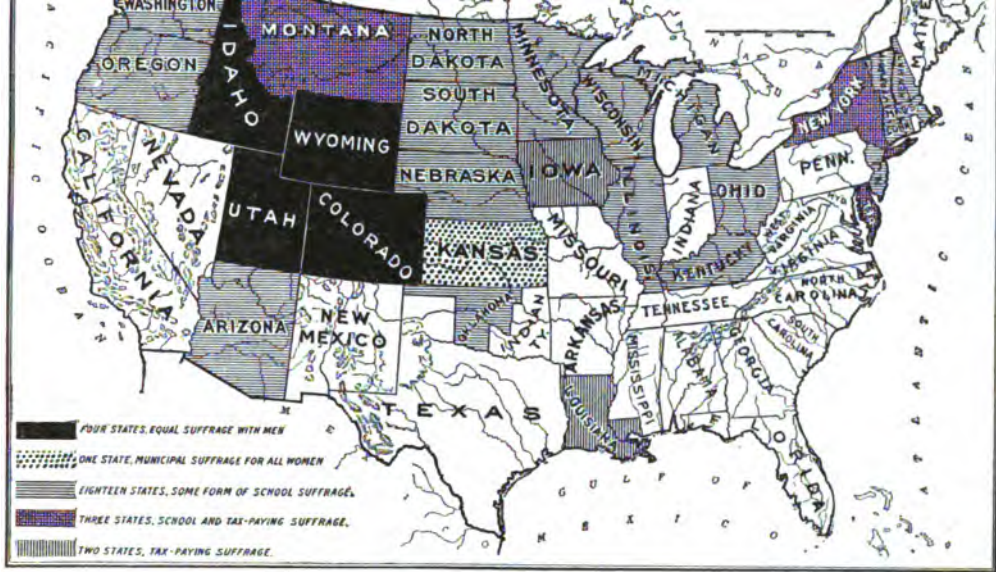
What the women of Colorado first did with their political broom was to sweep an antiquated law out of the state, and, instead, introduce another making the mother co-guardian with the father of their minor children. There are only thirteen states out of the forty-five where mothers share this "divine right" of the fathers. Colorado, moreover, has a list of twenty-six laws relating to improvement of women and children, passed since the woman suffragist came in. These are published in a booklet, which Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who has been heralded as the "coming Governor of Colorado," calls "my bible." These bills were largely sponsored by the ten able women who, from time to time, have been elected to the unique honor of sitting in the state legislature. Then consider the age-of-consent laws, for specific instance. Wyoming, the state which has had woman's suffrage for thirty-eight years, stands alone with the age at twenty-one. The other three suffrage states of Colorado, Utah, and Idaho—to-

gether with several more—fix it at eighteen. Running down the list to Southern states apathetic on suffrage, as Georgia and Mississippi, one finds it ignominiously at ten.

All antiquated arguments of "antis" that women don't want to vote, and won't vote after the privilege is granted, have been refuted in these Western states by their good friends, the men. Out in Wyoming the feminine voters have had for fifteen years a standing challenge, inviting opponents to find two respectable men who, over their signatures, will say woman suffrage is not a success. The challenge remains unaccepted. On the other hand, every governor of the state serving since political equality was established has officially declared it a moral boon. The legislature adopted in 1893 and lately reapproved this resolution: "That the exercise of suffrage by women in Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm and done great good in many ways; that it has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from the state, and without any violent or oppressive legislation. We point with pride to the fact that not one county in the state has a poorhouse and our jails are almost empty. From experience we urge every civilized community to enfranchise its women." As to Colorado, Judge Ben Lindsey, familiarly called chief of the "kids' court in Denver," declares: "We have in Colorado the most advanced laws of any state in the Union for the protection of home and children. These laws, in my opinion, would not exist were it not for the powerful influence of woman's suffrage which, at all times, has been back of them and those who conscientiously administer them. . . . I know that politicians in both parties reckon seriously with the woman vote, and that men of immoral character have been refused places upon party tickets because of the fear inspired by the woman vote when it is aroused, for it can always be counted upon to be on the side of righteousness." Resorting to statistics, it may be said that, according to the secretary of state of Wyoming, ninety per cent of the women vote. In Colorado, eighty per cent of them register and seventy-two per cent vote, writes its secretary of state. Though in Idaho women form a minority of the population, they cast forty per cent of the total vote, is the statement of the late Governor Steunenberg, who added: "Equal suffrage is more popular among our people than when first adopted."

This overwhelming evidence from the opposite sex notwithstanding, the overzealous "anti" continues to argue. Occasionally she encounters the working woman—she who has valiantly entered every occupation open to men in the United States except nine—in a situation which is rather amusing. Last winter a delegation of New York "antis," for example, ventured to brush off a little of the long-eulogized bloom by leaving their sacred homes and going to the state capital, precisely after the public fashion of their suffrage sisters, to plead their side of the case before the legislators. The inanity of their arguments reminded me of the sardonic reply once made by Lincoln when a deputation waited upon him to declare the negro did not desire emancipation. "If so," said Lincoln, "it shows how badly he needs it." But it remained for Miss Rose Schneiderman, a young cap maker from the seething East Side who accompanied the suffragists, to size up the average "anti" from the working woman's viewpoint. In speaking afterwards before a big audience in Cooper Union, New York, she exclaimed passionately: "I found out when in Albany something I had not known before, that there are such perversions as antisuffragists. These fine ladies stood up there and said, 'Gentlemen, save us from ourselves. We don't want to vote. We have more womanly work to do. We have charity!' Charity! I hate that word. They are the ones who live on charity. They are social parasites—they never work. We provide everything they possess." Furthermore, if this cap maker had been a school-teacher, disappointed that the equal-pay-for-women bill had failed to pass this same masculine legislature of New York, she might have reminded her hearers that this unjust curtailment of \$12,000,000 a year in salaries would not be countenanced for one minute in the four out-West states where women have full suffrage. No sooner had the ballot been granted to Utah women than a bill was passed giving women teachers equal pay with men, and the same statute obtains in the other three states. No wonder the woman who toils, whether with her hands or her head, favors the enfranchisement which, to her interests, stands for fair play.

Aside from the working woman, it is significant that the college woman—she who has learned how to think—arises to speak for suffrage. Inasmuch as in 1902 half the college



Drawn by Bertha Damaris Knobe

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES SHOWING STATUS OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE LEGISLATION

graduates in the United States were feminine, this is a most intelligent force to be reckoned with by the "anti." When the ballot was granted in Colorado, three hundred Wellesley girls promptly sent a telegram of congratulation. Lately suffrage clubs were formed in the University of Chicago and Bryn Mawr College, proclaiming interest alike in co-educational as well as women's institutions. Probably the most conspicuous evidence of their coöperation is the splendid project sponsored by the College Woman's Suffrage League of New York. This society, composed principally of graduates of Barnard, Bryn Mawr, and Smith, has industriously collected \$2,500 to defray the expenses of a trained statistician, Miss Helen Sumner, who is spending fifteen months in Colorado to study the practical workings of woman's suffrage. Though an occasional "anti" sits up to say that three presidents of the five foremost women's colleges are opposed to enfranchisement, it must be remembered the heads of Vassar and Smith are men, and President Hazard of Wellesley is not a regular college graduate; while the two remaining, President Woolley of Bryn Mawr and President Thomas of Mt. Holyoke, are warm suf-

fragists, the latter being one of the committee which recently collected \$60,000 wherewith, in response to the wishes of the late Miss Susan B. Anthony, to place the National Woman's Suffrage Association on a good business basis.

Indeed, everything seems to be coming the suffragists' way—the agitation for universal peace, for additional instance. The last and best-beloved argument of the "anti" is that woman, because she cannot conveniently shoulder a musket, and go off to war to murder somebody, is not able to properly defend her country, and, therefore, is not entitled to citizenship. The word "conveniently" is used advisedly, for history abounds with scores of women who have fought on the battlefield. Mrs. Francis L. Clayton, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who enlisted with her husband in 1861, participated in eighteen engagements. Though the military argument cannot stand for the reason that so many men are immune from service, it is comforting for the suffragist to reflect that with the coming of arbitration instead of carnage, the overworked military argument will have to be laid on the shelf. It happened that, at the International Peace Congress lately held in New York, every wo-

speaker was a suffragist. In this connection it is also significant to note that the great International Council of Women with its 8,000,000 members in twenty-three countries has as two of its three purposes "world's peace" and "woman's suffrage."

One cannot appreciate the import of the suffragists' uprising—with all its associate purposes for good—without the contrast of one hundred years ago—with all its accompanying social, educational, and legal disabilities for women. Blackstone's law, "Husband and wife are one, and that one the husband," obtained in every department of life. Not only was the fair voter nonexistent in every part of the world, but the husband could control his wife's property, collect her wages, manage her children, and make her will; and, moreover, if she outwardly rebelled, he had the legal right to punish her. To make the matter specific for the "anti," it may be said that if Miss Helen Gould had lived one century ago, and had married, all her property would have passed unreservedly into the hands of her husband. If Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske had been a wage-earning actress, her husband could have collected and spent her money, if he liked, and all her protests would have been unavailing before the law. If Mrs. Clarence Mackay had displeased her husband, he could have legally willed away her little children. At this time the courts of the United States held that a man in whipping his wife should be restricted to a stick no larger than his thumb, and, had Mrs. Roosevelt lived then, politicians shudder to think what chastisement the President might have administered with even a little stick. Even at a later day Margaret Fuller shocked the Boston public by the "indelicate" act of sitting in a public library to read, and when Vassar College was opened a missionary departing for the Holy Land declared "no refined Christian mother would ever send her daughter to a woman's college." But the world might better be shocked than stand still!

Speaking before the last national suffrage convention in Chicago, a man reminded his audience that progress from inherited prejudice was slow because, forsooth, had it not taken the aspiring Anglo-Saxon race seven hundred years to learn that a man could get into his shirt without pulling it over his head? Considering the short time of the campaign—half a century—the progress of feminine en-

franchisement reads like a real-estate boom in Oklahoma. One by one the objectionable statutes regarding women's rights are being wiped off the books, though there are still eight states wherein wives have no or only partial control of their property, sixteen wherein they have no control over their wages, and thirty-two wherein the father is the legal guardian of their minor children. How long would such moth-eaten edicts remain if women had an equal voice in making the laws?

That the coming of woman's political freedom the world over will make a political paradise, not even the most ardent suffragist declares. Woman is human—and that is somewhat of a satisfaction, to be sure, because, Havelock Ellis says, "some men still treat their wives as if they were a cross between an archangel and an idiot." But this lately discovered human being called woman has shown that at the polls she can be counted on the moral side of a political issue. She has proved herself intelligent, which is more than can be said of the average masculine foreigner speedily turned into an American citizen. During the first six months after suffrage was granted in Colorado, the booksellers announced they sold more books on political economy than in the previous ten years. A specific instance of woman's interest in public questions is the Society for Political Study in New York, whose fair members have for twenty-one years studied the subject of good citizenship. "And there never was a twenty-one-year-old so ready to vote and hold office," said its president at the birthday celebration not long ago. Occasionally some man gets the idea into his head that women mentally are not equal to the franchise, and just such a man encountered Bernard Shaw recently. "After all, you know, think of Michael Angelo and Beethoven. Has any woman ever produced great works of art like them?" he asked. "My friend," answered Mr. Shaw, "have *you* ever produced any great works of art?" Then, as has been suggested, the women's clubs all over the country, devoted as they are to the finest practical civic work, have trained their members for that citizenship that will ultimately belong to every fair American who is not an imbecile.

Undoubtedly women as voters will make mistakes—just like the men. If they do, one may complacently fall back on Mrs. Poyser's

immortal comment that "God Almighty made them to match the men." But just because women are women, and men are men—and the two look at life from different stand-points—is the incontrovertible reason why their coöperation is needed, particularly in this day of political corruption, at the ballot box. Woman and man complement each other in the home, and housekeeping conducted by a forlorn widower is a sorry sight. Men don't seem to have made a brilliant success at municipal housekeeping, and probably a little of woman's domestic econ-

omy transferred from the home to the state is needed. Whether considered as an expediency or a right—as it certainly is—political partnership of the sexes looks like a panacea. As the Rev. Charles F. Aked, who, before he set sail for America, sent flowers to several "suffragettes" in London jails, puts the situation enthusiastically: "From this pulpit I have urged my deep conviction that nothing since the coming of Christ ever promised so much for the ultimate good of the human race as the intellectual, moral, and political emancipation of women."

THE WHISPERING PINES

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

TELL me, exiled ocean rovers,
Sighing ever for the main,
Why are ye so held in bondage
To an everlasting pain?
What has brought this endless torture,
That ye ever must complain?

Once in other incarnations
Did ye prove to trust untrue?
Were ye once the tall and stately
Masts, whence snow-white canvas drew;
But whose hearts proved flawed and broken
When the swollen tempests blew?

Or the stalwart standard bearers,
As your murmur seeming saith?
Sable pennants outward streaming
Over agony and death,
Rearing mighty canvas towers
To the reeking battle breath?

Souls of masts reincarnated,
Tantalus was tortured so!
And the gods to ye bequeathed!
This unalterable woe—
Thus to hunger for the ocean,
Where the tall ships come and go,

Till the pain of hopeless longing
Swelled into that thrilling moan,
Harping on a ceaseless sorrow,
In a ceaseless monotone,
And the grieving of all bondage
Surged into thy voice alone.

THE EDGE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

BY CHURCHILL WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST SPAENKUCH



HE babies were cold. Swathed in a blanket and Elizabeth's shawl, they cuddled in the hollows of her arms as she sat in the south window of the bedroom, making the most of the February sunshine. Paul, in his office directly below, could hear the creak of the rocking-chair, and imagination filled in for him the words of the well-worn story she was telling of the four little bears who weren't afraid of anything. So it was he had left them five minutes earlier when, after poking the last of the half-burned coal into a show of burning, he had dusted the ashes from his clothes and gone to answer a ring of the front doorbell.

His caller, a brisk, ruddy young man of about his own age, he had shown into the office, apologizing for its frigid temperature with a laughing remark that he was something of a crank about the overheating of houses. With this view the visitor had agreed. He was glad, he said, to find a physician who practiced what he preached, though that was no more than he had expected after reading Dr. Forsythe's paper in the *October Medical Era*. Indeed, he had been looking forward ever since to this meeting with the author. There were so few men in the profession with the sincerity and courage to combat accepted theories. Now, there was Dr. Tuttle! (Dr. Tuttle was Paul's fellow-practitioner in Plymboro.) Probably Dr. Tuttle's views—The speaker instinctively recognized a hostile situation in the reference and quickly turned it into a general reflection upon the unfortunate conservatism of the older men, particularly those outside the large cities. From this it was but a sentence to certain tentative remarks upon Plymboro as a field for the progressive physician—remarks furnished with local facts just inaccurate enough to invite correction.

Paul did not respond, as his obstinate personal attachment for Plymboro at another time, perhaps, would have prompted him to do. Plymboro was his town and had been his father's town before him, but also Plymboro, just now, was the place of suffering for Elizabeth and the babies, and of his own bitterness of spirit—the place which referred to him as the son of old Forsythe, whom it had never understood, and regarded him as suspiciously young for a doctor. Plymboro as the field for the flourishing practice which his visitor took for granted, represented to Paul at this minute a hundred-odd dollars in unpaid bills, part of which probably never would be paid him, none of which would come to him before the month's end. And Paul's pockets were empty and—the babies were cold.

The creak of the rocking-chair overhead reminded him that he had left Elizabeth with a promise to himself to beard Smalley, the coal man, in his den of a little office and, by hook or crook, induce him to send half a ton of coal to the house. But first he must get rid of this caller, who plainly was not a patient, and, as plainly, would not soon voluntarily take his leave. He half rose from the swivel desk chair with an air of closing the interview.

The move was successful. "And so," switched off the brisk young man, for all as if no other subject had been discussed, "I am sure that my people made no mistake in asking you to become one of our Consultants."

"Your people?" blindly repeated Paul—missing for the instant the magnificent suggestion of that final word.

"Yes—the Nervo-Sal Corporation, of Detroit. They own the formula and are beginning to introduce the preparation generally. But not by the usual methods. There has been altogether too much of that sort of thing, and, besides, as you and I know, it is often—I might say always—the gilded in-

vation to take up with quackery. Our preparation is not a patent medicine; it is a prescription of official drugs recognized by the Dispensary and compounded according to approved practice. We have no reason to fear the verdict of the regular physician; in point of fact, he is our ally. We state our formula and our claims to him frankly and fully. We welcome his most searching examination and analysis. He finds it as harmless in its constituents as it is potent in its possibilities. He recognizes it for such a medicine as he himself would prescribe under stated conditions—and for use in such cases and in no others we recommend it. It is *not* a cure-all. But, perhaps, you already are familiar with Nervo-Sal?"

"I am not," Paul said. His heart was elsewhere; he was dully aware that he was wasting his time and should dismiss his visitor; yet this brisk young man with the pleasant voice and air of alert assurance made him strangely apathetic. "I do not think I have heard of your preparation," he said, less positively.

"Possibly not," the other responded. "Yet you are one of the very men who should know of it at once; and for a sufficient reason. It is not, I repeat, a patent medicine. It is not advertised—at least, only to a very limited extent, and then in the most legitimate channels, with the approval of leading general practitioners; in a word, as one of their medicines. And that brings me to my point—to you, as one of our Consultants. We recognize that the only proper way in which Nervo-Sal may be introduced widely is by putting it into the hands of patients through one whom they already know and trust. Consequently, our staff of Consultants. These are the leading physicians throughout the country. In each large city we already have several. In the towns and smaller places we soon shall have as many more. On these men—on their criticism, their experience, their advice, we rely. We place ourselves unreservedly in their hands, and it is this staff, Dr. Forsythe, I am commissioned to invite you to join."

Suddenly brought to a realization of himself, Paul straightened up in his chair and tried to arrange his ideas. He had but a vague notion of what had been said or of its application to himself. From his desk he picked up a paper cutter and began to twirl it in his fingers. He was instinctively certain

that an emphatic "no" should figure in his answer, but the exact words of that answer evaded him.

His caller had drawn a spotless handkerchief from his pocket and touched it to his lips. "Allow me to make the matter a little more definite," he suggested. "This afternoon I will send down to your office, from the Garden House, where I am stopping, half a dozen bottles of Nervo-Sal. You, of course, have medicinal preparations of more or less merit frequently sent you in this way and occasionally find one which you may recommend. So far as that goes I need say nothing further. But, for Nervo-Sal, I ask you as a personal favor to me—no, I will venture to say, as a duty to yourself—to do more. I will ask you to tell *me* what you think of the preparation. The formula is on the bottle; a brief examination by one like yourself will determine to your entire satisfaction that it is precisely what it is stated to be, and as positive in its prescribed action as any compound of drugs in the formulary may be expected to be. Therefore your verdict will coincide with our modest claims. And that opinion—together with such use of the preparation in your practice as occasion may suggest to you—is all we ask—is all we could reasonably expect or desire. You become one of our Consultants, and as one of our Consultants, of course, your services, as well as your recommendations, are recognized in material form—a check. The usual retaining fee is——"

Paul awoke abruptly. It was no longer instinct warning him of a danger, but unmistakable recognition of what he regarded as an insult—no less an insult because adroitly launched and politely phrased. He gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward, his eyes very bright. He had an almost irresistible itching to take this young man by the neck and pitch him out of the house. But, almost as quickly, he realized the futility of loosing his anger. It would not be understood—it would vent itself on one whose view of life would make it appear ridiculous, whose training rendered him proof against such outbursts. And, besides, this man was only following out his business, earning his salary—perhaps, making a living as well for some one at home. It must be a good salary, too; he looked well fed and prosperous. That last thought thrust itself in unbidden, but it persisted.

Paul's indignation spent itself in specula-

tion, and he remained leaning forward, regarding the man with a gaze which he did not know was appraising but with feelings which, he was acutely conscious, were those of envy.

The man received this attention with the good-natured smile of one who, while assured of the virtue of his own case, is aware that time must be given his listener to come to the same conclusion. There was no patronage, not even tolerance in the smile, but it radiated a cheerful confidence which, though he resented it, invaded Paul's being. Above him he heard the monotonous creak! creak! of Elizabeth's chair, and to himself repeated: "The babies are cold!" He was vaguely conscious of the argument that went on within him. Of the reasoning which prompted the question that finally came to his lips he was almost insensible, yet he voiced it reluctantly:

"And you say this preparation is harmless? That I may have the formula?"

"Why certainly, doctor. By all means. We have nothing to conceal. Here it is now." He whipped a printed slip of paper from his pocket. "You see," he went on, and called attention to the drugs mentioned and their quantities. "Every one of them recognized by the Dispensatory, and the quantities safely within prescribed bounds. As harmless as anything could be. And, of course, you can verify this by analysis. You select the chemist; we will gladly pay for his services, if you insist. We wish you to share our confidence, and we will refuse no reasonable test of our honesty."

Paul, still looking at the slip of paper, knit his brows. "But I don't quite see," he said slowly, "if this formula is no secret, why I—that is, why any physician might not make use of it without reference to your company; write his own prescription and have it filled at the nearest drug store, I mean. Why do you go to the expense—that is, the trouble—of having Consultants, as you call them?"

The young man nodded. "I understand. And there would not be any need, but for two things: First, the name—Nervo-Sal; that is copyrighted. And, once Nervo-Sal has demonstrated its effectiveness, it is plain that ninety-nine out of a hundred who have benefited by its use will accept no substitute for the bottle bearing the name Nervo-Sal. Secondly, manufacturing it in quantities, as we do in our own laboratories, and compounding

it with the most scrupulous care and skill, we are able to turn out a superior preparation at a lower price than the corner drug store can do. You will at once appreciate this point and, as obviously, we appreciate that it is to our interest always to justify confidence in our resources. Now, you, for instance, when you——"

"I am not a Consultant of your company," Paul interrupted. "I would not consider——"

There his voice died away. Above him the creak of Elizabeth's chair became very plain. He twisted his fingers together; the office was very cold, and upstairs——

The agent had drawn a fountain pen from his pocket. "It is our practice," he said, "to pay a retaining fee of fifty dollars. I have a check here. You spell your name with a final e, I believe."

He laid a check book upon the table and began to fill it in. Paul watched him in silence. He had not yet said yes, he reminded himself, and, of course, he would not say it. And yet—the fountain pen slipped across the face of the check.

Then, above its soft scratching, rose another sound—faint, but, to Paul's ears, poignantly plain—a little, sobbing cry, peevish, miserable. And, immediately after it, the weary, soothing note of Elizabeth's voice, and the quickening creak of the rocking-chair.

Paul dropped his hands and leaned back.

The agent waved the check in the air to dry it, and handed it to Paul. "You will find that correct," he said. "And the First National will cash it on sight. The medicine I will send down to you as soon as I return to the hotel. And that is all, I believe, except your signature to this form of acceptance. Your name and address on the lower lines, if you will." From a pocketbook he extracted a blank form and laid it before Paul, extending the fountain pen at the same time.

Paul read the paper through. It was a simple acknowledgment that the undersigned accepted the position of Consultant for the Nervo-Sal Company, and that he indorsed the formula stated in the form and employed in the preparation of Nervo-Sal. Paul read it with a lurking hope that he might find an objection on which to base a refusal to sign. But he found none. The formula he recognized; the preparation in the specified dose was not harmful and, broadly speaking,

should be beneficial under the conditions named. Abruptly he scrawled his name and address at the foot of the sheet of paper. "Is that all?" he asked, and stood up.

The agent glanced over the paper. "Thank you, doctor; that is all. And allow me to shake your hand."

But, at that moment, the check fluttered from Paul's fingers, and, when he had recovered it, he hastily picked up the other man's overcoat. "I have an appointment," he said. "If you'll excuse me——"

When the front door had closed behind his visitor Paul stood for a moment, his hand on the knob, staring at the wall. Then, from the stairhead, again came that pitiful, quivering cry and the quickening creak of the rocking-chair. He dropped his hand from the knob and straightened out the check. It, at least, was tangible. It was heat and food. And—it was his; he had earned it.

He put on his overcoat and hat. Thirty minutes later he was back again, several bundles under his arm, and just in time to meet Smalley's wagon backing up at the curb with a ton of coal. When the coal had been dumped into the cellar he carried a full hod up to the bedroom.

Elizabeth had seen the wagon from the window. But she said nothing. Her eyes dropped as her head bent above the babies; she seemed inexpressibly tired.

Paul stuffed the stove with coal and recklessly put on all the draught. He volunteered a joking reference to his caller of an hour earlier. "Angel in disguise," he declared. "Man who paid cash for my services and paid well." Then he stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his vest and strutted about, making a mock show of his joy at this sudden visit of prosperity. But, almost immediately, he said he must go down and start a fire in the kitchen range. As he worked in the kitchen he heard Elizabeth's voice—singing very softly. For five minutes he almost forgot the check.

But the next morning, while she was cooking the breakfast and he sat in the bay window of the room where the babies played in the tumbled bed, it thrust itself in his face again. From the porch he had brought up the *Plymboro Gazette*, and, smoothing it over his knees, abruptly discovered, staring up at him from the front page, an advertisement, its top lines in almost the biggest of the *Gazette's* boxwood display letters:

DR. PAUL FORSYTHE

PLYMBORO'S LEADING PHYSICIAN

ENDORSES

NERVO-SAL

A preparation peculiarly adapted to the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia and similar diseases, compounded carefully from an approved prescription and absolutely free from poison or injurious drugs.

For a moment after his eyes traveled over the lines he remained motionless, silent, filled with amazement. Then, as the personal significance of the advertisement grew upon him, fury flooded his face, and he brought down his hand upon the paper, splitting it across, and sprang to his feet with a curse, overturning the chair. The babies started, sat up and stared at him; then they began to cry. At the sound Elizabeth called from the kitchen.

Paul did his best to steady his voice as he answered her; but his hands shook as he bent over the bed and began to build a house of pillows. The paper he jammed into his pocket. By the time breakfast was ready he had forced himself to meet Elizabeth with a face and manner which, he believed, did not betray him.

But in his office, the paper spread before him again, he tried to think out for himself just what had happened and what it meant.

By this time everyone in Plymboro was reading the advertisement or talking about it to someone else; at least everyone was who meant anything to him. Plymboro was a slow little place, but also it was very old and conservative. Some of the Plymboro people used patent medicines; but that wouldn't soften their judgment of a doctor who openly recommended a patent medicine and in print. As for Dr. Tuttle, in his mind's eye Paul could see his long, flexible upper lip fold itself over the lower in eloquent restraint. Oh, what would happen was perfectly plain! As far as building up a paying practice in Plymboro was concerned he might just as well move out of town to-day.

But, just now, this defeat of his hopes with what it entailed was submerged in another pain that struck deeper and flooded him with shame. The ideal which, through every disappointment, had sustained him—the ideal which the ethics of his profession, the training

of his college and hospital days, had made for him and which his own experience and his sense of right and wrong told him was a true ideal, he had deliberately violated. He had prostituted the name of doctor, had been false to himself. And, most of all, he had been false to Elizabeth's belief in him. In their darkest hours it had been her eyes, shining with faith in him and his ideals, which had enabled him to tighten the grip upon his courage and buckle to his task again. And this was the faith he had betrayed, all at once, almost without a struggle! There was not even palliation. However little he was able to foresee of what had come to pass, he had known well enough what he was surrendering. And what was it he had whispered to himself when, for an instant, fear made him pause? "No one will find it out!" Yes, that was it; that had been enough to satisfy his scruples. And for the rest—fifty dollars had been his price. For fifty dollars he had sold himself!

Suddenly he lifted his head and stood staring at the opposite wall. Then he crumpled the newspaper, picked up a package from his desk and strode into the hall and out of the house. All the way down the street to a little old brick building on a corner above which creaked the weather-stained sign of the *Gazette*, he was planning what he should say a little later and how he should say it. A new light was in his face.

The half-glazed door at the back of the *Gazette* editorial office he pushed open without knocking and stepped inside. A short, thick-set man, with grizzled hair, was bent above a desk writing. He looked over his shoulder at Paul, then swung around and held out a hand. Paul grasped it, and the other, with a dexterous shove of his foot, swept a pile of newspapers from a neighboring chair.

But Paul shook his head. "Not now," he said. "I've only got a minute. What I want to know, Mr. Gainor, is, will you lend me twenty-five dollars? I'm not good for that much just this minute, but—you'll get it back before long—you know that."

The tuft of gray on Mr. Gainor's chin jerked upward and he squinted at Paul through steel-rimmed spectacles. Then deliberately he drew the blackened cob pipe from his mouth and wrote an imaginary twenty-five in the air. "That's a heap of money," he said slowly. "A heap of money to lend on no security." But the quirk of his

lips played his gravity false. "What's it for?" he asked.

Paul flushed. "That's another thing you'll have to take on faith. But I need the money very badly."

With a blunt forefinger the editor stopped his pipe and hunted his pockets as if for a match. Instead his hand brought out a leather wallet of many folds. He laid the pipe down on the desk. "Paul," he said, "since I've been runnin' the *Gazette*, and that's twenty-four years now—since three years after your father came here—I've been all kinds of a fool. So I s'pose I can't expect to break off the habit all at once. Here's the twenty-five. Take it along. You need it worse'n I do, I guess. Somehow, I was thinkin' this mornin'"—his eyes were peering into Paul's face with a curious intentness and the fun was gone from his voice—"I was thinkin' this mornin' when I was lookin' over the *Gazette* that you—" There he came to a halt, and picked up his pipe again.

Paul's face was hot. He had taken up the notes and put them into his pocket. "Mr. Gainor," he said, "you knew father better than anyone else around here. I wouldn't have asked anybody but you for this, and I want you to try to keep on trusting me—not only for the money."

The old man looked up quickly. "You know I'll do that. And if you need any more and I got it, why, there ain't any lock on this office door of mine, far as I can see. You go on now and take care of that little girl of yours and the babies and—*yourself*."

The Garden House was just a block away across the street. On its register Paul found the name of his visitor of the day before, and his card went upstairs. A few minutes later he followed it. The agent stood by the window, smoking. His grip, strapped and with an overcoat on it, stood upon a table. "You just about caught me," he affirmed, coming forward. "What can I do for you? You got the Nervo-Sal O.K., didn't you?"

"Yes," said Paul. "Here it is." He pulled a package from his overcoat pocket and laid it on the table. "They're all there," he added; "every bottle, just as you sent them to me."

The agent screwed up his brows. "Sorry you haven't had a chance to use it yet; but why did you bring it to me?"

"Because," said Paul, "I won't be able to



“‘You will find that correct,’ he said.”

use it. I've come to be released as a—Consultant.”

“Oh!” said the agent slowly, and put the cigar back into his mouth. He pulled out two chairs. “Sit down, doctor—and tell me everything. What’s wrong? Not the check?”

“No,” said Paul quickly. “Not the check. It was all right. I cashed it, and here’s the full amount.” He had fifty dollars in bills folded in his hand. He laid the money down beside the package. “Count it, please,” he said.

But the agent only glanced curiously at the bills, then tilted back his chair, looking up at Paul who remained standing. “You’ve got me,” he declared humorously. “Begin at the beginning, won’t you?”

“There isn’t any need,” answered Paul. “The medicine is there; the money is there. That’s all you gave me. I’m giving them back to you. And what I’d like to have is that paper I signed. I have changed my mind.”

The other’s lips twisted. “Rather late for that, ain’t it?” Then he leaned forward and

added earnestly, "Something *is* wrong. Tell me what and, if I can, I'll straighten it out. You and I——"

Paul interrupted him. "Simply, I've changed my mind. And that advertisement——"

"Oh!" said the agent and repeated, "oh! So it was the advertisement?" he went on slowly. "Well, what of it? It wasn't sensational, was it? And it was in your own paper—a respectable one. And it only said what you said, didn't it? Come now, isn't that all so?"

How many times Paul had been over the printed words and tried in vain to find in them what he had not agreed with—in substance at least! But now he brushed the point aside. "Listen," he said, and rested his clinched hand on the table edge. "I haven't come here to argue. Whatever I may have said, I won't stand for it any longer. I've changed my mind, I tell you; I've brought back what you—bribed me with, and I want what you got for the money—that paper. Where is it?"

The agent got on his feet. There was no mistaking Paul's temper. Conciliation was out of the question. And the agent had been through something like this before. "That paper," he said, "is on its way by mail to the Nervo-Sal offices. It belongs to the Company. You accepted our proposition; you signed the usual form. You were paid for it. You made no condition about our not using your indorsement. It was an open deal and you can't afford to go back on it. If you do—well, everybody in this town will say——"

Paul's muscles tightened. Chagrin and fury flamed in his eyes. His wish was to drive his fist into the face of the man who stood opposite, watching him coolly, his hands shoved into his trousers pockets. But, once again, the knowledge that an outburst would leave him more than ever at a disadvantage checked the impulse. He dropped his arm, turned on his heel, and strode from the room. Behind him he heard the man call, "Oh, I say, look here, doctor——" But he did not turn.

He had traveled a block of the main street, thinking nothing of where he walked, when the tarnished sign of the *Gazette* office came into his vision and abruptly centered his whirling thoughts. If only he could have been on the spot to cry, Stop! when the old press had begun to revolve the night before.

If only now he could tear from every copy that damning advertisement! If only, once awake to what he had done, he could have had the chance to retrieve himself, or now had the chance to explain! If only he could make them all listen to him!

He came to a dead stop, his eyes fixed upon the *Gazette's* signboard, his chest heaving, a spot of color on either high cheek bone. Then he ran across the street. In the front office of the *Gazette* screwed against the wall was a sloping board, furnished with a pad of paper and a pen tethered with long strings. Paul pulled the pad to him and wrote on it rapidly. He covered two sheets with his sharp, clear lettering, and ran his eye over it. The next moment he had pushed open the glazed door at the back of the room. Still clipping at the exchanges, a cloud of smoke drifting around him, the old editor sat hunched at his ink-stained desk. Paul was beside him before he could twist about.

"Mr. Gainor," he said, holding out the paper, "I want to put that in the *Gazette* tomorrow—top line in big type. What will it cost?"

The eyes under the bushy brows were fastened on Paul's face. "Paul," he said, "before I do anything, you sit down!" Again the exchanges were swept to the floor, and the old man, rising, forced Paul into the chair.

Paul resisted, grasping the arms of the chair and repeating, "Read it! Read it now! Read it, and tell me. I've got the money."

Mr. Gainor sat down at the desk and lowered the steel spectacles deliberately. Then, before he raised the paper, he said, "If I'm goin' to read this you've got to take a fresh hold on yourself. And I'll tell you the *Gazette* ain't goin' to print nothin' more that I ain't read first myself. So you want to do what I say right quick."

The Seth Thomas above the desk had ticked off five minutes before the tuft of beard raised itself with a jerk and the paper was laid down. Paul started forward in the chair. "Well?" he said. "How much will it be? For to-morrow, remember, and in the same place as—the other one."

The old man, twisting his head about, with painful care unhooked the spectacles and began to rub the glasses with a handkerchief. "Paul," he said slowly, "a while ago when you were in here I told you I'd been most kinds of a fool in my life. Well, I have. But I ain't one this minute and—you are."



“Don't mind, dear,” she said, “I understand.”

The worst kind of a fool—the sort that thinks everybody else is goin' to make allowances for his bein' the one that's doin' the figurin' when he goes to addin' up his sins for 'em. For they ain't goin' to make any such allowances. And when you put down a 2 it's more'n likely they'll say to themselves that, if you own up to a 2, it must really have been a 4—at least most of 'em will. There ain't any arithmetic that fits both you and the next fellow in cases like this. So you'd best keep your figurin' to yourself and do it twice over that way, if it helps you any. The *Gazette* ain't goin' to print what you've written here.”

“Won't print it?”

“That's what I said. Not while I'm runnin' this paper.”

But Paul, mindful only of the refusal, broke out fiercely, “You've got to print it. It's an advertisement; I'm going to pay for it.”

Mr. Gainor's mouth tightened; he thrust his head forward pugnaciously. Then something, perhaps in the tense figure and thin, sensitive face of the young man, perhaps in his own recollection, checked what was on his lips. His jaw relaxed and he laid a hand on Paul's arm. “Hold hard there, Paul,” he said. “I ain't goin' to fight you. I never did fight you and I ain't goin' to begin. Now, you just listen to me a minute; then you

fire ahead if you want to. Those Nervo-Sal people got that ad into the *Gazette* while I was down in the city. It wouldn't 'a' got in if I'd been here. I've read it, and I know just how you feel. You're hot all the way through. But that's the very reason why you ought to wait a while 'fore you go to puttin' yourself on record. Now, I tell you what you do. You go home and leave this ad of yours here, and you come back to-night. If you say then to put her in—in she goes, just as you want. Ain't that square?”

For a moment Paul did not answer. Then he said slowly, “I'll do what you want, because you won't put it in if I don't, and because I know you think you're right. But you aren't right, and I'll say the same thing to-night as I do now.”

When he was alone once more, the old editor picked up his pipe and puffed it into a glow. Through the veil of smoke he sat gazing at the two sheets of paper. The wraith of a smile played about his lips, but his eyes were serious. “Old man Forsythe all over again,” he repeated to himself. “Just as quick on the trigger and just as clean in the heart.” He folded the paper, creasing it with an ink-stained thumb and forefinger. Then he put it into a pigeonhole of the desk and afterward remained leaning on an elbow,

cuddling the corn-cob bowl into one palm. Presently, wagging his head, he said slowly, "And just as stubborn. Paul, I'm afraid you're just as stubborn."

At seven o'clock that evening Paul walked into the office. "I haven't changed my mind," he said. "I'd like that advertisement to be in the *Gazette* to-morrow. You promised, you remember."

Mr. Gainor looked him steadily in the face and his lips worked with the words that were in his mind. But all he said was, "All right, Paul. I'll see she goes in. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Nothing," said Paul. Then he gripped the old man's hand. "Nothing, except don't go back on me. I'll need a friend, I guess—after to-morrow," he added bitterly.

Lying in bed, his eyes staring at the edges of the window curtain which he had seen slowly whiten with the dawn, Paul heard the thump of the falling newspaper as the boy who served the *Gazette* threw his copy on the front porch steps. He slid out of bed without awakening Elizabeth, slipped downstairs, picked up the twist of damp paper and carried it into his office.

On the second page he found the advertisement, placed as he had asked, his own name and the words *Nervo-Sal* displayed in the same type used in that other advertisement. He read it through twice, first quickly, his hands trembling, his cheeks burning, a tingling sense of reckless triumph mingled with his shame. In print it looked more bold and uncompromising than in handwriting, but it was no more plain than he would have had it. It was the truth, the simple, miserable truth of what had taken place in his office two mornings earlier, and of what he had since done to try to free himself from his agreement. It offered no excuses, it gave no reasons, it made no apology. It was a statement of facts and it was signed with his name. Reading it the second time, more deliberately, he realized as he had not been able to realize before that it was an indictment of himself wherein he refused to explain, refused to show repentance. To the unfriendly eyes of Plymboro it would convey this emphatically and nothing besides.

Well, that was what he had intended. It was with his own hot heart, his wounded self-pride, his aching conscience, that he dealt. Whatever defense he had was for himself. For no one else. A step overhead, Eliza-

beth's soft footfall, brought him swiftly to his feet. The newspaper he crushed in his hands and looked about him for a place to hide it. The stove! He tiptoed out to the kitchen and thrust the newspaper deep into the coals. It burned slowly, and, as he punched it savagely with the poker, he was conscious of a flash of ironic satisfaction at the thought that at least he might use what had been bought with the price of his disgrace to destroy the proclamation of it.

But throughout the day he was tortured by the fear that Elizabeth would learn of what he had done, that he would betray himself. He started when she came into the office unexpectedly; at the table he talked continually, and, as soon as he could, made the excuse of some writing he had planned the reason for shutting himself up in the office again. To his suspicions, she seemed even more tender than was her wont, more gently anxious about his plans. He must tell her soon, he knew that. She must gain some hint for herself of what had happened almost the first time she went down the street; there were people in plenty waiting the chance to sympathize with her. Besides, it was near the end of the month, and, if they were to give up the house and leave Plymboro, the move could not be made too quickly. But, because he knew he *must* tell her, he put it off and every hour it grew harder to tell.

At five o'clock that afternoon, when he could no longer endure walking from the desk to the window and back again to the chair to rack himself with his misery, he left the house and started up the street toward where the town straggled into a country road. The sun was sinking coldly, there was an edge of snow in the air; his feet broke through a crust of muddy ice in the low places. But he strode on, walking fiercely, and, only as darkness dropped, turned about at a sudden realization of the hour. Behind him, presently, he heard the plodding of a horse, the creaking springs of a buggy, but he did not look up until the rig was abreast of him and the horse had been checked to a walk. Then the ponderous voice of Dr. Tuttle called to him, and involuntarily he shrank away and, in the same instant almost, threw back his head defiantly. "Yes, what is it?" he demanded.

"Won't you get in here with me? I'm going your way."

"Thank you, no," Paul returned. "I came out for the walk."

"Well, you look as if you'd had it," returned the doctor. "Give my horse a chance now; he needs it. And I need you. I want your advice. Come on."

It was on Paul's lips to refuse curtly, when a swift turn in the flood of his bitterness drained him of resolution and left him sore, aching for companionship—a friendly word. He climbed into the buggy and they drove on.

"It's a small matter," Dr. Tuttle began at once. "But I have two cases out this way that I can't very well look after. I'm not as young as I was and you are; so I thought you might be willing to help me by taking them off my hands. They're good pay, but—well, it would be a favor to me. Will you do it?"

Five minutes before, Paul would have answered that question out of a heart too rebellious to take account of phrases. Now he gripped his knees under cover of the lap robe and tried to steady his voice. "Yes," he said, "yes, I'll be very glad to, doctor. It was good of you—that I met you." He said no more, and Dr. Tuttle, clucking to the gray mare, coaxed her into faster movement. He was not used to this sort of thing; it made him uncomfortable. Yet, from somewhere, a memory far back in the days of *his* beginning

made him wish that he were able to say just the right word.

But before Paul's house, he pulled up and let him out with only a shake of the hand and a request that he come to see him the next morning. And Paul said nothing but good night. As he opened the door he heard Elizabeth's voice. She was singing to the babies, and he stood a moment listening, a curious weakness all at once at his knees. Then he stepped into the office and found the swivel chair. His arms dropped on the desk, his head rested on them, and, almost without knowing it, he was crying.

After a minute, there was a light step behind him, and an arm wound itself about his neck and Elizabeth's cheek was laid against his. "Don't mind, dear," she said. "I understand, and it will all come right. It will all come right."

He raised his head and, holding her hands tightly, drew her around in front of him. "But you don't understand," he said. "You can't understand. I meant to tell you, but——"

"You needn't tell me now," she said. "I heard you—talking to that man—in here yesterday. And the rest—Mr. Gainor was here this afternoon."

THE LITTLE BIRDS

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

THE snow has come like little birds,
The sky is like a nun in gray,
The silver moon had amber beads
Across her bosom yesterday.

The snow has come like little birds,
Such weary birds with wings of white
That have no rest but flutter on
Within the forest of the night.

My hands are full of little birds,
Their wings are pale against my hair,
And for a moment in their flight
Upon my mouth they rested there.

The trees were white with little birds
Until the sun all crowned with red
Shot golden arrow through the dawn—
Alas! the little birds are dead.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"The Indians explain that St. Lawrence traders frequent this coast."

HENRY HUDSON, DREAMER AND DISCOVERER

By AGNES C. LAUT

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON



PRACTICAL men scorn the dreamer, especially the mad-souled dreamer who wrecks life trying to prove his dream a reality. Yet the mad-souled dreamer, the Poet of Action whose poem has been his life, the Hunter who has chased the Idea down the Long Trail where all tracks point one way and never return, has been a herald of light for humanity.

Of no one is this truer than the English pilot, Henry Hudson.

Hudson did not set out to find the great inland waters that bear his name—the Hudson River and Hudson's Bay. He set out to chase that rainbow myth—the Pole—or rather the passage across the Pole. To him as to all Arctic explorers, the call had become a sort of obsession. It was a demon, driving him in spite of himself. It was a siren whom he could not resist, luring him to wreck, which he knew was certain. It was a belief in something which reason could not prove but time has justified. It was like a scent taken up by a hound on a strange trail. He could not know where it would lead, but because of Something in him and Something on the trail, he was compelled to follow. Like the discoverer in science, he could not wait till his faith was gilt-edged with profit before risking his all on the venture. Call it demon or destiny! At its voice he rose from his place and followed to his death.

The situation was this:

Not a dozen boats had sailed beyond the sixtieth degree of north latitude. From sixty to the Pole was an area as great as

Africa. This region was absolutely unknown. What did it hide? Was it another new world, or a world of waters giving access across the Pole from Europe to Asia? The Muscovy Company of England, the East India Company of Holland, both knew the Greenland of the Danes and sent their ships to fish at Spitzbergen, east of Greenland. But was Greenland an island, or a great continent? Were Greenland and Spitzbergen parts of a vast Polar land? Did the mountains wreathed there in eternal mists conceal the wealth of a second Peru? Below the endless swamps of ice would men find gold sands? And when one followed up the long coast of the east shore—as long as from Florida to Maine—where the Danish colonies had perished of cold centuries ago—what beyond? A continent, or the Pole, or the mystic realm of frost peopled by the monsters of Saga myth, where the Goddess of Death held pitiless sway and the shores were lined with the dead, who had dared to invade her realm? Why these questions should have pierced the peace of Henry Hudson, the English pilot, and possessed him, can no more be explained than the Something on the trail that compels Something in the hound.

Like other dreamers, Hudson had to put his dreams in harness, hitch his Idea to everyday uses. The Muscovy Company trading to Russia wanted to find a short way across the Pole to China. Hudson had worked up from sailor to pilot and pilot to master on the Dutch traders, and was commissioned to seek the passage. The company furnished him with a crew of eleven including his own boy, John. It would be ridiculous if it were not so

pathetic—these simple sailors undertaking a venture that has baffled every great navigator since time began.

Led by Hudson with the fire of a great faith in his eye, the men solemnly march to Saint Ethelburge Church off Bishopsgate Street, London, to partake of Holy Communion and ask God's aid. Back to the muddy water front opposite the Tower; a gold coin for last drinks; a hearty Godspeed from the gentlemen of the Muscovy Company pompous in their self-importance and lace ruffles, and the little crew steps into a clumsy river boat with brick-red sails. One gentleman opines with a pinch of snuff that it may be "this many a day before Master Hudson returns." Riffraff loafers crane necks to see to the last. Cursing watermen clear the course by thumping other river men out of the way. The boat slips under the bridge down the wide flood of the yeasty Thames through a forest of masts and sails of as many colors as Joseph's coat.

It is like a great sewer of humanity, this river tide with its city's traffic of a thousand years. Farmers rafting down loads of hay, market women punting themselves along with boat loads of vegetables, fishing schooners breasting the tide with full-blown sails, high-hulled galleons from Spain, flat-bottomed, rickety tubs from the Zee, gay little craft—barges with bunting, wherries with lovers, row boats with nothing more substantial than silk awnings for a sail—jostle and throng and bump keels as Hudson's crew shoots down with the tide. Not a man of the crew but wonders is he seeing it all for the last time?

But here is the Muscovy Company's ship all newly rigged, waiting at Gravesend, absurdly small for such a venture on such a sea. Then in the clanking of anchor chains and singsong of the capstan and last shouts of the noisy river men, apprehensions are forgotten. Can they but find a short route to China, their homely little craft may plow back with as rich cargo as ever Spanish caravel brought from the fabulous South Sea. The flood tide heaves and rocks and bears out a mad-souled dreamer standing at the prow with his little son, who is very silent. The air is fraught with something too big for words. May 1, 1607, Hudson is off for the Pole. He might as well have been following the Flying Dutchman or ballooning to the moon.

For six weeks, north-northwest they drove over the tumbling world of waters, into the region of long, white light and shortening

nights and fogs that lay without lifting once in twenty days. The farther north they sailed, the tighter drew the cords of the cold, like a violin string stretched till it fairly snapped—air full of pure ozone that set the blood jumping and finger tips tingling. Green spray froze the sails stiff as boards. The rigging became ropes of ice, the ship a ghost gliding white through the fogs. At last came a squall that rolled the mists up like a scroll; and straight ahead, high and lonely as cloud-banks, towered the white peaks of Greenland's mountains. Though it was two o'clock in the morning, it was broad daylight, and the whole crew came scrambling up the hatches to the shout of "Land!" Hudson enthusiastically named the mountain "God's Mercy"; but the lift of mist uncurtained to the astonished gaze of the English sailors a greater wonder than the mountains. North, south, east, and west, the ship was embayed in an ice world—ice in islands and hills and valleys with lakes and rivers of fresh water flowing over the surface. Birds flocked overhead with lonely screams at these human intruders on a realm as white and silent as death; and where one crystal berg was lighted to gold by the sun, a huge polar bear hulked to its highest peak and surveyed the newcomers in as much astonishment at them as they felt at him. Truly this was the Ultima Thule of poet's dream—beyond the footsteps of man. Blue was the sky above, blue the patches of ocean below, blue the illimitable fields of ice—blue and lifeless and cold as steel. The men passed that day jubilant as boys out of school. Some went gunning for the birds. Others would have pursued a polar bear, but with a splash the great creature dived into the sea. The crew took advantage of the pools of fresh water on the ice to fill their casks with drinking water. For the next twenty-four hours, Hudson crept among the ice floes by throwing out a hook on the ice, then hauling up to it by a cable.

By night, the sea was churning the ice in choppy waves with a growl of wind through the masts; and the crew wakened the next morning to find that a hurricane of sleet had wiped out the land. The huge floes were turning somersaults in the rough sea with a banging that threatened to smash the little ship like an eggshell. Under bare poles, she drove before the wind like a pursued deer for open sea.

As she scudded from the crush of the tumbling ice, Hudson remarked something extraordinary in the conduct of his ship. Veering about, sails down, there was no mistaking it—she was drifting against the wind. As the storm subsided, it became plainer: the wind was carrying in one direction, the sea was carrying in another. Hudson had discovered that current across the Pole which was to play such an important part with Nansen three hundred years later.

Then the curse of all Arctic voyagers fell on the sea—fog thick to the touch like wool, through which the icebergs glided like phantoms with a great crash of waters, where the sea beat on the floes. Never mind! They are sheltered from the turmoil of the waves outside the ice. And they are still headed north. And they are up to seventy-three along a coast, which no chart has ever before recorded, no chart but the myths of death's realm. As the coast might prove treacherous and claim that crew among the corpses of the dead along her shore, if the ice began thumping inland, Hudson names the region "Hold Hope," which may be interpreted "Keep up your Courage."

Ice and fog, fog and ice, and the eternal silences but for the thunder of the ice banging the ports—up to seventy-five by noon of June 25th, when the sailors notice that the floundering, clumsy grampus are playing mad pranks about the ship. Call it sailor's superstition; but when the grampus schools play your northern crew looks for storm; and by noon of June 26th the storm is there, pounding the hull like thunder and shrieking through the rigging. Not a good place to be between land and ice in hurricane. Hudson scampers for the sea, still north, but driven out east by the trend of Greenland's coast along an unbroken barrier of ice that seems to link Greenland to Spitzbergen.

No passage across the Pole this way! That is certain! But there is a current across the Pole! That, too, is certain! And Greenland is as long as a continent. So, driving before the storm, Hudson steers east for Spitzbergen. In July it is warmer; but heat brings more ice; and the man at the masthead on the lookout for land up at seventy-nine could not know that a submerged iceberg was going to turn a somersault directly under the keel. There is a splintering crash. Something strikes the keel like a cannon shot. Up rears the little boat on end like a frightened horse.

When the waters plunge down in an avalanche, two great bergs have risen, one on each side of the quivering ship, and a jagged gash gapes through the timbers at water line. Water slushes over decks in a cataract. The yardarms are still dipping and dripping to the churning seas when the crew leaps out to a man, some on the ice, some in small boats, some astraddle of drift wood to stop the leak in the keel. As they toil—and they toil in desperation, for the safety of the ship is their only possibility of reaching home—they notice it again—wood drifting against the wind, the undertow of some great unknown Polar current.

Hudson cannot wait for this current to carry him toward the Pole, as Nansen did. Up he tacks to eighty-two, within eight degrees of the baffling Pole, within four degrees of the farthest north reached by modern navigators. When he finds Spitzbergen locked by the ice to the north, he tries it by the south. But the ice seems to become almost a living enemy in its resistance. Another ice jam shuts off his retreat. Then a terrific sea begins running—the effect of the ice jam against the Polar current. Not a breath of wind stirs; sails hang limp; and the sea is heaving the ship to instant destruction against a jam of ice. Heaving out small boats, the little crew rows for dear life, towing the ship out of the maelstrom by main force; but their puny human strength is as child's play against the great powers of the elements. Backwash has carried rowers and ship and small boats within a stone's throw of the ramming icebergs, when a faint air breathes through the fog. Moistening their fingers, the sailors hold up hands to catch the motion of any breeze. No mistake—it is a fair wind—right about sails there—the little ship turns tail to the ice and is off like a bird; for, says the old ship's log, "it pleased God to give us a gale, and away we steered."

The battle for a passage seemed hopeless. Hudson assembled the crew on deck and on bended knees prayed God to show him which way to steer. Of no region had the sailors of that day greater horror than Spitzbergen. They began to recall the fearful disasters that had befallen Dutch ships there but a few years before. Those old sailor superstitions of the North being the realm of the Goddess of Death, who lined her shores with the bodies of dead seamen, came back to memory. That

last narrow escape from the ice crush left terror in the very marrow of their bones. In vain Hudson once more suggested seeking the passage by Greenland. To the crew the Voice of the North uttered no call. Glory was all very well; but they didn't want glory. They wanted to go home. What was the good of chasing an Idea down the Long Trail to a grave on the frozen shores of Death?

When men begin to reason that way, there is no answer. You can't promise them what you are not sure you will ever find. The Call is only to those who have ears to hear. You must have hold of the end of a Golden Thread before you can follow the baffling mazes of a discoverer's faith. What reason could Hudson give to justify his faith? Standing on the quarter-deck with clinched fists and troubled face, he might as well have argued with stones as talked down the expostulations of these mutineers. They were men of the kidney who will always be on the safe side. As the world knows, there was no passage across the Pole suitable for commerce. There was no justification for Hudson's faith. Yet it was the goad of that faith which sent him on the road to greater discoveries than a dozen passages across the Pole.

Faith has always been represented as one of three sister graces—cringing, meek-spirited, downtrodden damsels at their best. In view of all she has accomplished for the world in religion, in art, in science, in discovery, in commerce, Faith should be represented as a fiery-eyed goddess with the forked lightnings for her torch, treading the mountain peaks of the universe. From her high place, she alone can see whence comes the light and which way runs the trail. Step by step, her battle has been against darkness, every step a blow, every blow a bruise driving back to the right trail, every blood mark a milestone in human progress from lowland to upland.

Hudson must turn back. To a great spirit obstructions are never a stop. They are only a delay. Hudson sets his teeth. You will see him go by Greenland one day yet—mark his words! Meantime, home he sails through what he calls "slabbie" weather, putting into Tilbury Docks on the 15th of September. If money bags counted up the profits of that year's trip, they would write against Hudson's name in the Book of Judgment—Failure!

THE LONG TRAIL AGAIN

Henceforth Hudson was an obsessed man. First, he possessed the Idea. Now the Idea possessed him. It was to lead him on a course no man would willingly have followed. Yet he followed it. Everything, life or death, love or hate, gain or loss, was to be subservient to that Idea.

That current drifting across the Pole haunted him as it was to haunt Nansen at a later date. By attempting too much, had he missed all? He had gone to Spitzbergen in the eighties. If he had kept down to Nova Zembla in the seventies, would he have found less ice?

Nine Dutch boats had at different times passed between Nova Zembla and the main coast of Russia. To be sure, they had been blocked by the ice beyond; but might not Hudson by some lucky chance follow that Polar current through open water? The chances were a thousand to one against him. Who but a fool would take the chance? Nansen's daring plan to utilize the ice drift to lift his ship above the ice crush did not occur to Hudson. Except for that difference, the two explorers—the greatest of the early Arctic navigators and the greatest of the modern—planned very much the same course.

This time, the Muscovy Company commissioned Hudson to look out for ivory hunting as well as the short passage to Asia. Three men only of the old crew enlisted. Hudson might enjoy risking his life for glory. Most mortals prefer safety. Of the three who reënlisted, one was his son.

Keeping close to the cloud-capped mountainous shores of Norway, the boat sighted Cape North on June 3, 1608. Clouds wreathed the mountains in belts and plumes of mist. Snow fields of far summits shone gold in sudden bursts of sunshine through the cloud wrack. Fjords like holes in the wall nestled at the foot of the mountains, the hamlets of the fisher folk like tiny match boxes against the mighty hills. To the restless tide rocked and heaved the fishing smacks—emblems of man's spirit at endless wrestle with the elements. As Hudson's ship climbed the waves, the fishermen stood up in their little boats to wave a Godspeed to these adventurers bound for earth's ends. Sails swelling to the wind, Hudson's vessel rode the roll of green waters, then dipped behind a

Driftwood again on that Polar current up at seventy-five, driftwood and the endless sweep of moving ice, which compelled Hudson "to loose from one floe" and "bear room from another" and anchor on the lee of one berg to prevent ramming from another, "divers pieces driving past the ship," says Hudson, just as it drove past Nansen's *Fram* on the same course.

To men satiated with modern life, the North is still a region of mystery. What wonder that Hudson's ignorant sailors began to feel the marvel of the strange ice world, and to see fabulous things in the light of the midnight sun? One morning a face was seen following the ship, staring up from the sea. There was no doubt of it. Two sailors saw it. Was it one of the monsters of the Saga myth that haunted this region? The watch called a comrade. Both witnessed the hideous apparition of a human face with black hair streaming behind on the waves. The body was like a woman's; and the seamen's terror had conjured up the ill omen of a mermaid when wavewash overturned its body, exhibiting the fins and tail of a porpoise—"skin very white"—mermaid without a doubt, portent of evil, though the hair may have been floating seaweed.

Sure enough, within a week, ice locked round the ship like a vise. The floes were no brashy ice cakes that could be plowed through by a sharp prow with a strong stern wind. They were huge fields of ice, five, ten, twenty, and thirty feet deep, interspersed with hummocks and hillocks that were miniature icebergs in themselves.

Beyond the floating ice fields, the heights of Nova Zembla were sighted, awesome and lonely in the white night. Rowing and punting through the ice brash, two men went ashore to explore. They saw abundance of game for the Muscovy gentlemen, and at one place among driftwood came on the cold ashes of an old fire. It was like the first print of a man's footprint found by Robinson Crusoe. Startled by signs of human presence, they scanned the surrounding landscape. On the shore a solitary cross of driftwood had been erected. What fearless viking had cruised to this Northern realm of death and desolation to worship his God, or to mark the burial place of his dead? Then the men recalled the fate of the Dutch crew that had perished

between puny men explorers and the stony Goddess of Death? What had become of the last man, of the man who had erected the cross? Did his body lie somewhere along the shores of Nova Zembla; or had he manned his little craft like the vikings of old and sailed out, lashed to the spars, to meet death in tempest? The horror of the North seemed to touch the men as with the hands of the dead whom she had slain.

A few days later the ship lay in a landlocked cove of Nova Zembla. Hudson again sent his men ashore to hunt, probably also to pluck up courage. Then he climbed the lookout to scan the sea. It was really to scan his own fate.

His heart sank. His hopes seemed to congeal like the eternal ice of this ice world. Far as eye could reach was ice—only ice; while outside the cove there raged a tempest as if all the demons of the North were blowing their trumpets.

"There is no passage this way," said Hudson to his son. Then, as if hope only dies that it may send forth fresh growth like the seed, he added: "But we must try Greenland again, on the west side this time."

It was ten o'clock at night when the men returned laden with game; but they, too, had taken counsel among themselves whether to go forward; and the memory of that dead crew's cross turned the scales against Hudson. It was only the 5th of July; but they would not hear of attempting Greenland this season. From midnight of the 5th to nine o'clock of the 6th, Hudson pondered. No gap opened through the white wall ahead. The Frost Giants, whose gambols may be heard on the long winter nights when the ice-cracks whoop and romp, had won against Man. "Being void of hope," Hudson records, "the wind stormy and against us, much ice driving, we weighed and set sail westward." Home bound, the ship anchored in the Thames, August 26th.

THE UNDREAMED DISCOVERY

While Hudson was pursuing his Phantom across Polar seas, Europe had at last awakened to the secret of Spain's greatness—colonial wealth that poured the gold of Peru into her treasury. To counteract Spain, colonizing became the master policy of Europe. France

was at work on the St. Lawrence. England was settling Virginia; and Smith, the patriot of Virginia, who was Hudson's personal friend, had explored the Chesapeake.

But the Netherlands went a step farther. To throw off the yoke of Spain, they maintained a fleet of seventy merchantmen furnished as ships of war to wage battle on the high seas. Spanish colonies were to be attacked wherever found. Spanish cities were to be sacked as the buccaneers sacked them on the South Sea. Spanish caravels with cargoes of gold were to be scuttled and sunk wherever met. It was to be brigandage—brigandage pure and simple—from the Zuyder Zee to Panama, from the North Pole to the South.

Hudson's voyages for the Muscovy merchants of London to find a short way to Asia at once arrested the attention of the Dutch. Dutch and English vied with each other for the discovery of that short road to the Orient. For a century the chance encounter of Dutch and English sailors on Arctic seas had been the signal for the instant breaking of heads. Not whales but men were harpooned when Dutch and English fishermen met off Nova Zembla, or Spitzbergen, or the North Cape.

Hudson was no sooner home from his second voyage for the English than the Dutch East India Company invited him to Holland to seek passage across the Pole for them. This, it should be explained, is the only justification that exists for writing the English pilot's name as Hendrick instead of Henry, as though employment by the Dutch changed the Englishman's nationality.

The invitation was Hudson's salvation. Just at the moment when all doors were shut against him in England and when his hopes were utterly baffled by two failures, another door opened. Just at the moment when his own thoughts were turning toward America as the solution of the Northwest passage, the chance came to seek the passage in America. Just when Hudson was at the point where he might have abandoned his will-o'-the-wisp, it lighted him to a fresh pursuit on a new trail.

The great merchants of the Netherlands heard his plans. His former failures were against him. Money bags do not care to back on uncertainty. Having paid his expenses to come to Holland, the merchant princes were disposed to let him cool his heels

in the outer halls waiting their pleasure. The chances are they would have rejected his overtures altogether if France and Belgium had not at that time begun to consider the employment of Hudson on voyages of discovery. The Amsterdam merchants of the Dutch East India Company suddenly awakened to the fact that they wanted Hudson; and wanted him at once.

At Amsterdam he was furnished with two vessels; the *Good Hope* as an escort part way, the *Half Moon* for the voyage itself—a flat-bottomed, tub-like yacht, such as ply the shallows of Holland. In his crew he was unfortunate. The East India Company, of course, supplied him with the sailors of their own boats—lawless lascars, turbaned Asiatics with stealthy tread and velvet voices and a dirk hidden in their girdles, gypsy nondescripts with the hot blood of the hot tropics and the lawless instincts of birds of plunder. Your crew trained to cut the Spaniard's throat may acquire the habit and cut their master's throat, too, if the chance offers. Along with these sailors Hudson insisted on having a few Englishmen from his former crews, among whom were Colman and Juet and his own son. Juet acted as astronomer and keeper of the ship's log. From Juet and Van Meteren, the Dutch consul in England into whose hands Hudson's manuscripts finally fell, are drawn all the facts of the voyage.

On March 25 (April 6th, new style), 1609, the cumbersome craft swung out on the hazy yellow of the Zuyder Zee. More motley ships were about Hudson, here, than on the Thames; for the Dutch had an enormous commerce with the East and the West Indies. Feluccas with lateen sails and galleys for oarsmen had come up from the Mediterranean. Dutch pirates of the Barbary Coast—narrow in the prow, narrow in the keel, built for swift sailing and light cargoes—had foregathered, sporting sails of a different design for every harbor. Then, there were the East Indiamen, ponderous, slow-moving, deep, and broad, with cannon bristling through the ports like men-of-war and tawny Asiatic faces leering over the taffrail. Yawls from the low-lying coast, three-masted luggers from Denmark, Norwegian ships with hideous scaled griffins carved on the sharp-curved prows, brigs and brigantines and caravels and tall galleons from Spain—all crowded the ports of the Netherlands, whose commerce was at its zenith. Threading his way through the

All went well till the consort, *Good Hope*, turned back north of Norway, and the *Half Moon* plowed on alone into the ice fields of Nova Zembla with her lawless lascar crew. This was the region where other Dutch crews had perished miserably. Here, too, Hudson's English sailors had lost courage the year before. And here Dutch and English always fought for fishing rights. The cold north wind roared down in gusts and flaws and sudden bursts of fury. Against such freezing cold the flimsy finery of damasks and calico worn by the East Indians was no protection. The lascars were chilled to the bone. They lay huddled in their berths bound up in blankets and refused to stir above decks in such cold. Promptly the English sailors rebelled against double work. The old feud between English and Dutch flamed up. Knives were out; and before Hudson realized a mutiny was raging about his ears.

If he turned back, he was ruined. His friend, Smith of Virginia, had written to him of the great inlet of the Chesapeake in America. South of the Chesapeake was no passage to the South Sea. Smith knew that; but north of the Chesapeake old charts marked an unexplored arm of the sea. When Verazzano, the Italian, coasted America for France in 1524, he had been driven by a squall from the entrance to a vast river between thirty-nine and forty-one (the Hudson River); and the Spanish chart of Estevan Gomez in 1525 marked an unknown Rio de Gamas on the same coast. Hudson now recalled Smith's advice—to seek passage between the James River and the St. Lawrence.

To clinch matters came a gust driving westward over open sea. Robert Juet, seeking guidance from the heavenly bodies, noticed for the first time in history on May 19th that there was a spot on the sun. If Hudson had accomplished nothing more, he had made two important discoveries for science—the Polar current and the spot on the sun. Geographers and astronomers have been knighted and pensioned for less important discoveries.

West-southwest drove the storm flow, the *Half Moon* scudding bare of sails for three hundred miles. Was it destiny again, or his will-o'-the-wisp, or the providence of God

coveries? Pause was made at the faroes for wood and water. There, too, Hudson consulted with his officers and decided to steer for America.

Once more afloat, June saw the *Half Moon* with its lazy lascars lounging over rails down among the brown fogs of Newfoundland. Here a roaring nor'easter came with the suddenness of a thunder clap. The foremast snapped and swept into the seas as the little *Half Moon* careened over on one side; and the next gust that caught her tore the other sails to tatters; but she still kept her prow headed southwest.

Fogs lay as they nearly always lie on the Grand Banks; but a sudden lift of the mist on June 25th revealed a sail standing east. To the pirate East Indian sailors, the sight of the strange ship was like the smell of powder to a battle horse. Loot! Spanish loot! With a whoop they headed about in utter disregard of Hudson, and gave chase. From midday to dark the *Half Moon* played pirate, cutting the waves in pursuit, careening to the wind in a way that threatened to capsize boat and crew, the fugitive bearing away like a bird on wing. This little byplay lasted till darkness hid the strange ship; but the madcap prank seemed to rouse the lazy lascars from their torpor. Henceforth they were alert for any lawless raid that promised plunder.

Back about the *Half Moon* through the warm June night! Dutch and English foregathered in the moonlight, squatting about on the ship's kegs, spinning yarns of bloody pirate venture, when Spanish cargoes were scuttled and Spanish dons tossed off bayonet point into the sea, and Spanish ladies were compelled to walk the plank blindfold into watery graves. What kind of venture did they expect in America—this rascal crew? Could Hudson help wondering at the tools high purpose must often use?

Then the fogs of the Banks settled down again like wool. Here and there, like phantom ships, were the sails of the French fishing fleet, or the black-hulled bateaux, or the rocking Newfoundland dories.

A long white curl of combing waves; and they have sheered off from the wreckers' reef at Sable Island. These rascal lascars know too much about false lights to be lured on the crescent sands of the Sable Island

wreckers. They have tricked Spanish boats on reefs by such false lights, themselves.

Slower now, and steady, the small boats sounding ahead; for the water is shallow and the wind shifty. In the calm that falls, the crew fishes lazily over decks for cod. Through the fog and dark of July 16th, something ahead looks like islands. The boat anchors for the night; and when gray morning breaks the *Half Moon* lies off what is now known as Penobscot Bay, Maine.

Two dugouts paddled by Indians come climbing the waves. Dressed in breechcloth of fur and feathers, the savages mount the decks without fear. The lascars gather round—not much promise of plunder from such scant attire! By signs and a few French words the Indians explain that St. Lawrence traders frequent this coast. The East India cutthroats prick up their ears. Trade—what had these defenceless savages to trade?

That week, Hudson sailed up the river and sent his carpenters ashore to make fresh masts; but the East India men rummaged the redskins' camp. Great store of furs they saw. It was not the kind of loot they wanted. Gold was more to their choice; but it was better than no loot at all.

The *Half Moon* was ready to sail on the 25th of July. In spite of Hudson's commands, six sailors went ashore with heavy old-fashioned musketoons known as "murderers." Seizing the Indian canoes, they opened fire on the camp. The amazed Indians dashed for hiding into the woods. The sailors then plundered the wigwams of everything that could be carried away. This has always been considered a terrible blot on Hudson's fame. The only explanation given by Juet in the ship's log is, "we drave the savages from the houses and took the spoyle as they would have done of us."

Van Meteren, the Dutch consul in London, who had Hudson's account, gives another explanation. He declares the Dutch sailors conducted the raid in spite of all the force with which Hudson could oppose them. The English sailors refused to enforce his commands by fighting; for they were outnumbered by the mutineers.

Anyone who knows how news carries among the Indians by what fur traders describe as "the moccasin telegram," could predict results. "The moccasin telegram" bore exaggerated rumors of the outrage from the Penobscot to the Ohio. The white man

was a man to be fought; for he had proved himself a treacherous friend.

Windbound at times, keeping close to land, warned off the reefs through fog by "a great rutt or rustling of the tide," the pirate sailors now disregarding all commands, the *Half Moon* drifted lazily southward past Cape Cod. Somewhere near Nantucket, a lonely cry sounded from the wooded shore. It was a human voice. Fearing some Christian had been marooned by mutineers like his own crew, Hudson sent his small boat ashore. A camp of Indians was found dancing in a frenzy of joy at the apparition of the great "winged wigwam" gliding over the sea.

Grapevines festooned the dank forests. Flowers still bloomed in shady nooks—the wild sunflower and the white daisy and the nodding golden-rod—and the sailors drank clear water from a crystal spring at the roots of a great oak. Robert Juet's ship's log records that "the Indian country of great hills"—the meaning of the name Massachusetts—was "a very sweet land."

On August 7th Hudson was abreast New York Harbor; but a mist, part heat, part fog, part the gathering purples of coming autumn, hid the low-lying hills. Sliding idly along the summer sea, mystic, unreal, lotos dreams in the very August air, the world a world of gold in the yellow summer light, the *Half Moon* came to James River by August 18th, where Smith of Virginia lived; but the mutineers had no mind to go up to Jamestown settlement. There the English would outnumber them; and English law did not deal gently with mutineers. A heat hurricane sent the green waves smashing over decks off South Carolina; and in the frantic fright of the ship's cat dashing from side to side the turbaned pirates imagined portent of evil. Perhaps, too, they were coming too near the Spanish settlements of Florida. All their bravado of scuttled Spanish ships may have been pot valor. Anyway, they consented to head the boat back north in a search for the passage above the Chesapeake.

Past the swampy Chesapeake, a run up the Delaware, burnished as a mirror in the morning light, through the heat haze over a glassy sea along that New Jersey shore where the world of pleasure now passes its summers from Cape May and Atlantic City to the highlands of New Jersey, slowly glided the *Half Moon*. Juet, the mate, did duty at the masthead, scanning the long coast line for

that met of the old charts. The East India men lay sprawled over decks, beards unkempt, long hair tied back by gypsy handkerchiefs, bizarre jewels gleaming from huge brass earrings. Some were paying out the sounding line from the curved beak of the prow. Others fished for a shark at the stern, throwing out pork bait at the end of a rope. Many were squatted on the decks unsheltered from the sun, chattering like parrots over games of chance.

A sudden shout from Juet at the masthead. Shoals! A grit of the keel over pebbly bottom. On the far inland hills, the signal fires of watching Indians. Then the sea narrowing between sentinel islands as if it led on to some great river. September the 2d, they have found the inlet of the old charts. They are on the threshold of New York Harbor. They have discovered the great river now known by Hudson's name. Even the mutineers stop gambling to observe the scene. The ringleader that in all sea stories wears a hook on one arm points to the Atlantic Highlands, smoky in the summer heat. On their left to the south is Sandy Hook; to the north, Staten Island. To

the right with a lumpy hill line like green waves running into one another lie Coney Island and Long Island. The East India men laugh with glee. It's a fine land. It's a big land. This is better than risking the gallows for mutiny down in Virginia, or taking chances of having throats cut boarding some Spanish galleon of the South Seas. The ship's log does not say anything about it. Neither does Van Meteren's record; but I think Hudson would not have been human if his heart did not give a leap. At five in the afternoon of September 2d, the *Half Moon* anchored at the entrance to New York Harbor, not far from where the Goddess of Liberty waves her great arm to-day.

Silent is the future, silent as the sphinx! How could those Dutch sailors guess, how could the Dutch company that sent them to the Pole know, that the commerce of the world for which they fought Spain would one day beat up and down this harbor mouth? Dreamed he never so wildly, Hudson's wildest dream could not have foreseen that the river he had discovered would one day throb to the multitudinous voices of a world traffic, a world empire, a world wealth.

(To be concluded.)

THE BARRED DOOR

By REINA MELCHER

IF you who have been faithless came
In time of need and called my name,
Entreating shelter, warmth and food
Of my abundant solitude,
I still would open wide my door,
And offer freely of my store;
But on my fireside's homely stone
Where two once sat—you'd sit alone!

And when I handed you the glass
That we one time were wont to pass
From lip to lip, or broke the bread
For you with whom my heart once fed,
My mouth would share nor food nor wine;
I'd give you what is God's—not mine!
To win my hearthstone is not hard;
Between our souls the door is barred.



LET BYGONES BE BYGONES

"Donec gratus erat tibi" . . . Horace: Ode 9, Book III

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

HORACE

WHAT time I was your one best bet
And no one passed the wire before me,
Dear Lyddy, I cannot forget
How you would—yes, you would—adore me.
To others you would tie the can;
You thought of me with no aversion.
In those days I was happier than
A Persian.

LYDIA

Correct. As long as you were not
So nuts about this Chloë person,
Your flame for me burned pretty hot—
Mine was the door you pinned your verse on.
Your favorite name began with I,
While I thought you surpassed by no man—
Gladder than Ilia, the well-
Known Roman.

HORACE

On Chloë? Yes, I've got a case;
Her voice is such a sweet soprano;
Her people come from Northern Thrace;
You ought to hear her play piano.
If she would like my suicide—
If she'd want me a dead and dumb thing,
Me for a glass of cyanide
Or something.

LYDIA

Now Calais, the handsome son
Of old Ornitus, has *me* going;
He says I am his honey bun;
He's mine, however winds are blowing,
I think that he is awful nice,
And, if the gods the signal gave him,
I'd just as lieve expire twice
To save him.

HORACE

Suppose I'm gone on you again,
Suppose I've got ingrown affection
For you; I sort of wonder, then,
If you'd have any great objection.
Suppose I pass this Chloë up
And say: "Go roll your hoop, I'm rid o' ye!"
Would that drop sweetness in your cup?
Eh, Lydia?

LYDIA

Why, say—though he's fair as a star,
And you are like a cork, erratic
And light—and though I know you are .
As blustery as the Adriatic,
I think I'd rather live with you
Or die with you, I swear to gracious,
So I will be your Mrs. Q.,
Horatius.

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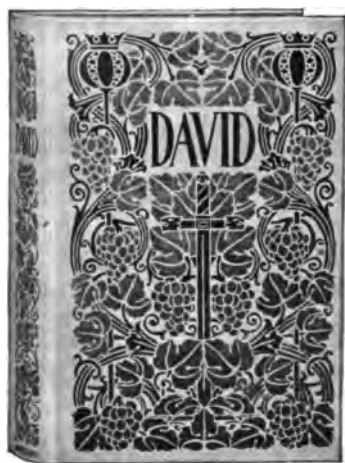


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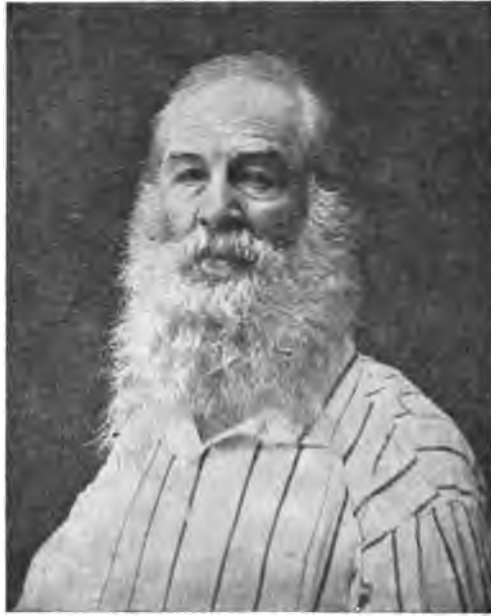
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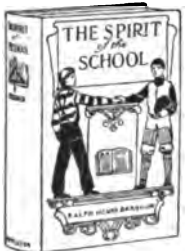
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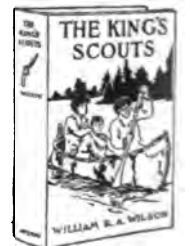
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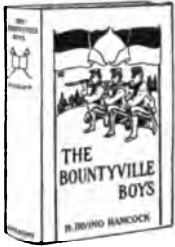
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A LEAPING TARPON

APPLETON'S for JANUARY

Never has an article been more timely than Chancellor Day's "The Raid on Prosperity" which appeared in the last number of Appleton's at the very moment of the great financial crash in October. That article, which is now incorporated in the book of the same name, created a profound impression.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, has been moved to come to the defense of the people and the activities assailed so trenchantly by Chancellor Day.

Everybody knows that Senator Beveridge is one of the most eloquent of Americans, and he has gained added prestige by his recent magazine debate with William Jennings Bryan.

His answer to Chancellor Day will appear in our January number.

While the North shivers, Florida basks in comfort. While the rivers are locked with ice in our upper regions, fishermen are wrestling with tarpon in the waters of the South. Few people realize what tremendous



SENATOR BEVERIDGE
Who answers Chancellor Day



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
Cartoonist and War Correspondent

capture and what leaps he makes in air. There is no nature faking in the photographs of **Julian A. Dimock**, who is wont to go out in one canoe, armed with a camera, while his father catches and plays the fish from another. In consequence, Mr. Dimock has achieved some camera-captures that are nothing less than astounding. The headpiece on the preceding page is a portion of one of these photographs, by no means one of the most startling. Some of the others include a contest between a fisherman and a shark for a great tarpon.

If one may not go to Florida and revel in that optimistic climate, perhaps the next most comfortable thing is to sit before a northern fireplace and bask in an article by **John T. McCutcheon**, with illustrations in his own irresistible, inimitable vein. His articles for Appleton's have all read like "More!" and those who have enjoyed his work in the last two numbers or his contribution to the higher criticism of Santa Claus in this number, will be sufficiently advised if we say that the next number will contain Another.



COLONEL WILLIAM N. AMORY

During these strenuous financial times a figure of much prominence has been **Colonel William N. Amory**, who has had a desperate struggle with certain powerful interests. He is an authority on the wiles of the gigantic manipulators, and in his article, "The Hydraulics of Finance," he will give some astonishing proofs of the extent to which "water" power has been developed. It is not theory

or diatribe, it is an array of fact.

In our January number begins a series of travel stories of a new sort—the adventures of a motor boat in an unprecedentedly long voyage.

Few people know that it is possible to go by water from Paris to the Rhine, the Danube and the Black Sea, and thence through the Mediterranean back to Paris without once drying the keel.

Henry C. Rowland, a surgeon, and a motor-boat enthusiast who is also a writer of distinct ability, as his powerful novel "In the Shadow" attests, undertook this voyage in a small motor boat. All went well until the Black Sea was reached,

when a terrific gale broke over the little craft. After several hours of helpless struggle the boat was headed for shore and beached. A Turkish life-saving crew rescued the forspent mariners and the voyage came to an end.

Enough had been accomplished, however, to show many little-known phases of Europe and to furnish Dr. Rowland with material for several delightful articles.

Japan looms higher and higher across our western horizon. She appears now as a claimant of "the mercantile command of the Pacific." That is the title of an article by a Japanese who has lived long enough in America to know us and our language thoroughly. **Mr. Adachi Kinnossuké's** article is full of the meat of fact and it is startling in its frank display of conditions.

The second and final instalment of **Miss Agnes C. Laut's** biography of "Henry Hudson, Dreamer, Discoverer," appears in our January number, carrying his life forward to his haunting fate when



JAMES OPPENHEIM



HENRY C. ROWLAND



EDITH RICKERT

he was marooned in the open sea by his mutinous crew.

It is not often that an American poet lifts himself so far out of academic interest as to deserve a proclamation. In the last few months, however, a new note has been making itself heard. It is the strong, original, fiery poetry written by **James Oppenheim**, a young New Yorker who has developed a rhythm all his own, with Walt Whitman's elasticity wrought into a definite form of meter and rhyme.

Mr. Oppenheim, besides being a daring technician, has a Grecian delight in the beauties of contemporary life, and

an optimism that is as stirring as it is rare among the poses of anaemic verse-mongers. He finds even in the pathos of "The Bread Line" something uplifting, and his long poem on that theme will prove a very real addition to real poetry.

A dramatic contribution in poetic form is "The Battle of Sexos Port," by **Fremont Rider**. This is the account of a battle of two fleets of airships and it is tremendous in its vision and its action. Both of these poems are specially illustrated.

The fiction of the January number will be versatile in its appeal. **Edith Rickert**, author of "Folly" and of much other delightful fiction, contributes the first instalment of a beautiful two-part serial of strange complications. Among other authors of our fiction are **Wolcott LeClair Beard**, **Lucia Chamberlain**, **Allan French**, **Edith Barnard**, **Mary Dickerson Donahy** and **T. W. Hanshew**.

The number is, as usual, richly illustrated.



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Basting as an Art

By MARY JANE MCCLURE



It is a far cry from June to November. The happy, care-free girl who floated to the altar in the month of roses, by Thanksgiving day has grown into a woman. Fall finds this young woman grappling with grim details. This does not mean that all the poetry has been blotted out of existence—although it may turn out that way if the woman in the case lacks adjustability. By studying how to do the most ordinary work about the house as an art instead of considering it drudgery, the triumphant strains of the wedding march may be kept indefinitely and incessantly thrilling an accompaniment of joy that will transform the petty details of the daily household routine into fascinating fun. Basting, for instance, is looked upon as most commonplace. Studied deeply it appears to be a science and an art.

THE art of basting is based on certain definite fundamental principles of chemical action.

For instance, the juices of meat largely are composed of water. As soon as the meat or fowl reaches the boiling point in the oven—212 degrees—the water will evaporate. Unless compensation is made for the evaporation the meat will become dried and desiccated. This difficulty is overcome by basting.

A number of materials are employed in basting. Fresh butter, clarified suet, minced sweet herbs, butter and stock, cream and melted butter (especially for flayed pigs); yolks of eggs, grated biscuits and the juice of oranges, and Armour's Extract of Beef, are some of the dredgings used to improve the flavor of roast meats and fowls. Use Armour's Extract of Beef liberally in the gravy for basting the Thanksgiving turkey. It not only preserves the natural juices, but at the same time imparts a coaxing, luring flavor that thrills the soul of an epicure and woos the ordinary mortal to over-eat.

Stuff the turkey, after cleaning and preparing it, with a dressing made of soft bread or cracker crumbs highly seasoned with sage, thyme, salt and pepper. Moisten the dressing with half a cupful of melted butter and hot water enough to make it quite soft, to which has been added Armour's Extract of Beef in the proportion of one-fourth teaspoonful to each cupful of water. Add one well-beaten egg.

Rub the turkey well with butter and dredge with salt, pepper and flour. Place, breast downward, on a rack in the roasting pan. Use a rack smaller than the pan to admit the free use of the spoon in basting. When the back is a light brown, turn it over and let the breast and sides brown in a similar manner. Do not put any water in the pan during the searing process, which will

require from 15 to 30 minutes. As soon as this is done close the damper and add a pint of water, two round solid tablespoonfuls of butter, and one-half teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef. As the water is renewed add butter and Beef Extract in the same proportions. About a quart of water will be required in roasting a turkey. A solid cupful of butter may be used to advantage in the whole stuffing and baking. Less will do, but it is not wise to be too economical with butter at this time. Keep the turkey

well turned to the heat. It must be kept moist and free from the least scorching, shriveling or blistering. Baste with the top of the gravy so the skin may be kept well buttered. About thirty minutes before taking it up rub over it a tablespoon packed solid with butter. Baste every ten minutes, dredging with flour after each basting. When the joints separate easily the cooking is completed. If the heat of the oven is as great as the turkey will bear with frequent bastings, and is kept steady and firm, a seven-pound turkey will cook just right in two hours. With the oven at the proper temperature twenty minutes to the pound should be allowed. When done the turkey should be coated with a crispy, frothy, brown, crumbling crust which will break off in shells with the carving. If the breast is larded with bacon or pork it will not be necessary to baste the turkey so frequently. Garnish with tiny fried sausages, forcemeat balls or rolls of bacon.

If turkey is to be served cold it should be glazed. Dissolve one-half ounce of gelatine in one pint of water, flavoring and coloring it with one teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef. Let the turkey be perfectly cold before applying the glaze. Allow the first coating to dry before applying the second. The glaze must be applied warm with a brush.



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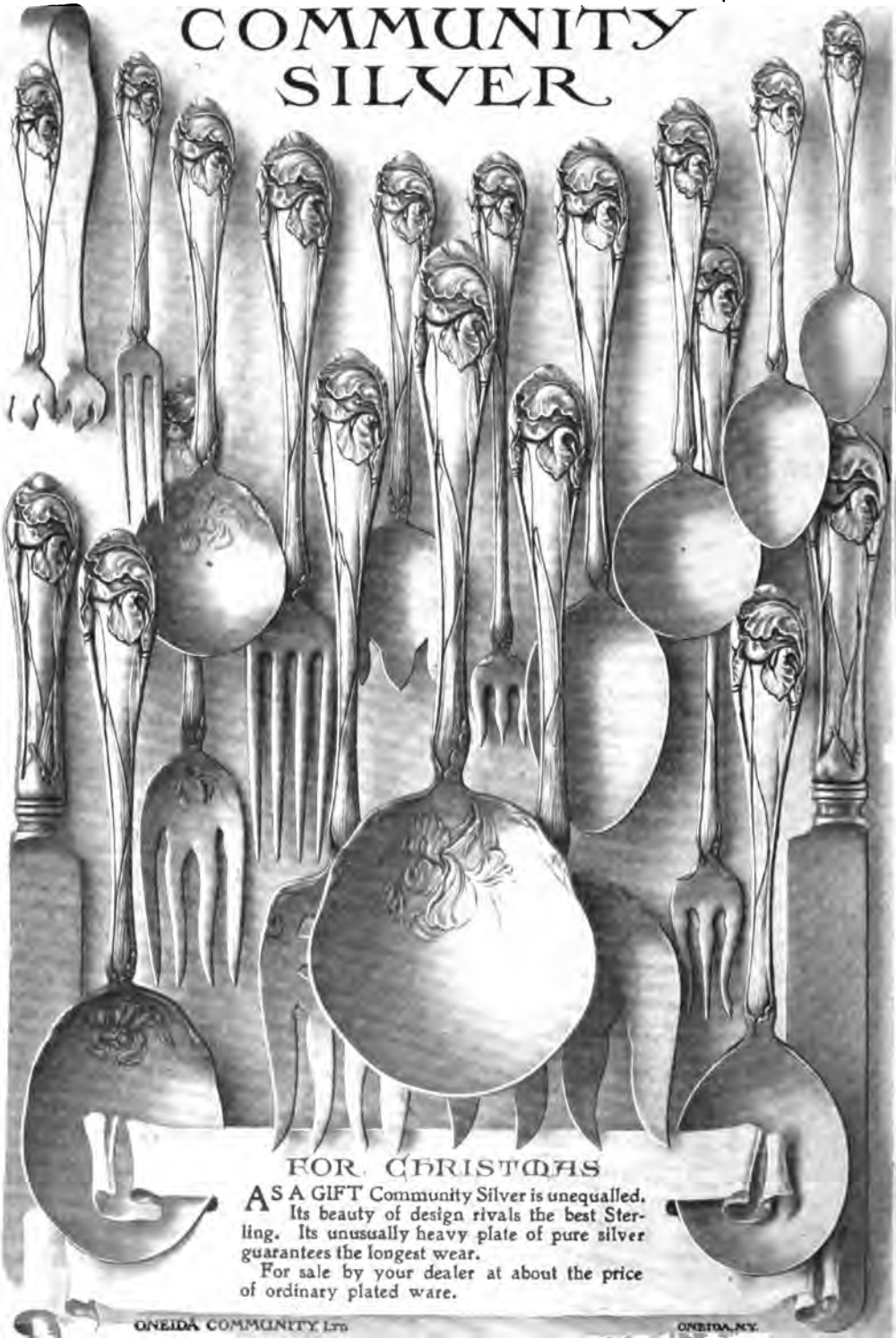
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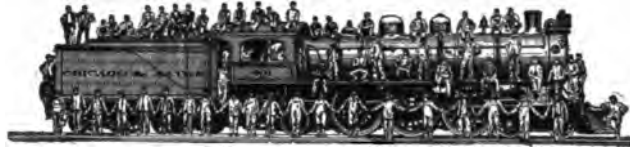
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